

The Prison Made Queen

Chapter 3

“The past is the past. The evidence was solid, the court ruled, so why dig up old history now?”

“Leilani, since you feel that I’ve upset you, let me offer you this cake as an apology. Please don’t be angry anymore...”-

Tamara turned to the cake table, cut a slice of exquisite cream cake, and handed it to Leilani.

To anyone listening, she sounded incredibly considerate, but Leilani caught a glimpse of triumph in her eyes. A wave of fury surged from the depths of her heart, threatening to drown her reason.

Under everyone’s astonished gaze, she took the cake. Then, she smashed it directly onto Tamara’s head.

Leilani felt an unprecedented sense of relief. After four years, this was the first time she had truly gotten a little revenge, but it was far from enough.

White cream mixed with frosting slid slowly down Tamara’s hair, ruining her carefully styled

appearance.

“Ah! My hair!” Tamara stood frozen, looking utterly wretched covered in cream.

Just then, a handsome young man rushed in from outside.

It was the third son of the Sloan family, Clive Sloan, now a well-known young actor in the industry. He had taken time off specifically to attend Tamara’s birthday party, only to walk in on this scene.

“You ex-con! How dare you treat Tamara like that!”

Seeing Tamara bullied, Clive gritted his teeth and raised his hand to strike Leilani.

Leilani didn’t hesitate. She sidestepped slightly, easily dodging the slap. Four years of torturous prison life had taught her how to protect herself quickly.

Clive froze as she sidestepped effortlessly, causing him to stumble, and then a deeper rage surfaced.

“You... you dare dodge? I have to teach you a lesson on behalf of the Sloan family today!”

“What, Clive, do you still think I’m someone who can be discarded at will?” Leilani looked him straight in the eye, her tone dripping with uncontrollable disappointment and sarcasm

Choked by her words, Clive turned his attention to Tamara, tenderly wiping the cream from her face. “Tamara, are you okay?”

Tamara shook her head, holding back tears. “Clive, I’m fine. Leilani just got out, it’s normal for

her to be angry. It’s my fault, I was only trying to be nice.”

“That’s enough!” Josiah spoke up again, his expression extremely serious, anger flickering in his eyes. “Leilani, if you have grievances, take them out on me. Our family will compensate you for the years you spent in prison, but you cannot make Tamara suffer just because of your emotions...”

“Save your explanations,” Leilani said calmly. “Since my presence makes everyone uncomfortable, I’ll leave.”

She turned to go, but Clive grabbed her arm.

“Trying to leave? Not that easy! You humiliated Tamara today, and you think you can just walk away?”

Leilani looked at him coldly. “Let go.”

“I won’t!” Clive shouted. “You must apologize to Tamara!”

Leilani didn’t say another word; she simply wrenched her arm free from his grip with surprising force.

Josiah stepped between Leilani and Clive, his face looking even worse. They had thoroughly embarrassed themselves today. They had invited so many guests, not to watch the family become a joke.

He lowered his voice, speaking with a threatening tone. “If you keep causing a scene, don’t blame me for disregarding our sibling bond.”