

A HOSPITAL IN ANOTHER WORLD?

Chapter 2

"Garrett...?"

The young man glanced up, his eyes meeting his. Ignoring him, Wu Zhou hurried to the injured person's side, swiftly scanning the area—

No table.

No stretcher.

Not a single thing he could use as an operating table, not even a slightly elevated platform...

Desperate times call for desperate measures! Wu Zhou gritted his teeth. For a surgeon, anything below the waist was akin to a contaminated zone, operating on the ground violated all sterile protocols. But in this dire setting, there was no room to fuss over sterility. Save the patient first, worry about the rest later!

As he observed, Wu Zhou began giving orders:

"You! Come here, press here on his arm! Press firmly, don't let go, that's it! And here, on the leg, where I'm pressing. Good, keep it tight! More pressure! You! Hold this spot! You! Get his clothes off!"

"I can't get them off..."

"Then tear them! Cut them!"

The deputy chief physician of the emergency department exuded an aura of absolute authority.

Around three or four people acted on his every command, rushing about. Applying pressure to stop bleeding, removing clothes, boiling water—everyone was frantic, darting in and out of the small room without a moment to spare.

Even the young priest was summoned by Wu Zhou to press on the patient's brachial artery with his left hand and the posterior tibial artery with his right. The awkward positioning had him kneeling on the ground, contorted into a strange shape...

There were doubts about whether he truly understood. But in moments of desperation, when one person confidently issued commands, the others instinctively followed suit: it was like struggling in a flood, grasping at anything— even a straw—to survive!

Wu Zhou's eyes were fixed on the patient as he barked orders, kneeling down, his right hand feeling the patient's neck. He regulated his own breathing, counting the patient's heartbeat:

The heartbeat was okay. Less than 100... But it was getting faster, likely indicating significant bleeding! The pulsation of the carotid artery weakened, the face turned pale, sweating, breathing shallow and rapid...

A series of information flashed through his mind rapidly, each one a problem. Blood pressure? No idea. There wasn't even a sphygmomanometer here!

Guesstimation was the only option!

Thankfully, after years in emergency medicine and countless scenes with the ambulance service, Wu Zhou's intuition was sharp regarding the severity of the patient's condition and possible injuries. The way this patient looked, the probability of hemorrhagic shock was significant!

The patient's leather armor lay scattered on the ground. The shirt torn open revealed a horrifying wound on the abdomen. A long gash, nearly 20cm, slanting from the upper right abdomen diagonally down to the lower left!

Blood gushed out in waves. Wu Zhou took just one look and felt his entire body shiver, his blood pressure skyrocketing.

Damn! With this much bleeding, it's either an arterial rupture or the liver, spleen, or kidney!

He reached for his waist. A gleaming dagger appeared in his palm. Without hesitation, Wu Zhou focused on the patient's abdomen, raising the blade.

Thankfully, the patient had visible abdominal muscles—six-pack abs—indicating the underlying anatomy resembled what he knew: beneath the skin lay the rectus abdominis, encased in its sheath. Cutting along the rectus abdominis sheath would minimize damage, avoiding nerves and blood vessels...

In this world of magic, the anatomy of the patient had better be the same as what he knew!

With utmost concentration, Wu Zhou, without assistance, made an incision alongside the patient's abdominal wound, directly through the right rectus abdominis. Time was of the essence, there was no one to assist with retractors or ensure precise dissection. He opened a 10cm-long cut, and dark-red blood gushed out immediately.

"What are you doing!"

The young priest, kneeling opposite and ordered by Wu Zhou to apply pressure to stop bleeding, almost screamed, his voice cracking.

Not only did he shout, but the young priest also lunged forward, arms outstretched, instinctively blocking above the patient's abdomen. Every freckle

on his face spoke of a readiness to sacrifice himself: "If you're going to kill him, you'll have to kill me first!"

Wu Zhou: "..."

"Ugh, this is why they don't let family into the operating room. Seeing a doctor cutting and slicing a patient, wouldn't anyone rush in to stop it?"

Wu Zhou could only critique silently. He gripped the dagger in his right hand, giving a firm push to the young priest's shoulder, making him stumble backward, yelling:

"Who told you to let go! Hold him down! He'll bleed out if you don't! Move!"

"But you—"

"I'm saving a life here! He's bleeding internally! I have to stop it! Step aside!!!"

"Oh..."

The young priest sheepishly retreated, contorting back into place, straining to see the patient's abdomen. Wu Zhou glanced, seeing his positioning was still somewhat correct, refocusing on the injured man's belly. He turned the blade, pushing aside the abdominal muscles slightly, inspecting—

"What's this?"

The young priest across asked. Wu Zhou didn't lift his head, continuing to separate the abdominal wall:

"Liver."

"Oh, it's the liver..."

The young priest murmured, trying hard to observe. Wu Zhou didn't feel like scolding him anymore: the sterile environment was already compromised, as long as he didn't spew saliva into the wound, he could do as he pleased. The priority now was the patient's liver!

Wu Zhou spotted the liver right away. Thankfully, the organ's position hadn't shifted, and the anatomy remained unchanged. In this world of magic, humans hadn't evolved to have bizarre features or organs specifically for spellcasting.

Left lobe of the liver, right lobe...

"Ah, so much blood!"

"Shut up!"

Wu Zhou frowned. In the center of the vivid red right lobe of the liver, there was a fissure, running downwards, continuously gushing bright arterial blood!

His initial assessment was accurate; there was massive internal bleeding in the abdomen, and it was from the liver!

Liver parenchyma laceration, depth... he didn't dare to estimate precisely, but it seemed to be no less than 1 cm deep, coupled with substantial active bleeding—

This was definitely a Grade III injury! Not the worst, but...

"Save him..." The young priest was now a bundle of nerves, stuttering and incoherent: "S-s-save him..."

Of course, I have to save him! The issue is, in an emergency room, this injury would be manageable, but in the middle of nowhere, resources are scarce!

Wu Zhou's heart raced, nearly pounding his ribcage to bits. He bent over, left hand pulling the abdominal wall, right hand delving into the patient's abdominal cavity. Lifting the liver, maneuvering the stomach, moving the intestines...

"What are... you doing?"

The trembling young priest inquired. Judging by his tone, he was close to passing out—yet still observing. Acknowledging his admirable courage, Wu Zhou didn't hesitate to explain a bit more:

"Checking other organs for major bleeding. Hmm, no gallbladder, no spleen, kidneys... they're further back, less likely to be damaged, but I still need to check... Hmm, no obvious active bleeding, that's great!"

"A-and then?"

And then?

And then comes the real challenge. Wu Zhou had been a doctor for over a decade, and only twice, out of sheer necessity, had he performed such a procedure. In their entire provincial hospital, you could count the number of doctors brave enough to attempt this on one hand.

Buddha, Three Pure Ones, God and Mother Mary, any deity... please, let this patient's anatomy stay predictable!

He took a deep breath, gingerly grasping the hepatic portal veins and arteries.

"Wow! The bleeding's stopped! It's slowing down!... Not bleeding anymore!"

The young priest cheered. The gushing blood from the patient reduced instantly, from a torrent to a trickle, then to a slow seepage. The hemostasis effect was visible to the naked eye.
