Miracle Doctor

Kade's expression remained unchanged. However the insults irritated him. "I'm leaving," he said flatly. "Argue among yourselves."

He turned toward the door.

"Please!"

The word tore out of Jeffrey's throat.

Before anyone could react...

The Warden of Tartarus dropped to his knees.

Vanessa froze, she felt like she was in a dream. The doctor stared in disbelief.

Jeffrey lowered his head.

"Don't listen to them," he pleaded hoarsely. "I know what you can do. I've seen it with my own eyes. If there's even a one percent chance... I'll take it."

Vanessa stepped forward. "Jeffrey, stand up! This is humiliating!"

"Enough!" Jeffrey roared.

His voice shook the room.

Vanessa went silent instantly, even the doctor stiffened.

But then the doctor tried to interject again, Jeffrey turned and without hesitation, smacked him across the face.

The sharp sound echoed in the ward.

"Shut up!" Jeffrey barked. "This is my daughter! I decide who treats her!"

The doctor staggered back, stunned and furious.

"You'll regret this," he hissed.

Jeffrey didn't even look at him again.

He remained kneeling before Kade.

"Please."

After a long moment. Kade sighed faintly.

"Stand up."

Jeffrey looked up.

"I'll treat her," Kade said calmly. "But once I begin, no one interferes."

He turned to Vanessa.

"If you doubt me, stop me now."

Vanessa's lips trembled. She looked at her daughter's pale face.

Then at her kneeling husband.

"...Do it," she whispered.

Kade nodded once.

"Bring me raw ginger. Black pepper. Pure honey. A silver bowl. And boiling water."

Everyone paused in confusion.

The doctor let out a disbelieving laugh.

"You can't be serious."

Vanessa frowned. "Those are kitchen ingredients."

Jeffrey didn't hesitate.

He turned to his guards. "Go. Now."

The men rushed out immediately.

The doctor shook his head in disgust. "Warden Sky, don't blame this hospital when she deteriorates. I want security stationed outside this room. If anything happens, that man is not leaving this building."

He signaled his guards. They moved into position. Watching Kade carefully.

Waiting.

Kade didn't spare them a glance.

When the ingredients arrived, he calmly crushed the ginger, ground the pepper with precise pressure, mixed it with honey, then poured boiling water over it.

Steam rose slowly.

The doctor crossed his arms. "You're making tea."

"I'm extracting heat," Kade replied simply.

The doctor scoffed.

Kade turned, holding the silver bowl.

"Let's make this interesting."

He looked directly at the physician.

"If I save her, you will kneel. And apologize."

The doctor laughed sharply. "And if you fail?"

"I return to prison."

Jeffrey inhaled sharply.

Vanessa's heart nearly stopped.

The doctor's eyes gleamed.

"Deal."

Kade ignored him.

He helped Priscilla sit slightly upright and gently poured the mixture into her mouth.

For several seconds nothing happened. Then her body jerked violently. She began coughing. Then black blood spilled from her lips onto the white sheets.

Vanessa screamed.

"Oh my God!"

The doctor stepped forward triumphantly. "I told you! You've poisoned her!"

Jeffrey's face drained of color.

Even his confidence wavered.

The black substance continued pouring out. The room felt like it was collapsing.

And then—

Priscilla's convulsions stopped. Her skin slowly shifted, the pale gray tint faded. Her color returned. A soft warmth spread across her cheeks. Her breathing stabilized, then the heart monitor strengthened.

Beep.

Beep.

Beep.

Her eyelids fluttered, making Venessa froze. Jeffrey couldn't breathe.

Slowly—

Priscilla opened her eyes. She looked around weakly.

"Mom... Dad..."

Jeffrey and Vanessa jolted forward at the same time.

"Priscilla?!" Jeffrey's voice cracked. "You're awake?"

They rushed to her bedside, careful but overwhelmed, each taking one of her hands as if afraid she might disappear again.

Priscilla blinked slowly, her vision still adjusting. "Dad... Mom..." Her voice was weak, but clear.

Tears streamed down Vanessa's face.

For weeks, that hospital room had smelled like antiseptic. For weeks, the only sounds had been machines and quiet prayers.

Now...their daughter was speaking.

"Careful," Kade said calmly from behind them. "Her meridians are still fragile. She needs deep rest. No physical strain. And no oily food for ninety days."

Jeffrey turned immediately. "Of course. Of course. Anything."

Vanessa gently brushed her daughter's hair back before standing up.

When she looked at Kade again, her gaze had completely changed. The suspicion was gone. The pride was gone. What remained was humility. She walked toward him slowly.

"Mr. Hollow..." Her voice trembled slightly. "Thank you."

Then—

To the shock of everyone in the room—

Vanessa Sky lowered herself to her knees.

The nurses gasped, even the security guards exchanged stunned looks.

"I am sorry," she said sincerely. "For how I spoke to you. For doubting you. For treating you with disrespect."

She clasped her hands together in front of her chest.

"Please find it in your heart to forgive me."

Everyone was in awe.

Kade looked down at her without emotion.

"I hold no grudges," he said evenly. "Your reaction was natural for a mother."

His eyes sharpened slightly.

"But prejudice blinds more than ignorance. I hope you reflect on that."

Vanessa lowered her head. "I will."

"Stand," Kade said simply.

She rose and returned to her daughter's side, her movements softer now, filled with gratitude instead of fear.

Kade then shifted his gaze. It landed on the doctor. The air seemed to tighten.

"Don't forget our bet," Kade said coldly. "Get on your knees. And

apologize."