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Chapter 144: The Ideal Savior_1

Gu Mian replied, "That's not necessarily the case."

The driver's eyes flashed. "As a doctor, isn't it a given that you treat patients? This is the first time I've encountered a doctor who selectively treats patients. Do you feel some people aren't worthy of your help?"

"No," Gu Mian shook his head. "In fact, right now, I'm only bearing the title of a doctor. I am no longer a physician in the true sense."

Lianhua Hospital had ceased operations when he left, and he had no intention of returning. Follow current novels on [novel fire.net](http://novel.fire.net)

"Why?" The driver asked, smiling. "Being a doctor is a pretty good job. Why would you give it up?"

Gu Mian glanced at him but remained silent.

The driver was unfazed and continued, "I once met a young man somewhat like you."

"He went a year after graduation without finding a suitable job. He'd resign from each one for various excuses: sometimes he didn't like his colleagues; other times, the salary was too low. I once advised him that few people in this world find a job that entirely satisfies them."

"But he didn't listen. He still stubbornly insisted he could find a good job, believing his previous failures were just bad luck. Young people today... Oh, why don't you like being a doctor?"

"Nowadays, many people envy the medical profession. Do you feel this career isn't enough to satisfy you?"

The road ahead was still very dark. Despite the darkness, Gu Mian had figured out their direction. He glanced at the map; they were heading towards Rong'an Residential Area.

The wind outside seemed relentless, rubbing against the car and making a WHOO sound. If you listened closely, it almost sounded like a human wail.

"It's not that it can't satisfy me," Gu Mian said, lifting his head.

In reality, he had been involuntarily laid off. After all, with everyone else from the hospital having gone into the instance to play games, he couldn't be the only one left behind still working, right?

Besides, even if he stayed at the hospital, his salary would probably dry up.

After much thought, Gu Mian finally found a somewhat realistic explanation: "I believe there are more people outside the hospital who need my help."

Especially those in the instances—be they human or ghost.

Just a short while ago, he had bandaged a driver whose neck was broken, unsure if his medical skills would even be effective on a ghost.

"Oh—"

The driver drew out the sound. His intonation was strange; a single syllable twisted and turned several times before the sound softened, its tail end gradually disappearing into the howling wind.

"So, you're unhappy with the patients in the hospital?" The driver laughed.

In fact, he seemed to be constantly smiling; every sentence he spoke carried a hint of laughter. If this driver weren't so unattractive, Gu Mian might have suspected he'd had a procedure at a plastic surgery clinic to permanently turn up the corners of his mouth.

"Then you're different from the young man I mentioned earlier. He's dissatisfied with his job and current situation. He can't face reality, ignores advice, is overly confident in himself, and quite arrogant."

"You, on the other hand, seem content with your job's pay but dissatisfied with your customers—that is, your patients."

Gu Mian didn't know how the driver had reached such a conclusion from a single sentence. This driver seemed to really enjoy making assumptions about others' thoughts.

"Because you're dissatisfied with your patients, you considered helping others outside the hospital."

"Well—I typically label people like you as 'Idealistic Saviors.' Perhaps that's a bit of an exaggeration, but it's not far off the mark."

Gu Mian glanced down at the map again. They were still heading towards Rong'an Residential Area.

The driver continued:

"'Idealistic Saviors' refers to people like you. How should I put it? They're the kind of people who see themselves as superior, untainted by worldly affairs, always aiming to do something for the beliefs they hold dear."

"They see themselves as a lotus flower blooming in a dark environment. You're clearly a doctor, yet you're unwilling to treat every patient who comes to the hospital. It's because you believe some of them aren't worth saving, right?"

"You might not understand what I'm saying. How about this: have you read 'Vocation'? It's a short story. If you've done reading comprehension exercises in language class, you should have encountered it."

"The protagonist is a doctor, a Polish doctor."

"This doctor was said to be renowned locally for his superb medical skills and noble ethics."

"A thief broke into his clinic late at night and fractured his leg. The assistant suggested immediately handing him over to the police, but the doctor stated firmly, 'No, a patient in my clinic cannot leave like this.'"

"So, he treated the thief's leg before handing him over to the police."

"Not only that, he even treated his romantic rival, the man who had cuckolded him."

"Later, when Germany launched the Second World War, a German leader was brought to his operating table. He, however, plunged the scalpel directly into the man's heart."

"He died afterward."

As he said this, the driver tapped the steering wheel lightly. "It seems this doctor was much like you, holding a belief in his heart and encountering patients he was reluctant to treat."

Gu Mian looked at him. "I've read that story. Are you suggesting I'm similar to him?"

"No," the driver shook his head decisively. "Not even close."

"Although I don't admire a doctor who kills his own patient, at least he took action, risking his life to do so."

"But you're different. I'm guessing there are people among your patients whom you can't stand. Perhaps they were murderers or have committed other evil acts, so you want no contact with them."

I think you're overthinking it...

Gu Mian opened his mouth slightly, but seeing the driver so caught up in his own monologue, he decided not to interrupt.

"You always believe you're different, that you're very noble."

"However, you should understand that when you chose this profession, you accepted its responsibilities. Taking money to save people is part of the deal."

"If you feel saving them is beneath you, then you shouldn't have chosen this path in the first place. I actually despise people like you—those who seem to hold such lofty beliefs, yet pick a path only to walk it grudgingly."

"That's why I call you an 'Idealistic Savior.' You seem to always harbor ideals but ultimately have to bow to reality."

"Look, didn't you end up having to work for others in the secular world? So, that faith of yours is practically useless. Can it feed you or give you drink?"

There was a crossroads not far ahead.

They were still heading straight. If they continued, they'd reach Rong'an Residential Area before long.

Staring at the crossroads ahead, Gu Mian began, "I need to correct you on a few points..."

"Hmm?" The driver showed an interested expression, as if anticipating something.