

The Prison Made Queen

Chapter 14

“The symptoms are quite complex. It would be best if you could diagnose him in person,” Marlon paused, then added, “This gentleman has a special status, so we hope you can keep it confidential.”

Leilani was silent for a moment before saying calmly, “Fine. Time and place?”

Marlon let out a sigh of relief and quickly said, “Tomorrow morning at ten. Shall I send a car to pick you up?”

“No need. Send me the address. I’ll go myself.”

“Okay, okay! Thank you for the trouble!”

After hanging up, Leilani looked at the night view outside the window, thoughtful.

5 million dollars? And judging by the way Marlon spoke about this “gentleman,” his status was indeed significant.

The next morning, Leilani changed into a simple white T-shirt and jeans, tied her hair into a high ponytail, and grabbed her tote bag to leave.

There was a row of shared bikes at the entrance of Celestial Heights. She scanned one and rode directly to the hospital. The morning breeze was cool, and sunlight dappled through the leaves. She narrowed her eyes, feeling unusually relaxed.

At the Central Hospital, VIP Ward.

As soon as Leilani reached the door, she heard hearty laughter from inside.

“Hahaha, Marlon, is the miracle doctor you mentioned really that amazing? Even you admire

them so much?”

“You’ll see when she gets here. This Dr. Cheney is the real deal!” Marlon’s voice was respectful.

Leilani knocked on the door.

The door opened quickly. Seeing her, Marlon immediately smiled and stepped aside. “Dr. Cheney, you’re here! Please, come in!”

Inside the ward, a spirited elderly man was sitting on the sofa. Though he was over seventy, his gaze was piercing and his demeanor impressive. He was clearly someone used to being in command.

Seeing Leilani enter, the old man looked her over with a smile. “Oh, Marlon, is this the miracle doctor you spoke of? Young lady, you’re quite capable for your age!”

Leilani nodded slightly. “Hello, Mr. Langley.”

Dante paused, then laughed loudly. “Marlon, did you mention me to her?”

Marlon shook his head hurriedly. “No! Dr. Cheney, how did you know the old gentleman’s name is Langley?”

Leilani’s expression was calm. “I guessed.”

After all, there were very few “old gentlemen” in this City who could casually offer a 5-million-dollar consultation fee and command such respect from Marlon. It was a casual guess, but she had hit the mark.

A glint of appreciation flashed in Dante’s eyes. He patted the sofa beside him. “Come, young lady, sit! Don’t be formal!”

Leilani didn’t stand on ceremony. She sat down and placed a small folded towel under his wrist. “I’ll check your pulse first.”

Dante cooperated by extending his wrist. Leilani placed her fingertips gently on it, closing her eyes to focus.

A moment later, she opened her eyes and said calmly, “There’s nothing majorly wrong with your body. Just high stress levels, weak digestion, and lack of sleep.”

Dante raised an eyebrow. “That’s it?”

Leilani retracted her hand, her tone steady. “Your real illness isn’t in your body, but in your mind.”

Dante’s smile faded slightly.

Leilani continued, “Have you been dreaming about someone from your past often lately? Waking up with a tight chest and low mood?”

Dante was silent for a while before sighing. “Yes... my wife passed away three years ago. I’ve been dreaming of her constantly recently.”

That explained it. Leilani nodded. “Grief has manifested as illness, causing stagnation in your system. Over time, it naturally affects the body.”

She took out a roll of needles from her bag and unrolled it. “I’ll perform acupuncture to regulate your system first. Then I’ll write you a prescription to relieve stress and anxiety.

Take it on schedule, and the symptoms will alleviate.”

Dante watched as she expertly sterilized the needles, her movements fluid and practiced. He couldn’t help but ask, “Young lady, how long have you been studying medicine?”