

Pseudo Resident's Illegal Stay in Another World

Chapter 4: Imperfect Acupressure Can Cripple a Man (1)

"Oh, you're awake?"

"Ah."

I briefly replied to the person holding the lantern. She was the blue-haired healer.

"I was really worried since you didn't wake up for three days straight."

"Yes."

The last thing I remembered in the back of my fading consciousness was Elfriede's slap. Such an ordinary slap knocked me out for three days?

She truly is a fearsome woman that transcends common sense.

She must have slapped me with the intent to kill. Just thinking about it makes my cheeks tingle from pain.

"Your nose is bleeding? Wait a moment."

The blue-haired woman's steps resounded. She shortly came back with a pair of white underwear, a top and a bottom that looked like those you'd find in hot springs.

"Quickly undress. I have to do the laundry."

She was the kindest person among the people I've met in this world filled with barbarians and superstitions. It seems healers are usually nice.

I mean, you wouldn't think of healing the wounded unless you were a nice person.

Of course, her fees must be quite high.

"He-Here you go."

Anyway, to me, who had been a target of contempt and violence, her kindness was akin to a beacon of light in my world engulfed in darkness, and I felt refreshed, basking in it. However, I was still slightly puzzled by this.

“Then take a good rest. It’s still early in the night. By the way, Elfriede said she would return in five days.”

“Aargh-!”

“Yes? What did you just say?”

“No, it was nothing important. It’s just a Samaritan expression... to say I’m happy to see you.”

“Ah...”

The name of the woman who nearly killed me was now completely traumatic for me. Hearing her name from another person’s mouth was enough to make me shudder in fear.

My body has been etched by the pain of that slap. If just hearing her name makes me tremble, then what will happen when I come face-to-face with her again?

I might actually wet my pants, then it seems I need a change of clothes at that time.

The blue-haired healer continued while I quivered in fear.

“Ms. Elfriede is a very good-natured person. She does a great job as an adventurer and often gives donations to our clinic. She’s really kind.”

What the... was there another Elfriede I didn’t know of?

I don’t think words such as ‘good-natured’ and ‘kind’ are appropriate to describe Elfriede, not at all. Unaware of my thoughts, the blue-haired healer continued.

“I’ve never seen anyone bring a slave to a clinic before. I wouldn’t mind such a person being my master...”

It was hard to say if this woman was teasing me or if she was being serious.

My heart, brimming with gratitude for her, dried up upon hearing her words, just like how snow evaporates when it falls on the floor.

“Yes. Well, that’s right.”

“Oh, I’ve already been talking for so long. It’s time for you to sleep.”

She shrugged as if only realizing her mistake too late. I could hear only snores and groans in the background when she closed her mouth.

“If you need anything or feel unwell, please call me. I make rounds from dusk to dawn.”

Only when she started mumbling so quietly that I examined the blue-haired woman’s face.

Whether or not her staying all night was true, I couldn’t deny the presence of dark circles under her eyes.

Thus, I inquired.

“Well, I actually need something...”

“Yes? What is it?”

“I’d like a job. Is there anything I could do while waiting for Elfriede? I’d like to get paid too if possible...”

I need to raise money to buy my freedom again. I couldn’t sit still knowing that I had to start all over again from scratch.

“Um-.”

The healer who was making ‘um’, ‘ah’ and ‘hmmm’ sounds suddenly bit her lips and said.

“We’re in shortage of people right now, but can your injured body handle the workload?”

“I can manage.”

I patted my chest as I exclaimed.

The splitting headache has subsided along with the bleeding nose. The throbbing pain in other areas was greatly reduced as well.

It was good enough to call it a perfectly healthy condition. In such a state, I had to move my body even if only to earn a few scraps.

“I’m in a good condition.”

“Well, I do have a lot of work and wouldn’t mind some help.”

“Oh my God-.”

The adventurer was holding his head and screaming as if his skull was being split apart.

“It hurts! M-my body is getting torn apart! Let go of me, bastard! Let go of-”

“Mr. Hassan! Hold him tightly! Don’t let him move!”

Finley, the blue-haired healer yelled at me.

In my mind I braced myself to face some retaliation, as I clutched the adventurer’s body and shoulders and firmly and fastened them to the bed.

“All right, that’s it.”

“Hold on! Cure-!”

She urgently chanted the spell, and the adventurer began screaming as soon as she finished.

“Argh, that’s it!”

The large, torn scars in his stomach and chest were wrapped in a strange glow and noticeably started mending.

Healing magic.

It was my first time seeing healing magic since it was very rare. Not many people had the required aptitude.

It was a sight that couldn’t be explained by anything other than the word “magic”. It was beyond common sense, no matter how you looked at it. Magic is indeed a fraudulent skill that fills your heart with awe.

However, the process of healing wasn’t painless. The middle-aged adventurer was flapping like a fish fresh out of the water under the pressure of my body.

“Argh, it hurts so much! I’m gonna die.”

“Don’t worry Mr. Belos, you’re not gonna die. We’re healing you, please calm down!”

“You guys are trying to kill me! Let go of me! Hands off me! How can this be considered healing? Bunch of quacks!”

Series of procedures ended after a few hiccups. I finally understood why she stated that it would be hard work.

“Whoa. That was tough.”

Finley, who had successfully completed the treatment of fellow adventurer Belos, said to me. Her face and vivid blue hair were drenched in sweat.

Despite that, her face remained pleasant to gaze at. A woman who looks pretty and knows how to break a sweat in her work. A woman full of vigor, that's my type.

The sweat-soaked white dress made the sight of her chest moving up and down very arousing. I turned away, feeling my little brother waking up lest I make it awkward for us both.

"Hehe, doesn't my face look silly? My makeup is ruined, though."

"Nah, my face is worse."

I was being serious when I said it was worse.

Looking at my reflection in the mirror, I could see some patches on my head where there should have been strands of hair. My beard also grew wild because I couldn't trim it. I looked like a beggar.

Some beggars were even doing better than me since I was penniless.

"The morning shift is now over. We'll receive more guests in the afternoon. I've been so busy I didn't notice the time fly by at all."

Finley suddenly said and heaved a sigh.

"Is it like this every day?"

"What do you mean by 'like this every day'?"

"I was wondering if you were this busy every day."

"There were fewer customers today than usual. It gets so much busier when labyrinths are opened, I feel like running away then..."

Finley wiped the sweat off her temple with the back of her hand, letting me see a few drops of blood on her right wrist.

"Oh, you're bleeding."

"Ah, that's right. I think I got scratched by one of the struggling patients. One or two wounds like these are nothing serious."

Finley, this blue-haired, this healer, nonchalantly licked her wounds with her tongue and disregarded it as mere scrapes.

It's ironic how she is treating other people's wounds without paying no heed to her own. This will evoke sympathy in the corner of any man like myself.

I reached out to her wrist.

"Let me see."

"Yes?"

"You might feel better if I bandage you."

"Ah, I don't think so."

In spite of her obvious shyness, Finley held out her wrist towards me.

In the morning alone, we dealt with more than 10 or so patients together, so there was already a strange sense of camaraderie welling up between us.

If only Elfriede had been only half as good to me as Finley.

-Grab

It was at the moment I furrowed my brows while looking at her scratched white wrist.

Ding-

[Stats] Name: Finley

Level: 4

Condition: Insomnia » Ankle sprain » Stomatitis

What the hell is this?

My brows furrowed further when I saw the letters floating in front of me.

The reason I didn't scream this time around was that I had already seen this a few times now, so I had developed a certain amount of self-restraint.

Elfriede's case.

Finley's case.

What is causing these words to show up?

In Elfriede's case, I had supplementary information about her physical strength and characteristics.

In Finley's case, it was much more simplistic. It only had her name and her condition.

"Is there any problem...?"

Finley cautiously asked when she saw me frowning.

"There's nothing wrong, don't worry. Does your ankle hurt sometimes?"

"Ah right, my left ankle is a little..."

"Do you feel a burning sensation in your mouth?"

"That's right! Wow, that's amazing! Have I told you this before? How did you find out?"

I wrapped a clean bandage around the curious Finley's wrist. The letters disappeared as I tapped her wrist again.

What is this?

I don't know what it is. Being able to know other people's information is a very unusual ability.

Starting from the afternoon shift, patients began flooding in.

The three healers including Finley couldn't manage that many people.

Apparently, this is a world of barbarism both in law and culture.

It would be strange for the number of wounded to be low in a world where it was common for two people to shove knives into each other's guts because they didn't see eye to eye.

Ding-

[Stats] Name: Veneris

Level: 5

Condition: Habitual dislocation » Back Pain » Rhinitis

However, such an atmosphere was a godsend to me, who had gained such a strange ability.

I was now sure that this ability activates when I touch a person's wrist.

I feel like one of the doctors in those old dramas that can figure out a person's condition by getting their pulse.

"Mr. Veneris, lie down here straight. I can see that your pelvis is very twisted. Do you often sit with your legs crossed?"

"Oh, how did you know?"

"Here, your left and right legs are uneven. It means that one side of your pelvis is twisted. It'll get better after I correct it for you."

Crack-

"Argh, bastard. Whoa-"

Crack- Crack-

"Oh Lord, ugh-."

Not caring about his howls, I pressed his pelvis, waist and back with my palm.

Whenever that happened, the man's bone-cracking sound would echo through the whole clinic as if there was an earthquake.

This is a manual therapy called chiropractic therapy or 'Chuna therapy,'[1] a medical practice that is categorized under oriental medical practice.

I obviously didn't have any related certifications. I was only replicating what I saw my father do to his patients-

『Healed Veneris' Back Pain』 『Task Points + 10』

There was nothing for me to lose as the number of task points kept going up.

I don't know what good the task value going up would do me, but it should probably be something positive.

"Okay, I'm done. You can stand up."

"Oh, shit. My back really stopped aching! Wow, this is really amazing."

A middle-aged man complaining of chronic back pain switched from sleeping on his stomach to sleeping on his back.

“Just moving a little would usually make me shudder in pain. How did you do that? Even healing magic left me helpless.”

“I just changed what was wrong to make it right. Still, if you don’t fix your posture, the pain might come back.”

“Damn it, that’s awesome. It’s fascinating. My back is moving! The cracks definitely did hurt a bit but after that I felt rather refreshed.”

“You mustn’t try to imitate me, though. You might become paralyzed if you hit the wrong nerves.”

The expression of fear immediately descended upon the man’s face when he heard my warning. I, however, wasn’t exaggerating. There were a lot of people who actually became crippled or even died after carelessly going through the wrong procedure.

“So I can’t do this recklessly? Is it some kind of Samaritan magic?”

At the man’s question, I thought about the black-haired barbarians. Crazy prophets fanatically screaming about the looming end of the world while wandering the vast wilderness.

“Something like that.”

In my hometown, Korean Chuna and chiropractic therapy were designated as oriental medical practices. Calling them secret techniques wouldn’t be too much of a stretch I guess?

“Anyway, thank you. Thank you so much. Here you go, I’m so happy that the pain I’ve had to put up with for years is finally gone.”

The thin, middle-aged man took a coin out of his pocket and handed it to me.

Just when I thought that I had been given a single copper, I opened my eyes wide in astonishment when I noticed a white glow.

One Silver coin!

I couldn’t control my surprise as my eyes widened at its radiant glitter.

[1] Chuna Therapy is a Korean oriental medical practice.

