

DOCTOR PLAYER

Chapter 4

Fortunately, it was not difficult to get to the first aid station.

It's dirty, it's hard, it's tiring.

Because it was a place that no one wanted.

He was able to go there easily because there was a vacancy.

"Let's do well."

Raymond, standing in front of the first aid station, breathed in.

'I'll be the best healer ever!' He told himself mentally.

As he mentioned earlier, he had a grand dream.

To be the best healer.

So that he can enjoy all the fame and fortune in the world.

He will shake off the sorrow of being a dirty illegitimate child and live his life.

'I'm sure I'll make it!' Raymond continued to encourage himself.

Raymond, who was determined, went into the first aid station and nodded.

"Nice to meet you! This is Raymond, the new member of the first aid station!"
One of the seniors introduced him enthusiastically.

But the reaction was cold.

"Why is he snooping at the first aid station?"

"The guy doesn't even know the subject. So annoying. He would only get in the way."

"Weren't you supposed to get kicked out?"

The healers working at the first aid station kicked their tongues and became irritated.

The stinging gaze pierced his whole body, but Raymond smiled as if he didn't know and listened in one ear and out the other.

It has been 23 years since he has been insulted straight to his face.

He tries to keep his steam down and suck it up.

Raymond just kept it inside like this.

'You'll see. If I grow up to be the best healer, I'll pay you back several times today. I'll remember all your faces. That's enough.'

The ability of this 'surgeon' was the tool that could make his dreams possible.

He'll become a respected healer and overpower them many times later!

To do so, he had to level up by looking at patients as much as possible at the first aid station.

"Ah, let's do our best!"

However, the opportunity to see a patient did not come easily.

No one lets Raymond see a patient.

"Go away! You are distracting me."

"Your healing power is not even level F. How would I let you see my patient like that?"

Everyone hated Raymond coming close as if they were avoiding dirty filth.

In particular, Lance, the chief therapist, was the meanest to Raymond.

"I don't know if the sky really helped, but the infected patient was really cured. I think you're just lucky."

Lance never believed Raymond had treated a hip abscess patient on his own. He just thought it was a coincidence.

"Anyway, a promise is a promise, so I'll give you a little more chance. Instead, this is your last chance." Lance said, twisting the corners of his mouth.

"It's good that you're going to the first aid station just in time. 15 days. Demonstrate your talent at the first aid station. Otherwise, I will disqualify my senior from an apprenticeship as I said before."

"Give me a chance to see a patient to prove my talent!" Raymond clenched his teeth. He has to do something.

At this rate, he won't have a chance to see a patient even after a year, let alone 15 days.

Instead of waiting for the persimmon to fall next to the tree, he had to go capture it.

“Hanson, aren’t you tired?”

“Oh, senior.”

Hanson.

He was about 19 years old and had not yet taken off his boyish look.

A nice little apprentice at the first aid station.

He is an apprenticeship of C-level talent, neither outstanding nor terrible.

“What are you doing?”

Hanson looked at Raymond with a reluctant eye.

He’s a nice guy, but that’s the reaction he always gets.

All because Raymond was a dirty filth that no one wanted to deal with.

‘Is it because my father is so noble?’ He would always question himself.

Paradoxically, Raymond, an illegitimate child, was further highlighted.

He is the filth that tarnishes the nobility of a perfect biological father.

His pathetic talent below grade F combined with it has become something that no one in the treatment center wants to deal with.

“I think it’s going to be very hard. Are you alright?”

“That’s it...”

Hanson blurted out at the end of his speech.

He was the youngest here, so he was in charge of doing the dirty work.

“I want to help you. Can I clean the first aid station at least?”

“Really?”

Hanson asked back in surprise.

Cleaning up the aid station.

It’s the most distressing thing for him.

“Yeah, you’re having a hard time. I’m sorry I’m not doing anything. Will you be alright?”

“Thank you, but.....”

As Hanson’s boundaries were lifted, Raymond sneaked to the point.

“Other than that, you’re still having trouble with other things. So can I take care of the patient you’re seeing when you’re having a hard time?”

“What? That’s....”

Hanson put on a troubled look.

As an apprentice, he played a role in cleaning up after formal healers finished treatment.

When formal healers finish their heals, it’s his job to bandage the patients or apply herbs.

Raymond hid his innermost thoughts and spoke as if he were worried about Hanson.

It goes without saying that he needs to show that he is not sorry for him which is the first principle of negotiation.

Then it was Hanson who was anxious.

‘What should I do? The senior healers will be very angry if they know that Raymond took care of it.’ He thought to himself.

But the reward was too sweet to give up.

‘Clean the first aid station!’

It would be many times easier not to do that.

At that time, Raymond hit a decisive blow as if he was catching a fish that bit the bait.

“I can’t help it. I was only trying to clean up the patients when other healers weren’t there because I was afraid you’d feel pressured. Let’s just pretend you didn’t hear me now.....”

“Well, I’ll do that!”

Eventually, Hanson raised the white flag.

“But you will really clean the aid station, right?”

“Of course.”

Raymond grinned inside.

‘From now on, he is only going to level up.’

Of course, Raymond is not very happy about cleaning, but he decided to think of it as an investment for leveling himself up.

“It’s done.”

“Oh, thank you, healer.”

[Experience level goes up!]

“Thank you for putting your trust in me as well. Oh, the patient. Take this herb!”

[Experience level goes up!]

[Experience level goes up!]

Is it because the treatment was too simple? There wasn’t much experience gained after the treatment.

It was only one point at a time, but it was a lot of mountain-collecting dust he has to overcome.

[Level up!]

It’s been three days since Raymond came to the aid station.

Finally, his level went up to level 4.

‘Extra stat. Use for senses.’

Raymond upgraded his sensational stat with a pleased face. The higher his sense stat, the better he will be.

‘More. I need more experience.’

Raymond did his best to see his next patient with that mind.

Fortunately, it was not difficult to avoid the eyes of other healers.

This is because the healers did not reside in the aid station 24 hours a day. Rather, it was common to stop by only when a patient came, use their healing powers, and then return to their offices.

“It’s done. Be careful next time.”

[Experience level goes up!]

It was always a sweet message.

‘If I continue to work hard like this, I will be able to become the best therapist in the land of Leifentina. And then a rosy future will come to me too!’ He thought to himself enthusiastically.

Raymond wanted to become the best healer and earn honor while also making a lot of money.

That’s because he had a very poor childhood.

Although he was born as a child of a most precious person than anyone else, he lived in poverty under harsh criticism. He was treated less than a servant at the bottom.

You don't know the sadness of living in poverty more than anyone else in the most colorful place.

So it was only natural that Raymond had a grudge against money.

If he is able to become the best healer, he will be able to enjoy tremendous wealth and prosperity.

FYI, healers make a lot of money.

Not to mention the senior healers.

If he becomes the best healer, he will be able to enjoy wealth and happiness that he can't even imagine.

A five-story marble mansion, a meaty steak for every meal, and even the finest wine before bed.

Raymond had an organ-colored imagination in his head.

One day it will surely come true.

.....Of course, it's a tough dream for a person who has the "beginner resident" title while not even level 10 yet at the matter.

"Anyway, fighting!"

It was time for Raymond to look at the patient with more strength.

Unexpectedly, his ears caught a story.

"Oh, you're such a handsome healer and is also very kind. I've been to a lot of clinics so far, but I've never seen a healer as kind as you." One patient said with heartfelt thanks.

"No, sir. I am simply just doing my job."

Raymond looked awkward.

Raymond wasn't particularly kind. Other healers are just too unfriendly because of their status. Healers are seen to be precious after all."

Therefore, A-class healers are not necessarily approachable, and only a few healers were kind to their patients.

But Raymond was a little different from the other healers.

His mantra is that: 'if you're a healer, you should be kind to your patients.'

There was this time when he brought a sick body, and he felt even more devastated when he was treated coldly.

Raymond felt the fact keenly when his mother was sick. So he tried to be as kind as possible to his patients.

“Oh, thank you for today. What was the name of that healer again? Lance? That healer is good, but he’s so unkind. He is unlike you. You comforted me so much, handsome healer.”

Raymond’s heart was tickled at the old patient’s appreciation.

“Don’t say that, sir. I am simply doing what I can.”

It was the moment after he answered like that when a message popped up in his mind.

[You treated your patient kindly!]

[Achievement: ‘Kind Healer’ achieved!]

[Fame rises!]

[Additional 5 skill points will be given!]

It was a welcome message.

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Raymond doesn’t know how to use it yet, but skill points will definitely help improve his surgeon’s ability.

Moreover, it was not the only unexpected achievement reward.

Before he knew it, it was time for him to do the ‘cleaning’ part he had promised.

‘Well, honestly, I don’t want to clean the aid station either. However, It’s a deal, so it can’t be helped.’ Raymond thought to himself.

It was different from general cleaning.

When he was wiping the floor full of blood, dirt, and body fluids, Raymond could not help but feel nauseous and tired.

“Should I do it roughly?”

Raymond was tempted for a moment.

To be honest, Hanson didn’t clean up very hard.

But he soon shook his head.

‘If hygiene is bad, it’s bad for the patient. I can’t help it even if it’s hard.’

People in Leifentaina didn't value cleanliness very much. The same was true of the healers.

But Raymond, who has medical knowledge, couldn't just shrug it off.

Knowing how bad an unsanitary environment can affect patients, he couldn't clean up roughly no matter how hard it was. It was a matter of conscience.