

Longevity 19

Chapter 19: Uses of Merit Points

"One Merit Point can be exchanged for five Free Attribute Points."

"Ten Merit Points can be exchanged for one Skill Point that can enhance any skill," the panel indicated.

Upon hearing this prompt and seeing the Wounded Soldier Camp teeming with injured men, Zhao Feng smiled to himself. Saving people brings unexpected rewards. Merit Points, how wonderful!

After Zhao Feng finished stitching and applying medicine, Master Chen immediately stepped forward to inspect the wound. The bleeding had almost completely stopped thanks to the stitches, and the effect was even better with the application of the hemostatic powder.

"This Suturing Skill is so miraculous? It stops bleeding just like that? Can needles and thread really be used this way?" Master Chen asked, looking at Zhao Feng in complete surprise.

"Suturing naturally stops bleeding, but if the internal organs are severely damaged, survival is up to fate," Zhao Feng said.

"Putting aside whether your quenching disinfection is effective, this Suturing Skill alone is of immense value," Master Chen said with admiration. "My teacher is a great physician, the most famous in the world, yet even he does not possess such a technique. Young man, are you really a soldier? Where did your mother learn her skills? Could she also be the disciple of some reclusive great physician?"

"My mother may have had a teacher, but she probably couldn't be considered a great physician," Zhao Feng said modestly. "These are just skills I happened to learn."

The Suturing Skill wasn't difficult to utilize for someone with a bit of medical knowledge. Moreover, in this era, the technique wasn't overly sophisticated. In this Wounded Soldier Camp, any soldier who needed stitches was likely critically injured; survival was the only thing that mattered.

"I have a premonition that with this Suturing Skill, once word gets out, you could lay the foundation to become a great physician yourself," Master Chen said with a sigh of emotion.

"Doctor Chen, we mustn't waste any more time," Zhao Feng said, his mind focused on the wails echoing through the camp. "Come with me. I will teach you this Suturing Skill, along with the key points of quenching for disinfection."

"You're willing to teach me this Suturing Skill?" Master Chen asked, surprised. "This is a top-tier secret technique for stopping bleeding."

In this era, the distinctions between different schools of thought were very real. How could someone impart such knowledge if not to their own disciple?

"I don't rely on this Suturing Skill to make a living. Besides, this method could save countless Pao Ze. If I teach it to you, Doctor Chen, and you then pass it on, we can help our Pao Ze in the Qin Army tonight. In the future, when peace is restored to the world, it can benefit all the people," Zhao Feng said with a smile before walking toward another seriously wounded soldier.

Hearing Zhao Feng's words, a look of profound respect appeared on Master Chen's face.

Such a secret suturing technique is a life-saving miracle for the army, yet he offers it so selflessly. A man of great virtue. Perhaps this is the benevolent heart of a healer my teacher always spoke of.

He wasted no more time and immediately followed Zhao Feng. As the most skilled Military Doctor in Lantian Camp, he now stood behind Zhao Feng like a student.

"Doctor Chen, when quenching a blade, it must be heated until red-hot, then cooled with strong liquor to disinfect it. Besides giving soldiers liquor to dull the pain, pouring it directly on the wound can also disinfect it..." Zhao Feng explained while treating the wounded. "As for the Suturing Skill, it involves stitching the skin and flesh together according to specific rules..."

Master Chen listened with intense focus. This scene did not go unnoticed by the other Military Doctors in the camp, who were all quite astonished.

"That soldier is treating the wounded, but why does it look like our teacher is asking him for instruction?"

"You're right. It really looks like that soldier is teaching him."

"That's impossible."

"Our teacher's medical skills were passed down from the foremost great physician in all of Qin. How could a common soldier be teaching him?"

Many of the Military Doctors watched with peculiar expressions. However, remembering Master Chen's strict demeanor, they didn't dare say anything more, their curiosity piqued.

Time passed.

After a while, a pale-faced War General with coiled hair, clad in a military uniform, arrived at the entrance of the Wounded Soldier Camp, followed by several trusted aides.

"Who is in charge of the Wounded Soldier Camp?" Wang Yan called out as soon as she arrived.

In response, a Junhou rushed over, bowed deeply, and said, "This subordinate greets the Chief Junhou."

"What is the situation in the Wounded Soldier Camp?" Wang Yan inquired.

"Reporting to the Chief Junhou," the camp's Junhou replied respectfully. "Doctor Chen is leading fifty Military Doctors in an all-out effort to treat the wounded. With Doctor Chen's help, many soldiers have already been stabilized."

"As long as Doctor Chen is here himself, that's good," Wang Yan nodded. She scanned the area and then asked, "Do you know of a soldier named Zhao Feng?"

"Reporting to the Chief Junhou, yes, I do," the Junhou replied immediately, a strange look on his face.

"Where is he?" Wang Yan pressed.

"He... he is instructing Doctor Chen in medical techniques," the Junhou said, his expression still bewildered. He turned and pointed toward the inner section of the camp, where the most severely injured soldiers were.

Wang Yan followed his finger and saw a man with bandages wrapped around his upper body and bloodstains on his face, clearly a soldier who had just received treatment himself. However, he wasn't resting. Instead, he was wielding a small knife, extracting an arrow from a gravely wounded soldier. And standing beside this soldier like a student was Master Chen, the best Military Doctor in Lantian Camp, acting as his assistant—handing him the knife, medicine, and bandages.

"What... what is going on here?" Wang Yan asked the Junhou, completely baffled.

"You may not believe it, Chief Junhou," the Junhou said with a smile, "but this Zhao Feng is proficient in an extraordinary medical skill, one that even Doctor Chen greatly admires. This skill can significantly increase a soldier's chance of survival, and right now, Zhao Feng is teaching it to Doctor Chen."

"He's actually skilled in medicine? And he can instruct Doctor Chen?" Wang Yan was utterly astonished.

At that moment, Zhao Feng was unaware he was being watched, continuing to suture wounds, remove arrows, and apply medicine to the seriously wounded.

"For treating one person, you have gained 1 Merit Point," the panel announced.

Hearing this, Zhao Feng felt a wave of relief. The appearance of the notification meant the soldier's life had been saved. If no alert appeared, it meant the injuries were too severe and the treatment had failed. In this short time, Zhao Feng had already treated ten men, though he had also failed to save some.

"According to what young brother Zhao said," Master Chen began, his tone eager to learn, "the 'seven-day fever' isn't caused by the wound itself, but by filth or even rust from the weapon entering the flesh and blood. Even an unused blade carries the poison of this fever, or as you call it, 'bacterial toxins.' Tempering the blade with fire can burn away the poison, and dousing it with strong liquor can also kill it."

"That's exactly right," Zhao Feng explained with a smile. "As long as proper disinfection is performed and the Suturing Skill is used, a wounded soldier's chance of survival can increase by at least thirty to forty percent."

"Listening to your medical theories, young brother Zhao, I have learned a great deal," Master Chen said admiringly.

"You're too kind, Doctor Chen," Zhao Feng replied. "What I've shared is all theory; it still needs to be put into practice by you and your subordinate Military Doctors. Why don't you try the suturing this time? I'll make the incision, and you can stitch it up."

"Very well," Master Chen laughed heartily. "Then today, I shall join forces with young brother Zhao to save our men."