

BLACK PLAIN 600

Chapter 600: Mirya Leaves the General Hospital!

One week later...

The rush around the General Hospital was as usual, which is to say, hectic.

So many people were on the sidewalks of this building, standing around chatting, some sitting on the wooden benches in a square there, while others were coming and going from this large construction.

And amidst the constant flow of people at one of the entrances to this hospital, any local citizen could see a well-organized place, no lines, but plenty of movement upon entering this place.

There were no crowded parts of this hospital where people had to wait on their feet for care. But there were also not many places available for newcomers. At least that was the truth on the ground floor and following two levels.

But that was to be expected for this place. After all, such a service had to cope with the demand of a city with almost 200,000 inhabitants, most of whom could afford treatment here.

Consequently, people were constantly coming to this hospital to treat rare diseases, battle injuries, and certain chronic conditions that needed constant treatment.

Most of the people who used this service were either elderly or local mercenaries, those individuals who usually went out hunting around Dry City.

But besides these people who were commonly seen in this place, several soldiers from the local army were receiving treatment in this hospital at the moment.

Although the army had its own doctors and an infirmary, such a place did not have the capacity of the General Hospital. Therefore, several soldiers were receiving treatment here and not at headquarters.

But this did not hinder the rhythm of this hospital at all. After all, most of the soldiers here were stronger individuals than the citizens who used this service more frequently. But, on the other hand, these soldiers were cared for by the army doctors, who did not work with ordinary citizens.

So, soldiers and citizens were not competing for this local medical service!

But besides these three groups mentioned above, there was still a fourth that had been living in this hospital for the past few weeks...

These were none other than the Gill family guards, those people who, being led by Beatrice, had fought a great battle in the northeast of the Black Plain.

And, with their presence on the hospital's middle floors, any patient who wished to walk the halls would see a variety of people lying on stretchers with arrays around their necks.

At the same time as this, individuals wearing municipal police uniforms were in the vicinity of each of their rooms, keeping an eye on those prisoners who were receiving treatment.

Such police officers were present to ensure that the Gill family guards did not do anything dangerous during their treatments when the arrays had to be removed.

But since many of these enemies were severely wounded before arriving at this hospital, no problems had happened in the previous weeks.

As such, no ordinary citizens walking through the corridors of the middle floors of this building would be afraid of such people, even though some of these guards were utterly deformed.

Anyway, while the General Hospital was functioning in its usual way, on one of the floors of this place, Mirya was standing by her bedside, doing a physiotherapy session.

After so many months since the incident involving the sacrifice of that Spiritual King, the assassin member of the criminal organization Scourges of the Devil, Mirya, the primary victim of such a thing, had finally left her hospital bed.

She had woken up over a month ago and had been improving daily since then with the help of Regina, Abby, and the doctors of this hospital. As such, she had already reached the stage of her recovery where she could walk and have her own!

Plus, even though she still had several burns on her body to finish recovering, this woman had smiled again. Such a thing had happened for the first time in an extended period, right after she put her feet up out of that hospital bed.

But this was to be expected. After all, this was indeed an outstanding achievement for a person in her condition, something she could not help but be happy to accomplish.

And with each day that passed, with the development of her treatment and the feeling that her body was slowly returning to its normal state, this woman was pleased, despite all that difficulty.

"That's it! Just one more repetition, and you'll be free!" A low-level grade-2 doctor said this in encouragement as she watched Mirya perform an exercise focused on recovering the mobility of her lower body.

"Ahh!" Mirya made a sound of effort as she took a hurried breath.

And finally, after a few seconds, this woman finished her physiotherapy session.

"Well, Ms. Mirya, you can now leave the hospital and return to live in your apartment. But we will still have to do daily sessions for another month." So the doctor said just before saying goodbye to Viola's mother.

With that, besides Mirya, only Minos and Regina had remained in that hospital room.

Those two had been there earlier since, while one of them had finished a treatment session with Mirya an hour ago, the other had come here because he already knew that this woman would be leaving the hospital today.

"How are you feeling, Mirya?" Minos asked as he watched this woman wipe the sweat from her forehead with a towel.

As she did so, Mirya was careful not to rub that towel too hard over her face, especially over some scars.

This part of her body had recovered as much as it could, but she could still feel a particular pain every time something touched these scars. In addition, the memory of all that had happened still frightened her a little, so she was meticulous when moving, wiping, etc.

She then replied to Minos without looking at this young man. "I am better... I guess I'll have to get used to feeling these pains for a while, as well as living this way."

"Hmm, but don't worry. With the treatment you are receiving from doctor Dillian and me, most of these marks will diminish. And you won't feel any discomfort coming from them either." Regina commented as she sat in a part of that room.

"That's right, Mirya, don't bother with those things. In at most another month and a half, you'll be able to cultivate again, and with that, it won't be long before you reach level 60."

"Tsk! You say that so casually..." Mirya shook her head while having her eyes closed.

Mirya already knew about some things about the Black Plain Army, but since she had not yet felt it in her own skin nor seen it in front of her, she still had her doubts. But of course, despite all that, there was always the problem that even with good techniques, she might not have what it took to reach level 60...

Hence, she couldn't help but fear having to live the rest of her life that way.

But despite feeling this way while talking to Minos, she wasn't unhappy with her condition. After all, she had survived a catastrophe, and there were endless possibilities for those who were alive.

As such, her condition was not the worst thing that could happen to someone. That is, she could still cultivate and live a long life. In short, there were many things for her to do.

And with her autonomy regained, she was very excited about this 'rebirth,' despite her disappointment with her physical appearance.

"Well, do you want me to accompany you to your home?" Minos asked as he approached that woman.

She then looked at him for a moment and sighed, "Well, if it's not a waste of time for you..."

"Haha, we're friends, aren't we?" Young Stuart joked with her as he nodded in the direction of the exit from that room.

On the other hand, Regina didn't take long to say goodbye to those two, having headed straight to headquarters, where she had some business to take care of.

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After they left that hospital, halfway to her residence, Mirya suddenly asked something that was bothering her a bit. "By the way, when will I be able to see my daughter?"