

The Prison Made Queen

Chapter 13

Carola didn't see it. She was busy glaring back at Leilani, unhappily supporting Tamara as they walked out. Before leaving, she made sure to shout one last insult. "Leilani, don't get cocky! Tamara is too kind to stoop to your level, but your despicable methods will catch up to you sooner or later!"

Leilani turned a deaf ear to her cursing. She had already paid in full. Now, she just needed to sign the contract, and the apartment would be hers.

The rookie salesman respectfully guided her into the signing room. He handed her the contract and offered her a bottle of water, his attitude even more enthusiastic than before.

"Ms. Sloan, here is the purchase agreement. Please take a look. If there are no issues, you just need to sign here."

Leilani scanned it quickly, confirmed everything was correct, and signed her name efficiently.

At that moment, the sales manager came over, grinning obsequiously. It turned out that while the rookie was guiding Leilani to sign, the manager had shamelessly followed them into the

room.

The manager smiled flatteringly. "Ms. Sloan, I was blind earlier and didn't recognize a VIP. Please be the bigger person and don't hold it against me! The commission for this order..."

Faced with this bootlicker who trampled on the poor to flatter the rich, Leilani didn't even look up. She said coolly, "I said, the credit for this sale goes to him."

She pointed at the rookie.

The manager's face froze. He wanted to argue, but the rookie salesman politely interrupted him.

"Ms. Sloan has already made her decision. Please don't make this difficult."

A rookie, who only got this big order by sheer dumb luck, was now putting on airs in front of him!

The manager ground his teeth in anger but didn't dare make a scene in front of Leilani. He could only retreat gloomily.

The rookie breathed a sigh of relief and smiled gratefully at Leilani. "Ms. Sloan, thank you."

Leilani gave a faint "Mmh" and closed the contract. "Can I move in today?"

"Of course!" the rookie answered immediately. "It's a fully furnished, move-in ready unit. Water, electricity, and gas are all connected. You can move in right after signing!"

He paused, then added, "If you encounter any issues after moving in, such as utilities, property management, or furniture adjustments, feel free to contact us anytime. We'll resolve it for you immediately."

"Good." She nodded, satisfied with his attitude.

Leilani's luggage consisted of just a few simple items. Holding the key, she opened the door and looked around. This unit in Celestial Heights was on the 18th floor. Although the view

wasn't as expansive as the penthouse, it was still excellent.

Outside the floor-to-ceiling windows lay the bustling nightscape of the city, lights shimmering like a galaxy poured onto the earth. The interior was stylishly decorated, simple and grand. Furniture and appliances were all provided, and even bedding and toiletries were prepared. It truly lived up to the standard of "move-in ready."

Leilani stood on the balcony. The night breeze brushed her face, carrying a slight chill. The room was quiet. There was no noise from the Sloan family, no oppression of the prison, and no cramping of a rental apartment. It was a place that belonged entirely to her.

Leilani gently closed her eyes, taking a deep breath to enjoy the tranquility of the moment. When she opened them again, her eyes were clear.

Just then, her phone rang. The caller ID showed Marlon.

Leilani answered, and Marlon's voice came through with a respectful tone. "Dr. Cheney, sorry to disturb you. I have a favor to ask."

"What is it?"

"I have an old friend whose health isn't great. He'd like you to make a house call. The consultation fee is 5 million dollars."

Leilani raised an eyebrow. “What’s the illness?”