

# DOCTOR PLAYER

## Chapter 6

### Ancient Civilization!

It refers to a brilliant civilization that existed in the distant past.

Raymond decided to say that he learned his future medical skills from ancient knowledge.

It was a blue lie, but there was nothing else to say.

Fortunately, Hanson accepted Raymond's words without much doubt.

First of all, nothing was well-known about ancient civilization. It was considered only mysterious like a legend hidden in the fog, so any lie roughly worked.

"The situation is urgent right now, so I'll explain it slowly later. For now, please prepare everything I'll say."

"Okay. Fire it away then."

"Prepare boiled clean water as soon as possible."

".....what?"

"And then disinfect a clean knife over the fire. Also, please go to my room and prepare a thin thread that sterilizes the herbs."

"....."

Water, knife, and thread?

Hanson's eyes became very much confused.

'What are you trying to do with the patient now?' He thought.

Raymond coughed in vain because it was a common sense reaction from Leyfentina.

".....you'll know when you see it in person. Anyway, I'm in a hurry, so please prepare it quickly."

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Fortunately, the preparation did not take long.

In order to reduce the probability of infection during surgery, the patient was moved to a clean room as soon as possible. Afterward, the patient was put to sleep and anesthetized with hallucinogenic drugs.

'I'm glad I prepared a catgut in advance just in case.' Raymond told himself.

The thread is made of sheep's intestines. Its body was melted over time so that it could be used as a suture.

It was available because the wizards of the tower were using it as a material.

Hanson couldn't help but ask as he tilted his head.

"What exactly are you going to do, sir?"

"Surgery."

"Sue..... what?"

"You'll know when you see it now."

Raymond could not elaborate further.

Because his heart is beating like crazy, he had no time to explain.

'Can I do it?' He asked himself.

'Let's not think about the consequences.'

'Let's just do our best.'

If the patient is not saved, Lance will surely disqualify him from apprenticeship.

So he has to save the patient no matter what, of course.

That's his line of thoughts, but his heart was about to burst with tension.

If it wasn't for the "heart of steel," he might have already collapsed because his legs were already so weak despite that special attribute of his.

Maybe he would of ran far away.

"Open."

After disinfecting the surgical site, Raymond raised a small hand knife that had been heated and sterilized.

Raymond gasped and bit his lips as his fingertips were about to tremble.

"Wake up!"

The fishy blood flowed and his mind came back a little.

It made a screeching sound.

The blade edged into the abdominal wall.

“S-Senior?”

Raymond could see Hanson breathing in for air, but he was not paying attention. However, Raymond was as surprised as Hanson.

It was his first time slicing flesh too.

The skin cracked, and yellow fat appeared. Blood flowed, and the bright red muscles piled up as the transparent membrane underneath appeared.

Raymond feels dizzy.

He felt as if his hair is going to turn white from all the stress.

**[The heart of steel is manifesting!] [It strengthens your will!]**

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If it wasn't for the message that comes to his mind, Raymond might have let go. ‘

‘You're doing great. I'm gonna be the best healer. I can do this!’ Raymond repeated to himself as if he were chanting a spell.

Raymond has always thought that he is no filth or a worm.

He is going to be the best that everyone would look up to one day.

‘I'm gonna be the best! I could already imagine the wealth and glory that I will enjoy in the near future!’

Raymond moved his hand as he tried to calm himself as much as he can.

There's that screeching sound again.

Midline incision.

He did it exactly according to the contents of “Surgery,” and before he knew it, the abdominal cavity, which was hidden in the peritoneum, appeared.

It was the first time in his life to see this, but he couldn't feel any emotion.

The sight of the abdominal cavity for the first time confused his vision.

“Senior, what are you going to do with the patient.....?” Hanson asked in a trembling voice. Even now, he seemed to be thinking about whether he should force Raymond to stop him.

If it wasn't for Raymond's murmur in practice, Hanson would have overpowered Raymond.

".....I'll make it by all means."

"....."

Hanson swallowed his saliva while looking into Raymond's eyes.

Raymond's eye color has always been greenish emerald, which holds a gentle and easy-going gaze.

But now, his eyes were blazing. With the willingness to succeed in treatment somehow.

"We need to determine the cause of the bleeding first."

Raymond recalled the knowledge of surgery with his red eyes.

Hematemesis usually had only one cause: peptic ulcer bleeding.

It could either be the stomach or the duodenum.

Raymond had to find out which of the two was bleeding.

Fortunately, it was not difficult for him to figure it out for a bright yellow liquid was leaking from the duodenum.

The surgical procedure ought to be simple then.

He just has to check the bleeding blood vessels to stop the bleeding and then fill the perforated intestines.

That was it.

A frustratingly simple process.

But implementing the process, in reality, was a completely different matter.

'You can do it. I'm gonna be the best. I can definitely do it.'

"Hanson, lift the red organ here."

When he said the red organ, he meant the liver.

"....."

Hanson hesitated and followed Raymond's words, saying, "I don't know."  
Hanson trembled at the soft and somewhat strong touch of the liver.

"Now cut the perforation with a knife."

But there was a problem.

Raymond clearly knows what to do, but he couldn't help it.

He kept stumbling and making mistakes.

“No!”

After making a few mistakes, the will that had been firmly established with the help of the “Heart of Steel” shook.

Raymond's body stiffened again.

‘Wake up! Or the surgery will be a failure! Wake up, moron!’ Raymond thought desperately.

What to do?

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How can he succeed this operation?

Then, a way flashed by.

“Buying skills! Seo-jeon's hands!”

Raymond bought a unique skill that he had postponed.

“Strong stamina and intelligence are important, but the most important thing in the end is the ability to save the patient!”

**[You bought a skill!]**

**[Privilege is applied!] [It minimizes the consumption points!]**

[Seo-jeon's hand movements]

Classification: Attribute Skill

Rating: Unique

Consumption point: 40 (perks applied)

Proficiency: D

– Exceeds the limits of your ability to operate once a week! Sense Spats Increase by 10!

-The more experienced you are, the less cool time you have and the more additional sensory stats will gain temporarily.

The moment he saw the message, Raymond immediately used his skill.

**[Your senses go up temporarily!]**

**[Sense: 6→16]**

It was at that moment, Raymond suddenly felt light and amazing.

As his fingertips became sensitive, the movements that he had only thought about in his head began to be possible.

“Is this the surgical skill of a skilled resident?”

Raymond shook his head.

It didn't seem to be the case.

He didn't feel used to the surgery at all.

It was still strange and immature.

Instead, if there was a difference from before, it was the sense of his hand. He was able to perform detailed movements much more smoothly than before.

He lacked some experience and skills, but he seemed to have filled his deficiencies with his natural talent.

It didn't matter anyway.

He was able to perform the surgery steps one by one.

Screeching sounds came to life once again.

The knife carefully cut the duodenum.

Fut. Fut.

From the inside of the duodenum, blood poured like a fountain. It was arterial bleeding.

“Give me a thread.”

“Oh, oh, yes!”

Hanson froze blankly and handed Raymond a thread that had been washed in sterilized water by boiling herbs.

“Tie!”

The technique of tying blood vessels with thread and stopping the bleeding unfolded at Raymond's fingertips.

Can he do it?

This concern passed by for a moment, but Raymond's fingers naturally moved as if dancing, overshadowing the concern.

He managed to close it neatly.

The blood vessel that was pouring blood quietly closed its mouth.

'Okay! Now, he need to close the duodenum hole!'

Raymond slowly proceeded with the surgery steps one after another again.

'Carefully. Carefully. Don't make a mistake.'

Raymond's heart beat with tension as his forehead sweats.

The Omentum connected to the stomach was pulled up to the hole. And the thick fat of the tent was used to block the perforation hole.

It was a Graham patch that blocked the hole with a shroud.

Raymond, who repaired the hole like that, breathed a sigh of relief.

Now, it was time to clean up.

In order to prevent the recurrence of ulcers, the nerves involved in gastric acid secretion were found and amputated.

And then the gastric juice that contaminated the peritoneum was wiped off with boiled and sterilized water.

After all the treatments according to the knowledge of surgery, Raymond did the final process.

He had to close the stomach's hole.

It was after closing the stomach with a knife and thread that another messaged popped into his mind.

**[The first open surgery was successful!]**

**[It was the first open surgery in Leyfentina!]**

**[Achievement: You achieved "Father of Surgery"]**

**[You will be recorded as the pioneer of surgery in future generations!]**

**[Compared to your job grade, your achievement required a higher one initially!] Skill point acquisition is restricted!**

**[100 skill points will be given!]**

**[Bonus level up!]**

That was not the end of the message.

**[You treated patients who exceeded your grade limit!]**

**[Achievement: You've achieved "Fierce healer"!]**

**[You will get 30 points!]**

**[Bonus level up!]**

**[Bonus level up!]**

**[Bonus: Additional 'slight' courage when treating a patient that requires higher skills than you already have.]**

Level 3 up with 130 skill points!

It was a huge reward, but Raymond wasn't able to mind the messages anymore.

".....Ha ha."

His legs are weak.

And just like that, they gave up.

He suddenly just collapsed on the floor.

Hot tears flowed from Raymond's eyes, who had unknowingly sat down on the ground.

Is it because he saved a dying patient for the first time? Or is it because he had his first open surgery?

'I don't know.' He told himself.

He just laughed like a fool and cried helplessly. His heart was burning.

He couldn't care less if it was right in the middle of the day.

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To be blunt.

"What? Raymond treated a hematemesis patient?"

Lance, who was enjoying the sewage leisurely in the office, got up from his seat in surprise.

"What nonsense!"

"Well, I'm telling you. I don't know how it's been done, but the patient is recovering from the crisis."

Lance frowned and headed to the hospital room to check for himself.

"How can he treat a hemoptysis patient with heals that aren't even level F?!"

How did it happen?!

Surprisingly, it wasn't a lie.