

## Apocalypse 863

### Chapter 863 Putting Him In Place 2

Tristan led them to a communal tent near the wall, deliberately choosing the largest one for the Commander General and his entourage. Still, it was a far cry from what the man had been expecting. His face darkened the moment he stepped inside. No villa. No plush accommodations. Just a large tent with firm cots and the bare essentials.

It was exactly what his attitude had earned, and a clear message: no one here was impressed by his title.

“This is outrageous!” the Commander General snapped, his face flushed with anger. “Do you think this is how someone of my rank should be treated? You clearly don’t respect me at all!”

He was seething, too furious to form a coherent argument, sputtering more from wounded pride than any real grievance.

“I do apologize if it doesn’t meet your expectations,” Tristan said with a shrug, voice cool and polite. “But your arrival was both sudden and unannounced. With the number of people currently residing in this base, it’s difficult to find open residential buildings.”

His words were respectful, but his casual tone and indifferent posture made it clear he wasn’t trying hard to impress anyone.

The Commander General bristled. It was infuriating to see Tristan so composed, so unaffected, as if none of this mattered. Objectively, the explanation made sense; the base housed thousands, and space

was tight. But with how large and well-developed the place seemed, the Commander General found it hard to believe there wasn't a more comfortable option.

And truthfully, there was. Tristan had access to better accommodations, but he had no intention of offering them. Not to someone who strutted in expecting to be treated like royalty. This was Kisha's domain, and Tristan was here to remind the Commander General of that fact, subtly but firmly.

In his mind, he was already being generous. He hadn't made them sleep in the open or pitch their own tents. A roof over their heads and a cot beneath them were more than enough for someone who hadn't earned a shred of their respect.

The Commander General's face grew darker by the minute as he watched Tristan's calm, almost dismissive demeanor. But despite the anger simmering in his chest, he couldn't act out.

He had already seen how united and protective the people of this base were. If he caused a scene now, he didn't know how they'd react; he might be thrown out, denied shelter, or worse, forcibly removed from the base altogether.

So, gritting his teeth, he bit back his temper. His face flushed red, fists clenched at his sides, but he couldn't find the words to argue. Tristan's indifferent attitude and thinly veiled barb words were infuriating, and the more he stood there, the more it felt like Tristan was baiting him on purpose.

He took a few deep breaths to steady himself before finally saying, "Alright then. Please lead me to your City Lord's office."

He motioned for several of his high-ranking officers to follow him, just in case, should they need to 'handle' Kisha. But Tristan noticed the signal. He didn't even need to type out a warning; he was already on a live video call with Kisha, visible only to him via the chat interface. Her image hovered quietly in the air in front of him, watching everything unfold in real time.

Seeing the Commander General's subtle attempt to bring backup, as if planning to intimidate or control her, Kisha let out a cold, mocking snort. It was almost laughable that he thought he could contain her.

"Perfect," Kisha said, a mischievous smile tugging at her lips. "I've been cooped up meditating for days, bored out of my mind. I could use a little exercise to stretch my limbs and break a sweat. Let him bring all the backup he wants; he's just giving me more toys to break."

It had been days since she last used her telekinesis, and the resulting backlash was making her feel like hell. Her mood had taken a nosedive, her patience worn thin. So really, someone like the Commander General giving her an excuse to let loose? It couldn't have come at a better time.

Hearing her words, Tristan gave a slight nod, saying nothing as he turned to lead the way. The Commander General followed, flanked by five of his most trusted men. Two of them were high-ranking officials, well-versed in the full scope of their agenda and prepared to press their demands. The Commander General himself was largely a figurehead, brought along for appearances.

The remaining three were elite combatants, handpicked for their martial prowess. Confident in their skills, they believed that even if Aston stood by Kisha's side, she and her people wouldn't stand a chance.

Meanwhile, after inspecting the medical facility with Aston, Kisha was surprised to find that they still had a large stockpile of various medicines. Although people continued to fall ill and visit the clinic for

treatment, most of the population had already awakened their abilities, rendering conventional medicine less effective for them.

Kisha turned to the head doctor, Eric Gilberts. Thanks to his consistent work in the medical facility, tending to the patients and training while taking the Scarlet Honey, Eric's ability had grown steadily. He was now on the verge of leveling up to Level 1. Once he did, he expected a significant improvement in his ability, 'Spatial Hospital,' most notably, the capacity to treat two patients simultaneously rather than just one.

That news genuinely surprised Kisha.

Eric had been experimenting with his ability lately. With each new patient, especially awakened ability users, he was becoming more adept at diagnosing conditions without the use of traditional medical equipment.

Inside the Spatial Hospital, his eyes functioned like an advanced medical scanner, an internal X-ray or MRI, allowing him to pinpoint ailments with remarkable accuracy. While he could still use a diluted version of his ability outside the spatial zone, the effectiveness was noticeably reduced.

More impressively, treatment inside the Spatial Hospital was accelerated, with healing times nearly doubled. Kisha even speculated that once Eric leveled up, new rooms might unlock within his Spatial Hospital, perhaps even a dedicated laboratory where he could develop specialized treatments tailored for awakened ability users.

To help Kisha better understand his ability, Eric decided to show her firsthand. It just so happened that there were no patients at the moment, which allowed him to bring someone inside his Spatial Hospital. As Kisha was transported, she experienced the familiar sensation of warping through time and space—very similar to what she felt when entering her own Territory Space.

This made her wonder: were the Spatial Hospital and her Territory Space built on the same theoretical principles?

Her question was quickly answered the moment she arrived. The Spatial Hospital resembled a small, well-organized clinic. It featured a single inpatient room and an operating table. The design was minimal, yet it held an undeniable sense of precision and control.

Since the space was entirely his own, Eric didn't need any assistants to perform surgery. The entire Spatial Hospital responded to his will. If he needed a scalpel, it would materialize beside him, floating in the air, ready for use. This allowed him to focus entirely on the procedure, free from distractions or delays.