

The Prison Made Queen

Chapter 12

Seeing the balance on the screen, Carola's eyes widened in shock, and Tamara's face turned ghastly.

How was this possible? Leilani had just gotten out of prison. Where did she get so much money?

The rookie salesman swiped the card with trembling hands. A few seconds later, the machine beeped and printed out the transaction receipt.

"It... it went through!" His voice cracked with excitement. "Ms. Sloan, this apartment is yours!"

Leilani took back her card and swept a cool glance over Tamara. "Now, who should be the one rolling out of here?"

Tamara's face was pale. She stared fixedly at the receipt, her fingertips trembling.

"I... I saw this apartment first!" her voice shook, her eyes instantly reddening as if she had suffered a massive injustice. "Leilani, why are you doing this to me?"

Carola immediately hugged Tamara's shoulders protectively and glared at Leilani. "Leilani! You did that on purpose, didn't you? Tamara finally found a place she liked, and you just had to snatch it? Did prison make you sick in the head?"

Leilani glanced at them indifferently, a faint smirk on her lips. "Saw it first? Did you have 2.88 million dollars to pay for it?"

Tamara stiffened, her fingers unconsciously tightening around her bag strap.

Carola shouted defiantly, "Who says she doesn't? Tamara is the daughter of the Sloan family! What's a measly two million to her?"

Tamara choked. She bit her lip, her voice soft and cloying. "Besides, I... I was just about to pay..."

"Oh?" Leilani raised an eyebrow. "Then pay for it now. Let me see."

Tamara's expression grew even uglier. Where would she get that much cash? Although Clive had promised to buy her a house, the money hadn't been transferred yet!

She forced a smile and took out her phone. "I... I'll call Clive right now..."

However, the phone rang for a long time without anyone answering. Tamara's fingers trembled slightly.

Seeing this, Carola immediately tried to smooth things over. "Tamara, Clive must be busy! Don't worry, call him again later!"

Tamara managed to squeeze out a smile, though her voice sounded on the verge of tears.

"It's... it's okay. Clive might be on set. The signal is probably bad..."

Leilani watched her performance coldly and delivered the final blow. "It seems Clive doesn't care much about your birthday gift. So much for the beloved Sloan daughter."

Leilani's gaze was chilly, her laugh filled with mockery.

Tamara couldn't maintain her pitiful facade any longer. Her beautiful face twisted for a split second. A trace of malice flashed in her eyes, though her voice remained weak. "Leilani... since you like this house so much, I'll let you have it..."

"Let me have it?" Leilani smiled mirthlessly. "Are you in any position to do that? If afford it, don't pretend to be generous."

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Tamara, stung by the truth, let tears fill her eyes instantly. She lowered her head pitifully. "Leilani, do you have to humiliate me like this..."

Carola stomped her foot in anger. "Leilani! Don't go too far! Tamara gave it to you, what more

do

you want?"

Having mocked Tamara enough, Leilani couldn't be bothered to waste any more words on them. she turned directly to the rookie salesman. "Let's sign the papers."

The rookie nodded vigorously. "Right away, Ms. Sloan! This way, please!"

Tamara and Carola stood rooted to the spot, watching helplessly as Leilani walked toward the signing room.

Carola gritted her teeth. "Tamara, let's go! That dump isn't good enough for you anyway! Clive will definitely buy you something better!"

Tamara clenched her fists, her nails digging deep into her palms, but she still forced out a gentle smile. “Yeah, let’s go.”

Before leaving, she glanced back at the signing room, a vicious glint in her eyes.