

# The First Order

Chapter 18: It's quite simple

"Bro, this is actually not bad at all." Yan Liuyuan smiled and said, "No matter what effects it has, we can still make money off it."

Ren Xiaosu was unhappy about this. He whispered, "Is this a matter of making money? How many sincere gritudes can I even get from this?"

Ren Xiaosu understood that if he relied on this effect of the medicine to sell it, then the chances of gaining the sincere gratitude of others would be much lower than through saving people's lives. It was only people like Old Wang who desired to reinject some intimacy back into their private lives who would show their gratitude to him.

Besides, was his motive to make money? No, he still needed people's gratitude more. Without it, he would not be able to get more black medicine.

Ren Xiaosu said in annoyance, "If I healed people and saved their lives, everyone in town would start treating me with respect whenever they see me. Just look at that fellow down at the clinic. Even though so many people have died in his care, no one does anything to him. Why? Because he's the only doctor in town!"

"You're right, Bro," Yan Liuyuan agreed. In reality, it did not matter to him at all. All he knew was... they were going to get rich!

"And most importantly." Ren Xiaosu said, "If I healed people and saved their lives, everyone would address me as Dr. Ren whenever they saw me. If I don't heal people and save their lives, do you know what they'll call me behind my back? 'Hey, that drug dealer...'"

It was obvious that the social standing of the two were not the same!

Yan Liuyuan couldn't hold it in any longer. He was convulsing with laughter in the shack as he said, "Bro, you have an overactive imagination."

However, Ren Xiaosu was unaware that Old Wang did not use the medicine that he bought from him. After all, Old Wang had not found a lover yet.

The vial containing the black medicine was nothing unique. It was just a small, normal-looking porcelain bottle that could be found everywhere in town. The original vial that contained the black medicine was made of glass, and the craftsmanship was of an

exceptional caliber. Ren Xiaosu was worried that people would get suspicious of the medicine again and learn where it came from. After all, no one sold this kind of vial in town.

Wang Fugui passed on the small porcelain bottle to one of the town administrators. He was also one of the few people who was sent out here from the stronghold.

Old Wang felt that Ren Xiaosu did not know the value of the medicine, but he did.

Which place needed this black medicine's effect most when it was taken orally? Was it the men in town? Nope.

Although the men in town barely had enough food to eat, with some of them even skin and bones, everyone was still performing physical labor. Even if they were skinny, their health was actually great.

With enough exercise, maintaining the body's metabolism and functions of organs would not be difficult. As such, the men in town did not really need this black medicine.

The people who needed the black medicine most were actually the "aristocracy" in the stronghold.

Wang Fugui furtively handed over the black medicine to the administrator who had been sent by the stronghold. The town administrators were people who had knowledge of all the ongoings in town. Their daily work was to gain insight into any unusual activities happening in town. Hence, this administrator also knew about the incident from last night when Iron Head licked the black medicine.

However, the administrator did not use it either. After he went back at night, he regifted it to his superior.

Nobody knew where the small porcelain bottle with the black medicine eventually ended up.

Ren Xiaosu had no knowledge of any of this. He used another gratitude token in exchange for another vial of black medicine. Then he had Xiaoyu buy a white linen cloth from town. Afterwards, he had her sew the word "clinic" onto it using black thread, as well as the words "kind doctor specializing in wounds" in a smaller size underneath.

With that, the clinic began operating.

While Xiaoyu was sewing, she asked Ren Xiaosu if he wanted her to sew the words "magic hands restore spring." Ren Xiaosu quickly turned her down as he was a little sensitive to the word "spring" 1 right now.

Ren Xiaosu's life slowly got on track from here. Before dawn, he would go and gather herbs in the wilds. During the morning, he would stay in his shack to attend to patients. In the afternoon, he would go to the school to teach survival lessons. After that, he would use Yan Liuyuan's notes to catch up on his homework.

Although there was no business at his clinic yet, he could not afford to be away from here. If a patient came to see the doctor, Xiaoyu could not handle it alone.

He would have liked to sit in the bright and spacious classroom like Yan Liuyuan and learn. But if he went to school to study, what would happen to Yan Liuyuan and Xiaoyu?

In this family, there had to be someone who was willing to sacrifice their aspirations.

The next day, Ren Xiaosu was sitting and resting in the shack with the curtain door lifted wide open. Xiaoyu was sewing and patching behind him. Sometimes, Xiaoyu would lament how these two brothers did not even patch up their clothes once in the past. How on earth did they accumulate so many holes in them?

At this moment, someone sprinted over from the other end of the dirt track with a bleeding arm.

Ren Xiaosu's eyes lit up. "You might die if you don't get your injuries treated."

However, that man did not even look at Ren Xiaosu. Everyone would still subconsciously head to the clinic to treat their injuries since that place was the more authoritative one. Besides, everyone's impression of Ren Xiaosu was still "that drug dealer" rather than "someone who treats knife wounds."

Then the long-awaited voice intoned from the palace in his mind, "Quest: Successfully treat one patient."

Ren Xiaosu stood up and said disconsolately, "I'm sorry."

After that, Xiaoyu saw Ren Xiaosu dash out of the shack. Less than a minute later, she saw him carrying that man back.

Ren Xiaosu kindly said to the patient, "That doctor at the clinic is a quack. Do you know that by carrying you back here, I'm saving you?"

As the man had been bleeding for a long time, he did not have any more strength. The man nearly crumpled with Ren Xiaosu holding him down firmly.

At this moment, another two men ran over from the opposite side of the dirt track. Seeing their bodies stained with blood, Ren Xiaosu was stunned. "Did y'all get into a fight?"

When the man who was being held down heard that, he explained, "No, it's the boiler at the factory. It exploded! The injuries that we sustained are light, so we could still run back here by ourselves. However, I'm afraid that some people died on the scene."

Ren Xiaosu nodded in silence. In the present, no one would be so kindhearted as to bring you to get your injuries treated in the event of an accident at the factory. They couldn't wish more than for you to die so that your belongings would go to them.

"Come, Big Sister Xiaoyu, sterilize the needle," Ren Xiaosu said. Although he was not worried about the inflammation, he still had to put on an act for the patient, right? After he said that, he went outside again. This time, he brought back another two men.

Ren Xiaosu used both his hands and a leg to hold the three of them down. The three of them lost all will to resist. If not for their injuries, Ren Xiaosu would never have been able to hold them down.

In fact, they knew they could also get treated at Ren Xiaosu's place. However, they were running towards the clinic out of sheer habit. Now that they had been pinned down, they might as well stop resisting altogether.

Then they saw Xiaoyu put down the patchwork in her hands. She took the needle that she had been using to sew the clothes and placed it over the fire. As this needle was a little longer, she did not get burned while holding the other end.

"Do I just stitch them up?" Xiaoyu asked timidly.

"Yes. Just stitch their wounds like you're sewing clothes." Ren Xiaosu smiled and said, "It's quite simple."

Xiaoyu mustered up her courage and proceeded to suture the wound on one of the patients. However, the skin sizzled, the smell of burning flesh accompanying it.

The man trembled as he asked, "I understand that you're using fire to sterilize the needle, but could you at least wait for the needle to cool before you start stitching?"