

Rewriting Life Chapter 11 – 20

Chapter 11

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Meanwhile, Willow broke down in tears, wailing so pitifully that everyone immediately rushed to her side, **as** if Eliana were some heartless villain.

Eliana? She couldn't care less. "Not my problem," she muttered under her breath. These people weren't worth the effort.

Before her time travel. Eliana had suffered enough at their hands. They'd humiliated her, trampled all over her, and acted like it was their birthright. Not this time.

Willow wiped her tears dramatically, feigning innocence. Her voice was soft and sickly sweet. "Eliana, you must not like this dress. Don't worry. I'll pack a prettier **one** for you next time."

Eliana stared at her, dumbfounded. "Wow, you actually understand human language? What are you, some mythical creature! Are you straight out of a fairy tale?"

Eliana did have a sharp tongue.

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Eliana snorted. "Decency? Oh, my bad. I must've left it at home. Unlike you, I don't have the luxury of being both stupid and boring. Now why don't you do us all a favor and fuck off! You're killing the vibe!"

"Are you fucking sick, Eliana?"

Yep. I've got this rare condition—it's terminal, **really—where** I'll drop dead if I don't roast idiots."

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Eliana sneered. "You must be a goddamn retard to say something like that. Go see a doctor, will you?"

"Somebody call the cops! Is no one stopping her!" another exclaimed.

“Yeah, sure,” Eliana snapped. “Go ahead, call the cops. But do me **a favor** first—get that ugly mug of yours outta my face. Seriously, it’s like staring at the moon, crater face and **all**”

At this point, the **crowd** was **in** awe.

Damn Eliana’s got skills. Where the hell did she learn all these burns? It’s like watching stand-up comedy, but brutal, they thought.

They **had** no idea Eliana’s sharp tongue was **forged** in the fires of online hate before her time travel. Back then, trolls flooded her social media comments, **cursed** her in private messages, and even photoshopped her obituary just for kicks

But not anymore. **Every insult**, every humiliation—she was giving it all back to Willow.

Anyone who dared defend Willow didn’t last long before Eliana verbally **tore** them apart. And honestly? She found joy in it.

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become famous

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It **was a** lively event that **drew** directors searching for new talent and wealthy students eager to pick up girls.

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Back then, Eliana thought Willow's path to success.

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However, in her second life. Eliana realized that it wasn't about luck. It **was** because Willow had **taken** the destiny meant for her

During her previous life, at the freshman assembly, Eliana had noticed a photo dropped at the entrance. While others ignored it, Eliana wanted to pick it up. But Willow stepped on it first and dragged Eliana inside, pretending to be friendly.

Trying to get along with Willow, Eliana **overlooked** these details,

But nobody expected Willow to grab the photo Eliana left behind.

It turned out to be a picture of Silas's daughter, which he had accidentally dropped and was anxiously searching for

Willow used this photo as a way to introduce herself to **Silas**, earning his special attention.

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This opportunity, originally **meant** for **Eliana**, was taken **by** Willow in Eliana's previous life. Willow, having gained her second life, **precisely** intercepted opportunities meant for Eliana, claiming them as her own.

Looking **back**. Eliana realized there were **too** many coincidences where Willow intercepted every significant opportunity that slipped through Eliana's fingers.

This time, Eliana was determined not to let Willow have her way again.

As Eliana approached the auditorium, she spotted a small photo lying in the corner near the entrance.

Eliana glanced at Willow, who was also searching for the photo, though Eliana's memory of its location was sharper. This confirmed Eliana's suspicion that Willow was trying to steal her life.

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Frustrated. Eliana shot Willow a disdainful glance. "Why the hell should I tell you what I'm holding?"

Without waiting for a reply, Eliana turned and headed toward the auditorium.

But Willow wasn't about to give up—out when this could be her one chance to meet Silas Canter. "Eliana, wait! Just let me see it, alright?" she **said. chasing** after her,

Eliana didn't even spare her a glance, let alone **an** answer. It was as if Willow didn't exist.

As Eliana reached the auditorium door, Willow panicked. Desperate times called for desperate measures.

Without thinking, she yelled out, "Thief! Someone's straling!"

The crowd immediately froze. Heads turned toward them, curiosity and suspicion filling the air.

Pointing dramatically at Eliana's hand, Willow put on her best distressed face. "Eliana, give it back! That's mine!" she cried, her

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Eliana's **disgust** was written all over her face. She couldn't believe how **shameless** Willow was

"What exactly did I steal from you?" she asked, her tone cold and cutting

"The photo in your hand— it's mine Willow **insisted**, her voice **rising as** though she were genuinely wronged.

Eliana's lips curled into a mocking smile. "**Yours!** Really? **Y**

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Chapter 12

“Stealing something? Seriously?”

“What the hell **is** going on?”

“A thief in a crowd like this! That’s got to be some next-level nerve

“If anyone’s brazen enough to do this here, they’re either a pro or just plain stupid. If it’s a newbie, she’s gotta face the music.”

Imran, she looks well-off. Maybe this is just **a** misunderstanding!”

“Yeah, right. These days, even thieves **can** look like models. Don’t let her looks fool you”

Speculation spread like wildfire. A few thought **Eliana** might be innocent, but most seemed convinced she’d done it. After all, starting a rumor cost nothing—just a loose tongue and a loud voice.

It seemed Willow **was** ready to burn her bridges with Eliana for the **sake** of this photo, just moments ago, she'd been fake—sweet, calling her “sister”

“Are you sure this **photo is** yours?” Eliana asked.

“Yes! It's of a little girl, short bangs, round face. Okay, it's not me in the picture, but it's a really important photo to me. Give it back!” Willow **said**, practically pleading.

Willow's confidence made one thing clear—she'd taken this photo deliberately **in** their past life. This was the key to her success back then, and she wasn't letting it go now.

The onlookers didn't get why **this** photo mattered **so** much. **But** with Willow practically on the verge of tears, they were inclined to believe her

“Come on, it's just a photo. She's about to cry! Just give it back already!” someone said.

“Strating a photo? Who even does that? Pathetic another sneered

Eliana ignored the peanut gallery and turned to Willow. “What if this photo isn't **yours**! You're accusing me of theft. You realize I can sue you for slander, right**

Willow was flustered. “What are you talking about? It's mine!”

yours, **you're** going to apologize to me. In front of everyone. Admit you lied.”

Eliana smirked, her voice calm but cutting. “Fine, if this photo isn't your

Willow froze Apologize? In public? **That** would kill her pride. But she was desperate enough to take the gamble.

“Fine, I agree! This photo **as** mine, anyway,” Willow **insisted**.

didn't waste time. She held up the photo for everyone to see

“Take a good look, folks. Who's in this photo?” **she** asked, loud and clear

Someone stepped closer and squinted. “Uan't that you? Definitely **not** a little girl with bangs!”

“Yeal, that's you! Dead ringer, auther clued in

“Exactly” Eliana said, laer voire dripping with sacaan “So, tell me, holding a photo of my self—does that count as stealing?”

The people who'd been **accusing** her past moments ago suddenly shut up, looking sheepish.

But Willow wasn't done. Her face twisted in disbelief. "No! No **way!** I saw you holding my photo. Where did you hide it? Give it back!"

Shar lunged at Eliana, grabbing at her clothes like a madwoman

"Are you insane?" Ellata snapped, **shoving** Willow back. "What's wrong with your horgot **to take** your meds this morning?"

Willow's behavior wasn't winning her any fans. The crowd, mostly young and hot-headed, started grumbling. Nobody likes a scene—**especially** when you **turun physical**

"Seriously, what the hell's her problem?" someone muttered

"Yeah, she's acting like she's not all these Just because she's playing the victim doesn't **mean** she's right," another chimed in, their one sharp.

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Chapter 12

Willow Garcia caught

look hurt.

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the crowd's murmurs, and her expression tightened for a brief moment. Then she quickly put on a pout, trying to

"No, you've got it all wrong" Willow said, her voice trembling as she bit her lip. "This photo is incredibly important to me. It's from a leukemia patient I helped—she sent it to me as a keepsake. I promised myself I wouldn't let her down. That's why I have to find it."

Eliana almost burst out laughing at the absurdity of Willow's claim. Her imagination really knew no bounds.

Supporting a leukemia patient? What a load of crap. She wondered how Silas would react if he knew Willow was cursing his daughter with this

nonsens

The crowd, predictably, started to waver again.

“Oh, I see. That’s really kind of you. Yeah, you should definitely find **that** photo,” one onlooker said sympathetically.

“Yeah, if it were me, I’d want to find it too,” someone else agreed...

“Totally. I mean, that photo’s gotta have a lot of sentimental value. And if the girl in it has leukemia... that’s heartbreaking another added,

Willow, emboldened by the crowd’s sympathy, turned to **Eliana** with a triumphant look. “If you didn’t take my photo, then let me search your

Eliana raised an eyebrow, her gaze icy. If she hadn’t been prepared for Willow’s antics, she might’ve actually been caught off guard by her melodramatic performance.

“You wanna search me? Fine. But what happens if you don’t find anything?” Eliana asked coolly

“Then I apologize to your Willow shot back.

“No.” Eliana said, **her** tone sharp. “You already owe me an apology. If you don’t find it, I want you to post a public apology on the school’s forum. No

Willow’s eyes widened. The **school** forum? A public apology? Isn’t that a bit much!”

“I, so you do understand what **a bit much** means,” Eliana shot back, her voice dripping with **sarcasm**.

Willow narrowed her eyes, seething. She was absolutely certain the photo was on Eliana. She’d seen her pick it up earlier. If only she knew exactly where Eliana had hidden it, she’d have snatched it by now.

That photo was her golden ticket to meeting Silas—her key to launching her career in the entertainment industry. There was no way she’d let Eliana snatch this chance from her

Grinding her teeth, Willow finally snapped, “Fine! If I can’t find it, I’ll post the apology.”

“Great. Everyone **here** heard that **Eliana said**, spreading her arms wide. “**Go** ahead, Search me.”

Willow immediately began rummaging through Eliana’s pockets and belongings. She **searched again** and **again**, becoming increasingly frantic.

But no matter how thoroughly she checked, there was no sign of the photo.

“Did you find for Eliana asked, her voice calm but laced with mockery.

*Hold still! I need to **check** inside your clothes!” Willow demanded, desperation creeping into her tone.

“That’s a bit over the top. Don’t you think **so**?” Eliana **said** coldly, her presence suddenly dominating the space, **Willow** felt a chill run down her spine, **as** if Eliana’s **disdain** was a physical force pressing down on her.

“You didn’t find anything, right?” **Eliana** said coldly.

Willow froze, her hair pale. She had no comeback

“Everyone here saw the whole thing. They can testify, Willow Garcia, I expect to see your apology on the forum tomorrow. If not..” Eliana’s smile was razor-sharp “I’ll make sure you can’t show your face around this **school** again.”

With that, Eliana turned and strode into the auditorium, leaving the **crowd** buzzing. Whispers rippled through the onlookers as they cast pointed glances at Willow, whose face was now beet red with humiliation.

Inside, Willow **was** fuming. Her hands clenched into fists, nails digging into her palms. Why the hell did that **bitch get to** act so high and **mighty**?

Chapter 13

Eliana strolled into the auditorium, blending into the crowd like she belonged **there**.

Once she was certain no one was **paying her** any mind, she slipped her hand into the hidden pocket of her sleeve and pulled out a photo, careful and quick

She’d been ready for Willow’s antics today. She’d known that girl would try something. That was why she had a **plan**—a **good** one.

Eliana had stashed her own photo in her sleeve earlier when Willow wasn’t paying attention. No way in hell was Willow going to find it.

The place was packed with freshmen buzzing with energy. Eliana scanned the room, found her class’s section, and casually slipped into a seat.

Not even a minute later, Willow came storming in frustration all over her face. She trudged to the back row, her eyes locking onto Eliana in the front. And of course, she rolled her eyes like the drama queen she was.

The party soon kicked off, with several deans and upperclassmen taking the stage.

Eliana didn't care about any of it. Her eyes were glued to the front row, where Silas was sitting with some school bigwigs. He didn't seem to have a clue that his wallet—and more importantly, the photo inside it was missing.

She knew she had to give it back. But how, it had to look natural, like she wasn't scheming to get close to him. She couldn't come off as suspicious.

Last time around she cringed at the memory—her wardrobe malfunction had turned her into a public spectacle. She'd been too busy nursing **her** humiliation to **notice** how Willow managed to cozy up to Silas and return the photo like **a** hero.

Her thoughts were interrupted as the speeches wrapped up.

Someone announced. "Alright, now's **your** chance to mingle! Get to know the folks you'll be spending the next four years with Cue the **polite** clapping, which quickly turned into chatter and movement as everyone scattered.

Applause filled the room, and everyone began to move around freely.

This wasn't just idle mingling, though. Soon, the show-offs would start performing, hoping to catch the eyes of a few directors in the crowd.

Willow, of course, was ready for her moment. She'd dressed to impress, every detail painstakingly planned. As the crowd spread out, she zeroed in. **on** her targets the rich kids from Dratora City.

But her real prize was Roman Scott, the student council president who **had spoken** earlier.

Willow stationed herself strategically, holding a drink and pretending to be lost in thought.

She was planning an "accidental" run-in with Roman Classic. Except **it** backfired spectacularly. Roman didn't even take the path she was watching. He had other plans.

a moment. He stepped

From the stage, Roman's eyes had been scanning the crowd for someone. The **second** he spotted Eliana, he didn't **waste** a moment and headed straight for her.

Willow, clueless as ever, waited **for a** good long minute **before** realizing Roman wasn't **coming** her way. When she saw him walking toward Eliana, her face twisted in shock. She hurried after him, trying to catch up..

Eliana stood up, ready to **move** to a quieter spot, but barely made it two steps before a voice called out behind her. "Eliano!"

She turned to see Thomas heading her way, flanked by Cameron and two others. Her stomach dropped.

What the hell **are** they doing here? This isn't how it went last time, she thought. Before her time travel, they hadn't shown up at all.

are you **guys** doing here?" she **asked**, unable to hide her surprise.

Thomas just grimmed. "What, this **is** the freshman party, babe. We figured we'd

A **join** in the fun."

Eluna shot Eliana a look, clearly unimpressed. "Fun. You're just here to stir shit up

Thomas didn't **seem** fazed, but their arrival had already drawn attention. Heads turned, whispers spread, and suddenly, all eyes were on her.

Eliana felt the beat rising to her face. She hated this. Being the center of attention was not her vibe

The four of them were practically legends **at** Instate University—more popular than Tomon, the student council president himself.

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"Come on, get outta here **already!** Eliana tried to shoo Thomas and the other three away, pushing at Thomas's back with little success.

Thomas turned back to her with **a** charming smile, taking her hand. "Why? Your dad specifically asked me to keep an eye on you, so I'm doing my job. Let me introduce you to some people around here. Those guys who just spoke on stage? I know them all."

Meanwhile. Cameron's sharp eyes zeroed in on Thomas holding Eliana's hand, his gaze practically screaming. "What the hell do you think you're **doing!**

Thomas felt the chill immediately, like daggers were flying at him from Cameron's direction. Oh, crap... Why does this feel like I'm about to get murdered" he thought.

He released Eliana's hand so fast it was as if **it** burned him.

"What's wrong?" Eliana asked, confused by his sudden reaction.

"Nothing just don't wanna hold **hands** anymore. Feel weird, Thomas muttered, scratching the back of his head.

"Huh?"

Landon Mitchell burst out laughing. "Eliana, he's just being a **dumbass**."

Thomas shot him a deadly glare. "Who the hell are you calling dumbass, huh?"

Adam snickered, chiming in, "**Alright**, hotshot, why don't you grab her hand again and prove it?"

Thomas hesitated, suddenly realizing they were setting him up to get decked. "They're both assholes, be cursed silently.

Cameron ignored their nonsense and stepped forward. "Don't pay attention to them," he said calmly to Eliana. "I'll take you instead.

Eliana hesitated. She clutched the **photo** in her hand, reluctant to stick too close to these four attention magnets

They were like walking neon signs—way too flashy for my taste. But then she thought about the opportunity they presented. It wasn't every day she'd get the chance to network with the deans and directors.

"Alright," she finally agreed

The four of them confidently led her to the front of the hall, where several deans and directors were seated

"Mr. Turner, Mr. Roberts, Cameron greeted smoothly

Micah Turner and Jeremiah Roberts looked **up, visibly** surprised. "Cameron? What brings you guys here

"We're just here to show some support, Cameron said nonchalantly.

Micah chuckled. "Support, huh? I'm just glad **you're** not here to stir up trouble for once!"

here?

Thomas grinned. "Relax, Mr. **Turner**. We made sure to wait until after your speech to show up. **No** stealing the spotlight this time!"

Jeremias laughed **at** the playful Lanter

After exchanging a few lighthearted comments, the group introduced Eliana.

"This is Eliana Davis, a new student in the acting department?" **Thomas** said, his voice unusually **serious**. Mr.

Turner, Mr. Roberts, please let the professors know to keep an eye out for her. She's new here, **so** she could use some extra support," he added.

Eliana flushed as she greeted the deans shyly. "**It's** a pleasure to meet you, Mr. Turner, Mr. Roberts,"

In the **past**, she'd been **just another** ordinary student at hostead. She'd never had the chance to get this close to the deans, let alone hold a conversation with them. Her respect for these academic giants **was** apparent.

Jeremias looked at Eliana with **a smile**. They had heard about the daughter of the board member joining the **acting** department. Now seeing her. they knew the girl was Eliana

There **was** no need for introductions, they already **knew** what they should do. Being the daughter of a board **member** meant no one would make things difficult for her.

Jeremiah studied her with **a warm smile**. "I've heard about you. You're quite the promising young talent"

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"Today's your **hicky day**, Eliana." Jeremiah continued. "**We have** three directors visiting

—
Mr. Silas Carter, Mr. Xavier Cruz, and Mr. Dominic Parker All of them are industry leaders. Eliana, I'm sure you'll get to work with them after you graduate."

"Hell, at this rate, you might not even need to wait until graduation!" Micah added with a hearty laugh

Chapter 14

the auditorium, the other freshmen couldn't help but steal glances at Eliana, who seemed to light up the room as she mingled effortlessly with the group at the front.

Her polished unile and occasional respectful nods only made lser more captivating. She was, quite literally, glowing

Meanwhile, Willow Garcia, clueless about the deeper dynamics at play, watched the scene with thinly veiled disdain.

What's the big deal? So she knows a few hotshots. That **doesn't** mean she's gonna win Willow scoffed to herself, her lips curling into a smirk. Apik dressed in silk is still a pig"

Even if Eliana made good connections, Willow believed she had everything under control and would be the true winner in the end.

Furled by her scheming, Willens strode confidently toward Roman. As she passed by, she "accidentally" bumped into him.

"Oops!" she gasped, letting out a dramatic little yelp as she leaned into him for balance.

Roman instinctively reached out to steady her. "**You** okay?" he asked, his tone polite but distracted,

Willow blinked up at him, lashes fluttering as she plastered on her most demure smile. "Oh, thank you, Roman! I'm fine, really" Her voice dripped with **faux** innocence

"**Watch** your step next time, Roman said casually, already glancing back toward the front where Eliana was. His attention wasn't on Willow at all—it **was** clear who had captured his interest.

Willow's heart sank for a moment, but she quickly recovered. She tugged at his sleeve, trying to prolong the moment. "Oh no, I think I **got** some lipstick on your jacket! I'm so sorry! Here, why don't you give it to me? I get it cleaned for you.

Roman raised an eyebrow but shook his head. "No need," he said flatly. "It's just a jacket."

However, Willow was determined not to let Roman go so easily. She wanted to leave a lasting impression. "Come on; it's the least I can do. Let me help you," she insisted, tugging at his sleeve.

"I said no," he replied firmly, pulling his arm back. He wasn't about to **waste any** more time on this unnecessary conversation.

But **Willow** wasn't giving up that easily. Just as she opened her mouth to push the issue further, a sudden sound cut her off—aloud rip from behind. She froze, her eyes widening in disbelief as a chilly breeze hit her exposed **back**.

“What the “she muttered, reaching behind her. Her **fingers** brushed over her dress, or what was left of it. The seams had given way completely, leaving her back scandalously bare.

“Holy crap! **Look**, her **dress just** ripped!” someone from the crowd shouted.

Willow’s face turned crimson as she tried desperately to cover herself, but it was no use. The more she moved, the more obvious her predicament

“Don’t look **at** me!” she screamed, spinning around helplessly, but her quiburst only drew more attention.

Her face flushed with embarrassment. She had hoped to make an impression at the freshman assembly, but instead, she made a fool of herself.

From her spot at the front, Eliana noticed the commotion. She turned her head, and her eyes landed on Willow, failing in embarrassment. A flicker of amusement crossed her face, though she quickly masked it with a **neutral expression**.

Funny how tables turn, Eliana thought with a quiet satisfaction. Before her time travel, she had been the one humiliated like this. Now it was Willow’s turn to feel the sting of public disgrace.

The dress ripping was no accident; it was Eliana’s doing

Earlier, **at** the entrance of the auditorium, Willow **insisted** on searching Eliana.

During the search, Eliana discreetly used a small blade hidden between her fingers to nick the seam on Willow’s dress. She didn’t cut deeply, knowing that as long as Willow behaved, the dress would stay intact,

Eliana was betting on Willow **causing** trouble. **As she** expected, Willow’s attempts to flirt with Roman led to exaggerated movements, causing the **dress** to tear.

In Eliana’s view, Willow brought this upon herself

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Chapter 1d

Willow desperately tried to hold her dress together. Although Roman hesitated at first, he couldn't ignore her predicament. As a gentleman, he handed over his jacket to cover her.

Embarrassed, Willow thanked him and quickly left the auditorium, unable to face anyone.

Once Willow was gone, Eliana glanced away and met Cameron's gaze. She realized he **had** been watching her and wondered why he kept staring at

her.

Turning her attention back, Eliana handed a photo to Silas. "Mr. Carter, is this little girl your daughter? I found this photo at the entrance."

Silas was surprised and quickly checked his wallet, realizing the photo was missing. He hadn't noticed it was gone.

"Oh my goodness. I'm so glad you found it. Thank you, Eliana. Without you, I would never have gotten it back," Silas said, relieved. "I took this photo when my daughter was six, in first grade. She's twelve now and in Ocrein with her mother. This is the only photo I have of her as a child. Thank you so much."

Silas then asked. "Eliana, how did you know she is my daughter?"

Eliana smiled warmly. "I saw a picture of your daughter on Twitter before, and the girl in the photo looks similar to her, so I took a chance. I'm **glad** I was right."

Silas nodded, recalling his post. "Yes, I did share it on Twitter. I didn't expect you to follow me there."

Eliana seized the opportunity to compliment him. "I really enjoy your films, Mr. Carter. That's why I follow you on Twitter. I hope to work with you someday after I graduate."

"Oh, don't worry about it. You'll definitely get a chance. You're talented, and I won't overlook that. Silas laughed warmly, clearly impressed by

After successfully returning the photo to Silas, Eliana felt a wave of relief.

With the freshman assembly concluded, everyone left the auditorium, aware that the freshmen's training session would begin in three days. Cameron and the others walked alongside Eliana, surrounding her protectively like her guardians.

Eliana let out an exasperated sigh. "Seriously, don't you guys **have** anything better to do than tail me all day?"

a lift, Eliana.”

Thomas **leaned** in with a casual smile. “Hey, we’ve got some downtime. If you’re heading home, I could give you a lift,

Landon **chimed** in with a playful smirk. “Come on, there’s still so much of the afternoon left! Why waste it sitting at home? Let’s do something fun matead

Adam nodded in agreement. “We’ve got a monthly **pass at** the Epicurean Club. How about we hit the pool tables there?”

Thomas turned toward Cameron. “What about **you**, Cameron? You in!”

Cameron, however, sluffed his gaze to **Eliana** and asked, “What do you think?”

Eliana paused, caught off guard. If **her** memory served her right, the Epicurean Club was the swankiest members-only hotspot in Dratora City. Regular people didn’t even get to step foot **inside**.

And they’ve got a monthly pass? Just thinking about **it** made her head spin. The sheer extravagance of it all was unreal

Chapter 15

Eliana pained, thought for a innanen!, then nodded. “Alright, let’s go together”

Seeing her agree, Cameron turned to Landon. Bring the car around,”

“Cant it” Landon replied camally.

The group

pistoalled to the west gate of the campus to wait for Landon to pull up.

With nothing better to do, Thomas struck up a conversation with Eliana. “So, Eliana, you thinking about joining any clubs

Eliana didn’t even hesitate. “Nope”

Thomas raised a brow. “Not Don’t you think college life’s gonna get kinda boring without one?”

Before her time travel, she’d been so busy working part-time jobs **just** to scrape together tuition that joining any clubs had been out of the question. Socializing had seemed like a luxury.

but this time, maybe it wouldn't hurt to **try** something new.

Eliana remembered that **had** signed up for the tennis club back then just because Roman was in it too.

It wasn't just any club at Instead University—it was the club. The most popular one, hands down. Its members were either top-tier students everyone admired or rich kids whose parents were VIPs in Dratora City—CEOs, government officials, or straight-up royalty.

There was even a saying at Isonstead: If you can get into the tennis club, even as a ball boy, you've already made it

Klana turned to the three men standing beside her. "**Are** you guys in the tennis club **too**?"

Cameron **looked** a little confused. "**Too?** What do you mean too?"

"Just curious," Eliana said quickly, brushing **it** off.

Adam laughed. "**Yeals**, we're all in the tennis clubs. Landon here is actually the club president."

Thomas grinned and chimed in. "Eliana, you should join the tennis club too. I can pull some strings—skip the whole application process for you. What do you say?"

Every year, hordes of students tried to join the tennis club, but fewer than thirty made the cut. The competition was **brutal**, a testament to how exclusive the club **was**.

And why wouldn't it be? The perks were insane. Private training facilities, members-only lounges, **a luxury** practice court, and tournaments with jaw-dropping rewards.

about the benefits, though. Being in the tennis club meant connections—valuable ones. Networking there could set them up for life. Graduate with a few of those named in their phone, and they wouldn't need to worry about a job.

Selection, though, was a bloodbath. They used a quarter-final clamination format, and newbies often got cut in the first round.

Most people assumed Eliana didn't know how to play tennis. If she joined, they figured she'd just be there to look pretty.

Hut honestly, no one would complain about that. She had the connections to get in, and being a "chab darling" was hardly a bad thing.

*The tennis club, lauli? Sound cool. Alright, I'm in!" 1 tryosis lair and square. No shortcuts for me!"

Eliana declared confidently, her **eyes** shining with determination. "But I'll make it through the

Thomas raised an eyebrow at her bokless. "That's some spirit, Eliana. But let's be real—can you even play tennis? You're not exactly the sporty type, and I bet your usual exercise routine is close to zero. **I'm** telling you the clination rounds are no joke, and those rookies who **make** it to the fals! They or beasts"

The tennis chula often competed with those from other universities, **so** members needed to be skilled. Players **in** Isonstead University's tennis club were as good **as** national athletes, Highlighting die challenge.

Eliana shot him a glare. "What's that supposed to mean? Are you underestimating **me**?"

Before Thomas could respond. Cameron chimed in with a smirk. "Relax. **Worst case**, if you don't make it, you can always join the cheer squad."

Chapter 13

Thomas word "Cheer squad? Dinle, does our clubs even have one?"

There were few wonten in the trunk

so a cheer squad was umbrand of

*

"Not yet, Cameron replies, his voice calm and steady. "That it could

Thomas Blinked in disbelief. 'Is Cameron serious? Is he suggesting they create a cheer squad just for Eliana if she doesn't make the cut he

wondered.

That would be wild, **even** for Cameron. Then **again**, if anyone could pull something like that off,

it was him.

Their banter was interrupted by the hums of an engine as Lanilons pulled up in his car,

Once inside. Thomas wasted no time, "Hey, Landon, **make** sure we save a spot for Eliana in the tennis clubs this year."

Driving with one hand on the wheel, Landon **glanced** at Thomas through the rearview mirror. “Eliana’s joining the tennis club? Awesome. She can skip the **tryouts** and just join directly.”

From the backseat, Eliana **leaned** forward, her voice firm. “No way, **I’m** doing the tryouts like everyone else. No favors, no shortcuts. Got it?”

The car fell silent for a moment. Seeing how serious she was, no one argued further,

Still **Thomas** and Cameron exchanged knowing glances. Whether or not the tryouts would be entirely fair was up to them.

They soon arrived at the Epicurean Club, a high-end recreational hub. Eliana was taken aback by its minimalistic, Zen-inspired design.

She had expected the largest entertainment venue in Dratora City to be flashy, maybe even gaudy, but this was a pleasant surprise.

A staff member greeted them and led them to the third floor, where the billiards rooms were located.

The floor was divided into private rooms and **open** areas, with the private **rooms** charging by the hour—or by the month, for those who could afford...

The staff clearly recognized the group. Cameron, in particular, was a familiar face. He had a long-standing lease on the club’s most premium billiards room, practically turning it into his personal hangout.

Thin, however, was the first time they had ever brought a woman along. Eliana couldn’t help but notice the **curious** glances sent her way as they

Inside the room, Eliana wandered around, taking in the space while the others prepared their cues

The walls were lined with custom-made billiard cues, each one a masterpiece worth a fortune

Cameron shrugged off his jacket, revealing a loose gray

gray T-shirt underneath, Rolling up his sleeves, he exposed his sharp collarbones **as** he

“Help me pick one,” he said casually, turning to Eliana

Eliana blinked, surprised. “Hile Met” She filed her head, scanning the **wall** of cues before pointing to a pink-and-purple one. “How about this one

The cue she chose had a purple tip, a pink handle, and—much to Cameron's **dismay**—a little bow tied around it.

Cameron froze, rangla off guard by hierchusDE.

Adam, scho hail been selecting a cue of his own, burst out laughing. "Oh, **man**. That one! Cameron's mom gave it to him for his eighteenth lantliday Special limited edition. He swore he'd **never** touch; it".

Elana grimsed. "Perfect. Since he's **never** used it, today's the day. No backing out now!"

Cameron lersitated, clearly regretting his decision to let her pick

Eliana leaned closer, her tour **teasing** "What's the **matter**! You're not gonna chicken out, are you? Come on, Cameron, a man's **got to** keep his word. If you back out. I'll mark you for the rest of your life"

"Tine." Cameron muttered, pulling the car off the wall. ""Let's do this?"

Adam doubled over laughing. "This is gold! Cameron **said** he'd never use that cue. Looks like he's eating

ating his words today!"

The rest of the group erupted into laughter, the room filled with teasing and banter.

Chapter 16

Cameron didn't break his word he grabbed the cue stick just as **he'd** promised.

Since billiards was a four—player game. Eliana opted to sit this one out, lounging on the sidelines and watching the m play.

"Alright, today's game needs stakes. Thomas **announced** with a sly grin, "Eliana, why don't you pick the penalty?"

Eliana, perched on the sofa, **was** scrolling through her phone, ready to log into Isonstead University's forum. She paused **and** smirked. "How about this—losers treat everyone to dinner?"

"That's way too basic. Thomas shot **back**, shaking his head. "Come on, Eliana, you can do better."

Eliana tilted her **head**, curious. "**What's** the usual punishment for you guys?"

Landon grinned mischievously. “Oh, we usually go big—like making the loser eat ten lemons in a row.”

Eliana’s brows shot up, and she couldn’t help but think. That’s a recipe for wrecking your teeth.

“Well then,” she **said** after a moment, her eyes gleaming with mischief, “losers will still treat everyone to dinner, but here’s the twist—whatever the winners serve them, they’ve got to eat it with a smile.”

“Damn, Eliana, that’s brutal” Landon exclaimed, clearly impressed.

The group erupted into laughter. “Alright, that’s the rule. Let’s get started!” Thomas declared.

As the game kicked off, Eliana returned to her phone, logging into the school forum. She **already** had a hunch about what she’d find there, and she

wasn’t wrong.

The first two pages were flooded with posts about her: photos of her entering the campus gates with Cameron in the morning, snapshots of her **having** lunch with the boys, and, of **course**, pictures from the freshman party. The cherry on top? A thread about Willow’s wardrobe malfunction during the assembly.

Intrigued, Eliana clicked on the post about Willow. Someone had snapped photos of the embarrassing incident and uploaded them. She could **almost** hear Willow’s furious screams just imagining her reaction.

Serves

her right Eliana thought smugly. In the **past**, she’d endured plenty of humiliation—this time, it was Willow’s turn.

After satisfying her curiosity, Eliana exited the forum and switched to the **dark** web. She posted a challenge with a 100,000 bounty: breach her firewall and access her confidential files by the 20th of next month.

The dark web’s hacker leaderboard caught her attention, **and** her target was **third** on the list—a hacker known as “Red Riding Hood”

In the **past**. Red Riding Hood had collaborated with Willow to destroy her career, leaking her private **dam** online.

Although these events were four years away, Eliana was already planning **ahead**. As she **skimmed** the list of challengers, she spotted the name she was **looking** for—Red Riding Hood

Leaning back into the sofa, she smirked. ‘Gotcha! She knew her firewall **wouldn’t go down** so easily.

Before her time travel, Eliana had suffered greatly due to her lack of technical expertise. That humiliation drove her to master cybersecurity, **and** ironically, it was Willow’s fans who’d helped her **improve**

Their relentless cyberbullying gave her the perfect practice ground. She started **small**, targeting IPs, and eventually became skilled enough to hack into their devices and confront them face-to-face.

Those self-righteous trolls would cry innocence every

time she reported them, which only fueled her resolve. “Not this time, she vowed

Meanwhile, on the other side of campus, Willow was fuming. After her embarrassing moment at the freshman party, she unleashed her anger on

her **maid**

“This dress **was** ruined! Why the hell didn’t you check it beforehand? Are you trying to ruin my life?” she screamed, her face red with fury.

The maid, looking genuinely puzzled, replied. “Miss Carcia, I have no **idea** how this **happened**. These clothes came straight from the boutique, and I checked them thoroughly. The sales assistant did too. I don’t know how **it** could have ripped”

Willow didn’t believe her and glared at her. She **checked** her phone and saw the photos from the assembly posted online. Seeing them made her

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10:28 PM

Chapter 16

Even more

furious.

D

She then recalled something odd from when she was investigating Eliana. Examining the dress closely, she found what she was looking for- evidence **that** the threads had been cut with a blade.

Willow knew it had to be Eliana.

Willow clenched her fists in rage, wishing she could find Eliana and tear her apart.

But something didn't add up. In **her** previous life, Eliana hadn't been this clever. Could it be that, like me, Eliana has changed in this lifetime?" Willow wondered

Regardless, Willow **was** determined not to let Eliana overshadow her this time.

To her, Eliana, the fake heiress to the Garcia family, had stolen everything from her. After Willow returned home, Eliana pretended to be kind, but Willow believed it was just a facade to make herself look better,

Willow had grown up away from wealth, and when she returned to the Garcia family, she knew **nothing**. If not for Eliana helping her adjust, Willow would have made countless embarrassing mistakes.

Yet, Willow saw Eliana's kindness **as a** way to flaunt her superiority.

Jealousy twisted Willow's perception. She thought no matter how hard she tried, she could never surpass Eliana

Both Willow and Eliana liked Roman, but he only had eyes for Eliana.

"Why! Eliana is just a fake heiress! Willow exclaimed inwardly.

After that, Willow's hatred for Eliana burned even hotter. She swore she'd get her revenge, and fate seemed to smile on her, handing her another

that

Willow wasn't about to waste this chance—no way in hell. She was going to make Eliana pay, and pay hard.

To Willow, Eliana was nothing more than **a** lowly servant, someone born to gravel. She deserved to stay in the dirt where she belonged, and Willow was determined to grind her underfoot until she begged for mercy.

What Willow didn't realize, though, was that in Eliana's previous life, she'd actually succeeded in destroying her. She had manipulated Eliana's landness and used it to bring her to ruin.

But this time, Eliana wasn't about to fall for out on top was anyone's guess.

that same trap again. The wheel of fate was turning, but this time, the game wasn't rigged. Who'd come

Three hours later, the pool game was **over**, and the winners were clear.

Landon and Cameron had wiped the floor with Thomas and Adam.

Landon let out a booming laugh, **smirking as** he turned to Thomas. Tommy, you're **so screwed** tonight. Remember last time, when you made cat ten freaking lemons Yeals, p ayback's a bitch. Tonight, we're going for barbecue, and I'm making you **down** the whole damn sauce!"

Thomas **groaned**, throwing **his** hands up. "Damn it, man! **Don't** overboard!"

ΠΕ

Landon shrugged with a sly grin. "Overboard? Nah. You're lucky I'm **being** generous. **You** made me eat so many lemons I couldn't taste anything but sour for three days straight. Everything I ate tasted like I **was sucking** on a **lemon**. You earned this,"

Adam, sensing the brewing storm, **quickly** raised his hands in mock surrender. "Hey, hey, Landon, let's not **drag** me into this. It was Tommy who set you up last time, not me! I had nothing to do with is, man. And for the record, I'm **not touching that sauce, so** don't even try!"

Chapter 17

The group of five left the Epicurean Club together.

Luna's phone burred with an incoming call—it was Owen.

Hey. Owen whatsup?" Eliana answered

Owen's warm, familiar voice came through the line. "Eliana, how's your first **day** going! Do you like Jonstead University?"

“Of course, I love it!” she said cheerfully

There was some background noise. Are **you not** on campus?” Owen asked, a trace of concern in his tone.

Before Eliana could explain, Thomas snatched the phone **from** her. “Yo, Owen! It’s me, Thomas. Don’t worry about Eliana. **After** the freshman party, we took her out for a bit of fun. We’re planning to hit up a hotpot spot later. Relax, I’ll make sure she gets back in one piece

Eliana didn’t have many friends since moving to Dratora City, so Owen felt reassured hearing that Thomas was with her.

Still, his protective instincts kicked in. Thomas, don’t take her anywhere sketchy. If you do

come on. Owen “You think I’d dare? It’s not just me and Eliana. Cameron’s with us too. We’ve got everything under control, Thomas replied. half-joking.

“Cameron’s there? Alright, then. Just make sure she’s back by nine.”

“Got it. Relax, man. Talk later! Thomas hung up, handing the phone back to Eliana. “All sorted”

Owen might have had his doubts about Thomas, but hearing Cameron was **with** them completely put him at ease.

Meanwhile, Owen’s confidence in Cameron wasn’t misplaced. Unlike most of Dratora City’s wealthy young men, Cameron **had a** squeaky-clean reputation. He was the kind of guy who wouldn’t touch smoky bars or sleazy joints with a ten-foot pole.

Cameron & family background was unique compared to Thomas and the rest, whose **families** were all in business. Cameron came from a prominent political family known for its strict principles.

The Wrights were practically royalty in the political world, and their family rules were notoriously rigid.

Growing up, Cameron had been groomed to follow the straight and narrow, with no tolerance for frivolity or vice.

Knowing Cameron was around, Owen had every **reason** to trust Eliana was in good hands.

Eliana took her phone **and** asked skeptically. “What did my brother say?”

Thomas smirked. "He said you've gotta be back by **nine** and that we should **have** a good time. **He's** chill"

"Really?" Eliana's brow furrowed, not fully buying it. Thomas never struck her **as** someone to take **things** seriously.

How could Owen say something like that? **Elana** asked inwardly.

"Come on. I'm **your cousin!** You don't trust me! Thomas **said**, feigning hurt

ina muttered under her breath. Not when you're this uncluble *

"What dad

| you say!" Thomas asked.

Eliana looked up with a bright smile. "Oh, nothing"

They arrived

the barbecue restaurant and booked a private room

As they settled into their seats, Thomas was about to sit next to Cameron when Cameron shot him a look of clear disdain.

Catching on immediately. Thomas turned to Eliana and said, "Eliana, why **don't** you sit here?"

Eliana sited. "Isn't that your seat"

Thomas gently grabbed Eliana's shoulder and guided her into the **chair**. "Just take it. No need to stand on ceremony with me"

Chapter 17

Once everyone was seated, they started ordering. They were very attentive to Eluna, asking her what she wanted. She mentioned a few dishes, and they ordered each

Takinet muh

ways get more." they assured her.

Soon the food arrived, and they began to eat. Eliana noticed that the dishes they ordered were quite unusual, with many raw ingredients.

son ordered the server to cook all the dishes Elina had selected, except for the raw ones they'd chosen together.

Landon you're

Landon asked. "Than it

Leave Thomas a los

She loved barbecue, especial

going to make them eat this raw, are you?" Eliana asked, raising a skeptical eyebrow

ot eating raw. It's reconnecting with nature."

dripping with sympathy before starting to cook her food.

py bacon and tender beef ribs. Picking up a rib with her fork, she dipped it into the pot, letting it sizzle.

Ewas a biceprised and looked Cameron "Aren't you gonna er

Tipo ito barbecue" Cameron replied matter-of-factly.

Then why are you even here she muttered under her breath. Still, she happily accepted the offering, being a fan of all things spicy and savory. The other three exchanged meaningful glances as Cameron continued to serve Eliana. Thomas caught on immediately: Cameron had a thing for

Common, despite his apparent indifference to the food, busied himself cooking for Eliana, playing the role of her personal chef. Eliana didn't mind

be—it unved be the trouble.

super spicy barbecue sauce came out though, the real drama began.

feated a bowl of barbecue sauce with lots of chilies in it, and pushed it toward Thomas "Eat up" he said, his grin wicked

ing at the bowl. "You're bidding me, right?"

Tommy" You think I

priht and crowd

got time to joke around” If you’re mad, blame Eliana. It was her idea for this punishment. She clearly wants you to ideways tonight“.

the private room

apping ber drink couldn’t hold back and burst into giggles, nearly choking on her water

Fase dested from the beat the rase “Come on Thomas, man up. Worst case! You’ll need your stomach pumped later. But you wouldn’t want to love face in fruct of everyone, would you! If you don’t drink it who’s gonna respect you next time?”

Thurnau thuron La brad bark in dabelief. “Tuarua, are you serious? I thought you’d back me up, but you’re just fanning the timed”

send innocently, batting her lishes. “What can I say! I **side** with logic, not blood”

Landon capped his hands.

roaring with laughter” “Hana, you’re a damn gem!”

The group could help but

marvel at her audacity. Most women they knew wouldn’t dare unter half of what she did, let alone stir the

Elana want done yet “According to the rules. Adum should drink too. **You** guys are brothers, right? Share the joy, share the paint

Adam nearly dropped has chopsticks. Me? No way You love that spicy sauce so much, you can it

He declly dude

to share this purmshment.

this

Sorry. Elana even if I wanted to eat it. I cant. The rules say one person punishes another Landon punishes Tommy, and my punishment is up Cameron Cameron, we’ve been friends for almost twenty years. You wouldn’t do this **to** me, right!”

Eliana ngand leaning **had** with a rh Shume That really pretty od vou know

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ant blußine—ched mind **it** before. Non

Chapter 18

Cameron was sharp **as** ever. Ignoring Adam's desperate plea, he turned to Eliana with a sly smile. "Since you're so eager to play, why don't you decide the punishment"

Eliana's eyes lit up instantly. "Seriously? You're letting me choose?"

Cameron nodded casually. Yep."

Landon, who was already laughing uncontrollably, nearly **doubled** over. "Damn, Adam! If you start groveling to **Eliana** now, you might still stand a chance!"

Adam shot a deadpan look. "Cameron, what the hell, man? You've changed. How could you betray me for her? Bros before—oh, never mind. I despise you!"

Cameron **didn't** even flinch, letting Adam's words roll off him like water off a duck's back.

Meanwhile, Eliana, full of devilish **ideas**, leaned in close to whisper with Landon. The two were like **peas** in a pod when it came to scheming. Their collaboration? Pure chaos.

After a short exchange, Eliana straightened up and cleared her throat with **an air** of mischief. "Alright, boys, here are your options. One, eat barbecue sauce straight. Two, chow down on some raw beef liver. Or three, take a leap of faith and try the 'mystery concoction.'"

Adam blinked in disbelief. "Mystery concoction? What the hell even is that?"

Eliana gave **him** a cheeky wink. "Oh, that's classified. Just pick already."

Landon was eating something that looked like the mystery concoction and seemed to enjoy it. Thomas and **Adam** exchanged glances and quickly decided, "We'll choose the mystery concoction"

"Good choice!" Landon said, putting down his bowl of soup and asking the server to bring a blender.

Into the blender went two raw eggs, two stalks of celery, two onions, a tomato, some garlic, some blue cheese, and durian flesh. They blended it into

thick mixture and added a splash of milk

Eliana proudly called it the “Super Explosive Wake–Up Smoothie.”

Thomas and Adam looked at the concoction with queasy expressions on their faces. “Is this even edible?”

“Of course it is,” Eliana replied.

Landon agreed, “Yeah, all the ingredients are edible. Whether it gives you an upset stomach, who knows?”

Eliana rubbed her chin thoughtfully. **At** worst, you’ll just feel weak for a bit. Some anti–diarrhea medicine should fix it”

“Seriously! Thomas exclaimed, eyes wide, “Eliana, I’m your cousin. How could you be so ruthless to me?”

If they eat this, something unexpected might happen,

Eliana smirked. Despite her beauty, there was something mischievous about her expression

Landon couldn’t resist adding to the situation, saying. “Don’t worry. If things get messy, I’ll get you some anti–diarrhea medicine.” Adam was left speechless.

Cameron chimed in. “You have to stick **to** the rules”

With Cameron’s words, there was no turning **back**. **Backing** out might lead to something worse than eating the concoction.

Thomas picked up **his** bowl, closed his eyes like a warrior heading into **battle**, and **said**, “**Eliana**, I’ll never **forget** this. This terrible idea must be yours.” Then he downed it in one go.

Inspired by Thomas’s **courage**. Adam did the same.” They ate so fast that they barely **tasted** it; it just slipped down their throats.

“We’re done. The punishment’s over, right?” Thomas asked.

Landon nodded. “Yeah, **it’s over**. We’ll play again next time!

Thomas snorted, “Next time, **huh?** I’ll make sure you try this recipe yourself!”

1/3

Chapter 18

Adam agreed, "Yeah, you have to try it too!"

Elana laughed and asked, "Did you taste anything?"

Adam replied. "I didn't dare to taste it, afraid I'd spit it out

Landon burst into laughter.

After finishing the barbecue, they drove Eliana home.

As the car pulled into the Davis family estate, Eliana got out and said goodbye. "**See you guys tomorrow.**"

Tomorrow? Thomas asked

They didn't have to go **to** school for the next two days since the freshmen's training session started in three days.

Thomas explained, "We're taking you out."

Eliana nodded. "Alright, see you tomorrow." With that, she turned and went inside.

Cameron watched her until she was out of **sight**, then finally looked away.

"Still watching, huh? It's not like you won't see her tomorrow, Thomas teased.

Cameron shot him a cold glance. "Drive."

For several days, Eliana spent time with the four guys, growing closer as they got to know each other. Her easygoing and straightforward nature made her fit right in.

They tried all sorts of activities in Dratora City, from jungle karting and racing to surfing.

As word spread, people in **Dratora** City were surprised to hear that the four well-known young men had a girl in their group.

Initially, Lucy and the others were worried that Eliana might not adjust well to the city. But seeing her quickly bond with Thomas and the others reassured them.

The day before the freshmen's training session, Lucy visited Eliana's room. "**Eliana**, I heard this training session takes place in the jungle. If it gets

tough, just let me know, and you can skip it."

"The freshmen's training session was **a** requirement at Isonstead University and was known for being tough.

Lucy was concerned about Eliana facing hardship. Given Sebastian's position on the university board, arranging an exception for Eliana would be

easy.

"Mom, don't worry. I can handle it, Eliana reassured her.

"But you

were in a car accident before. I'm worried. Lucy began.

"Mom, it's fine. I promise, if it gets too hard, I'll let you know, **okay?**" Eliana **said** with a smile,

Lucy sighed. "Alright, just don't push yourself too hard.

Eliana was their pride and joy. They didn't **want** her to suffer at all.

With her family's resources, Eliana could attend picking the school.

any

school she wanted in the

in the world. It was about the school choosing her—it **was always** her

"**Mom**, it's getting **late**. You should head to bed. **Look** at yo must be killing you" Elina **said**, her tone soft but concerned.

at you—

dark circles under your eyes. Haven't been sleeping well, huh? Theater rehearsals

The theater **was** gearing up

p for a major production to be broadcast on multiple **TV** channels.

As one **of** the pillars of the company, Lucy had a mountain of responsibilities. But hearing **her** daughter's concern gave her a much-needed boost even though she **was** bone-tired

"**It's** nothing, really. All this effort is worth it for the show. Alright, **enough** about me. You should get some sleep too—
school's waiting for you tomorrow, Lucy replied with a reassuring smile.

Chapter 18

“Alright, Mom” Eliana walked Lucy out of the **room** and gently closed the door behind her.

As she turned back, her phone lit up on the bed. **A message** from her group chat, aptly named “My Fair Weather Friends“, popped up on **the** screen.

Thomas: [Eliana, tomorrow’s training is at Mount Saber. It’s gonna be 97 degrees under the blazing sun. You sure you can handle it?]

Chapter 19

Can I handle it? Damn right, I can! Eliana thought, channeling the unshakable determination of a Monoese woman.

Elara had always been a fighter, the kind who thrived on challenges. She vividly remembered her past and how she’d once endured the grueling fifteen-day military training at Mount Saber. Back then, it had transformed Willow into the undisputed goddess of the freshman class

When the campus belle contest rolled around, Willow easily made it to the top ten. A photo of her from training **camp** went viral, earning her the title of Instead University’s “Freshman goddess” and paving the way for her future acting career.

Critics could bash Willow for her acting, but no one dared to question her looks—those photos were pure gold, turning her into an overnight Internet sensation.

Eliana sat cross-legged on her bed, smirking **as** she typed. [That’s a dumb question. Depends if I’m in the mood.]

Thomas: Damn, **badass!**

Landon: Hell yeah!]

Adam chimed in [We’ll bring you water.

Even Cameron, who rarely spoke in the group chat, **offered** a simple (Good luck.

Eliana smiled at their messages before switching to the Instead University forum.

Three days had passed, and still no apology from Willow. Even the post about her wardrobe malfunction had mysteriously vanished.

Eliana knew Willow was behind it. No apology, no nothing—just pretending like it never happened.

Eliana had expected Willow wouldn't apologize, but she waited patiently for three days. Now, with no apology forthcoming, she resolved to make Willow's campus life difficult,

Willow had ignored Eliana's words, so Eliana decided it **was** time to teach her a lesson

The

next day, everyone gathered for the training session at Mount Saber, transported by Isonstead University's special bus. Everything unfolded just as Eliana remembered

Once in training gear, everyone appeared natural without any makeup, including **Eliana**. However, Willow had put effort into looking good with a fake natural makeup look.

Willow approached Eliana, holding sunscreen. "Eliana, the sun's strong out there. Want some sunscreen? It's a great import from Bobhana, you should try **it**

Eliana tucked her long hair under her hat without **looking** at Willow, leaving Willow feeling awkward

Eliana had inherited her flawless **skin** and striking beauty from her mother, Lacy. Her complexion was so naturally perfect that she didn't need any makeup, and her features **were** simply attractive

Willow glanced at Eliana's face, a flicker of envy crossing her eyes.

Noticing this, Stella stepped in to ease the tension.

Hey, **Willow**, I forgot my sunscreen today. Could you lend **me** some?" Stella **asked** casually.

Willow hesitated for a moment before agreeing "Sure, go ahead"

Stella gratefully accepted the sunscreen

Eliana watched Stella bicycling and sighed, slushing her least.

In her previous life, Willow had pulled the same trick, offering Eliana the sunscreen. The outcome **had been** disastrous. Eliana suffered an allergic reaction, with rashes spreading across her face and **neck**.

Standing in the scorching sun during training with such a **face** while sweating heavily and wearing **face** paint to deter bugs **had** only made things

The rashes nearly ruined Elana's face and took six months to heal completely.

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Chapter 19

Back then, Eliana had suspected everything but the sunscreen—perhaps even the fabric of her uniform. Now, she realized it **had** been Willow's sunscreen all along, part of Willow's deliberate scheme against her.

This realization fueled **Eliana's** anger. She stood up and warned Stella, who was oblivious to the danger. "Stella, different skin types can react differently. It's safer to use your own sunscreen."

Stella paused, puzzled. "What do you mean?"

Eliana didn't explain further and joined the group outside.

When Willow overheard Eliana's warning, she felt a wave of anxiety. Could that bitch know something? No, that can't be possible, she told herself. "Stella, don't worry. This sunscreen is great for all skin types. You haven't tried it before, so this is the perfect chance," Willow reassured Stella. Willow's words were meant to **make** Stella misunderstand Eliana. Coming from a modest background, Stella felt that Eliana was mocking her for not being worthy of expensive sunscreen.

Upset, Stella exclaimed, "Who does she **think** she is? Just because my family isn't wealthy doesn't mean I can't enjoy nice things. She's just a phony heiress acting high and mighty"

Willow responded, "Stella, don't be upset. I'm sure Eliana didn't mean it like that. Here, take it as a gift from me."

"Really? Willow, you're so generous!" Stella said, happily accepting the sunscreen and applying it to her face.

Willow

gave a subtle smile and joined the others outside.

Once everyone was gathered, Willow's naturally polished look stood out among the girls. The boys often glanced her way.

During the midday break, after a morning **of** training, the students chatted.

“**Willow** looks amazing **one** student said. “Even in the heat, she stays pretty. Look at those girls with messy makeup. She looks so elegant compared to everyone else.”

“Exactly, but I think Eliana looks nice **too**, another added. “**She** seems more approachable, **even** if she is a bit quiet”

“They’re different,” a third commented. “Willow is sweet, while Eliana is more reserved. I prefer **someone** like Willow.”

The boys continued **to** compare Willow and Eliana.

Eliana kept to herself, avoiding interactions, while Willow made sure to connect with everyone. Willow even had her maid buy drinks **for** everyone and personally handed them out, boosting her popularity,

In the afternoon, as the sun blazed, Willow vanished from the training lines. Yet, when the sun set, she reappeared looking fresh and cheerful, all smiles and charm while the others were exhausted,

Eliana participated in the entire training, her cheeks flushed and her forehead covered in sweat as she endured the heat alongside everyone else.

Chapter 20

The student council carried water up the mountain, with Roman, their president, leading the **way**

Sitting under the shade of a tree, Flina vividly recalled her life before the time travel. Back then, she’d used the sunscreen Willow had given her, **only** to break out in a severe **allergic** reaction.

Her face had turned bright red—like a baboon’s backside. Mortified, she hadn’t dared approach Roman for water, leaving her thirsty all day. She’d resorted to sneaking out at night to gulp down tap water, her pride in tatters.

What a goddamn nightmare,’ she thought bitterly.

This time around. Eliana wasn’t about to let herself suffer again. She walked straight up to get her share of water. Spotting her approach, Roman

grabbed a bottle and handed it to her.

“Thanks” Eliana muttered, spinning on her heel to leave.

“**Hey**, hold up!” Roman called after her.

She named around, arching an eyebrow. “What’s **up!**”

Romun held out a tube of mosquito repellent. “You’ll need this. There are a ton of mosq
uitoes at night when you’re camping up here.

Elana blinked, caught off guard by the gesture. Before her time travel, it **was** exactly this
kind of thoughtfulness that had made her fall for Roman. But things were different now.
She wasn’t going to tread that path again,

“Appreciate it, but I’ve got my own,” she said, declining the repellent before walking off
without **a** second glance,

Nearby, one of the student council members noticed Roman still holding the repellent. “
Yo, Roman, where’d that come from? We didn’t pack anything like that, did we! Or did w
e forget?”

Roman slipped the tube back into his pocket. “Nope. I brought it myself” He’d brought it
specifically for Eliana, but since she didn’t want it, he let it go without pressing further.

Just then, Willow strolled over to grab some water, radiating her usual polished and che
ery vibe.

She wasn’t eve

even thirsty—

she had her stash of sports drinks for that. She wasn’t here to stay hydrated; she was h
ere to get Roman’s attention. expected, the moment Willow showed

ved up, the student council guys perked up, their eyes lighting up

plike kids spotting candy.

Willow noticed the glances coming her way and felt a sense of satisfaction. She leaned i
n toward Roman and **said** softly. “Thank you so much for lending me your jacket last
time, Roman. I really don’t **know** what I would have done without it.

Roman shrugged, his tone indifferent. “It **was** the least I could do

After getting her water, Willow lingered, hoping to talk more with Roman, but he seemed
uninterested. Feeling a bit **awkward**, she turned to **chat** with others nearby: Soon enou
gh, her charming words captivated the student council members.

Meanwhile, Eliana **was** summoned to the command center by an officer.

“Did you need me for something, air Elina asked.

“Your in

instructor wants to see **you**,” the officer replied.

Eliana’s instructor approached her and **said**, “**Eliana**, if the training **is** getting too hard for you, you don’t have to

Eliana frowned. “It wouldn’t be fair to the others if I skipped it.”

“It’s fine, the instructor reassured **her**. “**Willow** also opted out. She just submitted a medical exemption.”

keep **going**”

Now Eliana finally understood why Willow could show **up** at the training all dolled up while **everyone** else looked like they’d been dragged through the mud. When training rolled around, she always disappeared

So, that **was** how she did it—a “medical

When Willow

exemption”

returned to the Garcia family. Andy and Victoria wasted no time taking her for a full medical check-up.

There was no way she **was sick**. If she really were, her parents wouldn’t have let her move all the way from Avragow to Dratora City for school. It had to be fake.

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Chapter 20

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Eliana scoffed at such antics. “No, thanks. I can manage.” But then she added, “By the way, could you let me see Willow’s medical report?”

The instructor frowned, not sure why she wanted it, but considering who her father was, he couldn’t really say no. “Alright, I’ll send it to you later.

Thanks,” Eliana said curtly before heading **back** to the squad.

The student council members were almost done handing out water and preparing to leave when Roman spotted her. After a moment’s hesitation, he walked over.

“Eliana,” he said

Eliana turned to him. “Yes?”

Roman took the mosquito repellent out of his pocket. “I brought this for you. If you don’t need it, feel free to pass it on.”

Before Eliana could reply, he placed the repellent in her hand and walked away.

Eliana was briefly taken aback as she stared at the mosquito repellent in her hand. Just then, Willow approached **her**.

“Eliana, what did Roman just give you? Is that mosquito repellent? If you don’t want it, I’ll take it,” Willow

said.

Without waiting for an answer, Willow grabbed the repellent from Eliana, claiming it for herself.

Eliana frowned “Give it back.”

Willow looked surprised. “You already gave it to me. Isn’t it rude to ask for it back?”

you could have it. And stop talking to me. I don’t wanna see your face.”

Eliana replied, “I never said you

Willow clenched her teeth. “Well, I’m not giving it back.” With that, she turned **and** walked **away**.

Eliana thought about chasing after her but was called to assemble. She decided to let Willow keep the repellent, figuring it saved her the trouble of returning it to Roman later.

Eliana reflected on Roman’s gesture. He had never done anything like that in her previous life. Maybe things were different **now**.

Back then, Eliana’s severe allergy made her so self-conscious **that** she avoided everyone, including Roman, until she regained her confidence. By that time, Willow had already become more popular, leaving Eliana unable to catch up.

Thinking it over, Eliana realized she had many regrets in her previous life. This **time**, she was determined to set things right

After the evening's training, Eliana returned to her tent, completely exhausted. She checked her phone and saw that her instructor had sent her Willow's medical exemption.

Epilepsy? How ridiculous! Eliana smirked **and** saved a copy of the report on her phone.

The next day, another grueling round of training kicked off. Everyone woke up feeling beat, aching all **over**, and totally drained.

But Eliana **was** a whole different story—she was practically **bouncing with** energy. During the weighted run, she charged ahead, her heavy **backpack** barely slowing her down.

Someone from the back shouted, "Eliana, what's your secret! How the hell are you not **wiped** out like the rest of us?*