

The Prison Made Queen

Chapter 15

Leilani didn't look up. "Four years."

"Only four years?" Dante was surprised. He thought that for Leilani to have such amazing medical skills, she must have started learning as a child.

Wait...

Dante's eyes widened. "You became this good after just four years of study?"

Leilani didn't answer, simply stating, "Relax. Don't move."

As soon as she spoke, the needles were accurately inserted into his acupoints. Dante felt a warm current spreading from the needle tips. After Leilani finished placing all the needles, he felt the tightness in his chest gradually loosening.

Dante couldn't help but marvel. "Amazing!" This girl really was as good as Marlon said. Young, but she knew her stuff.

Half an hour later, Leilani removed the needles and wrote a prescription, handing it to Marlon. "Get this filled. Simmer this on low heat until the liquid reduces by two-thirds. Take it once in the morning and once at night."

Marlon took it quickly. "Okay!"

Dante rolled his shoulders, feeling relaxed all over. He looked at Leilani with a smile. "Young lady, who did you learn this from?"

Leilani's hand paused as she packed the needles. Her tone was indifferent. "Family tradition."

Dante saw she didn't want to talk about it and didn't pry. He had met geniuses like Leilani before; most didn't like to reveal their backgrounds.

The more he looked at her, the more he liked her. She was pretty, sharp, and capable, and about the same age as his grandson.

Thinking it over, Dante snapped his fingers and leaned in to probe. "By the way! I have a grandson about your age. He's handsome and capable! Want to meet him?"

Leilani fell silent, a wave of speechlessness washing over her. Marlon too, found himself at a loss for

words.

Dante continued enthusiastically, “That kid has a bit of a temper, but his character is solid! If you’re willing, I’ll call him over right now!”

Leilani closed her bag expressionlessly. “No need. I’m not interested.”

Dante smacked his lips in regret. “Ah, what a pity...”

Leilani wasn’t good at dealing with enthusiastic elderly people like him. She stood up. “Your issue isn’t serious. I’ll come for acupuncture every three days. Combined with the medicine, you’ll be fine in a month.”

Dante hurriedly said, “Good! Sorry to trouble you!”

Leilani nodded and turned to leave, breathing a sigh of relief.

Marlon chased out to send her off, whispering, “Dr. Cheney, Mr. Langley is straightforward. Please don’t mind him.”

Leilani murmured an acknowledgment. “It’s fine.”

Dante had mentioned it casually, and Leilani listened casually. Neither took it too seriously.

Marlon hesitated for a moment before adding, “By the way, regarding my mother... if it’s convenient, could you stop by to see her? She’s been asking about you.”

Leilani thought for a moment and nodded. “Sure.”

Marlon’s mother was in a ward on another floor. As soon as Leilani entered, the old lady sat up happily. “Dr. Cheney, you’re finally here!”

Leilani smiled slightly. “How are you feeling today?”

“Much better!” Tilda held her hand, beaming. “Thanks to you, otherwise, I would still be lying in bed, unable to move!”

Leilani checked her pulse, confirmed she was recovering well, and adjusted the prescription for Marlon.

Tilda held her hand affectionately. “Dr. Cheney, thanks to you, these old bones can live a few more years! When I get discharged in a few days, you must come to our house for dinner! Just treat it as keeping an old woman company!”