

## Longevity 18

Chapter 18: Saving One Life, Gaining 1 Merit Point?

At this moment, Zhao Feng's glance swept the area, his expression subtly changing to one of surprise.

"That Military Doctor, don't you sterilize your blades with fire and then disinfect them with strong liquor?" Zhao Feng was astonished to see a nearby Military Doctor about to cut open the flesh of a soldier pierced by an arrow without first disinfecting the small knife.

Since the arrow he had removed from himself had not been deeply embedded, there had been no need to cut into his own flesh.

"What is sterilization by fire? And what is disinfection with liquor?" the Military Doctor next to him asked, his face full of disbelief.

"Ah?"

At the Military Doctor's retort, Zhao Feng was the one left dumbfounded.

This is such basic medical knowledge; even children in the future would understand it. Yet a Military Doctor from this era doesn't?

"Strong liquor is for drinking. When you're drunk, the pain isn't as bad," the Military Doctor said, somewhat displeased that Zhao Feng had questioned his medical skills. "As for sterilizing with fire, that's preposterous. What would be the purpose? You've just recovered, so you should rest."

"Brother Zhao," a soldier sitting next to Zhao Feng said in a low voice. "This Military Doctor is a renowned miracle worker in our army. We call him Master Chen, and his skills were passed down from a great physician. It's only because Doctor Chen is stationed here that so many brothers in our Lantian Wounded Soldier Camp have escaped death's door."

From his attire, it was clear he was not from the Logistics Army, but a true Sharp Warrior. By now, news of Zhao Feng slaying Bao Yuan had spread throughout the army, so naturally, many Sharp Warriors were aware of it.

A miracle worker who doesn't know about disinfection? Something's not right. Or maybe this era simply doesn't have the concept of disinfection at all. No wonder so many people in the camp contract tetanus. Without disinfection, it would be a miracle if they \*didn't\* get infected.

"Brother, what's the survival rate in the Wounded Soldier Camp?" Zhao Feng asked the soldier beside him.

"What do you mean by 'survival rate'?" the Sharp Warrior asked, looking puzzled.

"Uh..." Zhao Feng was taken aback, realizing his words might have been too advanced. After a moment of thought, he rephrased, "I mean, out of ten men who enter the Wounded Soldier Camp, how many make it out alive?"

"That's up to the heavens. If you don't catch the seven-day fever and the bleeding stops, you have a good chance of survival. But if you get the seven-day fever, death is certain. Of course, if your internal organs are injured and the bleeding can't be stopped, you'll die for sure."

"Ignoring minor wounds, for severe injuries to the internal organs, it's considered a good outcome if even one in ten survives. But if a miracle worker like Doctor Chen treats you personally, your chances of survival increase by a few notches," the Sharp Warrior replied thoughtfully.

"You sure know a lot, brother," Zhao Feng said.

"Alas," the Sharp Warrior sighed, then added with a bitter smile, "I've been in the Wounded Soldier Camp a few times. By the grace of the heavens, the Ghost Gate doesn't want me yet."

Zhao Feng looked at the soldiers wailing in the camp, and his heart ached. Am I just supposed to watch them get infected with the seven-day fever and die? If I didn't know about this, maybe it wouldn't weigh on my conscience. But I know exactly what happens without disinfection. I'm a Qin Soldier now. Even though I'm in the Logistics Army, I'm still a soldier. I can't just stand by and watch my brothers-in-arms die. I can't do it.

With that thought, Zhao Feng made his decision.

He slowly stood up from his cot and walked toward Doctor Chen, who wasn't far away.

"Doctor Chen," Zhao Feng said gravely. "I know you were taught by a great master and that your medical skills are extraordinary. But this concerns the lives of our brothers-in-arms, so I must offer a few suggestions."

"Speak." Master Chen paused his work, looking at Zhao Feng skeptically.

"First, the knife used to cut flesh must be sterilized in fire. This will burn away the filthy poison that causes the seven-day fever. After treating one soldier, the blade must be cleaned immediately and then sterilized in fire again to prevent the poison from spreading from one man to another.

"Second, washing the wounds with strong liquor will also help cleanse them of the seven-day fever's poison.

"If you follow my methods, the soldiers' survival rate will increase by at least thirty percent.

"Of course," Zhao Feng added with a serious expression, "the liquor we have now isn't truly strong, but it will have to suffice."

Master Chen contemplated this for a moment, then stared at Zhao Feng. "Are you skilled in medicine?"

"I wouldn't say skilled, but my mother is a top-notch physician, and having been exposed to it from a young age, I do have some understanding," Zhao Feng replied.

"I have never heard of sterilizing a blade with fire or cleaning a wound with strong liquor," Master Chen said sternly. "If I try this and something goes wrong, it won't just be my head on the line. You will be held responsible as well. Are you sure you want me to proceed?"

Zhao Feng glanced at the wailing comrades around him, some of whom were already at death's door.

"If my methods work, they can save countless comrades. If something goes wrong, I will take full responsibility," Zhao Feng replied with unwavering determination.

Seeing his resolve, a flash of admiration appeared in Master Chen's eyes.

"Men!" Master Chen called out. "Prepare a fire and bring strong liquor!"

A short while later, an attendant brought over a brazier. The strong liquor was already nearby.

"Tell me what to do, and I will treat the wounded," Master Chen said to Zhao Feng.

"Let me do it."

Zhao Feng directly took the small knife from Master Chen's hand. He first held the small knife in the fire. Once it was sufficiently heated, he walked over to a severely wounded, unconscious soldier.

May the heavens protect us.

I have Basic Medical Skills, so removing an arrow should be simple... Zhao Feng was still nervous, as this was his first time.

After taking a moment to calm himself, Zhao Feng looked at the arrow deeply embedded in the man's flesh and began.

He poured strong liquor over the wound and then used the knife to cut open the flesh and remove the arrow. As the arrowhead was extracted, blood surged out uncontrollably.

"Needle and thread," Zhao Feng immediately called out.

"What needle and thread?" Master Chen asked in surprise.

"To stitch up the wound," Zhao Feng replied without turning back.

But as soon as the words left his mouth, Zhao Feng whipped his head around. "You don't suture a soldier's wounds?"

"After removing the arrowhead, we apply hemostatic powder. What is suturing for?" Master Chen asked, bewildered.

No wonder the survival rate is so low. The medical arts of this era are truly lacking. Wait... I think suturing wasn't developed until the Western Han Dynasty. It doesn't exist yet.

He fumbled in his robes for a moment, but in reality, he was retrieving a needle and thread from his system panel.

Under Master Chen's amazed gaze, Zhao Feng began to suture the soldier's wound.

Once the sutures were in place, the bleeding slowed to a trickle. Zhao Feng immediately grabbed the hemostatic powder from the side and applied it to the wound.

As Zhao Feng finished his first treatment, a message suddenly appeared on the panel: "You have treated one person. Merit Points acquired: 1."

Saving people gives me Merit Points?

Seeing the unexpected prompt, Zhao Feng was stunned. He hadn't anticipated this at all.

What are these Merit Points used for? Zhao Feng immediately asked the system.