

The Prison Made Queen

Chapter 6

Leilani walked into the ward and saw a white-haired old woman lying on the bed. Her face was sallow, her body merely skin and bones; she truly looked as if she didn't have long to live. Various medical devices surrounded the bed, beeping rhythmically.

"Dr. Cheney, this is my mother. Please take a look." Marlon introduced her in a low voice, his eyes full of worry.

Leilani walked to the bedside and carefully observed the old lady's condition. She noticed the lady's fingernails were an unnatural grayish-white, and there was slight bruising around her lips. These were typical symptoms of poisoning, and it had been going on for a long time.

Sonia watched Leilani's every move nervously from the side, skepticism still written on her face. "Dr. Cheney, how do you plan to treat her? Do you need any equipment or medicine?"

"No need. Just get me a set of acupuncture needles."

"Acupuncture needles? We hired the best experts, used the most advanced equipment and drugs, and none of it solved the problem. You actually want to use acupuncture?" Sonia asked in disbelief, raising her eyebrows impatiently, her tone filled with distrust.

Leilani ignored the questioning and turned to Marlon. "Mr. Watson, your mother is in a coma due to toxin accumulation. I can drain the toxins. If I can't cure her, I will voluntarily take responsibility for everything."

Marlon looked at the young woman before him. For some reason, he saw a glimmer of hope in her steady eyes. He took a deep breath and nodded. "Okay. We'll give you a chance."

Sonia wanted to say more but ultimately just bit her lip and stepped aside. Marlon then found a set of acupuncture needles for Leilani.

Leilani took the needle case, expertly unwrapped it, sterilized the instruments, and took out a few thin needles. First, she carefully checked the old lady's pulse. Then, her fingers slid gently along the lady's arm, seeming to search for something.

"Right here." Leilani muttered softly, then took a fine needle and accurately pierced an acupoint on the old lady's arm.

Sonia gasped, but Marlon held her back, signaling her not to interrupt.

Leilani continued to locate acupoints all over the old lady's body, inserting a needle immediately upon finding each one. Her movements were unhesitating-needle up, needle down. Soon, over a dozen fine needles were inserted into the old lady's acupoints.

Leilani adjusted the position of a few needles slightly, then began to gently twist one of them.

Just then, something strange happened. A drop of dark, tar-like blood suddenly oozed from

the acupoint where the needle was. Then more followed, forming a small stream of dark blood that ran down the old lady's arm.

The people in the room stared at the scene in shock, not understanding what was happening.

"Looks like I guessed right. It's chronic poisoning. The toxins have been accumulating in the body for years." Leilani muttered to herself as she continued to twist the other needles, causing more dark blood to seep from the points.

Suddenly, the ward door was pushed open, and a middle-aged man in a white coat walked in. Seeing the scene, he turned pale with shock.

"What are you doing? Who allowed you to treat the patient?"

The middle-aged doctor walked quickly to the bed and questioned sternly, "What kind of primitive treatment is this? Do you know this could cause an infection?"

Without waiting for Leilani's answer, he turned to Marlon. "Mr. Watson, who is this? Does she have a medical license? Performing this unverified treatment in my ward-I must call the police."

"Dr. Judson, calm down," Marlon explained hurriedly. "This is Dr. Cheney. I invited her for a

consultation."

"Dr. Cheney? Our hospital doesn't have a doctor by that name!" Dr. Judson's eyes were full of disdain as he took out his phone to dial. "Practicing medicine without a license is illegal. I must report this to the authorities."

Just then, the old lady on the bed suddenly let out a weak moan and slowly opened her eyes.