

The Prison Made Queen

Chapter 18

Just then, a deep male voice came from behind.

“What’s the noise?”

Everyone turned to see a tall man walking over from the underground garage entrance. He wore a black shirt with sleeves rolled up to his elbows, revealing well-defined forearms. His eyes were deep, the bridge of his nose high, and his jawline sharp as a knife. His entire being exuded an aura of natural authority.

Clive’s pupils constricted. “...Mr. Langley?”

Callahan didn’t even glance at him. His gaze fell directly on Leilani, and he raised an eyebrow slightly. “You again?”

Leilani hadn’t expected to meet him here either. She paused for a moment, then nodded. “We meet again.”

Callahan walked closer, glancing at the red rash on Clive’s hand and then at Tamara, whose face was stained with tears. His tone was indifferent. “Are you people causing a scene downstairs at my

home?”

Clive’s expression changed. “Mr. Langley, this is a misunderstanding! We came to find...”

Clive stopped himself just in time. He couldn’t let others know about his relationship with Leilani! Few people in the outside world knew Leilani’s identity, and their family didn’t want anyone to know the Sloan family had a daughter with a criminal record.

Callahan didn’t notice his hesitation. He just thought these Sloan family members seemed to have something wrong with their brains; they couldn’t even speak clearly.

“If you’re looking for someone, do it properly. Shouting and screaming disturbs the residents.” Callahan frowned, thinking these Sloans lacked manners. This wasn’t the first time he’d seen them making a scene in public.

“And... I recall the Sloan family doesn’t own property here. Since you aren’t residents, how did you get

in?”

Security at Celestial Heights had always been strict. Presumably, the guards at the gate saw their expensive clothes and let them in without thinking. It seemed he needed his assistant to have a word with the management. Letting any random cats and dogs in was disturbing his peace.

Clive was choked into silence, his face alternating between green and white.

Seeing this, Tamara quickly stepped forward and spoke softly. “Mr. Langley, I’m sorry, we didn’t mean to. It’s just that Leilani... she...”

Before she could finish, Callahan frowned and looked toward the security booth. “Security!”

Two guards immediately ran over. “Mr. Langley, what are your orders?”

Too lazy to listen to their nonsense-Callahan had seen plenty of petty tricks like Tamara and Clive’s-their behavior only made him lose patience. He pointed at Clive and Tamara. “Get these two

clowns out of here. Don’t let people with unidentified identities in next time!”

The guards paused, then hurriedly explained. “This young lady said they were acquaintances of the owner of 1802, so I let them in. I didn’t expect-”

Callahan raised a hand to interrupt. “I don’t want to hear your explanation. Now! Immediately! Kick

them out.”

Sensing Callahan’s displeasure, the guards didn’t dare waste any more words and nodded immediately. “Yes sir!”

Clive panicked completely. “Mr. Langley! I’m Clive Sloan from Dawn Entertainment! We collaborated on a project before, don’t you remember?”

Callahan finally looked him in the eye, his tone cold. “Dawn Entertainment? No recollection.”

The guards had already stepped forward, forcibly blocking the two. “Please leave!”

Tamara had never been so humiliated in her life. Shocked and ashamed, tears streamed down her face. “Leilani! Are you just going to watch outsiders bully us?”

Leilani remained expressionless. “Don’t let the door hit you on the way out.”