

The Prison Made Queen

Chapter 2

The moment she saw Leilani, the smile on her face froze. A flicker of panic passed through her eyes, but she masked it instantly.

“Leilani? Is that you? How are you out?”

“Today was Leilani’s release date. I happened to run into her on the way. She’s still a Sloan, after all.” Josiah, afraid Tamara would be upset, quickly offered an explanation.

“Leilani, you’ve lost so much weight in there. I’m so sorry...”

Tamara’s voice trembled slightly. Her eyes reddened, and tears instantly welled up, ready to spill.

Leilani watched her and gave a mocking smile. Tamara was exactly the same—playing the pitiful victim, using her disguise of kindness to fool everyone.

Josiah, standing beside them, was displeased by Leilani’s sneer. He glared at her and warned, “Leilani, Tamara is talking to you. Why are you playing mute again?”

Tamara timidly tugged at Josiah’s jacket. “Josiah, don’t talk to Leilani like that...”

She suddenly took a few steps forward and threw herself into Leilani’s arms, crying loudly. “Leilani, I missed you so much these past few years. I worried every day that you were suffering in prison.”

Leilani fought the urge to push her away. The scent of expensive perfume on Tamara contrasted sharply with the smell of cheap fabric on her own clothes.

The surrounding guests began to whisper and gossip.

“So the Sloan family has another daughter? And she’s been to prison?”

“Yeah, you didn’t know? It was a huge scandal back then. I heard she pushed the Sherwood girl down the stairs. Nearly killed her.”

“She doesn’t look the type. She’s quite pretty. How could she do something like that?”

The whispers drifted clearly into Leilani’s ears. Every word felt like a needle pricking her heart. After four years in prison, she had long become a joke among the elites of Quinland City.

A bitterness spread through her chest, but Leilani quickly suppressed it. She gently pushed Tamara away and stared into her shifting eyes. “You were worried about me?”

Leilani’s voice wasn’t loud, but it instantly silenced the room.

“Tamara, did you really care how I was doing? If so, during the 1,460 days I was locked up, why didn’t you visit me even once?”

Her voice was calm but decisive, piercing straight through Tamara’s lies. Hearing herself exposed, panic flashed in Tamara’s eyes, but she quickly reverted to her sorrowful expression.

“Leilani, I was afraid seeing me would make you sadder. It’s all my fault...”

Leilani laughed coldly. “You’re right. It is all your fault. If it weren’t for you, I certainly wouldn’t have been in prison.”

Her gaze swept over every member of the Sloan family present like a knife.

“None of you dared to visit me because you couldn’t face the person taking the fall for her, could you? You were afraid I’d recant my confession.”

The sentence detonated like a bomb in the room. The guests’ whispers grew louder.

“What? No way. Did she take the fall for Tamara?”

“Impossible. Tamara is so sweet. This Leilani must be lying to shift the blame!”

“Enough! Shut up, all of you!”

Josiah, hearing the rising tide of gossip, grew irritated. He stepped forward, blocking Tamara, and glared at Leilani.

“Leilani, are you causing trouble the moment you get home? Today is Tamara’s birthday. I already warned you in the car.”

Leilani looked at him coldly. “Today is my birthday too. Josiah, do you remember that?”

The question embarrassed Josiah, but he quickly regained his tough stance. “That doesn’t give you the right to slander Tamara in public. She might not be a biological Sloan, but she is our sister.”