

The Prison Made Queen

Chapter 17

Leilani didn't stop walking. She breezed past him without even giving him a glance.

Clive's face darkened. He grabbed her wrist. "I'm talking to you!"

He and Tamara had come over worried she might be doing something shady that would ruin the Sloan family's reputation, and this was her attitude? She really was an ingrate who couldn't be tamed!

Leilani was forced to stop. She glanced coldly at the hand restraining her and said calmly, "Let go."

Where did these Sloans get this annoying habit of always grabbing her?

Clive narrowed his eyes. Instead of letting go, he tightened his grip. "Where did you get the money to buy a house? Did you do something shameful?"

Tamara sobbed quietly from the side. "Clive, don't be like this... Leilani might have just met a benefactor..."

"Benefactor?" Clive sneered. "What benefactor would give her millions for no reason? Leilani, are you someone's mistress? Tamara liked that apartment. Why didn't you let her have it? Instead, you used your dirty money to humiliate her. Leilani, have you no shame?"

A cold light suddenly appeared in Leilani's eyes. She violently shook off his hand with such force that Clive staggered back half a step.

"Clive," she said, enunciating each word. "My business is none of your concern. I have already cut ties with the Sloan family! Stop jumping around in front of me like a pest!"

Clive's face turned livid. He was about to explode when Tamara suddenly pulled at his sleeve, speaking timidly. "Clive, forget it... Leilani doesn't want to say, let's not force her..."

As she spoke, tears fell pitter-patter, as if she had suffered a monumental wrong.

Seeing this, Clive patted her hand in distress and turned to glare at Leilani sternly. "Leilani, Tamara is always thinking of you, yet this is your attitude? Do you have no conscience?"

Leilani scoffed. "Conscience? Are you people fit to use that word?"

Clive was thoroughly provoked by her attitude. Just as he was about to step forward, Tamara suddenly cried out, “Clive! Your hand!”

Clive looked down and saw that the palm he had used to grab Leilani’s wrist had broken out in a strange red rash. It was itchy and painful, spreading to his wrist in the blink of an eye.

“What did you do to me?” He looked up sharply, staring at Leilani in disbelief.

Leilani slowly took a small bottle from her bag, poured out a pill, and swallowed it before speaking indifferently. “Nothing. Your hand just touched a herbal irritant. It’s an allergic reaction.”

Clive’s expression changed drastically. “You-”

“Relax, it won’t kill you,” Leilani interrupted. “Go back and ice it for an hour. The rash will fade on its

own.”

Tamara panicked, her tears falling even harder. “Leilani! How could you do this to Clive! He’s your own

brother!”

Leilani swept a cold glance at her. “My own brother? When he sent me to prison, why didn’t he remember I was his sister?”

Tamara choked, her face turning instantly pale.

Clive clenched his fist. The itching and pain from the rash made cold sweat break out on his forehead, but he still tried to maintain his imposing manner. “Leilani, don’t think you can be arrogant just because you know some tricks! Your money has a dubious origin. I’ll investigate it and tell Mom and Dad. Let’s see if you dare be so arrogant then!”

“Suit yourself.” Leilani couldn’t be bothered to entangle with them any longer and turned to leave.

Clive’s symptoms hadn’t subsided yet, so Tamara wasn’t about to let her go. She stepped forward to block Leilani.