

The Prison Made Queen

Chapter 4

“Sibling bond?” Leilani laughed softly, though there was no humor in her eyes. “Josiah, from the day you personally sent me to prison, there was no sibling bond between us. From this day forward, I have no relationship with the Sloan family.”

The statement silenced the room even further. Even Tamara looked up in surprise, a trace of nervous tension flashing through her eyes.-

“What do you mean? You think you can just cut ties? You’re willing to leave the Sloan family?”

Clive didn’t believe a word Leilani said and continued to mock her. “Unless you-”

“Unless I voluntarily give up everything related to the Sloan family?”

Leilani finished his sentence, a look of resolve in her eyes.

“I agree. I, Leilani, am hereby severing all ties with the Sloan family. We are strangers.”

“Fine! Good!” Josiah laughed in anger. “In that case, as your brother, I’ve done my duty. The Sloan family owes you nothing. You can leave now.”

Leilani couldn’t be bothered to deal with them anymore. She turned immediately, preparing to leave this place of heartbreak.

Just then, a reality struck her-she had no money. Not even enough for a cab.

“Um...” Leilani stopped and looked back at Josiah. “I don’t have any money. Can I borrow a hundred dollars? I’ll pay you back later.”

The request stunned Josiah. He asked in disbelief, “You don’t even have a hundred dollars?”

Leilani looked at him calmly. “I have no money. You haven’t sent me a single cent in four years.”

The words were like a blade piercing Josiah’s throat. He fell silent for a moment, then pulled a hundred-dollar bill from his wallet and handed it to her. “Take it. And don’t come back.”

Leilani took the money. She didn’t say thank you. She simply turned and walked out the door.

Walking out of the Sloan villa, the sun was still shining brightly, but her eyes were slightly red. Today was her twenty-second birthday. It should have been a celebration, but it had become the day she completely broke with her past.

Leilani took a deep breath, trying to calm her emotions. She would reclaim everything owed to her over the last four years in her own way.

Holding the hundred-dollar bill, Leilani prepared to hail a cab, but then she stopped. Where could she go?

After thinking for a moment, she pulled a yellowed piece of paper from the pocket of her 1/3.....

faded clothes. A phone number was written on it. An old woman had given it to her before passing away, saying this was someone she could trust after getting out.

She walked to the street corner and borrowed a phone from a passerby.

The call connected quickly. A steady male voice answered, "Hello? Who is this?"

"Hello, I'm a friend of Paulina Cheney." Leilani spoke calmly. "Paulina gave me this number

before she died."

There was a silence on the other end, followed by a shift to a more serious tone. "Paulina's

friend? Please hold."

The man seemed to be verifying something. After a brief moment, his voice returned to normal. "She did leave instructions. Please tell me your location. I will send a car to pick you up."

Ten minutes later, a black Rolls-Royce slowly pulled up in front of her. A middle-aged man in a crisp suit got out and assessed Leilani cautiously. "Are you Paulina's friend?"

Leilani nodded. "Yes."

The man bowed slightly. "Please, get in. My boss is waiting for you."

The luxury car drove away slowly, but the scene was clearly witnessed by a pair of eyes not far away. Zane, Josiah's private driver, was smoking by the gate and saw everything.

"Was that Leilani? She got into a limited-edition Rolls-Royce?"

Zane looked at the departing car in disbelief, quickly snapped a photo with his phone, and dialed Josiah immediately.

Inside the villa, the birthday party had resumed, though the atmosphere was noticeably less enthusiastic than before.

Josiah's phone rang suddenly. Seeing it was Zane, he frowned and stepped aside to answer.

"What is it?"

"Mr. Sloan, I just saw Ms. Sloan get into a Rolls-Royce near the villa. It was that model limited to only 100 units worldwide. Zane reported urgently.

"A Rolls-Royce?" Josiah was skeptical. "You must have seen wrong. She's penniless; how could she have a car picking her up?"

"It's true, sir. I took a picture. I'm sending it to you now."

A moment later, Josiah received a photo. In the photo, a man in a suit was respectfully opening the car door for Leilani.

Seeing this, Josiah's expression changed...

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Meanwhile, as the car drove down the city's main road, Leilani watched the scenery rushing backward through the window. Four years had passed. The city had changed a lot, but some things would never change.

The car was quiet. The driver glanced at Leilani through the rearview mirror occasionally but remained silent.

Leilani didn't initiate conversation either. she was still thinking about Paulina's identity. During her four years in prison, the old woman never mentioned her past and accepted no visitors, but she had taught Leilani skills that ordinary people could never learn.

"Excuse me, how long did you know Paulina?" Finally, the driver broke the silence.

Leilani watched the passing scenery. "Four years."

"Where did you meet?"

"Prison," Leilani answered briefly, offering no further explanation.

The car eventually stopped in front of a towering commercial skyscraper. The driver opened the door for Leilani. “Please follow me.”

Leilani followed the driver into the elevator, heading straight to the top floor. The doors opened to reveal a spacious, bright office. A middle-aged man in a dark suit stood in front of the floor-to-ceiling windows, his back to her.

“Mr. Watson, Paulina’s friend has arrived,” the driver reported softly.