

The Healer Bride: Awakening the Ruined Dragon King

Chapter 7

Aspen POV:

I scrubbed my hands with the spirits until my skin was raw.

It was far from sterile, but it was the best I could do.

I started with the massive wound on the chest.

I soaked a cotton ball in the alcohol and began to clean the skin around the wound.

The spirits in this world weren't pure enough, but they would have to do.

Then I picked up a small, sharp scalpel.

It glinted in the candlelight.

Penny's face was pale as she watched me with these "torture" instruments, but she bit her lip and remained silent.

"Penny," I said, my voice steady. "Hold his shoulders. No matter what happens, don't let him move."

I began to cut.

With the scalpel, I started to meticulously slice away the dead, blackened tissue around the wound.

My hands were perfectly steady, my movements precise.

Each cut removed only the necrotic flesh, leaving the healthy tissue untouched.

This was a basic skill I had practiced millions of times in my past life, a skill etched into my muscle memory.

Penny watched, her eyes growing wider and wider.

Her fear turned to stunned disbelief.

To her, this must have looked less like healing and more like some strange, bloody ritual.

The stench of rot filled the air as I worked.

I used forceps to pull writhing maggots from deep within the wound and tossed them into the fire without a second thought.

My expression never changed.

I was cold.

I was focused.

I was a surgeon in her element.

When the last piece of dead flesh was gone, revealing the pink, fragile, but living tissue beneath, I finally allowed myself a small sigh of relief.

Next came disinfection.

I carefully swabbed the entire wound with iodine.

The sharp sting of it made Boyce's unconscious body jolt.

His index finger twitched.

My heart leaped.

A neural reflex!

His core brain functions were intact.

The poison hadn't completely destroyed his nervous system.

He could be saved.

The discovery filled me with a fierce joy, and my hands became even more gentle as I worked.

I cleaned and dressed the bedsores on his back and hips, a tedious but necessary task.

By the time I had finished, it was late at night.

I was drenched in sweat and utterly exhausted.

I used the last of the clean cloth to bandage his wounds, applying a healing salve from my mother's collection to the inside of the dressings to prevent infection.

Penny rushed to support me as I swayed on my feet.

"My lady," she whispered, her voice full of awe. "You... you are incredible."

I collapsed into a chair, looking at the man on the chaise lounge.

He was still unconscious, but he was clean, and his breathing seemed a little less shallow.

It was my first "surgery" in this world.

It was crude, but it was a success.

The real fight, the war against infection and poison, had just begun.

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