

Chapter 124

Later in the afternoon at Team Five's office, Andrius was reading a newspaper to kill time when he received a call from Dr. Artemis.

"Young man, I wonder if you have time. I need your help," Dr. Artemis asked.

Andrius replied immediately, "Dr. Artemis, I'm not too busy now. What is it?"

"Actually... I am trying to make some special medicine for the veterans. It is to help them relieve their pain, physically and mentally. However, I have limited knowledge of the prescription, and I might not be able to include all the symptoms. I wonder if you can lend me your knowledge and come up with some recommendations.

"Then, we can combine our prescription, and the veterans can feel better."

Andrius' expression turned serious.

The veterans sweated and bled for their nation and people, and they had suffered irreversible damage to their bodies.

If there was a chance for them to feel better, Andrius had no reason to reject the suggestion.

"Not a problem, Dr. Artemis. I'll start right now. I'll send you the prescription after I'm done, probably in the afternoon," Andrius agreed without a second thought.

"Thank you, young man," Dr. Artemis thanked Andrius.

"You're welcome."

After the call, Andrius grabbed a pen and paper.

As the Wolf King of the Western Frontline, he had seen and treated all kinds of wounds among his soldiers, so there was no problem listing the symptoms and cures for different situations.

A while later, he filled several pages with prescriptions and symptoms.

They included all kinds of injuries from knives, gunshots, burns, and blast wounds and details about how to treat them carefully. He also wrote down notes about the

precautions on the medicines.

He was meticulous with the details and included almost everything.

Fatty Frank had no assignments today. He was on his phone for a while before he noticed Andrius writing something.

Curious, he came over and asked, "Boss..."

Fatty Frank saw the prescriptions and notes that Andrius wrote and was shocked. "You know about medicines?"

He was so loud that his voice attracted the attention of everyone in Team Five.

Looking at the prescriptions he had written, everyone clicked their tongues in awe. They knew nothing about medicines, but they understood how meticulous and complicated the notes were.

They also knew nothing about medical knowledge, but judging from the 'doctor's writing' on the papers, they knew Andrius was the real deal because they were as difficult to read as a real doctor's scrawling.

Andrius' handwriting had bold strokes, yet it contained a sense of freedom. It looked amazing!

"What are you writing?"

Andrius glanced at Fatty Frank as he continued writing. He said proudly, "Not only do I know about medicines, but I'm also quite skilled too. Prescriptions that are written by me are quite precious and valuable."

Fatty Frank looked at him with surprise, as if he found a new continent.

Andrius added, "Actually, I have my own theory about how to treat bruises, knife wounds, gunshot wounds, and others."

He saw the surprise on their faces. He then explained, "Do you guys know Master Crestfall? When I first arrived in Sumeria, I saved him, or else you guys won't see me here either."

His words astonished them all. They now knew how experienced Andrius was.

"Damn!"

"You're the G.O.A.T!"

Everyone in Team Five praised him endlessly.

"Ahem!"

Fatty Frank cleared his throat. He asked with flattery, "Boss, why don't you something' for me?"

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Andrius could not understand his question. He pointed at the prescription he wrote and said, "Why? Aren't these enough for you?"

