

Apocalypse 864

Chapter 864 Infant Realm

Eric even demonstrated a simulated test surgery for Kisha, allowing her to witness the full extent of his Spatial Hospital's capabilities. As he began, an interface appeared beside him, displaying the patient's vitals in real-time, without needing any commands or prompts.

When he required a surgical tool, he simply said the name, and the item would materialize beside him, as if handed over by an invisible nurse. If suction was needed to manage the bleeding, the tool would activate and operate on its own, guided by Eric's will.

Everything inside the Spatial Hospital was connected to his consciousness, functioning as an extension of his mind. Thanks to days of dedicated training and Kisha's guidance on how to strengthen his consciousness, his control had become far more stable.

Initially, Kisha had been uncertain whether her techniques would apply, since her own ability stemmed from a different source. But now, after experiencing the Spatial Hospital firsthand and recognizing the familiar sensation similar to her own Territory Space, she was convinced the two shared foundational similarities.

Helping Eric train his consciousness had clearly been the right decision. It might even explain why he was steadily progressing and on the verge of leveling up. After all, Eric Gilbert's ability was classified under the 'Mental Type', just like hers, and it was not easy to level it up.

"Everything's looking good here," Kisha said as she looked around. The sterile scent in the air reminded her of a real hospital, or perhaps this was simply Eric's personal interpretation of one. She had a feeling that his Spatial Hospital wasn't a fixed space but a manifestation shaped by his own subconscious. Unlike her Territory Space, which came pre-built and had specific functions, Eric's ability felt more organic, an extension of his body and mind.

That thought made her curious, so she tested it. "Eric, have you ever considered that your Space Hospital might be a reflection of what you truly want your own clinic to look like?"

Eric froze. The question struck a chord. As a lead surgeon for many years, he had always dreamed of owning his own private clinic. But his obligations, the weight of responsibility, and the constant influx of patients had made that dream feel unreachable. He had buried it until now.

Kisha's words opened something in him, and realization hit like a bolt of lightning. His eyes swept across the room, the familiar simplicity, the layout, the quiet functionality. Yes. This modest clinic-like design was exactly what he had always envisioned for his future practice.

He had never considered this before. To him, all clinics and hospitals shared this sterile look and disinfectant scent; it was just how they were. But now that Kisha had suggested that his Space Hospital might be a reflection of his own subconscious image of a hospital, something shifted in his mind.

He remembered how patients often hated the smell of antiseptic, it reminded them of confinement, of illness, of endless days bound to a bed. Over the years, Eric had quietly wished there were a way to change that, to make healing feel less clinical, less cold. And now, for the first time, he realized that maybe he could.

Kisha's words echoed in his mind, and his heart began to pound with excitement. What if he could change everything, the theme, the ambiance, the design? What if his Space Hospital could become a sanctuary of healing in more than just function?

His imagination took over. He pictured a serene greenhouse or an enchanted forest filled with lush greenery, bright blossoms, and butterflies fluttering among the leaves. Of course, for patient safety, the healing chamber would still need to be enclosed, perhaps in thin but durable glass, allowing patients to gaze out at nature without risk of infection or allergic reactions. The air would be fresh, infused with the subtle scent of flowers, pine, and bamboo.

Lost in thought, Eric unconsciously closed his eyes as his vision grew more vivid. Outside his awareness, the Space Hospital began to shift.

Kisha watched, amazed, as the sterile walls around her slowly transformed. The white panels faded into transparent glass, revealing a blossoming landscape outside. Colorful flowers bloomed from moist soil as if spring had just arrived. Cherry blossom trees swayed in a gentle breeze, their petals drifting through the air. Even the distant sound of birds chirping floated into the room, soft and calming.

The vibrant flowers outside were a breathtaking mix; every kind of rose, lily, and daisy imaginable bloomed in perfect harmony. The scene resembled a fairytale garden, like something out of a dream or a hidden corner of Wonderland. Anyone recovering in this place would feel a lift in spirit just by looking out at the picturesque view. There would be no trace of gloom or despair here, only beauty and calm.

To Kisha, this transformation confirmed one important thing: Eric truly had full control over his Space Hospital. It wasn't just a skill or a power; it was a world he had created, shaped by his will and bound to his consciousness. Like an infant realm, it was waiting to be molded by its creator.

In contrast, her own Territory Space had been a fully formed world by the time it came to her. But seeing what Eric had achieved reminded her of what 008 once said, that it was possible to create a world from scratch, especially now that she possessed an abundance of spiritual energy. The idea of building her own miniature realm, one shaped entirely by her desires, no longer felt distant. It felt real.

"Host, that spiritual energy of yours is far from enough," 008 said seriously. "To put it bluntly, it's like a drop of water in the ocean. With your current level, creating a dimensional world is out of the question, maybe in a few thousand years, if you're lucky."

His blunt words hit Kisha like a bucket of ice water. She had only just begun to fantasize about nurturing a world of her own, reveling in the idea, only for 008 to pop her bubble without a hint of sympathy. So much for being a supportive system.

Sensing Kisha's sarcastic thoughts, 008 suddenly fell silent. It hadn't meant to crush her spirit, only to keep her grounded in reality. But it clearly underestimated just how deflating its words could be.

While Kisha fumed in silence, feeling more than a little disheartened, Eric finally opened his eyes, snapping out of his imaginative trance. The moment he saw the transformed scenery around him, his jaw dropped. His eyes widened so much that it looked like they might pop right out of their sockets. He was utterly stunned.

"W-What happened here?" Eric asked, eyes wide as he looked around in disbelief, though it was clear he already suspected the answer. "I was just imagining this... and it actually became real?"

He turned to Kisha, his face a mixture of awe, disbelief, and rising excitement, as if silently pleading for her to confirm that he wasn't dreaming. In response, Kisha could only offer a helpless smile, both amused and impressed.