

The Prison Made Queen

Chapter 19

In the end, Clive and Tamara were “escorted” away by security. Leilani calmly entered the elevator, ready to go home. Unexpectedly, Callahan followed her into the elevator. Inside the small space, neither of them spoke. Callahan pressed the button for the top floor, while Leilani pressed the button for her floor.

The apartments sold at Celestial Heights were one unit per floor. Leilani’s home was directly below Callahan’s.

After a moment of silence, Callahan suddenly spoke. “Your name is Leilani Sloan?”

Leilani nodded. “Yes.”

Clive and Tamara had called her name during their altercation, so Leilani wasn’t surprised Callahan knew it.

“Those two just now, who were they to you?”

This girl seemed to be harassed by the Sloan family more than once.

Hearing him mention them, Leilani twitched the corner of her mouth. “Just a bunch of brainless idiots pestering me.”

Callahan looked at her sideways. The girl was slender but stood straight, her brow holding a steadiness and coldness that didn’t match her age. And she had a sharp tongue. His eyes darkened slightly, thinking about seeing the Sloan family make things difficult for her twice in a row. What exactly was her relationship with them?

Callahan felt a rare twinge of curiosity. “You live on the 18th floor?”

Leilani replied, “Yeah...”

Obviously. There were only two people in the elevator, one for the 18th and one for the penthouse.

“I live in the penthouse.”

“Oh.”

Well, that conversation died quickly.

Sure enough, the elevator arrived at the 18th floor. As the door opened, Leilani walked out quickly, nodding politely to him without letting her gaze linger. "Thank you for today, Mr. Langley."

Callahan watched her back and suddenly curled his lips. "You're welcome, neighbor."

The elevator doors slowly closed, shutting out the man's deep gaze.

Back home, Leilani placed her tote bag on the cabinet in the entryway, changed into slippers, and walked straight to the living room.

Outside the floor-to-ceiling windows, twilight deepened, and city lights lit up one by one, reflecting on the glass like scattered stars.

She poured herself a glass of water and collapsed onto the sofa. Only at this moment did she let out a complete sigh of relief.

After resting her eyes for a while, Leilani took out two bank cards from her bag. One was the 3 million consultation fee from Marlon, and the other was the 5 million from Dante. Deducting the 2.88 million spent on the house, she still had over 5 million in liquid funds. Excluding necessary expenses for food, clothing, and housing, the remainder was enough to open a decent clinic.

Leilani gently rubbed the edge of the bank card, her gaze darkening slightly. She knew very well that having been in prison and having a criminal record meant formal hospitals would never hire her. Even if her medical skills were excellent, in the eyes of the world, she would always be someone with a "record."

In that case, she might as well open her own clinic. With the reputation of the Watson family backing her, finding clients shouldn't be too much trouble. These wealthy families cared about appearances. If she had a respectable clinic, it would make her seem more professional to some extent.

And she would need a place to store the medicinal herbs she acquired later.

Leilani wasn't one to procrastinate. Since she had made up her mind, she would act immediately.

She finished the water in her glass, put it down, and picked up her phone to message the rookie salesman from her home purchase, asking if he had contacts for commercial real estate agents.