

# DOCTOR PLAYER

## Chapter 7

The conversation's noise was sounded all over the hospital room.

".....the therapist. Thanks a lot. Thanks to you, my life was saved."

"No, I still won't be too relieved. So please be careful."

"Wow, you're so kind. I guess heaven blessed me so that I could meet such a therapist." It was the patient who was hauled in blood on that day! How could he be talking and well already?

Although he was still pale, he opened his eyes wide and thanked him.

'What's going on here?'

Lance denied the reality in sight.

"Did Dr. Bugs treat you?"

"The chief therapist?"

"There's no way a senior would have treated such a bad patient, right? You want to know who treated this patient?" Raymond rolled his eyes. "I did."

Lance was gushing angrily.

"You... you treated him?"

"Don't tell ridiculous lies! With your healing power....."

"It's not healing."

"What did you say?"

Raymond breathed in.

It was a gateway to overcome at any time.

"We treated this patient with medical technology, an ancient treatment."

"Eui... What?"

Lance's eyes were stained with absurdity.

Medical science? This is the first he had heard of it.

But Raymond was unwavering and brazenly pushing his case.

He looked at Lance and laid out the scenario he had prepared.

“A while ago, when I went to the northern part of the country to run errands, I accidentally stepped wrong and fell off a cliff. Then I happened to enter the ancient ruins, and I was able to learn ancient healing and medicine.”

The so-called cliff play scenario!

It was a repertoire often used in various s, so it was not a completely absurd story.

“What! Do you think I would believe such a ridiculous lie?!”

It was then, that the patient, who was listening to the conversation between the two, opened his mouth.

“Oh, you’re too noisy. You, healer!”

“.....!”

“I swear on my name, it’s not a lie that the handsome therapist saved me. I definitely remember that therapist stamping his feet to save me.”

The patient, Bent, had a dim recollection of what happened when he was undergoing surgery.

Although he used a hallucinogenic herb, it was not a perfect anesthetic, so he came to consciousness from time to time.

“This is the evidence that the therapist treated me. Look.”

Bent lifted his clothes and showed his belly.

A sharp incision was evident.

“...!”

When Lance couldn’t say anything, Bent scoffed.

“Come to think of it, I remember your face, too. Unlike the therapist who treated me, you have such an ugly face that I remember you clearly even though my consciousness is blurred.”

An ugly face.

It was Lance’s complex that looked ugly like a mouse.

Lance’s particular harassment of Raymond was his complex about his appearance.

He's an illegitimate child, but is it because he has such a noble lineage? This is because Raymond was a very noticeable handsome man.

"What kind of hair do you have now?"

Lance tried to vent his anger on the patient, but soon he had no choice but to shut up.

"You told them to just let me die."

".....!"

"If it weren't for this handsome therapist, I would have died. All because of you, huh?" Bent pointed his finger.

"If you're ashamed of yourself, get out of here! Because this therapist is a million times better than a lousy guy like you!"

"Patient, you can't say that."

Raymond had a troubled face.

"Oh, did I say something wrong? Then therapist, please stay still."

Bent picked up something lying next to the bed and sprayed it to Lance.

It was the outline.

Oh my god!

The urine was blown away by a thunderbolt.

"Argh! What is this?!"

Lance's arms, wet with urine, trembled with anger.

But he couldn't say anything more, because this time, Bent took a container containing poop water.

"If you don't want to get dunged up, get out of here now!"

"Oh, my."

Only Bent and Raymond were left in the hospital room, and the two had an amazing conversation.

"I did what the therapist told me to do. I did a good job, right?"

Raymond raised his thumb.

"Yes, it's great."

It was a conversation in which Lance, who ran away, would fall down by holding the back of his head if he heard it.

What Bent did just now was actually a match for Raymond!

“You even wet your bed!”

Raymond whispered.

“That bad guy isn’t even a therapist. If he comes again next time, I will really pour the poop water on him.”

“Haha! I see! Next time, you’ll definitely pour the poop water.” Raymond grinned.

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Since then, Raymond’s daily life has not changed much.

He treated the critically ill, but no one acknowledged it.

“Ancient occultation? Medicine? What nonsense is that?”

“How did the blood stop, fortunately?”

There was clear evidence in front of him, but he didn’t even try to see it properly. No, he just ignored it.

For them, Raymond was a dirty filth, a pathetic rubbish.

Only one believes him.

Only Hanson, who saw a miracle in front of his eyes, looked at Raymond with a different eye than before.

“..... Senior.”

“What?”

“.....never mind.”

Hanson looked very confused.

He tried to ask something over and over again but he kept his mouth shut.

“.....I’ll clean up from now on.”

“Huh? But...”

“No, this is what I’m supposed to do as the youngest here.”

In the meantime, Hanson threw the rag out of Raymond's hand.

And there was one more person who looked at Raymond with a different eye than before.

It was Lance.

In the past, he looked at him with ridicule and contempt....

'Now you're staring at me as if you're killing me.'

Raymond scratched his head with a tingling sensation in the back of his head.

Still, it didn't cost as much as before.

"If I had received that kind of look in the past, I would have been at a loss."

Raymond was amazed at his change.

After treating a vomiting patient, he gained confidence. That's why it doesn't cost him as much as before. Now, he wasn't a pathetic underqualified therapist.

He was a healer with the potential to be a better therapist than anyone else. Although no one has acknowledged it yet. 'You'll see. If I become the best healer someday, I'll give you all kinds of power trip to the Bellund Treatment Center.' It was when Raymond was filling out his dreams and hopes in his head.

"I have something to ask you, senior."

"What is it?"

Lance's eyes became cold.

'What are you trying to make me do?'

Raymond had a moment of anxiety.

It didn't feel good.

'No, it'll be fine. Now I have the ability of a player.'

But as soon as he heard Lance's next remark, Raymond could not keep his composure.

"I'm sending you during the upcoming royal birthday celebration."

".....!"

Raymond's eyes grew teary.

"Now... What did you say?"

"I am asking you to go out at the royal palace festival. Why are you looking at me like that? Isn't it a great honor?"

It was a large-scale royal palace festival in which all aristocrats of the capital gathered at a banquet to commemorate the birth of the founding king.

Since it is a festival where so many people gather, royal therapists alone are not enough, so each clinic dispatches a therapist.

As Lance said, it was a great honor as a healer to be dispatched to the Royal Palace Festival. This is because his ability was recognized.

"It's all the more so to attend as an apprentice. You don't get this opportunity unless you're a really promising apprentice."

"....."

"I think a senior who treated a vomiting patient would be fully qualified to attend," Raymond clenched his lips.

Anger raged up.

"You damn son of a gun."

Of course, Lance wasn't trying to give Raymond a good chance, rather the opposite

It was to put Raymond in the worst corner.

The palace was a hell of a place for Raymond.

Past nightmares passed by like hallucinations in his ears.

"Dirty guy."

"Why is a dirty guy like you born?"

I'd rather die. "Oh? You're not going to die even if you do this?"

It's his past.

Raymond lived a really hellish life in the palace.

Compared to the past he spent in the palace, life here at the Beland Treatment Center was like heaven.

It was a terrible time, but not really painful.

There was one reason Raymond had to suffer so much.

'You've damaged your father's dignity.'

Because he was the illegitimate child of the king.

He is the shadow prince.

It was Raymond's past nickname.

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There was a reason why Raymond was treated so poorly even though he was the king's child.

First, it was because of the tradition of the kingdom of Houston.

Most countries are harsh on illegitimate children, but the Kingdom of Houston was very severe.

In accordance with the spirit of the founding king, the Kingdom of Houston revered chivalry. According to chivalry, illegitimate children will never be tolerated.

Therefore, the Kingdom of Houston does not recognize the existence of illegitimate children at all.

It was not simply to the extent that there was no right to inheritance, but to deny its existence itself.

He was persecuted and bullied as he was considered unclean, which should not have existed exactly. As if to persecute a dirty monster.

In particular, Raymond had to suffer even more because he was the illegitimate child of the noblest king.

He is a hideous filth that tarnished the dignity of the king.

That was Raymond.

Of course, if the king had protected him, things could have been a little different. But the king who gave birth to him did him no favors.

In fact, when he first came to the clinic, the people at the clinic treated Raymond with difficulty.

However, as time passed, Raymond continued to look ugly and gradually people began to treat him carelessly, knowing that the royal family did not really care about him at all.

– The king's dirty illegitimate son.

-The only stain on a great king who would rather die.

That was the idea of people looking at Raymond.

“But you want me to go to the festival?”

His heart sank.

Raymond is always groveling to his superiors, but is it because of his great emotional agitation? This time it didn't work out that way.

"Do you have to let me go?"

"Why? You don't like it?"

Lance smiled.

'What can you do if you didn't like it?'

"As you know, your senior's apprenticeship is in my hands as a chief therapist. If you want to stay as an apprentice for thousands of years, do as you please."

"....."

He was determined.

Raymond clenched his fist.

'Is that really true?'

It was a moment of concern.

**[A sudden quest is given!]**

[Guardian of the Banquet]

(Medicine Quest)

Rating: Half scalpel

Difficulty level: High

QUEST DESCRIPTION: The banquet attracts a large crowd. As a therapist, wrap up the banquet without any victims, as we don't know what kind of unexpected cases will occur.

Clear condition: End the banquet without fatalities

Rewards: Bonus level up x 3, skill points 30 points

Privilege: someone's favor, a little fame

Raymond blinked.

Why is the reward so generous?'

Jump to 3 levels and 30 skill points!

It was three times the compensation compared to the previous quest, "Treating the First Patient."



'Could there be a serious patient at the banquet?'

He doesn't know.

However, Raymond was worried that the difficulty level of the quest was 'high'.

Isn't it possible that the difficulty level of a calm banquet with zero patients would be 'high'?