

The Prison Made Queen

Chapter 16

The expectant look in Tilda's eyes made it impossible for Leilani to ignore.

Marlon explained from the side, "My mother's condition has improved a lot, so we are planning a small celebration dinner at home. If it's convenient for you..."

Leilani wanted to refuse, but meeting Tilda's kind gaze, she paused and nodded. "Okay."

Tilda beamed instantly. "Then it's settled!"

Happy that her savior accepted the invitation, Tilda chatted on about making soup for her and introducing her grandson.

Leilani was momentarily speechless, finding herself bewildered. What was going on today? Why did everyone want to set her up on a date?

Marlon coughed awkwardly. "Mom, Dr. Cheney is very busy. Don't hold her up."

Tilda glared at him. "Busy? Even busy people need to eat!"

The old lady was kind, gentle, and considerate, giving Leilani a rare sense of warmth. And in front of people she knew, she acted like a big kid.

Leilani laughed and reassured her, "Don't worry. Once you're discharged, I'll definitely come."

Tilda finally let her leave with satisfaction.

When Leilani left the hospital, it was near dusk. Marlon personally saw her to the entrance and took an antique wooden box from his inner suit pocket, handing it to her.

"Dr. Cheney, this is Paulina's keepsake. Returning it to its owner. I apologize for doubting you earlier because of your youth. Please don't take it to heart."

"It's fine."

Leilani took the wooden box, her fingertips gently tracing the intricate carvings on the surface. A complex emotion flashed in her eyes.

Marlon then took out a bank card and handed it to her solemnly. "This is the 5 million consultation fee from Mr. Langley. It's all on this card. The PIN is six zeros."

Leilani gave a faint “Mmh” and didn’t ask further questions, casually putting the bank card and the wooden box into her tote bag.

Seeing her calm demeanor, Marlon hesitated for a moment but spoke anyway. “Dr. Cheney, thanks to you, my mother pulled through. The Watson family owes you a favor. If you need anything in the future, just ask.”

Leilani looked up at him, the corner of her lips hooking up slightly. “You’re too kind, Mr. Watson.”

Marlon shook his head. “It’s not courtesy, it’s the truth. Your medical skills are brilliant, and your temperament is steady. You will achieve great things. If you encounter any trouble, the Watson family is willing to back you up.”

Leilani didn’t refuse again and nodded. “Okay.”

At Celestial Heights.

The sun was setting as Leilani rode the shared bike back to the complex entrance. Just as she parked the bike, she felt a hostile gaze. Looking up, she saw Tamara standing by the flowerbed in front of the building, holding a man’s arm and saying something with a look of grievance.

The man was wearing hip-hop style jeans and an oversized designer shirt. His face was refined and handsome, bearing a striking resemblance to Zeus, though his aura was younger and more reckless.

It was Clive, the famous young actor in the entertainment industry.

Perhaps because Clive and Tamara were close in age and grew up together, when she first arrived at the Sloan family, Clive was the one who bullied her the most enthusiastically.

A chill flashed in Leilani’s eyes as she walked over expressionlessly. She didn’t need to guess. seeing Clive there meant Tamara had definitely told him about the house purchase. He was here to settle the

score.

Sure enough. As soon as Tamara saw her, her eyes reddened, and her voice choked with tears. “Leilani, you’re finally back...”

Clive looked up, his gaze sweeping over Leilani like a knife, his tone mocking and casual. “Leilani, I heard you bought a condo in Celestial Heights?”