How can an ex convict cure her?

For ten years, Kade had finally seen the outside world. He stood beneath an open sky.

For a long moment, he didn't move. His eyes rested on the asphalt stretching beyond Tartarus' massive gates.

They took ten years from me. His jaw tightened slightly. They stole his childhood. His name. His future.

A dark, simmering vengeance coiled through his veins like a living thing.

And I will take everything back.

"Shall we go ahead?" Jeffrey asked politely, careful with his tone.

Kade gave a small nod.

A black SUV waited outside the prison gates. Armed guards opened the door respectfully.

Jeffrey instinctively moved toward the back seat—

But paused.

Kade had already taken the rear executive seat without hesitation.

Jeffrey quietly followed, sitting beside him.

The driver entered and the vehicle pulled away smoothly, leaving Tartarus behind.

An hour later, the SUV stopped in front of South City's most prestigious private hospital.

Glass towers, private security. This was a hospital only the elites could afford.

Jeffrey stepped out first and personally opened Kade's door.

Nurses in the lobby froze.

Some recognized the Warden immediately.

Others stared at Kade — tall, composed, dressed simply yet carrying an indescribable presence.

They moved quickly through the corridors until they reached a private VIP ward.

Jeffrey opened the door.

Inside—

A girl lay pale against white sheets. Seventeen years old. She had delicate features and her breathing was hollow. Beside her sat an elegant woman in her early forties, posture straight despite obvious exhaustion. 1

At the foot of the bed stood a senior physician in his late fifties, wearing an expensive tailored coat over his lab uniform. His expression was already irritated.

"Honey," Jeffrey said, stepping forward with urgency. "I've arrived. I brought someone who can save Priscilla." 1

Vanessa looked up.Her gaze shifted to Kade as if she was studying him. Then she paused and frowned.

The doctor turned slowly, scanning Kade from head to toe.

Silence filled the room.

"...This?" the doctor asked flatly.

Vanessa's voice was calm but edged with disbelief. "Jeffrey... who is this young man?"

Jeffrey swallowed. "He's—"

"A consultant?" the doctor cut in dryly. "From which institution? I don't recall requesting assistance."

Kade remained silent, observing the room.

Jeffrey cleared his throat. "He's not from a hospital."

Vanessa's expression hardened.

"What does that mean?"

Jeffrey forced the words out. "He has saved many lives in Tartarus."

The doctor blinked once.

"...Tartarus?" he repeated.

Vanessa slowly stood.

"You brought a prisoner from Tartarus here?" she asked quietly. Everyone knew whoever comes from Tartarus was nothing less than

a monster.

"He's no longer a prisoner," Jeffrey said quickly. "He was wrongly accused—"

"A former convict," the doctor snapped, stepping forward. "And you think someone with no medical license, no academic training, no credentials, can succeed where I and a board of specialists have failed?"

His voice rose with offense.

"This is an insult to the medical profession!"

Vanessa looked at her husband as if he had lost his mind.

"You replaced certified experts with... a boy?" she said, disbelief heavy in her tone. "Jeffrey, do you realize how this looks?"

As everyone in the medical field knows. Age meant experience, so a young person was obviously considered inexperienced.

And Kade looked no older than twenty-four. To them, he was a reckless gamble.

Jeffrey tried to explain. "You don't understand. He's different. I've seen what he can do. Men declared dead—"

"With prison tricks?" the doctor scoffed. "Improvised bandages? Street remedies?"

His eyes sharpened at Kade.

"Young man, do you even understand the severity of her condition?"

Kade finally spoke. With a calm and unbothered tone. "If you don't want me here, I'll leave."

"I don't waste time arguing with an inexperienced doctor who can't even cure a simple illness."

The words fell like a hammer.

Jeffrey gasped. Vanessa's eyes widened slightly.

The doctor's face flushed red.

"Simple?!" he barked. "No hospital in this city has identified her condition! We've consulted specialists overseas!"

"And yet," Kade replied coolly, glancing once at the girl on the bed, " you still haven't noticed what's wrong."

The arrogance was unbearable.

"You arrogant child—" the doctor began.

"It's Meridian Vein Collapse," Kade interrupted calmly.

Everyone in the room froze.

Kade continued as if reciting something elementary.

"Her life force is being blocked at three primary junctions, heart channel, solar plexus, and lower core. That's why her blood work appears normal while her organs slowly weaken. You've been treating symptoms. Not the cause."

Vanessa's breath hitched.

The doctor's eyes narrowed.

"How would you possibly know that?" he demanded.

Kade's gaze didn't waver.

"I knew the moment I stepped into the room."

Jeffrey stared at him in disbelief.

Vanessa looked between the two men. For the first time... Hope flickered in her eyes.

The doctor recovered quickly.

"That's absurd," he snapped. "Meridian Vein Collapse isn't a recognized medical condition. You're inventing terminology to sound convincing."

His voice sharpened with disdain.

"There is no such diagnosis in modern medicine."

He stepped forward coldly.

"You're making it up."

And just like that—

The fragile hope in the room trembled. Vanessa's fingers tightened around her daughter's hand. The heart monitor continued its steady, fragile rhythm.

Jeffrey stepped forward.

"Enough," he said firmly. "We are giving him a chance."

"Jeffrey!" Vanessa snapped. "Have you completely lost your mind?"

"If anything happens to Priscilla," she continued, her voice trembling but sharp, "I will never forgive you."

The doctor adjusted his glasses, anger barely restrained. "Warden Sky, this is madness. You are allowing an unlicensed ex-convict to experiment on a critical patient inside my hospital."

He looked at Kade with pure contempt.

"This is a scam. He preys on your desperation. Send him back to prison before this turns into a legal disaster."