

National Forensic Doctor

Chapter: 37

The big dark pine tree looks strong during the day, but it is easy to make people think of many associations when viewed at night...

The old man at the door opened the door rubbing his eyes, pointed the way with a smirk, "Don't go to the left, there are many ghosts on the left."

The young police officer who came with him was all excited, and couldn't help but ask, "What's so important about this?"

The old gatekeeper said listlessly: "If you don't believe me, go to the left. I don't care."

"Go to the right." Wu Jun said solemnly.

The young police officer let go of the brakes and turned the steering wheel to the right, but he still couldn't help but said, "He opened the door for us at night, he's upset to scare us."

"Maybe." Wu Jun replied.

"Is there any other possibility?"

Wu Jun thought for a while and said, "Maybe it's the Bodhisattva's blessing?"

The little police officer was stunned for a long time before he realized what Wu Jun was talking about was a homophonic stalk, and he was speechless immediately.

The three of them worked together to reach the dissection room as quickly as possible.

When the bright white light flashed, the stainless steel autopsy table glowed with silver light, which was extraordinarily reassuring.

Wu Jun and Jiang Yuan were busy preparing for the autopsy.

In big cities, in some busy districts and counties, there may be queues for autopsies. But in places like Ningtai County, there are basically no folk

autopsies, and there are few homicides and abnormal deaths, so you can work with peace of mind if you have a dead body.

As for things like staying up late, in the face of the sudden murder, everyone tensed up, and they were not the only ones who stayed up late and were about to stay up late.

Similar to the last autopsy, after asking the brother-in-law of the deceased who came later to sign, Wu Jun still asked Jiang Yuan to operate.

He had the idea of letting Jiang Yuan practice. Of course, he couldn't straighten his back because of the exhaustion of the on-site exploration.

Watching Jiang Yuan pick up the scalpel, Wu Jun said: "We are forensic doctors, we cut corpses, and we pay attention to wide opening and closing. You can open it at ease, it doesn't matter if you move it a little bit."

Jiang Yuan nodded, first looked down at the corpse.

When the corpse was at the scene, although it was gradually cooling down, it still felt warm.

Now, when it was moved to the stainless steel dissection table, the human attributes of the corpse were greatly lost.

Jiang Yuan also felt a slight discomfort.

This was the second corpse he handled after working, and it was a completely unfamiliar corpse... In retrospect, Jiang Yuan felt that Uncle Seventeen's corpse was more intimate.

Jiang Yuan squeezed the knife tightly and pulled it from the neck of the corpse to the pubic symphysis in one breath.

The skin and flesh that appeared were red, white and yellow, and Jiang Yuan's emotions were instantly relieved a lot.

The brother-in-law of the deceased who came to be a witness could not do it. He glanced at it and his expression was wrong.

The little police officer who was still very energetic when he lifted the corpse just now also lowered his head, frowning tightly, unwilling to take a closer look.

Wu Jun handed a trash can to the brother-in-law of the deceased to prevent him from suddenly changing his face, and said: "Nowadays, people eat all day long and do not exercise. The body fat rate is high, and there is more fat..."

There seemed to be an element of apology in his tone, and the brother-in-law of the deceased's expression became even more distorted when he heard it.

Wu Jun shook his head, returned to the dissecting table, and said to Jiang Yuan, who was separated by a dead body, "I'm not good at comforting people either. It would be great if there was a female forensic doctor."

Chapter: 38

"Will female forensic doctors be more gentle?" When Jiang Yuan was studying, half of his classmates were women, but when they went to find a job, most of them chose to take the ordinary civil servant exam or interview for judicial appraisal institutes, and the rest were often Make the forensic doctor of the procuratorate the first choice.

Wu Jun looked down at the incision of the deceased, helped Jiang Yuan to pull it, and said: "It must be better than me. It's just not used when lifting the corpse."

Jiang Yuan didn't care about talking, cut out the scalpel along the ribs, lifted the sternum, and then began to cut along the back of the sternum.

Unlike the doctor's cautiousness, the forensic doctor's movements are less particular, and the movements are bigger and more vigorous, so that in the silent dissection room, the sound of chopping flesh can be heard.

The victim's brother-in-law didn't dare to raise his head, wishing he could cover his ears.

"If you can't take it anymore, just stay outside the autopsy room." Wu Jun couldn't force people to watch the autopsy, and he hated the smell of his family's vomit.

The victim's brother-in-law moved a few times, then froze again: "There is no one outside, I...I dare not..."

"You make your own decision." Wu Jun's attention was always on Jiang Yuan's side.

He started with Jiang Yuan, and he cooperated quite tacitly.

"A knife into the chest cavity. There are scratches on the ribs, so it should be very hard." Jiang Yuan opened the chest cavity, observed the situation inside, and made a judgment simultaneously.

Wu Jun nodded in agreement: "One knife is fatal. If it is slightly off, it may hit the ribs..."

Jiang Yuan confirmed the fatal injury, and waited for Wu Jun to take pictures, then turned over the opened chest muscles, found the skin wound on the other end, and continued to take pictures.

Then, Wu Jun handed Jiang Yuan a spoon and said, "Scoop out the blood in the chest cavity and weigh it."

Jiang Yuan then took an ordinary ceramic spoon, and scooped the accumulated blood in the chest cavity into a stainless steel basin little by little.

It is almost scooped clean, and then put the stainless steel basin on an electronic scale to weigh. The electronic scale is also non-specific. In other words, it is an ordinary electronic scale bought by Wu Jun from the market. The whole process, if the corpse is not considered, is actually a scene that ordinary people can completely accept.

"It looks like 850 milliliters. Plus the blood left in the room... How much blood will there be in the room?" Jiang Yuan turned to ask Wu Jun while making judgments.

"Less talk is so much." Wu Jun said based on experience.

Jiang Yuandao: "That adds up to 1700 milliliters, which is enough to cause death. The cause of death is that the sharp instrument punctured the aorta, resulting in massive blood loss and death?"

"Well." Wu Jun watched Jiang Yuan figure out the chest cavity, then pointed to the black spots on the corpse, and said, "Estimate the time of death?"

"About 8 hours to 10 hours? That's when he died around four or five in the afternoon?" Jiang Yuan pressed on the corpse spot, which faded but can be restored, indicating that the corpse spot has developed to the second stage of

diffusion, combined with the body's corpse In the case of temperature, etc., a time judgment is given.

Determining the time of death is not easy. Like today's corpse, in a room at room temperature, the death time is short, and it is not too difficult to judge by various means. But if the death time is longer and the ambient temperature is more complicated, the judgment of death time becomes a science.

The police officer who came with him was a young man sent by the Second Squadron. Hearing Wu Jun's words, he quickly sent a message to the squadron leader.

"Remember to clarify the cause of death." Wu Jun reminded, and then said to Jiang Yuan: "Go on."

Jiang Yuan said "hmm", and continued to open the abdominal cavity without saying a word, and then dug out all the internal organs and weighed them.

After digging and digging, a shiny ball fell out of the kidney.

Jiang Yuan has touched the shiny dumpling once before.

Last time, what he got was Uncle Seventeen's legacy, LV3 special egg fried rice.

To be honest, Jiang Yuan thinks it is very practical. Even in his generation, people don't need to set up night stalls to make money, and occasionally cooking by themselves is a very good skill.

And this time...

Jiang Yuan touched the shiny dumpling lightly, and a system prompt flashed in front of his eyes:

Chapter: 39

Xue Ming's Legacy: Camping (LV2) - This is Xue Ming's favorite hobby, and also the activity he is best at. Whenever he drives a vehicle to a strange place, what Xue Ming wants to do most is to set up a tent and make a pot of ordinary tea. However, in most cases, driving is Xue Ming's job, and he can only imagine the comfort of camping in his mind. However, after changing positions, Xue Ming's chances of camping became less and less. The work

that Xue Ming is best at is in order: using various tools to light fires, using various tools to judge the wind direction, using tampons to stop bleeding, using various tools to fetch water, using various tools to build tents...

Jiang Yuan smoothed Xue Ming's abdominal cavity with his hands, which was regarded as an expression of gratitude.

Turning his head, Jiang Yuan began to open the skull of the deceased.

In theory, forensic doctors do not need to perform a full autopsy on a corpse with a clear cause of death. Just like today's corpse, the cause of death has basically been determined, that is, the aorta was ruptured by a sharp instrument and died of blood loss. It is said that after the chest cavity is opened, at most the abdominal cavity can be opened to complete the task.

However, Jiang Yuan is still a rookie forensic doctor, and he always does things according to the norms.

Wu Jun also wanted him to exercise more, and would rather spend a few more hours with him.

After opening the cranial cavity, it was confirmed that there was no cerebral hemorrhage and no skull base injury, so there was no need to slice the brain like foie gras.

Even so, the two spent a lot of time. By the time they came out of the dissecting room, it was already daylight.

Hastily stepped over the brazier, and several squadrons also sent back news one after another-no progress.

Including the special hair in a special position that Jiang Yuan found, they couldn't find a match.

The atmosphere inside the Criminal Police Brigade suddenly became tense.

noon.

After washing and sleeping at home for a while, Jiang Yuan immediately rushed back to the criminal police brigade.

Entering the courtyard, you can feel the dignified atmosphere.

Several of the two bar ones and two bar two at home were all frowning and whispering in a heavy voice. When passing by, the footsteps were in a hurry, and there was exhaustion in the eyes.

Police ranks are different from military ranks. The white shirt and below are basically not linked to leadership positions. Including the chief of the county bureau, police ranks represent seniority.

However, for ordinary policemen, high seniority often means the status of the main force.

For a serious case like a murder case, if it is handed over to young people with a bar, no one has any idea.

Jiang Yuan himself is a young man with a bar and a bar, and he doesn't even know the dogs in the police station well. The criminal policeman who talks the most may be the captain Huang Qiangmin.

Wu Jun hadn't come back yet, and Jiang Yuan didn't want to go back to the office to feel the pressure, so he turned his head and went straight to the police dog squadron.

Da Zhuang, a police dog who had also been busy all day, was lying in front of the nest, his ears drooping lower than usual.

Li Li was busy in the kitchen with her back on her back. Through the kitchen window, the kitchen door, and the reflected sunlight, she could see her beautiful back, elegant movements, and amazing slender waist and long legs.

"Jiang Yuan?" Li Li turned around after all, her face like Ronaldo instantly broke all the previous impressions.

"Woof." The real Ronaway Dazhuang also called out.

"Da Zhuang, sit down." Li Li waved her hand, then asked Jiang Yuan, "Did you stay up late yesterday?"

Jiang Yuandao: "I slept for an hour in the morning. I didn't want to eat in the cafeteria. I wanted to come over and make fried rice with eggs."

Li Li smiled, her thick eyebrows visibly twitched, and said, "It's just right, make me one too. I can't even make dog food. Just now I was thinking about burning an extra chicken leg... .."

The big and strong eyeballs of the police dog turned to Li Li's direction, and after a while, they turned back again.

"I'll cook the rice." Jiang Yuan said, rolling up his sleeves and getting started.

Uncle Seventeen's fried rice not only saves ingredients, but also is quick to make, like a night market king.

Chapter: 40

Jiang Yuan quickly cooked a pot of fried rice, and made a pot of tea with the teapot in the kitchen.

The skill of making tea comes from the legacy of Xue Ming from Xinde. However, as part of the camping skills, the tea brewed is really lackluster.

"Wait a minute, the dog rice will be ready soon. There is too much meat and it won't be cooked well." Li Li explained.

Jiang Yuan put the fried rice on the table, took another sip of tea, and said, "Can you pet the dog?"

"It's possible to be bitten. If you're not afraid, just masturbate." Li Li rolled up her sleeves, half to scare Jiang Yuan.

Just looking at the arms and not the face, Li Li's arms are actually quite beautiful, a bit like a dancer, white and shiny, slender and muscular, which makes the scars on them quite conspicuous, but if you look closely, The appearance of the injury is not too deep, and it is quite attractive, which makes the man want to be the second strong a few times...

Jiang Yuan judged the depth of the scar with forensic experience, felt relieved, and said, "Then I'll touch a few."

With that said, Jiang Yuan stood beside Da Zhuang, eager to try.

Seeing this, Li Li had no choice but to shout: "Da Zhuang, touch me."

The big and strong ears dropped instantly, the body stretched out, and the tail slowly swayed.

Jiang Yuan's hand immediately covered Da Zhuang's forehead, and with a little effort, he closed his eyes comfortably.

There is a saying: Luo Nawei, a bald dog, feels oily, rubs slippery, although the hair is thick, it looks light, and the teeth are white.

"Trained, it feels different." Jiang Yuan praised. Although this dog is as fierce as a fire, when it is gentle, it is like a licking dog. Its bald head arches and sticks out its tongue from time to time, which is really cute.

"It's time to eat." Li Li came out with a big bowl of dog rice in both hands.

Different from usual, today's dog meal has added a lot of beef, each piece is the size of a walnut, which is an affirmation of the police dog's work yesterday. In addition, the ratio of chicken and vegetables is also quite a lot, and there are piles of them that stand out, and there is a feeling that the meal cost exceeds the standard.

"I'm going to serve fried rice." Jiang Yuan consciously brought out fried rice with an average cost of 0.8 yuan per person, and poured a cup of tea for each of them. They ate the yellow-orange fried rice and drank the tea, gobbling it up.

Next to him, Luo Nawei ate his meal bit by bit. Looking at it like that, he neither enjoys it nor is he willing to give it up, just like a licking dog who has paid a lot or resisted but was finally tamed.

Jiang Yuan looked pitifully, and said to Li Li: "I cooked a lot of rice today, give some to Da Zhuang? I just used oil and eggs, and there are very few seasonings..."

"You can't give it to me, and you can't give the fried rice to the dog." Li Li took away Jiang Yuan's extra fried rice without disdain, and it was delicious.

Jiang Yuan could only touch Da Zhuang's head, then finished his own, got up and went back to the office.

Wu Jun had already arrived, rubbing his eyes, squatting in front of an electric stove, gurgling and cooking something.

He is also getting older, and he is very tired if he stays up late on duty, and it is even more uncomfortable to stay up late for an autopsy.

"Jiang Yuan is here." Wu Jun greeted him.

"I went to the police dog squadron to cook a meal, have you eaten yet?" Jiang Yuan asked.

"It's a bit puffed up, I don't want to eat it. My stomach feels uncomfortable." Wu Jun waved his hands and said, "Don't mess with the others, eat a red egg."

Blowing, he scooped up an egg with the skin dyed red with a spoon, put it on the table, and beckoned Jiang Yuan to take it.

Jiang Yuan asked without any surprise: "What's the point?"

"When you see a dead person, eat a red egg to avoid evil. It's nothing special." Wu Jun scooped up a red egg for himself, cracked it open and let it stand on the table.

When the egg was cooler, Jiang Yuan also cracked the egg, peeled it slowly, and ate it.

The taste of ordinary boiled eggs, just left a bunch of red eggshells.

.