

A HOSPITAL IN ANOTHER WORLD?

Chapter 3

As the young priest cheered, breaths of relief echoed around Wu Zhou.

Kneeling beside the injured man's intestines, Garrett immediately bowed his head. Holding his hands a little higher, he murmured softly, "War God above!"

"War God above!" echoed the red-haired archer on the other side, pressing on the man's arm. Then leaning over, sincerely praising, "Garrett, you're amazing!"

Yet, Wu Zhou felt no joy. Every ounce of his focus lay in his fingertips: the liver's portal vein was delicate—if too gentle, the bleeding wouldn't stop; a bit more force, and it would tear, causing fatal hemorrhaging. The precision required relied on the experience and intuition of a surgeon.

And even if he managed to halt the bleeding temporarily, that was just the first step of a long journey ahead!

Footsteps approached urgently from behind. A soldier dispatched by Wu Zhou to fetch water hurried past, muttering a prayer, "War God above," then hesitantly asked, "Garrett, will this be enough?"

Enough? Not a chance!

Wu Zhou furrowed his brow. Under normal conditions, interrupting liver blood flow couldn't exceed 30 minutes, or the liver would inevitably die.

Meaning, he had a 30-minute window to solve this!

But he had nothing!

No blood transfusions, no materials for packing wounds—gauze, gelatin sponges, styptic powder—no sutures!

He didn't even have a pair of forceps!

Tremendous anxiety and fear surged. It was Wu Zhou's, belonging to the original inhabitant of this body.

He raised his head, staring intensely at the young priest across from him, his eyes now bloodshot:

"You!" he practically shouted, "Give me a healing spell! Direct it at this liver! Now!"

The priest trembled at his outburst. His flushed face paled, freckles nearly transparent, an almost pitiful sight. In a voice on the verge of tears, he replied to Wu Zhou, "I-I can't... I've used up my healing magic..."

"Then what do you have left?"

"Only a vial of potion for minor injuries..."

What in the world?!

A potion for minor injuries!

That's not what he needs!

Wu Zhou felt a myriad of criticisms ready to burst forth. Even if it were the head of their hospital or the chief nurse in the operating room, they would have been lectured on the spot.

Stitch up the liver properly, for heaven's sake!

Does this healing potion meet GMP certification? Is there an FDA approval, or is it expired?

He wanted surgical instruments, sutures, lidocaine for anesthesia—at the very least, give him a bottle of iodine for disinfection!

In this emergency, in the wilderness with scarce supplies, he hadn't even washed his hands before reaching into the man's belly!

Why did he end up with a potion for minor injuries?!

But a strange memory rushed in. A few rapid images flashed before his eyes: a small glass vial in his hand, a faint golden liquid inside, rapidly healing and vanishing wounds...

Wu Zhou took a deep breath. Clenching the liver with his right hand and spreading his left hand out, he spoke with determination:

"Give it to me!"

Perhaps it was his resolute tone, or maybe the others had no other option. The priest tentatively released the injured man's arm, checked the wound, found the bleeding had stopped significantly, and nervously rummaged in his pockets. After a moment, he handed over a small vial of healing potion.

The vial was only an inch and a half tall, as thick as a thumb, its glass body crystal clear. As Wu Zhou muttered, "Shouldn't this be in a brown bottle?" he bit off the cork and poured it directly onto the ruptured liver's surface.

Then, the miraculous healing process unfolded once more.

The torn liver gently undulated. Tissue grew, fissures vanished, membranes crawled...

Within a breath or two, lying in Wu Zhou's sight was a complete, unblemished liver.

Wu Zhou cautiously eased his grip. The veins beneath his fingertips gently pulsed, the liver's surface visibly transitioning from pale to healthy red.

Excellent!

The blood vessels joined seamlessly, blood flowed normally!

This liver was alive!

"Wow..."

A small gasp arose. Amidst his busyness, Wu Zhou glanced up, seeing the young priest stretching his neck, eyes and mouth forming three round "O" shapes, staring in disbelief at the liver in his hands:

"Can you really save someone like this?"

"Nope..."

Wu Zhou lazily retorted. Faced with the priest's half disappointment, half accusation, he casually explained, drawing out the last syllable:

"I know, it'd take ten years to learn that."

...It wouldn't take ten years. Five or seven years of study, residency, plus various internships and certifications. Wu Zhou fell silent. He redirected his attention to the patient: his life was secured, next was tending to the intestines and other external injuries!

Glancing at the healing potion in his hand, almost emptied save a few drops, about a quarter of its original volume, shimmering with a pale gold hue, pulsating as if breathing.

The effect was undeniably remarkable.

But relying on these few drops to heal the remaining injuries? That's just wishful thinking.

Let's get to the real work of dealing with the intestines!

Wu Zhou gingerly withdrew his right hand from the patient's liver. Stepping back, surveying the area, he began issuing a series of commands:

"Do we have soap?—What, only soapberries? Fine, give it, I'll wash my hands!"

"Do we have boiling water?... Only this bag? Not enough! Hurry up and heat more!—Oh, and put the needles and thread in there to sterilize!"

"Do we have strong alcohol?... We do? Great! Give it to me!"

The red-haired archer, the yellow-haired soldier who was busy fetching water, scrambled at his commands. The young priest, with wide curious eyes, looked around and asked, "Why wash your hands again?"

"—Because just now was emergency hemostasis, brother! Any slower and the man would have died!"

In a life-or-death situation, there's no time for fussing—yet even so, in a hospital setting, at the very least, he'd have grabbed some iodine. Now that the urgent bleeding had stopped, and it was time to deal with the intestines, Wu Zhou, as a surgeon, couldn't compromise on cleanliness.

He washed his hands with soapberries from the wooden bucket of water brought by the archer, trying not to look at the stains around the bucket. Calling it a "stain" was praise; from rim to brim, the bucket was black. It was hard to tell how long it hadn't been washed—maybe since it was made?

As for how much dirtier this water was compared to tap water and how many microorganisms lurked within, Wu Zhou didn't dare to think about it.
