

I. Dynasty 117

Chapter 117: Medical Treatment

“Hehe, Medical Officer Sun, just listen to His Highness. The current His Highness is truly knowledgeable and talented,” Lu Fei, lying on the bed, chuckled.

Medical Officer Sun frowned. “A physician’s heart is benevolent; how can we act recklessly? If Your Highness cannot provide a reason, this old man dare not use such methods.”

This put Xiao Ming in a difficult position. The principle of alcohol disinfection couldn’t be explained clearly with words alone; it required experiments to prove. Fresh meat contained antibiotics, which could prevent inflammation to some extent. However, while Xiao Ming understood these things, he couldn’t convince Medical Officer Sun with mere words.

Medical Officer Sun was a stubborn man, highly confident in his medical skills, and always scornful of unorthodox methods.

Xiao Ming said, “In that case, Medical Officer Sun, why not follow my instructions?”

“A human life cannot be treated so carelessly,” Medical Officer Sun frowned.

Lu Fei interjected, “Since you can’t save him anyway, there’s no harm in trying.”

“This old man only said he might not survive, not that he would definitely die. The method Your Highness speaks of is unheard of. If Your Highness truly can treat the wounded, I have a patient here with a festering wound that cannot be healed,” Medical Officer Sun said.

Hearing this, Xiao Ming replied, “In that case, I will prove it to you, Medical Officer Sun.”

After briefly treating the wound on his back, Medical Officer Sun led Xiao Ming to the outer room of the medical hall. There, a middle-aged man in tattered clothes lay on the ground, emitting a foul odor. Beside him was a girl about seven or eight years old, softly weeping.

Seeing Medical Officer Sun, the girl pleaded tearfully, “Medical Officer Sun, please save my father. My mother died early, and he’s all I have left. I’ll even sell myself to pay the medical fees.”

Medical Officer Sun sighed. “Xiao Hong, it’s not that I won’t save him, but his wound has already festered. I am powerless.”

Xiao Hong continued to sob, heartbroken.

The pitiful cries made Xiao Ming’s heart ache. Although he was now a prince of the kingdom, his soul was still that of an ordinary person from his previous life. He understood the hardships of the common people and knew how difficult life was for those at the bottom of society. A simple illness could often ruin a family.

Now, such an event was unfolding before his eyes, and these were his own subjects.

“Medical Officer Sun, go find some maggots from green-headed flies and place them in the patient’s wound,” Xiao Ming said.

Medical Officer Sun was stunned and said indignantly, “Your Highness, how can you be so frivolous? Maggots eat flesh and bone. How can they be used to treat wounds?”

“Medical Officer Sun, just do as I say. Otherwise, he will only die. Tell me, do you have any other methods?” Xiao Ming suddenly spoke sternly.

He didn’t blame Medical Officer Sun. The gap in knowledge was too vast. To people of this era, the methods he proposed seemed utterly absurd.

Medical Officer Sun fell silent. The Prince of Qi had repeatedly suggested these strange methods, and now, seeing his serious expression, it was clear he wasn’t joking. With a sigh, Medical Officer Sun complied.

Maggot therapy was no secret in modern times. It wasn’t used for fresh wounds but for treating infected, festering wounds. In modern medicine, this was called debridement. Only by completely cleaning away the necrotic tissue could the wound heal.

The larvae of green-headed flies were easy to find in the Great Yu Empire, where toilets were everywhere. Medical Officer Sun ordered an apprentice to quickly fetch clean larvae and place them in the middle-aged man’s wound.

“Your Highness, what should we do now?” Medical Officer Sun asked, now completely at a loss.

“Remove the outer layer of necrotic tissue and let the maggots clean out the remaining rotten flesh,” Xiao Ming instructed.

He wasn’t a medical professional, but the detailed steps for this treatment, along with visual materials, were clearly documented in the technology database.

While an apprentice handled the festering wound, Xiao Ming began explaining the principles of maggot therapy for infected wounds to Medical Officer Sun, also touching on the roles of alcohol and fresh meat.

However, while maggot therapy was somewhat understandable, the concepts of alcohol disinfection and antibiotics left Medical Officer Sun utterly confused. Without empirical evidence, he couldn’t grasp these ideas, especially since they were entirely foreign to him.

“I’ve said all I can. A physician’s heart is benevolent. If there’s hope to heal the patient, why should Medical Officer Sun care about the method?” Xiao Ming tossed the ball back to Medical Officer Sun.

The man was stubborn and pedantic, always preaching about a physician’s benevolence. This argument left Medical Officer Sun in a dilemma. If he didn’t follow the instructions and something went wrong, it would damage his medical ethics.

Xiao Ming had Zhao Long fetch some alcohol and fresh meat for the medical hall, instructed Lu Fei to rest there, and then returned to the palace.

He would return in a couple of days to see the results.

The rebellion of Sun Yuanzhi had to be addressed properly. Back at the palace, Xiao Ming personally wrote an article condemning Sun Yuanzhi and his accomplices for their treasonous acts.

After receiving the draft, Fan Zeng had the newspaper office typeset and print it. Over the next few days, news of Sun Yuanzhi's rebellion spread throughout the six states.

Xiao Ming's personal involvement in rooting out the Sun family became a hot topic of discussion in streets and alleys.

In a tavern in Qingzhou, several scholars sat together, reading a newspaper.

The scholar holding the newspaper was dressed more elegantly than the others. He had bought the newspaper, which could only be purchased at the newspaper office. Although each copy cost only one copper coin, many scholars still couldn't afford it.

"Brother Du, what does the newspaper say? Hurry up and read it!" The scholar addressed as Brother Du was swaying his head as he read the newspaper, while the others grew impatient.

The events of the previous day's battle outside Qingzhou had already spread into the city, but few knew the details. Now that the newspaper had published the story, many were eager to learn the truth.

Scholar Du gently put down the newspaper and clasped his hands toward the direction of the Prince of Qi's palace. "Who would have thought that His Highness the Prince of Qi would personally risk his life to root out the traitorous Sun family? Such bravery is truly a model for us all."

"What do you mean by risking his life?" The other scholars grew even more anxious.

Only then did Scholar Du begin to recount the story, and the scholars listened as if entranced.

After hearing the tale, one scholar said, "His Highness first eliminated the Wang family, and now the Sun family and nearly thirty other noble families. Almost half of the nobility in the six states have been removed."

"Exactly. Now the Qin and Wei families have published articles in the newspaper, firmly supporting His Highness's policies. It seems the winds of change are blowing in the six states."

"With the nobility losing power, it's the perfect time for us commoners to rise. We must all strive harder," another scholar added.

"Of course. I'm currently taking the selection exam for the Bowen Academy. If I can get in, my career is half set."

The other scholars were also aware of the Bowen Academy's selection exam. One of them asked, "But what confuses me is why the Bowen Academy has so many different categories?"