

The Prison Made Queen

Chapter 9

He hadn't expected the usually aloof Callahan to speak up for Leilani. Wary of the Langley family's power, Zeus dared not argue. He glared viciously at Leilani, dropped a "You just wait," and turned to storm off.

The corridor fell silent.

Leilani rubbed her sore wrist and looked up at Callahan. "Thanks for that."

Callahan nodded slightly, his gaze lingering on her face for a moment. Her features were cool and detached. Despite just being bullied, she showed no sign of disarray; instead, she had an indescribable resilience.

"Just a helping hand," he said simply. "Do you need help?"

"No need." Leilani shook her head, her tone distant. "I have things to do. I'm leaving now."

With that, she turned and left, her back straight, as if the conflict hadn't happened.

Callahan watched her retreating figure, thoughtful.

Inside the VIP Ward.

When Callahan walked into the ward, Dante Langley was leaning against the headboard reading a newspaper. Seeing him enter, he smiled and put down the paper. "You're here?"

"Yeah." Callahan sat by the bed, poured a glass of water, and handed it over. "Grandpa, how are you feeling today?"

"Same old."

Dante noticed a few wrinkles on his grandson's suit, looking like signs of being shoved. He raised an eyebrow, took the water, and asked, "What happened? Run into someone you know?"

Callahan followed his gaze to the wrinkles-probably from blocking Zeus earlier. He didn't think much of it and shook his head. "Not really someone I know. I saw an argument in the hallway and stepped in."

"Oh?" Dante was interested. "Who was it? Someone worth your 'meddling' for?"

Callahan sighed, “Grandpa, stop teasing me.”

Dante laughed, then turned serious. “By the way, you came at the right time. I wanted to tell you something. You know the matriarch of the Watson family? Her strange illness was suddenly cured!”

Callahan raised an eyebrow. “Cured?”

“Yes!” Dante lowered his voice. “I heard a young girl treated her. Just a few needles, and the poison blood drained right out! Her son Marlon was so excited he’s calling her a miracle

worker.”

Callahan looked thoughtful. “That amazing?”

“Absolutely!” Dante patted his hand. “You have connections. Ask around for me. See if you can invite this miracle doctor to take a look at me? This old bag of bones can’t keep living on pills forever.”

Callahan mused for a moment. “I’ll have someone investigate.”

Dante shook his head. “Don’t investigate. Just ask Marlon directly. Doesn’t he owe you a favor?”

Callahan thought for a few seconds and nodded. “Alright, I’ll contact him in a bit.”

Dante smiled with satisfaction, then suddenly remembered something and added, “By the way, Marlon said the girl has a cold personality and doesn’t like to talk, but her skills are godlike. Be polite when you find her. Don’t scare her off.”

Callahan laughed. “What do you take me for? A bandit?”

Dante huffed. “With that cold face of yours, don’t you know yourself?”

Being teased repeatedly by Dante left Callahan helpless, but that was his grandfather. He took out his phone and called Marlon. After a brief greeting, he got straight to the point. “I heard your mother’s illness is cured?”

On the other end, Marlon couldn’t hide his excitement. “Yes! Thanks to Dr. Cheney, it’s a miracle!”