

The Prison Made Queen

Chapter 7

“Mom!” Marlon rushed to the bedside in surprise, holding the old lady’s hand. “How do you feel?”

Tilda blinked, looking weakly but lucidly at the people around her. “I... I feel like I’ve been sleeping for a long time. I can finally open my eyes...”

Dr. Judson’s hand froze in mid-air, staring in disbelief at the patient who had suddenly awakened. “This... this is impossible. Your symptoms...”

Leilani calmly continued her work, as if nothing had happened. She gently removed the needles that had completed their mission, then inserted needles into several new acupoints to continue draining the dark blood.

“The treatment plans you all gave Tilda were massive supplements, but you don’t understand the principle of clearing blockages.”

Leilani said without looking up, “Her problem isn’t a need for supplements, but a need to drain. Toxins have accumulated for too long. Using potent supplements only spreads the toxins faster.”

Dr. Judson’s face turned extremely ugly as he spoke in exasperation. “Are you questioning my professional level? I graduated from Haverly Medical Academy!”

“Does Haverly Medical Academy teach you to use potent drugs to treat chronic poisoning?” Leilani countered. “Then I’m afraid that’s worse than a quack doctor.”

Dr. Judson was livid, but seeing Tilda was indeed awake, he was momentarily speechless.

“Are you saying that the treatment over these years didn’t help my mom, but actually aggravated her condition?” Marlon looked incredulous. He had spent a fortune hiring a famous doctor, only to find out it had made things worse.

Leilani nodded and continued. “Her problem is that she was exposed to a chronic toxin years ago. This toxin accumulated in her body until it reached a critical point and triggered symptoms. Routine checks make it hard to find, but traditional pulse and facial diagnostics can spot the issue.”

Dr. Judson was flushed with embarrassment. Eventually, he could only put down his phone resentfully and find an excuse to leave the room,

The treatment lasted about an hour. Leilani finally removed all the needles and wiped away the dark blood on Tilda. She wrote a prescription for herbal medicine, detailing the dosage and usage.

“This is just the first step. I’ve drained the oldest accumulated toxins.”

Leilani instructed Marlon, “Next, she needs to take this medicine continuously for three months to completely clear the residual toxins from her body.”

Marlon was overwhelmed with gratitude. The massive burden that had pressed on his heart for five years was resolved just like that. He felt instantly lighter.

“Wait,” Marlon called out to Leilani as she prepared to leave, signaling his assistant. “Dr. Cheney, please wait a moment.”

The assistant quickly brought a beautifully wrapped box and handed it to Leilani. “This is the latest phone model. Mr. Watson’s contact information is already saved inside.”

Marlon took out his phone and authorized a wire transfer. “I just transferred three million dollars to you as your fee. I’ll return Paulina’s keepsake to you when I find the time.”

Leilani wanted to refuse, but thinking that she truly had nothing and needed to restart her life, she graciously accepted the generous gift.

Leaving the ward, Leilani took the elevator down. The elevator doors opened on the fifth floor, and a young doctor in a white coat walked in hurriedly.

When their eyes met, both froze.

“Leilani?” The young doctor said in shock. “What are you doing here?”

Leilani looked coldly at the person before her—it was her second brother, Zeus Sloan.

Leilani’s tone was calm, but her eyes held a trace of indifference. “I’m out of prison. Didn’t you know?”

Zeus clearly hadn’t recovered from the shock. “I... I didn’t know you were out. Why are you at the hospital?”

The elevator reached the first floor, and the doors slowly opened. Leilani stepped out, leaving a sentence hanging lightly in the air: “I’m here to save a life.”