

The Prison Made Queen

Chapter 10

Recalling the scene in the hospital room today, Marlon still marveled at it. He used to listen to his elders talk about the magic of acupuncture and dismissed it, but seeing it with his own eyes, he realized how truly powerful it was.

“Dr. Cheney?” Callahan’s eyes flashed. “Is it possible to get an introduction?”

On the other end, Marlon hesitated. “Um... I have to ask for her opinion first.”

After all, masters often had eccentric tempers. He had to notify her first; offending her would be bad.

“Understood,” Callahan said calmly. “If there’s news, contact me anytime.”

After the call was ended, Dante asked eagerly, “Well?”

“Marlon said he needs to ask for her permission first.” Callahan put away his phone, thoughtful. “It seems this ‘Dr. Cheney’ has quite the personality.”

“It’s normal for People with ability act like that!” Dante didn’t mind; he didn’t think it was an issue. In any era, anyone with real skill had a bit of arrogance

Callahan didn’t reply, but for some reason, he thought of the woman with the calm eyes in the elevator.

After leaving the hospital, Leilani took a cab straight to the city’s most luxurious real estate development, Celestial Heights. The consultation fee was enough for her to buy a house to

live in.

Although the properties in Celestial Heights were expensive, they were worth it. Not only was the privacy excellent, but it was also close to the nearest nursing home and hospital. If she took on related clients later, it would be convenient.

The sales office of Celestial Heights was lavishly decorated. Crystal chandeliers refracted blinding light, and the marble floors were polished to a mirror shine. Several well-dressed clients were gathered around the scale model of the development listening to sales staff, while Leilani, wearing a simple white T-shirt and jeans and carrying an old cloth bag, looked out of place.

As soon as she walked in, the receptionist glanced at her, didn't even say "Welcome," and looked back down at her phone.

Leilani didn't care. She walked straight to the scale mode area, scanning the floor plans.

Just then, a familiar, sickly-sweet voice came from behind.

"Carola, Clive said he's giving me this apartment as a birthday gift! Look at this layout; the

balcony faces the river view directly. At night when the lights are on, it must be beautiful!"

Leilani's fingers paused. She turned to look, a chill flashing in her eyes.

It was Tamara. Beside her was a heavily made-up young woman-her best friend, Carola Conner. The two were arm in arm, looking intimate.

Carola giggled. "Tamara, your brother treats you so well! This apartment must be at least two million, right?"

Tamara lowered her head, feigning shyness. "Actually... I also think it's too expensive, but Clive insisted on giving me a surprise..."

Before she finished speaking, she caught a glimpse of Leilani standing by the scale mode. Her expression changed instantly, then immediately shifted to that pitiful look.

Tamara looked surprised to see Leilani there. "Leilani? Is that you? What are you doing here?"

Who? Leilani? That ex-con?

Carola followed her gaze. Seeing it was Leilani, she immediately sneered. "Oh, isn't this the eldest daughter of the Sloan family who went to prison? What, did you get out and have nowhere to live, so you came to the sales office to enjoy the free AC?"

Tamara quickly grabbed Carola's hand, shaking her head. "Carola, don't say that..."

She took two steps forward, looking at Leilani timidly, her voice dripping with sickly sweetness. "Leilani, are you still mad at me? I... I really didn't mean to. I felt so bad about what happened back then..."