

Rewriting Life Chapter 1 – 10

Chapter 1

In a spacious, sunlit bedroom adorned with luxurious furnishings, Eliana Garcia stirred, her consciousness returning like a slow tide. **She** opened her eyes, blinking against the golden rays spilling through the curtains.

Then, like a shot, she bolted upright.

“Ow—damn it,” she muttered, clutching her pounding head. It felt like someone had taken a jackhammer to her skull.

Wait a second... Her thoughts scrambled. “What’s going on? Wasn’t ... dead!”

Her eyes darted around, taking in the cream-colored walls, the intricately carved furniture, and the sparkling crystal chandelier above. Her breath hitched. This was her old bedroom in the Garcia mansion—exactly as it had been seven years ago.

Her pulse quickened. No way. This can’t be real

Just then, the door creaked open, and a maid, Nancy, stepped in, carrying a tray.

When she saw Eliana sitting up, her eyes widened, and the tray clattered onto the table. “Miss Garcia Oh, thank goodness you’re awake!” Nancy practically squealed, nishing over. Her voice wavered between relief and disbelief.

Eliana blinked, still dazed. Her hand instinctively reached up and brushed against the thick gauze wrapped around her head. And just like that, it all came flooding back, hitting her like a freight train.

She wasn’t just alive—she’d somehow traveled **back** in time. Seven years back, to the very day Willow Garcia returned to the family.

Back then, she’d been living in a blissful bubble, completely unaware of the storm about to shatter her world. She’d grown up as the cherished daughter of the **Garcia** family, doted on **by** her **parents**, Andy and Victoria. But all of that had come crashing down after the car accident.

Her blood type hadn’t matched. One test led to another, and the truth came out she wasn’t their biological daughter. She’d been swapped at birth. a mistake made at the hospital

When she'd woken up, Willow—the real daughter—had already been found and welcomed home with open arms.

At the time, Eliana had seriously thought about stepping aside **and** giving up her place for Willow. It only seemed fair, right? But Willow, with her sugary—sweet smile and warm assurances, had talked her out of it—

“Nothing has to change, Willow had said, **her** soft voice dripping with sweetness. We can be like real sisters—closer than blood. **This** is your **home** too, Eliana. **You** belong here.”

Eliana had hesitated but ultimately agreed. After all, she had grown up in the Garcia family. She was attached to them, to this life, to everything she'd known. And she couldn't **bear** the thought of leaving, especially not her parents

So, she stayed, convincing herself she could make it work, that Willow's promises were genuine. What she hadn't realized was that **staying** would be her biggest mistake.

From the day Willow returned, she started working her magic—subtly but steadily shoving Elia out of the picture. At first, Eliana tried to make peace with it. She told herself, “Willow's the real daughter. It's **only** right she gets her chance to belong here!

But as the days **dragged** on, it became painfully obvious: Willow didn't just want a spot in the family. She wanted everything Eliana had—her relationships, her dreams, her whole life.

And weirdly, since Willow's return, Eliana's world had started falling apart. It wasn't just a streak of bad luck; it was **like** some invisible force was working **against** her.

Her closest friends Gone. Her family! Suddenly cold. Even the boy she secretly liked? He'd drifted away, wrapped up in Willow's spell like the rest of them.

It was almost eerie. Willow seemed to know **Eliana's** every move before she made it. She'd swoop in first, flashing that perfect smile, and somehow, Eliana always ended up looking like the bad guy.

No one saw the strings Willow was pulling behind the scenes. To everyone **else**, she was an angel. And **Eliana**? Just the bitter, jealous impostor who couldn't handle being second best.

In the **end**, Eliana lost everything. She'd tried to fight **back**—God knows she tried—but Willow always stayed one step ahead, playing some twisted game Eliana didn't

even know the rules to. And then, on the day she died, Willow dropped the ultimate bombshell.

Leaning in close, with that smug smile etched on her face, she whispered the truth, "I came **back** from the future to **take** everything you were supposed to have. You were going to be happy, successful, loved. I couldn't let that happen."

1/8

10.25 PM c d

Chapter 1

Eliana had been **too** stunned **to** even process it 'Going back in time? It sounded insane. Back then, she couldn't wrap her **head** around it.

100

But now! Now she understood it **all** too well.

Nancy approached the bed, her brows knitted in worry as Eliana sat there, lost in thought. She gently placed a hand on Eliana's forehead. "Miss Garcia! Are you feeling okay? Is this from the accident?"

Eliana blinked, snapping out of her daze. Her voice was steady as she asked, "Has Willow come downstairs yet?"

Nancy froze, her eyes widening. "Miss Garcia, how do you know about that already?"

Eliana's

lips curled into a wry smile. 'How could I not?' In her past life, the day she woke up from that accident **was** the day Willow returned to the family.

The truth that followed had been devastating; she wasn't the Garcias' biological **daughter**, **Willow** was. Back then, she'd been naive enough to stay, thinking they could make it work. But staying had only led to heartbreak after heartbreak.

Not this time.

This time, she wasn't about to let history repeat itself. She'd take her fate into her own hands, starting with finding **her** real family.

With renewed determination, Eliana tossed off the covers **and** swung her legs out of bed, starting to

ing to gather her things.

Nancy froze, her eyes widening. “Miss Garcia, what are you doing?”

Eliana turned to her with a cool expression. “Stop calling me ‘Miss Garcia’ I’m not part of **this** family anymore”

Nancy’s jaw nearly hit the floor. “W–What__”

Eliana paused mid–step, glancing around the room. The **realization** hit her like a cold slap–there wasn’t much to pack. None of it was truly hers. **She** let out a slow, deliberate breath, as if exhaling all the ties that bound her to this house.

Without another word, she turned **and** walked out, her steps steady, her resolve unshakable.

Downstairs, Andy and Victoria were clinging to Willow like she was the greatest miracle of their lives, tears streaming as they spoke in choked

voices.

“Oh my poor sweet girl, Victoria sobbed, holding Willow tightly. “You’ve been through so much. I can’t even imagine the pain you’ve endured all **these** years.”

Andy nodded, his voice thick with emotion. “Willow, we’ll do everything to make it up to you. You’re finally home where you belong.”

Eluna paused at the top of the stairs, watching the overly dramatic reunion with a calm detachment. It was like seeing a scene from a bad soap opera, but this time, she wasn’t the one swept up in the script.

Her **gaze shifted** to Willow, sitting there in her too–perfect getup–**washed–**out jeans and a plain T–shirt, the **classic** “I’m so humble” look. Her red-rimmed **eyes** glistened as she blinked up at the Garcias, looking like the embodiment of pure, sweet innocence.

Then **Willow** glanced up and saw Eliana coming down the stairs. In an instant, she jumped to her feet, plastering on that fake, sugary smile Eliana knew all too well.

“Eliana,” **Willow** greeted softly, **her voice** dripping with fake modesty. “It’s so nice to finally meet you.”

Elana scoffed inwardly. **Please.** Cut die act. How had I never seen through your act before she thought, her blood simmering. That faux sweetness had fooled her once, but not this time.

She kept her face neutral, her expression unreadable, **as** she strode down the stairs without acknowledging Willow’s greeting.

Victoria wiped her tears, trying to compose herself, and turned to Eliana. “**Eliana, you’re** awake. Good. Come here, sweetheart, we have something to tell you”

Andy’s voice grew **serious**, even somber, as he nodded. “Eliana, the truth is you’re not our biological daughter. **Willow** is. After your accident, we

na DNA test and found **out** there **was** a mistake at the hospital. You were... switched at birth

“Now that Willow’s back, we’ve decided it’s best for her to take your **room**. You’ll be **moving** into the **dorms** since school starts soon They were

were so eager to get it out in the open, as if they couldn’t wait **to sweep** everything under the rug. It was like her recovery didn’t even matter. Their hearts had **already** shifted toward Willow—no hesitation, no second thoughts.

Before **her** tune travel, Eliana **had** clung to the naive hope that the Garcias still **loved** her. She’d **convinced** herself they only wanted **to make** things

2/3

10:25 PM & c

Chapter 1

night with Willow, But she’d been blind—willfully so. This time, she wouldn’t fall for the same trap.

Straightening her back, Eliana strode over and settled onto the couch. Meeting their gazes without flinching, she said evenly, “Mom, Dad, thank you for raising me for the past eighteen years. Now that your real daughter is home, it’s **only** fair for me to move out. I’ll pack my things and leave.”

Willow’s eyes went wide, her face twisting in confusion. This wasn’t how it was supposed to go. Eliana was supposed to throw a tantrum, cry, beg to stay—just like before. This? This was all wrong.

Andy and Victoria looked just as rattled. “Eliana, we didn’t mean it like that,” Andy said, his voice tight with urgency. “Willow’s return doesn’t mean we’re asking you to leave.”

Willow **quickly** moved to Eliana’s side, grasping her hand with a gentle, pleading look in her eyes. “Exactly, Eliana! Don’t be like this. We can live together, just like real sisters, can’t we?”

“You’ve been part of this family for so long. If you leave, people might think Mom and Dad pushed you out. How would they hold their heads up if rumors like that spread?”

Chapter 2

What a conniving bitch Willow is, Eliana thought, her stomach twisting at Willow’s theatrics. Every word out of Willow’s mouth was carefully calculated to drive a wedge between Eliana and the Garcias,

In her past life, she’d fallen for it—hook, line, and sinker. Out of guilt and gratitude, she’d stayed. But this time? Not a chance. Sure, she’d repay the Garcias for raising her, but she **wasn’t** sticking around to play the fool again.

Eliana pulled her hand free from Willow’s grasp with a calm, deliberate motion, subtly wiping **it** on her sleeve like she’d just touched something unpleasant.

Her voice was steady, almost **casual, as** she said, “Mom, Dad, I’ve been **thinking**. Now that your real daughter’s back, it only makes sense for me to find my birth parents.”

Andy and Victoria exchanged a look. Their expressions wavered, torn between affection for **Eliana** and guilt over the truth. They had raised her for so many years—she’d been a wonderful daughter, no doubt—but Willow! Willow was their flesh and blood, their real daughter, and she had endured so much hardship on her own.

Willow take her rightful place in the family, moving into the house while Eliana transitioned to dorm life once

That was why they’d agreed to let Willow’s school started.

So when Eliana said she wanted to search for her birth parents, it didn’t seem unreasonable.

Eliana pressed on before they could respond, her tone cool but polite. **You** both have done so much for me all these years. I’m forever grateful. Let me at least thank you properly.” She bent forward into a bow, the gesture graceful and sincere.

“Hey, hey, not That’s too much!” Andy blurted, rushing to stop her. He grabbed her shoulders, pulling her upright. “We’d never expect that from you, Eliana You’ll always be special to us. And if finding your birth parents is what you really want, well... we’ll support you.”

Victoria nodded, her smile a little strained, “Yes, dear. Whatever makes you happy. You’ll always have a place here.”

Meanwhile, Willow’s smile faltered for just a second, panic flashing in her eyes. She’s leaving? **No** way. If this beat really walks **out**, who am I supposed to destroy? How can I take revenge if she’s not around? she thought

“Wait! Mom, Dad, we can’t let her leave!” Willow’s voice rang out, high-pitched and urgent. “I, uh, did some digging before I came back. Elana’s biological family? They’re a mess!

“Her dad’s a total gambler, her **mom’s** well, she’s not exactly, you know, educated, and she’s got a bit of a rough edge. People in their neighborhood say some pretty awful stuff about them. Oh, and she’s got a brother—he’s, uh, a thirty-year-old bachelor who still lives with **his** parents.”

Willow turned her wide, **innocent** eyes toward the Garcias. “If Eliana goes to them, she’ll be walking straight into a nightmare?”

Eliana froze, a wave of disbelief washing over her. She had no idea her birth parents were like that. But Willow—of course—seemed to **know** every detail, like she’d **done** a deep dive into her life.

The more Willow spoke, the **more** it was clear she was trying to trap **Eliana** here, to keep her locked in this twisted game of manipulation. But Eliana wasn’t playing anymore. She had no interest in feeding into Willow’s pe

etty games. She just wanted to **live** her life, free from the drama.

““I don’t mind,” Eliana said, her tone calm and steady. “They’re my family by blood, after **all**. It doesn’t matter if they’re **poor** or **not**. Unless...” She tilted her head, letting her **gaze sharpen** on

Willow. “Unless that’s why you came back. You found out Mom and Dad **are** loaded and you couldn’t want to trade places?”

Willow’s **face** blanched **for a** split second before she scrambled for composure. “N**o**, of

course not! I would never do that! Eliana, how could you even think that? Mom, Dad, you believe me, don’t you?” She shot them a look that could’ve won her an Oscar for Most Innocent Daughter.

Victoria was **quick to** soothe her. “Oh, sweetheart, of course we believe you. Eliana’s just upset and confused; she didn’t mean anything by it.” “Yes, yes,” Andy chimed in, throwing Eliana a warning look. “Eliana, don’t jump to conclusions. Willow didn’t even know about our **finances** when

she came back

Elana fought the urge to roll her eyes. Only someone as gullible **as** Andy and Victoria would fall for Willow’s wide-eyed **act**

The truth was **as** clear as day to her Willow **knew** exactly how **wealdy** the Garcias were. That’s why she came barreling back into their lives without **a second** thought

But it wasn’t just about the money—no, it was about her, Willow **wasn’t** just here to claim her place; she **was** here to ruin Eliana’s life piece by piece And Willow had the ultimate cheat code she’d **traveled back** in time.

1/1

10.25 PM c d

Chapter 2

Thana clenched her fists but forced her face to remain neutral. She wanted to scream the truth, to expose Willow for the vindictive, manipulative snake she was. But what good would that do? No one would believe her. They’d chalk it up to her recent accident and say she was “confused” or delusional

After a beat, Eliana exhaled slowly, regaining her composure. “Mom, Dad, she said, her tone calm but resolute, “this isn’t about running away. about doing what’s right.

“My birth parents deserve **to** know I exist, don’t they? No matter what kind of people they **are**, I should at least meet them. And now that you have your real daughter back, it’s only fair I look for my own roots,”

Willow’s face twitched, and she opened her mouth to argue, but Eliana’s reasoning was airtight, that she couldn’t find the words to stop her.

Andy and Victoria exchanged a glance, then nodded slowly. “Alright, **Eliana**, Andy said reluctantly. “If that’s what you’ve decided, we’ll respect it. But remember, you’ll always be part of this family. Our door will always be open for you”

Eliana felt a **pang** in her chest. She could see the sincerity in their eyes, and **for a** brief moment, she almost reconsidered. But she knew better. It wouldn’t be long before Willo

w had them fully convinced that she was the selfish, ungrateful imposter. Better to leave now while the memories were still sweet.

Thank you” she said softly. “For everything. I’ll never forget what you’ve done for me.”

The decision made, Eliana wasted no time packing up what little she had. Andy and Victoria, wanting to help, **used** Willow’s conveniently detailed information to track down her birth parents’ address.

They offered to drive her all the way there, but Eliana declined. After some convincing, s he agreed to let them drop her off at the train station instead

Willow watched them leave, her stomach **in** knots. Something felt off—this wasn’t how it was supposed to go. She had expected Eliana to hesitate, to waver, maybe even beg to stay. But this time, Eliana seemed resolute, determined.

Willow clenched her fists, her nails digging into her palms **as** she fought the **rising** panic. But then a thought struck her, and her lips curved into a sly smile.

Go ahead, leave, she thought smugly. “**You’ve** lived in comfort your whole life. Let’s see how long you last in that dump of a household. You’ll be back, crawling on your knees, begging to return. And when you do.

She turned on her heel, her smirk widening. I’ll be ready.

Eliana arrived at the **train station**, the driver handing her a ticket along with a note that had a phone number and an address on it. “Safe travels, Miss Garcia, the driver **said** w ith a polite nad.

“Thank you,” Eliana replied, ticket in hand, and made her way inside.

Two hours later. Eliana stepped off the train in Bratora City. The unfamiliar hustle **and** bustle of the station hit her **like** a wave. She pulled out her phone, dialing the number on the note.

The line clicked, and a man’s voice answered, “Hello?”

Eliana **hesitated for a** moment before speaking. “Hi, is this Tommy? I’m... the daughter of the Davis family. Could you come pick me up?”

There was silence on the other end, thick and uncomfortable, Just as she was about to repeat herself, the man spoke. Stay there. I’ll send **a** car for you”

Before she could even p

process what he'd said, the line went dead.

Eliana stared at her phone, baffled. Wait...how does he even **know** where Lane's she wondered.

Shrugging off the

weirdness, Eliana decided to grab a bottle of water from a nearby convenience store to calm her nerves.

she walked out of the store, she glanced up—and froze. Two sleek Rolls–**Royces** rolled up to the curb, their polished exteriors glistening under

the afternoon sun.

A bodyguard in dark sunglasses **stepped** out of one of the cars, scanning the crowd with a professional air-

Eliana barely spared them a second glance, sipping her water as she walked by. No way those cars are for me, she thought. Willow had made it clear that her birth family was poor—dirt poor, as she'd put it. The idea that they'd send luxury cars to pick her up hadn't even crossed her mind

She was mid-

sip when the bodyguard approached her, his gaze fixed on a tablet in his hand. He stopped right in front of her, looked up, and in one

Chapter 2

smooth motion, whipped off his sunglasses. His face broke into an unexpectedly bright smile.

"Miss Davis!" he exclaimed, voice brimming with excitement. "I'm here to pick you up!"

Eliana froze, nearly choking on her water. She blinked, eyes wide. "Wait... you're calling me what?"

Chapter 3

"Miss, you made the call just now, didn't you?" the bodyguard asked, his tone polite but firm.

"Yeah, I did" Eliana replied, her gaze flicking to the gleaming Rolls–Royce idling nearby. She frowned, confusion clouding her face. "But... this doesn't seem right."

Then it must be you, the bodyguard **said** with absolute certainty. "Please, get in the **car**."

Before Eliana could fully process what was happening, the **man** acted with military precision. In one swift move, he opened the car door and practically lifted her inside, his strength catching her completely off **guard**.

"Whoa, whoa, hold on a second!" Eliana yelled as she found herself seated in the plush leather interior

Her mind raced. 'Are bodyguards always this intense? Or—wait—am I being kidnapped? But who even uses a Rolls-Royce for **kidnapping**'

She shot the man a sharp look. "What on earth is going on here!"

"You'll find out soon enough," he replied cryptically, settling into the driver's seat like they were **on a** casual Sunday drive.

The car glided through the city before heading into the countryside. Before long, they pulled up to an estate so massive it **looked** like something out of a movie. Eliana's jaw dropped **as** she stepped out of the car and stared up at the sprawling mansion

"Right this way," the bodyguard said, gesturing toward the grand entrance.

The mansion's double doors swung open, revealing two perfectly aligned rows of maids standing at attention, their crisp uniforms and synchronized bows making Eliana feel like she'd stepped **into** a billionaire's fantasy

She walked inside cautiously, her eyes darted **around**, taking in the absurdly lavish surroundings—the gilded walls, the antique furniture at every corner. The place was a far cry from what she'd imagined.

Wait a minute. wasn't I told my birth family was broke she thought, her confusion deepening with every step. This place is the opposite of poor Did I somehow end up in the wrong **house**?"

Just then, an elderly woman with silver hair hurried down the **grand** staircase. Dressed in an elegant white—and—gold tunic, she leaned lightly on a polished wooden cane, her eyes sparkling with excitement. This was Naomi Davis, Eliana's grandmother, and her graceful demeanor exuded both strength and warmth **as** she approached.

"Are you the girl **who** made the **call**?" **she** asked, her voice trembling with emotion, tears glistening in her sharp, gray eye

eyes.

Chana blinked, caught off guard. “Uh... yes, **that** was me. But a man answered. Can you please tell me **what’s** g

going on?

Before she could process the **situation**, a medical **team** appeared seemingly out of nowhere. They moved with swift efficiency, setting **up** equipment and taking a blood sample from her right then **and** there—without offering so much as a word of explanation.

Elma froze, staring at them in disbelief, completely floored by the unexpected turn of events.

Naomi gently took Huna’s hand, leading her **to an** ornate couch **near** the foyer. Patting her hand with a grandmotherly tenderness, Naomi said, “Now now, my dear, **sit** down and let’s **talk**. Sweetheart, what’s your name?”

“Elona · Eliana Garcia; she replied.

“Eliana” Naomi repeated, **as** if savoring the name. She nodded, her expression softening. “Such a lovely name. And how, my dear, did you come to believe you’re part of our family?”

Eliana hesitated, still trying to wrap her head around the situation “**Honestly**, not sure what’s going on. But everything I was told about **my** birth family doesn’t add up.

Someone said my dad’s a gambling addict, my mom’s a slutz, and my brother’s a thirty-something bachelor still living at home They painted a pretty bleak picture”

At that, Naomi burst into a fit of laughter, **so** genuine and hearty that echoed through the grand hall. “A gambling addict, a slutz, and a bachelor?” she repeated between giggles, wiping tears of amusement **from** her eyes. “Oh my dear, no one has ever described the Davis family like that before. That’s definitely a first!”

Meanwhile, the medical team worked w

swiftly, **and** in no time, the results appeared on the screen—99.999% match

The doctor, barely able to contain his excitement, announced, “**Mrs.** Duvist It’s confirmed—she’s your granddaughter!”

1/3

16:25 PM &

Chapter 3

“What Really?” Naomi shot up from the couch, chitching Eliana’s hands with a mix of disbelief and overwhelming joy. “Eliana, my dear, I’ve waited so long for this moment! I never thought I’d live to see the day you’d come home. Oh, thank the heaven!”

squeezed Eliana’s hands tighter, her voice trembling. “You’re not a Garcia—you’re a Davis! Your name is Eliana Davis?”

“Eliana. Davis?” Eliana repeated, her head spinning as the reality began to sink in. The sudden shift in identity felt surreal. “Wait a second... What’s really going on here!”

Naomi gently patted her hand and offered a reassuring **smile**. “Don’t worry, sweetheart. I’ll explain everything.”

As Eliana sat down beside her, Naomi shared the story. The day you were born, there was a terrible mistake at the hospital. You were accidentally swapped with another infant by a distracted nurse. By the time we discovered what happened, you were already gone

“We tried everything everything—to find you, but you had disappeared without a trace.”

Her voice **cracked** as she continued. “The child we raised wasn’t ours, and once we tracked down her biological family, we returned her immediately. But you.. you remained a mystery. No matter **how** hard we searched, we couldn’t find you”

Eliana listened in stunned silence, struggling to process what she was hearing.

“And because we’re...” Naomi hesitated before choosing her words. “Let’s just say, because of the family’s wealth and status, we had countless frauds **claiming** to be you. People showed up hoping to **cash** in on a fortune, telling the most ridiculous lies

*So, we spread a little misinformation. We made it known that the Davis family was down on its luck. Penniless, with a gambling father and a shrew **of a** mother, just to scare off the fakes”

Naomi leaned in closer, voice lowering **as if** revealing a secret. The truth is, sweetheart, we’re not some poor family. The Davis family is immensely wealthy. All those facts about your background? Lies, Just to keep the wrong **people away.**”

Eliana’s jaw nearly hit the floor. “So, you’re telling me

me...

my dad's not some gambling addict?" she asked, still trying to process

"Goodness, no? Naomi laughed, her eyes sparkling "The Davis family **is** one of the most prominent in Dratora City!"

"And my mom's not some shrew?"

"Not in the slightest! Your mother is an artist, a true master of the opera! Naomi said, practically glowing with pride.

"And my brother... he's not a bachelor?"

"Well." Naomi chuckled, **giving** her a playful look. "Not entirely wrong. Your brother inherited your grandfather's oil fields and is now running a massive energy business. But **yes**, he's nearly thirty **and** still single. A shame, really—he's quite the catch"

The more Eliana heard, the more her mind **was** blown. Everything she thought she knew had been turned upside down. But then a thought hit her. "So, who **was** the guy I talked to on the phone earlier?"

"Oh, that would've been **your** cousin, Thomas, Naomi **said** casually

Thomas... Tommy! So that **was** a fake name **too!** Eliana thought, trying to wrap her head around it all.

Finding **out** her real **family's** wealth was an unexpected—and surprisingly welcome—turn of **events**

Naomi clutched Eliana's hand tightly, **tears** spilling down her cheeks. "Eliana, you must've been through so much all these years! Your parents will be home soon, and then we'll all finally be together!

"If only your grandfather were still here, he'd be over the moon. Honestly, I didn't think I'd live to see this day either, but the heavens have **blessed** me! My precious granddaughter!

Naomi's voice trembled with raw emotion, and it tugged at something deep in Eliana's chest. **Tears pricked** her own eyes. Whether it was the pull of blood ties or the overwhelming tenderness of the **moment**, she couldn't hold **them** back. "Grandma... Are you really my grandma! I'm so happy to

She couldn't believe how her life had flipped. In her **past**, she'd been trapped in endless battles with Willow, losing herself in the chaos and dying without ever meeting her real parents. She'd spent her whole life **grasping** at **things** that weren't hers to begin with, **while** ignoring what truly

Battered.

But now? Now she had a second chance. The irony wasn't lost on her. If only she'd **sought** them out sooner instead of wasting her time on the wrong people.

Naomi pulled her into a tight hug her **frail** longing.

ms surprisingly strong. The tw

The two of them cried together, their tears mingling with relief and years of

2/3

Chapter 3

Just then, the **shriek** of **tires** on gravel sliced through the air, breaking the tender moment. The front doors flew open, and a **man** and woman hurried into the living room.

Chapter 4

"My daughter!" Sebastian, Eliana's father, dressed in a sharp suit, and Lucy, her mother, graceful in a flowing dress, rushed toward her, their faces a mix of joy and disbelief.

The second they saw **Eliana** seated next to Naomi, they practically Blew over to her, enveloping her **in a** tight embrace.

Surrounded by the warm, familiar scent of her parents, Eliana glanced up at them. Before she even realized it, her arms were reaching out, pulling them into a hug.

They'd already gotten the DNA test results before heading home. Sebastian, smack in the middle of a critical meeting when the news hit, had dropped everything right then and there.

He didn't give a damn about the stunned **looks** on his team's faces as he bolted out the door—it could all wait.

Lucy, in the middle of a theater rehearsal, had thrown everything aside, running out with no regard for her lines, desperate to meet the daughter she'd longed for.

They'd **waited** far too long for this moment—eighteen agonizing years of searching, hoping, and wondering if their daughter would ever come **back** to them.

For Eliana, it **was** almost too much. After years of enduring the neglect and mistreatment of the Garcia family, this overwhelming warmth and love felt almost foreign

Her chest tightened, and her tears fell freely as a lifetime of bottled-up pain came rushing out, washing over her like a tidal wave. For the first time in so long, she felt truly safe—truly seen.

Sebastian, usually a man of steel, couldn't hold back the lump in his throat. His voice cracked as he spoke, his **eyes** glistening with unshed tears. "Sweetheart I can't even begin to imagine what you've been through. But you're home now, Mom and I are here. From this moment forward, you'll never have to suffer again."

Lucy, a picture of elegance now undone by her emotions, was sobbing uncontrollably as she clung to Eliana. "Oh, my baby! I've dreamed of this moment every single day. You're finally back... finally home."

"Dad Mom..." Eliana's voice **wavered** as she looked at them, her eyes shimmering with emotion.

Sebastian's hair, once a deep brown, was now shot through with **streaks** of silver. **Lucy**, still every bit as elegant as she'd always been, carried the faint shadow of weariness on her face, a quiet testament to the years of relentless searching for their daughter.

Those years **had** taken their **toll**, no doubt, but they'd never stopped clinging to hope. Not once.

Lucy reached out, gently cupping Eliana's face with trembling hands. Her eyes brimmed with tears as she whispered, "Hearing **you** call me 'Mom... can finally breathe easy now."

When Lucy had given birth to Eliana, she'd already been older, and the delivery had nearly cost her life. She'd always dreamed of a daughter to complete their family, a little sister for their firstborn son.

But fate had played a cruel hand. After all the anticipation, they **had** been shattered when they discovered their baby girl **had** been swapped at birth.

Lucy had even spiraled into postpartum depression, drowning **in** guilt **and** despair. If it hadn't **been** for the **faint, flickering** hope of finding **hana one day**, she might not have made it through those dark days.

As Eliana looked at them now, **a profound** wretchedness spread through her chest. How lucky she was to have this moment, to be given a second chance to know them, to love them. She'd missed this in her **past** life—lost in a web of lies and **misplaced** priorities. But now, she would hold on with everything she had.

Her thoughts **strayed** to the eighteen long years they must have waited. Every day, holding on to hope. Every day, aching for their little girl to come home. In her past life, they'd never gotten their wish.

But not this time. Determined to rewrite her fate, **Eliana made a silent** vow to herself: she **wouldn't** let this **chance** slip away. This time, she'd hold e'd hold **onto this** family, this love, with **everything** she had. No more regrets, no more missed chances

As Lucy gently brushed **Eliana's** hair aside, a faint but noticeable scar on her forehead caught her eye. Naoni gasped, her voice tight with alarm "Eliana! How did you get that scar? Did someone hurt **you**?"

Sebastian and Lucy leaned in closer, their faces **clouded** with **worry**. The genuine concern in **their eyes** sent a wave of warmth through Eliana. She shook her head quickly, reassuring them. "No, no one hurt me. It's just from a **car** accident I had before coming here. Nothing serious, I promise!"

1/3

10.26 PM c d

Chapter 4

"A car accident?" Lucy's expression turned sharp with maternal concerns. "What happened? Are you sure you're **okay**? Tell us everything"

Sebastian didn't wait for an answer. He turned to a staff member nearby and barked, "Arrange a full medical checkup for Eliana, I want the best doctors—we're not taking **any chances!**"

Eliana squeezed both their hands, pulling them gently toward the sofa as she tried to calm them down. "Really. I'm fine. The accident was actually what led me here. During treatment, the doctors noticed my blood type didn't match my adoptive parents. That's how I ended up finding out about you."

Lucy's worried frown softened, though her hand lingered protectively on Eliana's arm. "I see... And your adoptive parents—where **are** they from? They raised you all these years. We should send them a proper gift to thank them."

"They're the **Garcia** family from Avragow," Eliana said evenly, Her voice didn't waver, but the history behind her words was heavy.

Things had been messy with the Garcias even before her time travel, but like it **or** not, she couldn't deny they were the ones who'd raised her

Despite the pain and misunderstandings, she had stayed with them out of gratitude.

Sebastian's eyes narrowed. "The Garcia family in Avragow?"

Lucy glanced at him. "Do you know them, Honey?"

"Garcia.. the name does sound familiar Sebastian furrowed his brows, thinking for a moment. "Ah, right. We're planning a new project in Avragow, and Garcia Group was one of the companies we initially ruled out. But since they raised you, how about this: I'll make sure they're included in the bid. Consider it a small gesture of thanks."

Avragow and Dratora City were leagues apart. Dratora City was the capital, a sprawling metropolis that pulsed with power and influence, while **Avragow** was, at best, a second-tier city.

The Davis family was a financial juggernaut in Dratora City, their name synonymous with wealth and prestige. The Garcia family, on the other hand was just a moderately wealthy household in Avragow

Calling them "prestigious" was a stretch; compared to the Davises, they were barely a blip on the radar—a family with a decent **bank** account but no real clout

Eliana managed a faint smile. "Thanks, Dad. But... actually... never mind."

Lucy's eyes sharpened as she caught the hesitation in **Eliana's** voice. "Sweetheart, did something happen with them! Did they treat you poorly? Were you hurt?"

Eliana shook her head quickly. "No, it's nothing like that."

The **truth was**, before Willow came back into the picture, Eliana's adoptive parents had been decent to her. Not perfect, but good enough. Then **Willow** returned, and everything flipped.

Her adoptive parents started pulling away—at first subtly, then more obviously—until they were practically giving her the cold shoulder. In time, they sided completely with Willow, leaving Eliana out in the cold.

In her **past** life, she'd bent over backward trying to win their **love**, swallowing her pride a gain and again. But it was never enough.

Her worst memory of them was etched into her **soul**. On the day she was fighting for her life, battered and barely holding on, they didn't even bother to show up. That betrayal was a scar that cut too deep to heal.

Taking a deep breath, she decided to downplay it. “Mom, Dad, the **Garcias** were okay to me. But now that their real daughter’s back, it’s better if we don’t interfere in their lives. Maybe just send them a thank-you gift? I **think that’s** enough”

Lucy **took** her hand, her touch warm and **reassuring** “Of course, sweetheart. If that’s what you **want**, we’ll respect it. Sebastian, let’s arrange for a small gift to be sent over—go strings attached”

But Lucy’s sharp intuition told her there was **more** to the story. She could sense Eliana **was** holding something back, probably memories too painful to share

While she didn’t press for details, her opinion of the Garcia family had already hit **rock** bottom.

Just then, the sound of a car p

a car pulling up outside broke the moment. **Lucy’s** face lit up. “Eliana, your brother’s home!”

Right on cue, the front door swung open, and Owen strode in

Towering and self-assured, he carried himself with an **easy** confidence. His features were a perfect blend of **Sebastian’s** sharp angles and Lucy’s graceful beauty. Though pushing thirty, he had the youthful energy and charm of someone still in their prime

2/3

10:26 PM c.

Chapter 4

“Owen!” **Lucy** called out, her voice brimming with excitement.

“Mom, Dad,” he greeted with a warm nod before his sharp, discerning gaze landed on the petite girl on the couch. His expression softened instantly, a trace of curiosity and tenderness in his eyes. “So... this is my sister?”

Lucy’s smile widened, practically bursting with pride. “Yes, this is Eliana! Go on, give your sister a hug!”

Owen grinned, a playful warmth in his expression as he stepped forward, opening his arms wide. “Eliana!”

Eliana stood and walked into his embrace, her voice catching as she said softly, "Owen."
"

Chapter 5

Lucy had been just twenty-four when she had Owen, her firstborn. As her career soared, she always dreamed of having a daughter, and at thirty-five, Eliana was born.

Now, standing before her grown son and long-lost daughter, Lucy's heart felt full.

Owen, eleven years older than Eliana and already well into his successful career, gently ruffled her hair as he hugged her.

"Eliana," he said, his tone filled with affection. "I've been waiting for you for so many years. Finally, our family's whole again."

Eliana looked up at him, her smile lighting up her face. For the first time, she felt the warmth of a big brother's love, a connection she had longed for but never thought she'd have.

And just like that, Eliana was home. The Davis family, after years of searching and heartache, was finally complete.

Half a month later, whispers spread like wildfire through Dratora City's high society. Everyone was talking about the Davis family's long-lost daughter, missing for eighteen years and now, out of nowhere, back in the fold.

But despite the chatter, the **Davises** were keeping things maddeningly low-key. No one—not even the nosiest socialites—had managed to catch a glimpse of her.

Speculation ran wild. Some **said** she **probably** didn't measure up to **the Davis** family's high standards, while others whispered that maybe she wasn't much to look at—why else would they **delay** a formal introduction! The gossip spread like wildfire, with everyone adding their own twist to the

story.

As promised, Sebastian handed the lucrative Avragow project to the Garcia Group and sent over an extravagant gift package.

The Garcias eagerly accepted, taking it as a sign that the Davis family might be interested in building a powerful alliance. They had no clue it had anything to **do** with Eliana.

Willow, meanwhile, was thriving as the “Carcia family’s one and only daughter. She’d completely claimed Eliana’s old room as her own, going **so far as to** toss **out** all the little trinkets and keepsakes that once belonged to Eliana.

After a series of carefully worded, manipulative conversations, she’d managed to erase Eliana from Andy and Victoria’s minds entirely—or so it **seemed**.

Why hasn’t Eliana shown up by now? Could she really be gone for good?’ she wondered. It didn’t sit right with

Still, something gnawed at Willow. Why hadn’t she

She was certain Eliana had nowhere else to go, and **if** Eliana wasn’t going to come crawling back on her own, fine. Willow would make the first move. **No way was she** letting Eliana get off so easily.

With some sweet-talking. Willow persuaded her parents to pull every string possible and buy her way into Isonstead University. To her, this wasn’t **just about** getting into a top-tier school—it was her next big play.

H

Lucy had wanted to throw a big, splashy party to officially introduce Eliana to society, but **Eliana** wasn’t interested.

This time around, she couldn’t care less about the glitz, attention, or showy displays. All she wanted was to enjoy the quiet, genuine happiness of being with her family.

Understanding Eliana’s need for rest after the accident, Lucy didn’t push. Instead, she let her recover peacefully at home.

One sunny afternoon, as they lounged in the garden, Lucy sat peeling a lychee and asked **casually**, “Eliana, **which** college did you get into?”

“Isonstead University, majoring in theater arts,” Eliana replied with a smile.

Life, that day

Eliana had always dreamed of becoming an actress. In her past life, that dream had been an uphill battle. Willow had overshadowed her in **every** possible way, and Eliana had been left struggling just to **make ends meet**. No **matter** how **hard** she hustled, she **was** only ever cast **as** an extra, barely scraping by.

Unlike Willow, who’d breezed into Isonstead University **thanks** to her parents

parents **money and connections**. Eliana had worked tirelessly to earn her
spor

Once they were both at school, Willow didn't waste a second making **Eliana's** life miserable—isolating her socially, spreading rumors,

1/3

Land

Leven

1026 PM c d .

Chapter 5

smearing her reputation on online forms. Those years had been brutal, but Eliana had held onto her dream with everything she had.

Despite the **constant** sabotage, Eliana kept her head down and pushed forward, earning top grades. Just before graduation, she'd finally caught her big break—a lead role in a production that could've launched her acting career.

But Willow, always one step ahead, had stolen that opportunity right out from under her. She used her parents' clout to snatch the part for herself, leaving Eliana crushed and back at square one,

Eliana had her moments—times when a real opportunity seemed just within reach. But every single time, Willow swooped in and snatched it away **like** it was her personal mission.

Those years were pure hell. Once Eliana stepped into the entertainment industry, Willow wasted no time playing dirty. She spilled the tea to press, exposing Eliana as the "Take" Garcia daughter and claiming the title of the "real" one for herself.

the

The media ate it **up**, running headline after headline comparing the two. Eliana? She was dragged **as** a fraud and a wannabe who didn't deserve **her place**

But it didn't stop there. The tabloids doubled down, spinning stories about how Eliana had "stolen" Willow's life and gone out of her way **to target her**. They painted **Eliana as** the cruel, jealous sister while making Willow out to be some innocent little angel—a helpless victim who'd been wronged by the big bad imposter.

Eliana had no way to fight back. No one cared about her truth, not when the internet trolls had already decided she **was** the villain. They tore her apart online, leaving her feeling helpless and alone.

It was like being stuck in a bad dream she couldn't wake up from, no matter how hard she tried.

Willow hadn't just taken **Eliana's** opportunities—she'd taken everything her family, **her career**, her dreams.

But this time? Eliana wasn't playing nice. The Garcias love might be gone for **good**, but the rest? She was taking it all back. One way or another.

"Instead! That's **a** fantastic school, Lucy said, her **face** lighting up as she handed Eliana the peeled lychee. "I graduated from there too, you know. My major was opera performance."

"Seriously, Mom! We're both alums!" Eliana grinned, popping the juicy lychee into her mouth "Thanks, Mom"

Lucy laughed warmly. "So, my girl's aiming to be an actress, huh?"

Eliana **nodded** enthusiastically. "Yep, that's the plan. **I've always** dreamed of it"

Lucy, who had spent her life immersed in the world of theater, felt **a swell of** pride. **Knowing** Eliana shared her passion **was a** gift. "Well, sweetheart. I've **got** your back all the way! Clearly, you inherited my artistic flair. **My** daughter's going to be the best actress in the game—I can feel it!"

Thanks, Mom. I promise I'll make you proud.

On the first day of school registration, Lucy **and** Sebastian were drowning in work and couldn't spare a minute. So, they hit up Eliana's cousin, Thomas, **to give** her a ride.

Thomas, a junior studying computer science over at Bonstead, didn't even blink before saying yes.

Eliana waited at **their** planned meeting **spot**, leaning **casually against a** tree.

She was dressed in a white ruffled sundress that swayed gently in the breeze, her fair **skin** glowing under the warm sunlight. She glanced at her phone, editing something while the minutes ticked by

A sleek black Bentley pulled up silently in front of her, the engine barely **making** a sound. At **first**, she didn't notice, too focused on her screen until it suddenly glitched.

The display turned black, flashing a series of red error codes. She frowned and **tried to reset** it.

"Eliana?" a low, magnetic voice called out, snapping her out of her thoughts,

Startled, she looked up, her eyes meeting a pair of piercing brown ones framed by a strikingly handsome face,

She quickly clicked her phone off, assuming this **was** Thomas. A bright **sunlight** lit up her face. "**Cousin?**"

Cameron Wright raised a brow, his gaze lingering on her delicate features **and** that sweet, **disarming smile**.

Technically, it **was** supposed **to** be Thomas picking her up. But Thomas, ever the smooth-talking ladies' man, had gotten tied up with a girl and

10:20 PM d' d'

Chapter 3

begged Cameron to step in at the last minute.

Cameron wasn't exactly thrilled, but after some relentless teasing and a promise to owe him one, he had given in.

What a hassle, he'd thought—until now.

As his eyes traced Eliana's features, he felt a flicker of surprise. Her face checked every single one of his aesthetic preferences, down to the smallest detail. For the first time in a long while, Cameron found himself intrigued.

Chapter 6

The driver got out of the car and opened the front passenger door.

Cameron never sat in the

same row as anyone else. Whoever it was always had to sit up front

Eliana was just about to climb in when Cameron, seated in the back, pushed open his door and said in a low **voice**, "Sit back here."

Eliana froze for a moment. The **driver**, startled, stared at Cameron with wide eyes and asked, “Mr. Wright, is that okay?”

Cameron didn’t look at the driver. His focus remained on Eliana. “Sit here,” he repeated.

“Oh, alright” Eliana nodded and slid into the back seat,

The driver, still looking puzzled, got back in silently and started the car.

As they drove, Eliana turned to Cameron with a polite smile. “Thank you for picking me up.

Cameron leaned back, one brow raised, his gaze locked on her like a hunter assessing its prey

His stare made Eliana squirm. “Why is he staring at me like that? Did I spill something on my clothes?” she thought.

She glanced down and checked herself but didn’t notice anything wrong.

Then Cameron spoke suddenly. “No need to thank me. Just **treat** me to a meal”

Eliana blinked in surprise. “What? We’re just heading to school—how does that call for me treating him? she thought.

But she nodded anyway. “Sure. How about lunch later?”

“You’re in the acting department, right?” he asked

Eliana nodded **again**.

“I’ll come find you at noon”

“Okay” Her reply was short. She wasn’t interested in chatting any further.

Cameron wasn’t much **for small talk** either. When she said nothing else, he pulled out his phone and sent a text to Thomas

Cameron: Your cousin’s not bad.]

Thomas: Cameron, you already picked her up!
I haven’t even seen her yet since she got **back**. How does she look?]

Cameron glanced at Eliana, considered for a moment, and typed back. [Very unusual.]

On the other **end**. Thomas scowled at the message, his fingers hovering over the **keyb oard**.

“What the hell does that even mean? Is she... ugly or something? Is that why everyone says the Davis family **keeps** her locked away like some dirty little secret? he wondered, irritation bubbling beneath his cool exterior.

In a flurry of nerves, Thomas sent another **message**. (**Cameron**, she’s still my cousin, a lright? Go easy on her.]

He couldn’t shake the mental image of Cameron tossing Eliana out of the car just becau se of how she looked

Cameron put his phone away, uninterested **in** continuing the conversation. Before **long**, the car pulled up to the gates of Instead University

As Eliana prepared to get out, she turned to Cameron and asked. “Are you coming **too**?”

Cameron usually avoided entering through the **main** gate— it was always too crowded and noisy for his liking.

The **driver**, noticing **Eliana’s** o

i question, quickly responded with a polite refusal. “Miss Davis, Mr. Wright **doesn’t** like going through the main

entrance..

“Sure, I’ll come with you,” Cameron suddenly said, cutting off the driver mid–sentence.

On a whim, he decided to get out of the car and walk into the campus with her.

Elana frowned slightly, finding Cameron more and more intriguing

10:26 PM dd.

Chapter 6

The driver, however, looked completely baffled. He couldn’t make sense of Cameron’s u nusually out–of–character behavior.

Cameron stepped out of the car alongside Eliana.

As she looked at the school gates, a strange feeling washed over Eliana. It was as if she hadn't seen this place in years. **Just as** she was about to walk through, a flurry of voices erupted

from nearby.

Oh my God, it's Cameron!

"Cameron's at the main gate? No way!"

"Is that really him? Who's the girl with him?"

"She's gorgeous! Is she his girlfriend? No, no, no, **this can't** be happening! I'm so jealous!"

"Impossible! Cameron's never had a girlfriend. Didn't people speculate he was gay! Maybe she's a relative?"

The crowd's stares burned with curiosity, their chatter buzzing around Eliana and Cameron like a swarm of bees.

Hearing their comments, Eliana turned to Cameron, her brows knitting together in confusion. "Who are you? You're not Thomas Davis?"

Cameron slid his hands into his pockets, glancing down at Eliana, who was **a head** shorter than him.

"No," he replied calmly.

Eliana's eyes widened. **You're** not Thomas. Then who are you?"

"Did Lever say I was Thomas?" Cameron countered, tilting his head slightly.

"Why didn't you explain that earlier?" Eliana demanded.

Cameron shrugged. "I thought having **a** cousin could be fun."

Eliana's frown deepened. Her impression of Cameron had just hit rock bottom.

"Then where's Thomas?" she asked. "Why did you come to pick me up instead?"

"Who knows? Maybe he's dead," Cameron replied with an air of indifference.

Eliana, thoroughly fed up, didn't bother responding. She turned on her heel and walked through the gates without looking back.

Before traveling through time, Eliana had spent four **years** at Instead University. She knew the place better than anyone

Navigating the campus with ease, she quickly found the registration office and completed all the necessary formalities

A teacher escorted her to class

Walking **along** the **familiar** paths, Eliana couldn't help but recall the four years she had endured relentless bullying. The memories brought a surge of hatred rising to the surface.

She had **spent** so much time **blaming** herself back then, thinking her lack of effort was why Willow had stolen opportunities that should have been hers. But **now**, she **finally** understood—she had never been the problems.

Willow had **also** traveled through time. She knew everything ahead of time, always **managing** to stay one step ahead.

Suddenly, Eluna's phone buzzed. She glanced at the screen and **saw** a notification: someone had accepted the challenge she'd **posted** on the dark web, scheduling it for the weekend

That put her in a slightly better mood

I've got a shot to start fresh now. This time, I'm **not** letting Willow take **anything** from me, Eliana thought, her lips curling into a sly smirk. Oh, so alive loves straining what's mine, huh? Well, not this time. This time, I'll make her pay

When Eliana walked into the classroom, it was packed with students eagerly waiting to meet the new arrival.

As soon as Eliana entered, all eyes turned to her. **Whispers quickly** spread through the room.

"It's her, right? The one people have been talking about on the **forum!**"

"Yeah, that's definitely her. She looks just like the pictures. Honestly, life's so **unfair**—she's even prettier in person! I thought those **photos** were

10:26 PM d' d' ·

Chapter 6

filtered.

“Oh my **God**, she and Cameron look so perfect together”

Eliana could feel their stares

res trailing over her, sizing her up from head to toe.

to bully her.

Among the whispering students, many were familiar faces—
people who had once sided with Willow to bull

Back then, Eliana

had gone out of her way to build relationships with them, doing favors and helping with their work. In return, they mocked her behind her **back**, calling her “cheap labor” who’d do anything for a smile.

The memory made her stomach twist. She had no intention of being polite to these people now,

She glanced at the clock. Willow likely hadn’t arrived yet

Without a word to anyone, Eliana chose a seat in the back row, pulled out her phone, **and ignored** them all.

Chapter 7

Shortly after, Willow **swept** into the room, her every move deliberate, with two maids trailing obediently behind her.

It was **obvious** she was hell—**bent** on **making** a big, flashy entrance,

Each maid carried two large boxes filled with snacks and drinks.

Before Eliana had her whole time—

traveling ordeal, she’d already managed to **screw** things up on the very first day of class. She **showed** up late, flustered as hell, because she’d taken a wrong turn—no thanks to the lack of anyone around to help her out.

By the time she finally stumbled into the classroom, everyone was already buzzing around Willow like bees to honey. Back then, Eliana just assumed Willow was one of those effortlessly popular types.

Now, Eliana knew better. Willow had simply bought their affection with gifts

Seated in the back, Eliana kept her head down, scrolling through her phone, blending in to the background.

Willow directed her maids to distribute snacks **and** drinks to **everyone**. With a bright smile, she said. "Hi, everyone! I'm Willow Garcia. We're all classmates **now**, and I hope we can become friends!"

As they enjoyed the treats, the room erupted in admiration

"Willow, you're just the sweetest!"

Totally! This milkshake **is** amazing!"

"Wow, I've never tasted cookies this good! Are these imported? Your family must be super rich!"

Basking in the praise, Willow offered a modest smile. "You're aggerating These **are** just ordinary snacks. If you like them, I'll bring more next time. I always end up buying too much anyway"

Her classmates immediately launched into another round of compliments.

"Willow, no wonder you're so slim. If it were me, I'd eat every last bite!"

"Exactly! And that dress you're wearing, it's gorgeous! Is it the new Louis Vuitton collection?"

D

At that moment, one of the maids noticed Eliana sitting in the back. "You in the **back**," the maid called out. "Come up and grab some snacks and a drink!"

The **maid's** voice drew everyone's attention to Eliana,

Dozens of eyes turned toward her, curiosity and judgment flickering in their i

l gazes.

Eliana slowly raised her gaze, her expression utterly indifferent. **She** gave the group a fleeting glance **and said** softly, "I don't need anything."

Willow's eyes widened **for** a brief moment when she saw Eliana in the back. She hadn't expected her to arrive earlier. But Willow quickly recovered, putting **on** a bright smile as she walked over.

"Sis, how did you get here before me?" **Willow said** cheerfully. "If I'd known, we could've come together! **Mom** and **Dad** were just talking about **you** this morning. They've been so worried since you left and never came back!"

In the days after Ellana's departure, Willow had been busy **convincing** Andy and Victoria that Eliana wasn't worthy of being **part** of the **Garcia** family, subtly elevating her own position.

Having spent years feeling guilty for Willow's hardships, Andy and Victoria now showered her with care and affection

If this had been the Eliana from **before**, she might have felt touched by Willow's words, moved enough to continue bending over backward for the Garcia family. But not anymore,

Eliana's

toor was ice-cold. "Sis? **Who** are you calling sis?"

Willow blinked in confusion. "You, **of** course. You're my sister"

Eliana let her **eyes** roam up and down **Willow** before replying, "Are you out of your mind! My family has only one daughter—me. I have one older brother, and that's it. I don't **have** a sister, Besides, we don't even **share** the same last name. How could we possibly be siblings?"

Willow's smile **froze** in place, her face paling with embarrassment. She couldn't understand **why** Eliana was suddenly acting so different.

1/2

10:26 PM c c

Chapter 7

But with so many classmates **watching**, Willow couldn't afford to lose face. Forcing her grin to stay intact, she said, "Oh, come on, Eliana. I know I'm Mom and Dad's biological daughter and you're just their adopted one, but I genuinely want us **to** get along. Let's not fight, okay? Come here, let's hug it out"

Willow spread her arms wide, signaling for a hug.

But Eliana only curled her lip in disgust. "I wouldn't hug you even if I had to," she said coldly. "I'm a germaphobe. I can't stand touching dirty things. Honestly, just you standing here is already polluting the air around me."

With that, Eliana pulled out an elegant bottle of perfume and sprayed it lightly around herself.

Several sharp-eyed classmates immediately recognized the brand—it was an outrageously expensive luxury label..

“Oh my God, she’s even richer than Willow!” one student whispered to another in astonishment.

Willow’s face twisted with frustration, but in the next moment, tears brimmed in her eyes. She looked up at Eliana pitifully. “Sis, did I do something wrong? If I did, just tell me, okay? I’ll change, I promise. Please, don’t ignore me

Eliana knew Willow was a masterful actress, but seeing her perform so shamelessly was still impressive.

Eliana didn’t bother to engage, though. Her response was simple and cutting, “Trash.”

Willow’s anger surged, though she kept her expression composed. She couldn’t understand and how Eliana had suddenly become so confident and unyielding.

‘She must be jealous of me, Willow thought. After all, I’m the reason she **had** to leave the Garcia family. That perfume she used earlier? It’s definitely something she swiped from the house, Willow thought

Just as Willow was **about** to retort, a teacher entered the classroom and spoke to the group. “Everyone, you can head to your dorms now and get sealed. We’ll reconvene here this afternoon for the freshman welcome party. Eliana, could you come with me for a moment?”

Eliana gave a **small** nod and followed the teacher out of the **room** without looking **back**.

As soon as **Eliana** left, Willow swallowed her anger and turned to the **class with an apologetic** smile. I’m **so** sorry you had to see that. She’s actually my **sister**.”

“Sister? But wi

don’t even share the same last name,” one curious **classmate said**. “And why is she so cold to you?”

Willow pressed her **hands** to her **face**, pretending to hold back tears.

One of the maids standing nearby jumped in with a haughty **explanation**. “It’s **true**. Mr. and Mrs. **Garcia** accidentally took the wrong baby home from the hospital **years** ago and **raised** her for eighteen years. And yet, despite everything they gave her, she’s com

pletely ungrateful. You saw **how** she treated Willow just now, didn't you? It's despicable! She probably hates Miss Garcia for reclaiming her rightful place."

These maids had helped raise Eliana, but their loyalty now lay with Willow, whom they mistakenly believed to be kind and gracious.

The classmates munnured in understanding, the pieces **seemingly** falling into place.

Was

"Oh, so that's what happened. Eliana is being so unreasonable! **How** could she treat **Willow** like **that**? Someone who didn't know better might think Willow the adopted one."

"I'm telling you, that perfume **she sprayed** earlier? It must've come from Willow's **family**. She probably stole it!"

Chapter 8

In a matter of minutes, Eliana's reputation had hit rock bottoms.

Thanks to Willow's scheming and well-timed lies, everyone now believed Eliana was some kind of twisted villain.

Π

Walking alongside the teacher, Eliana listened as he said politely, "Miss Davis, your mother is a renowned opera **singer and** one of our most distinguished alumnae. Having you join Isonstead University's acting department is truly an honor for us!"

"Coming to Isonstead University has always been my dream, and it has nothing to do with my mother, Eliana replied calmly.

"If there's ever anything you need, feel free to come to me for help. The teacher chuckled softly before adding, "Though I suppose I'm joking. **Your** father is one of the school's board members—there's little I could do for **you** that you can't manage yourself."

"I'm just here to study like everyone else, so cut me some slack with the special treatment, alright? It'd just feel weird."

The teacher raised **an** eyebrow, clearly surprised.

Most kids from well-off families usually wasted no time demanding special treatment on day one, but Eliana! She was doing the exact opposite.

If the teacher hadn't accidentally caught a glimpse of her family background on her application, he never would've guessed that **her** mother was none other than the legendary opera diva, Lucy Davis, and her father, the powerhouse business mogul Sebastian Davis, straight out of Drator City. With a pedigree like that, Eliana could've easily pulled strings for special treatment. But no—her modesty was a breath of fresh air, especially compared to someone like **Willow**, who couldn't go five minutes without shoving her family name in everyone's face.

The teacher's opinion of Eliana shot up on the spot. "Alright then, I won't push. If you need help getting around campus, just let me know—I'll have someone show you the ropes"

Just then, a group of t

The **teacher** noticed them and shouted, "Roman, get over here for a second!"

tall, striking sophomores from the acting department walked down the hallway toward them,

At the sound of that name, Eliana's **back** stiffened.

Slowly, she turned her head and saw a handsome young man striding

striding toward them.

Before her **journey** through time, Eliana had been deeply in love with Roman. From the moment she first saw him at the university's freshman party, she'd fallen for him instantly,

Roman came from a prestigious family and skyrocketed to fame with his debut film, which earned him numerous **awards** and cemented his **place as** one of the most renowned actors in the entertainment industry.

The following year, Willow debuted and starred alongside **him** in her first movie. Their pairing generated a whirlwind of dating rumors. At first, fans assumed it was a publicity stunt for the film, but the truth eventually came to light.

Willow accidentally posted a photo of herself and Roman in bed on Twitter. The slip-up exposed their relationship, and **Roman** decided to stop hiding it, publicly confirming their romance.

Eliana had loved Roman in silence for years, quietly holding onto her feelings. When she entered the **entertainment industry**, her greatest **dream** was to one day act alongside him

Even if it

it was just as an insignificant side character, it would have been enough for her

Shed nearly gutten her chance. Her very first role after graduation had been on the verge of securing her a **part opposite** Roman. But Willow had snatched that opportunity right out from under **her**

Though hati never confessed her feelings to anyone, Willow somehow knew. Using Elian could, ultimately winning has heart

cumming schemes, she had gotten close to Roman before

In her past life, Eliana had agonized over how t

things had gone so wrong, unable to figure it **out**.

But now, she knew the truth Willow was a **tune** traveler, someone who had knowledge of the future. That was how she'd managed to **steal** the upperlund

Strangely enough, seeing Roman now didn't stir the same feelings in Eliana **as** it **once** had. Her heart remained **calm**.

1/2

10 2/FM

Chapter 8

Eliana dowly averted her gaze as Roman approached the teacher and said, "Hello, Mr. Flores."

The teacher. Samuel Flores, glanced at Eliana, then said, "Eliana, this is Roman. He's also in the acting department. I'll have him show you around the campus."

Roman's eyes fell on Eliana, and he smiled. "Hello,"

But Eliana didn't acknowledge him. Instead, she turned to Eli and said, "That's okay. I can look around on my own. Thank you."

With that, Eliana turned and walked away

way without sparing Roman a second glance.

Roman's gaze lingered on her retreating figure until she disappeared around the corner.

"Mr. Flores" Roman asked Samuel, is she in your class!"

“Yes, she’s a freshman, and she’s got quite the background, Eli replied with a knowing look.

As the student council president, Roman was well-connected with the faculty and had a great rapport with them. Hearing Eli’s comment, he found his curiosity about Eliana piqued.

Now, b

he was genuinely looking forward to the freshman party that afternoon.

Eliana had barely caught her breath after leaving the building when she saw a familiar group approaching her.

Four figures closed in, and Cameron swaggered along, sandwiched between three men

on

his left was Thomas, while the other two, Landon Mitchell and Adam Hall, were also some of the most influential figures at the school.

Thomas, dressed in a casual brown baseball jacket, chattered non-stop. “Cameron, what does my cousin look like? You didn’t **really** leave her behind, did you? Oh no, how am I going to explain this to my dad tonight! I should’ve never let you go pick her up!”

Adam sported and jumped in, “Of course he ditched her. Seriously, Tommy, are you out of your damn mind asking Cameron to pick someone up? Wait, hang on, Cameron? **There’s** no **way you** actually went, man. Did you **guys** strike some kind of shady-ass deal or something?”

Thomas’s face immediately twisted into mock indignation. “Shady deal? What kind of person do you think I am? B sorts **thing**. I mean... I guess I could suck it up and-

“Shut up” Cameron’s icy glare cut him off mid-sentence.

The four of them laughed and ribbed each other as they walked **along**.

At the end of the path stood Eliana, and Cameron’s eyes hadn’t left her since **spotting** her.

The other t

three noticed her **as** they got closer, and their reactions couldn’t have been more **dramatic**.

“Cameron, are we seriously waiting here **for** her? **Isn't** it too early? Tommy's instead?” Adam **suggested**, still staring around cluelessly.

“She's standing right in fr

in front of you, Cameron replied with **a** faint smirk.

But hey, if Cameron's into that

his cousin **probably isn't** even **here** yet. Should we just head to her class

The three of them frantically glanced around, only to realize **that** the angelic girl standing in front of them was none other than Thomas's cousin. Thomas and the o

thers were completely **floored**. They'd been prepared to meet someone plain or downright ugly, but this? This was next-level.

Chapter 9

At that moment, Eliana remembered who these four were.

Before her time-travel, due to Willow's manipulation of Andy and **Victoria** to deny Eliana tuition, Eliana had been forced to work part-time to earn money, so she didn't pay much attention to what was happening on the school forum.

But she had heard of the four most powerful figures at **Isanstead** University, **Cameron**, Thomas, Landon, and Adam.

When Eliana overheard people mentioning Cameron's **name at** the school gate earlier, it had rung a bell, but she couldn't quite **figure** out why. Now, standing here and seeing them all together, it finally clicked.

As the four of them approached, Cameron fixed his gaze on Eliana and said to Thomas, “Your cousin looks like she's in shock.”

Thomas was just as stunned **as** Eliana. He had always **heard** people say Eliana was unattractive, but he never expected her to be so beautiful.

He muttered a string of curses under his breath. “Who the fuck said Eliana was ugly? Seriously, what kind of idiot comes up with that shit? They better hope I don't find out who started this bullshit, or they'll regret it”

“Diana, hey!” Thomas called **out** with a grin.

Eliana smiled **back** at Thomas, “Hi, Thomas.”

Thomas quickly explained, “Ellana, I had some important things to take care of this morning, so I couldn’t pick you up. I was worried you’d be late. so I had Cameron go instead . You two didn’t have any issues, right? Cameron’s actually a good guy, just a **bit** cold.”

glanced at Cameron and reluctantly said, “He’s fine.”

Then, Landon and Adam stepped forward to greet Eliana. “Hi, Eliana!”

“Hey, you **guys**. Eliana responded.

Thomas introduced them with a grin, “Meet Landon and Adam.” Then, with a playful glint in his eye, he threw in, “Heads up, you two— don’t even think about **pulling** any crap with Eliana. And Eliana,” he smirked, “keep an eye on these guys. Total pigs, the both of them!”

Landon shot back, “Who the hell are you calling a pig?”

Adam smirked. “Come on, Tommy, there’s something I need to tell you.”

With **that**, Thomas was pulled away by Landon and Adam, and Eliana couldn’t help but laugh at their playful bickering.

Cameron smiled when he saw Eliana’s smile and said, “Let’s go.”

“Where **to** Ellana asked.

“You said you’d treat me to a meal,” **Cameron** replied with a grin.

Eliana glanced at the time. It **was** only 10:30, well before lunch.

“Do **you** eat this early?” Eliana asked.

“I usually **have** lunch from 10:30 until 2:30 in the afternoon, Cameron replied **casually**.”

Eliana furrowed her brow at his unusual eating habits.

Cameron raned an eyebrow. “Are you coming or not?”

Before Diana could respond, Thomas dashed over. “Eliana, come on, I show **you** around campus.”

Cameron

Cameron shot Thomas a cold look, and Thomas immediately understood the **unspoken** message. He quickly **adjusted**, saying “Got it. C you’re hungry, right Let’s go eat first.”

Cameron gave a small, satisfied snack.

Since she had a freshman party to attend in the afternoon, Eliana didn’t want to be late, so she decided to head **to** the Isonstead University dining

hall

The four of them **usually** avoided the dining hall, but they **made** an exception for Eliana , accompanying her there to make do with a quick meal.

1/2

0

1027 PM

Chapter 9

The Isonstead University dining hall was incredibly well–designed, resembling an art museum from **a distance**. It had three floors, and the food offered spanned a variety of international cuisines.

Cameron and the others found it odd. They assumed Eliana was visiting the dining hall for the first time, yet she seemed completely familiar with the place.

After ordering their food, Eliana paid with her credit card, and they chose a table by the window.

One of Eliana’s favorite dishes in the dining hall was the meatballs. Although she wasn’t particularly hungry at first, the sight of the meatballs made her mouth water, and she couldn’t resist trying one.

Cameron and the others barely touched their meals, only sampling a little. They weren’t hungry, and they weren’t used to the cafeteria’s simpler food quality.

Seeing Eliana eagerly eating a meatball, Cameron leaned back in his chair and asked casually, “Is it good!”

Eliana looked up, a little sauce from the meatball on the corner of her mouth, and replied, “It’s good.”

Hearing this, Thomas couldn’t resist picking up another meatball from Eliana’s plate and trying it. “It’s just an average meatball, nothing special,” he said, frowning.

Before her time travel, Eliana had once managed to land a small part in a movie, but it was far from Isonstead University.

She'd spent half a month saving money for tickets and accommodation. During that time, she survived on junk food and had longed for the cafeteria's meatballs but had to pass on them to save money.

For Eliana, the taste of the meatballs wasn't extraordinary, but it carried special meaning.

As they ate, a group of second-year students entered the dining hall, and they immediately recognized Cameron and his group.

"Hey, look, it's Cameron and the new student who **got off** the car with him **this** morning!"

"What's going on! Cameron and the others are eating in the cafeteria? Quick, take a picture and post it on the forum"

This new student, who is she? She's already eating with the Computer Science Quartet?"

They hurriedly snapped a couple of photos and posted them on the forum.

The photos from this morning of Eliana with Cameron had already caused a **stir** online.

Now, with the addition of the cafeteria pictures, more discussions erupted, and people speculated about Eliana's background.

Despite the fact that Eliana had treated Cameron to the meal, Cameron barely ate. Eliana, not wanting to waste food, finished her entire plate and even let out a satisfied burp

As they stepped out of the dining hall, Cameron blurted, "That

i **meal doesn't count**. I barely ate anything. Next **time**, you owe me another **one**:"

Eliana raised an eyebrow, a hint of irritation crossing her face. The nerve of this guy! What a cheek!" she thought, her frown deepening.

Chapter 10

Before the **freshman party**, Eliana returned to the classroom.

Willow was already waiting for her, clearly taking the afternoon's event very seriously. She had brought two extra ouths, determined to make a lasting impression at the party.

Of course, she hadn't forgotten **to** bring something for Eliana as well. After all, in her eyes, Eliana's family certainly wouldn't be able to afford any decent clothes.

When Willow saw Eliana, she immediately approached her with a bright smile, holding a rectangular gift box.

"Six. I brought you a dress for the freshman party this afternoon. It's Chanel You'll love it!" said Willow.

Willow opened the box, revealing the dress inside. It was a simple yet elegant white short dress, undeniably beautiful.

As expected, the girls nearby couldn't help but express their admiration. "Wow! It's gorgeous! This is from this season's collection, right? I saw it in a magazine!"

"Yeah, I think this dress costs on

costs over three thousand dollars. Willow, you're so good to Eliana," another girl chimed in.

"I remember this dress was even a limited release! It's super popular and really hard to get."

Despite the way Eliana had treated Willow earlier, Willow was still going out of her way to be kind to her. Everyone **agreed** that Willow **was** truly a

Eliana cast a cold glance **at** the dress in Willow's hands. She remembered this dress all too well—it was the same one that had caused her so much humiliation at a previous freshman party.

Willow had tampered with the dress. At first, it fit perfectly, but because it **was** so tight, the stitching at the back slowly began to unravel after **a** few

Not long into the event, the back of the dress gaped open, eventually sliding down and nearly exposing her in front of everyone.

Later, Willow had come to Eliana in tears, claiming it was the maid's fault for not checking the seams properly.

The Eliana from before the time travel had been foolish enough to forgive Willow. But this time, she wouldn't fall for it again.

Eliana casually reached out and took the dress from Willow's hands. Seeing this, Willow's **lips** curved into a smug little smile, assuming Eliana had accepted the "gift"

"Eluna, this dress will **look** stunning on you. I picked it out just for you, Willow said, her voice dripping with sweetness.

Eliana let out a cold laugh. "You picked it out for me? Or did you pick it out to trap me?"

Willow blinked, her face a picture of mock innocence, "What? L. I have no idea what you're talking **about**.

"No idea!" Eliana raised an eyebrow, holding the dress up. She gave the stitching along the back a light tug—barely even trying—and the thread core apart like tissur jajer

Willow's smirk faltered as her schieme unraveled—laterally. Her **face** went pale, but she recovered quickly, gasping theatrically. "Oh my God! How could this happen? The **dress is**... defective!

Thana sneered and tossed the dress right in Willow's **face**. "**Don't** shove **this** crap in my **face again**. Willow, I don't want anything to do with you. Can you just stop? These poison apples you keep handing out? I'm not stupid enough to take a bite."

Willow froze, too stunned to speak. Her mind raced.

'Impossible. No way in hell could that bitch have figured it out! How did she know the dress was rigged?

If Eliana didn't wear it, Willow's whole plan for the freshman party would fall **apart**. Eliana would be the star of the show instead of the fool. That wasn't something Willow could accept

"Eluna, I swear I didn't know!" Willow wailed, her voice cracking as tears started streaming down her **face**. "I just wanted to be nice to you! I didn't know the quality was so bad. Please don't misunderstand me!"

The classmates nearby, unable to sit idly by, rushed to defend her.

The classmates nearby, unable to **sit** idly by, rushed to defend her. "Hey, Eliana, don't you think you're being a bit too much?"

1/2

10:27 PM & d

Chapter 10

“Yeah another chimed in. “Willow’s been so good to you. After everything you’ve taken from her—living her life, enjoying her fortune— she **still** forgives you. She even bought you this expensive dress! And this is how you repay her? **You’re** heartless!”

“Exactly Willow’s such a sweet, kind person, and you’re just so... wicked.”

That word “wicked” made Eliana’s blood boil. She’d heard it enough for one lifetime.

Before her time travel, she’d been branded as the “wicked sister. In the entertainment industry, she was everyone’s punching bag. On Twitter, she’d been torn apart by trolls day and night. No matter how much she explained, no one ever listened

This time, she wouldn’t let herself be trampled under their lies and schemes.

She shot up from her chair, her expression frosty as her piercing gaze swept over the group in front of her. “Who the hell do you lecturing me? All you’re good for is sucking up to Willow and playing her loyal little lapdogs!”

The group

think you

you are,

pe stared back, stunned. One of them opened their mouth, ready to shoot back. “What the e” “Shut up!” Eliana snapped, her words slicing through their attempted retort like a whip. I’m not done yet Yeah, I’m the fake daughter. So what? The moment she showed up, I said I’d leave. I told them I’d step aside and let her take her place. Blood ties? I have none with her! Yet she keeps calling me sis, acting like we’re best buddies. Who asked for that?”

Her tone grew sharper, each word hitting like a slap. “Her parents might have raised me, and for that, I owe them. But to her? I owe her jack **shit**. Why the hell should I treat her like she’s special? What am I, her damn dad?”

“And you? You’re all a bunch of losers. No better than the trash you talk about. Since you’re so obsessed with that stupid dress, take it! Wear it! Fight over it yourselves. I couldn’t care less.

Her words fired out like a machine gun, relentless and precise. The group froze, their jaws slack. They had nothing to say because, deep down, they knew she had a point

Willow, standing off to the side, was just as shocked. But behind her stunned expression, there was a flicker of satisfaction.

In her mind, the **more** Eliana lashed out, the more her reputation would crumble. Soon, she'd be the outcast of the class.

But what Willow didn't expect was that this time, Eliana didn't give a damn about her reputation. She **wasn't** here to explain herself or feel **guilty** anymore. Her motto now? Let it all burn

Willow sniffled and **started** sobbing dramatically, "Eliana, please don't be angry! If I did something wrong, just tell me! I'll fix it, I swear. I just... I just want us to be close, like real sisters!" Her **voice** cracked **as** she dissolved **into** tears.

"Willow, **stop** crying someone mumbled weakly, **clearly** uncomfortable with the scene.

Willow clutched at her chest, tears streaming down her face. "I don't even know what I did wrong! I just wanted to **have** a good relationship with my sister.... I don't know why it turned out like this..."

Eliana's cold stare didn't budge, not for a second. If anything her **disgust** seemed to hit a whole new level. "Sis? **Seriously?** Cut the **might** as well ditch the trash cans around here—you look like you're doing just fine swallowing all the **garbage** yourself."

crap