

## **Collapse 91**

### Chapter 91: The Hand of Sin\_1

Gu Mian still remembered that the main mission of this instance was to obtain "Jin Hu's Redemption."

Originally, he had thought Jin Hu was a miner victimized in an incident years ago, but reality seemed to be somewhat different from his imaginings.

Jin Hu's photo was at the very top, like someone seated at the pinnacle of a pyramid.

The person at the pinnacle of this pyramid was quite different from the others below.

Jin Hu had lush hair, with no strange receding hairline, and even his skin color was distinctly different from the others.

The others below looked as if they had albinism, their skin so white it seemed they had never seen the sun since birth, while Jin Hu had a normal skin color.

According to the theory that all Upper Class People have albinism... this Jin Hu must be one of the so-called Lower Class People. Gu Mian stroked his chin as he stared at the photograph.

The instance description mentioned that this was a world with relatively underdeveloped medical conditions, so buildings like hospitals would be extremely rare.

Hospitals were rare, and doctors were consequently also very scarce.

Logically, such a rare profession shouldn't be accessible to Lower Class People, let alone the position of a department director.

Gu Mian looked at Jin Hu's photo.

He appeared to be in his forties, still relatively young and accomplished.

This man had a darker complexion, a pair of bright, piercing eyes, and a somewhat square face that appeared almost rectangular at first glance. An aura of self-confidence emanated from his bearing.

From the photo, he appeared to be a very ambitious man, and his hair growth was clearly healthy.

Gu Mian glanced at the photo a few more times, then turned his gaze to a nearby office door.

The door was shut tight. He recalled that the dull sound from a moment ago seemed to have come from within.

The light overhead was still shining brightly. The circuits on the twelfth floor were very stable and didn't create the disco-like atmosphere he had experienced on the staircase.

Gu Mian stood before the door. He raised his hand to push it, but it was locked from the inside.

Just then, he heard the sound from inside again. It was very faint, but because he was standing right next to the door, he could hear it clearly.

It sounded like muffled whimpering coming from inside, a sound made deep in the throat, as if the person's mouth was gagged.

Then there was a very faint sound of struggling.

Immediately after, the person making the sound seemed to be pinned down by something and could no longer struggle.

But the whimpering from the throat didn't stop. Even from just a few simple syllables, the desperation and fear in the person's voice were palpable.

Gu Mian had watched many movies before this global game started. This sound was similar to that made by hostages in kidnapping scenarios.

Should I kick down the door and play the hero saving the damsel in distress right now? he pondered.

Gu Mian's hands always moved faster than his thoughts.

The moment the words "hero saving the damsel in distress" flashed through his mind, his body had already begun to move reflexively.

This was a conditioned reflex Gu Mian had developed through years of training, one that had saved him many times.

In an instant, his foot had already shot out towards the office door.

Gu Mian had been prepared to use all his strength to break down the door, but unexpectedly, it yielded easily to his kick.

With just one kick, the door, which seemed to be in disrepair from long neglect, creaked open.

Simultaneously, a sound came from behind the door—like something heavy falling to the ground—followed by a faintly audible, muffled curse.

Gu Mian couldn't check his momentum and stumbled into the room as the door suddenly flew open.

Logically, some bloody and horrifying scene should have greeted him behind such a door, but that wasn't the case.

This was an immaculately clean office. It was so clean that there were no superfluous items in the entire room, only a massive operating table placed in the center. There was no damsel in distress for him to save; perhaps she was hidden.

The office had a large window directly opposite the door. Gu Mian noticed this sizable window as soon as he entered. It was open a crack, just wide enough for a person to jump through.

Looking out the window, he saw the moon hanging high in the sky. However, it seemed as if something veiled it, lending it a somewhat hazy, dreamlike quality.

"Who are you?" he heard a man's voice call out from a corner of the room.

Gu Mian scanned the room again and finally located the source of the sound.

A man in a white coat was squatting by the window. He appeared extremely shocked and was now staring at Gu Mian warily.

Gu Mian looked at the man squatting by the window.

This isn't just any man, this is clearly the main mission objective!

"Mr. Jin Hu," Gu Mian said, looking at him. "I recognize you. You're the director of the Respiratory Department at Kuangcheng Hospital. But none of that matters. Today, I'm here to get you out."

Obtain Jin Hu's Redemption—that was the main mission.

The mission wasn't "Save Jin Hu," but Gu Mian couldn't think of any other way to interpret "Jin Hu's Redemption."

The current situation was that Jin Hu, the director of the Respiratory Department, was hiding timidly in a hospital fraught with danger.

Considering this background, Gu Mian felt that "Jin Hu's Redemption" in this mission could be interpreted as "Rescue Jin Hu from the Hospital."

Of course, this was just his conjecture, and Gu Mian himself felt it was rather implausible. If his conjecture were true, there would have been no need to create such a large restricted area for this instance; they could have simply set up a hospital and let players rescue the target.

Clearly, the mission wasn't that simple.

However, he had learned a phrase in his history studies: Practice is the sole criterion for testing truth.

Whether the conjecture was right or not, putting it into practice was better than the two of them just staring blankly at each other. All clues were discovered through action. Anyway, he had to secure Jin Hu first.

With this thought, Gu Mian extended his sinful hands, intending to grab the main mission objective cowering by the window.

But just then, the man by the window suddenly shouted, "Wait! I have a task I need your help with. If you can help me complete it, you'll receive the reward you desire!"

Hearing this, Gu Mian retracted his hand.

What's with this tone, like a game NPC? Although this guy in front of me is indeed an NPC, he shouldn't be aware of that.

Seeing Gu Mian retract his hand, Jin Hu visibly relaxed. He then pushed himself up along the wall to stand and began to speak.

"As you can see, I am a doctor in this hospital, the director of the Respiratory Department," Jin Hu said, glancing at Gu Mian periodically, as if observing his expression.

Seeing this, Gu Mian put on an exaggerated expression. "Wow, you're truly remarkable!"

It was clearly insincere praise.

Jin Hu's face twitched slightly, but he continued, "I am a Lower Class person. You also know how difficult it is for Lower Class People to make a living in this world."

"To be honest, I had a miserable childhood. So, my lifelong dream has been to eliminate the discrimination by Upper Class People against Lower Class People. That's why I struggled desperately to reach the position I hold today."

"But the good times didn't last..."