

## Rewriting Life Chapter 41 – 50

### Chapter 41

The racket spun idly in Eliana's hand as she flashed a playful, almost mocking look at Willow standing across from her.

Her lips curled into a small smirk, and beneath the brim of her hat, her expression carried the weight of someone **far** above it all, like a goddess gazing down from her pedestal.

It was as though she was silently thinking. Is this really all you've got?

Willow pressed a hand to her nose, her eyes welling up with tears from the sting of the impact. Beneath the pain, though.. there was something darker, an ember of resentment burning fiercely inside her.

Stella jumped up in excitement, grinning from ear to ear. "That's amazing, Eli! We won."

Eliana turned to offer a bright smile, and the two of them made their way over to the rest **area**.

"Wow, the new girls this **year** are seriously something else," one of the spectators commented.

"This match was a total blowout. Not much to see here," another one muttered..

"Who says it wasn't worth watching? There are gorgeous girls all over the court! What, no one's paying attention? Eliana is stunning! I bet she'll be in the top ten for campus queen **this** year!"

"Willow's cute, too, but honestly? She doesn't hold a candle to Eliana"

Willow was undoubtedly attractive, but her **flirtatious**, almost desperate vibe seemed to attract the attention of only the in the stands.

Eliana, on the other hand, had this effortless allure that drew everyone in. Men and women **alike** couldn't help but notice her. Her cool, dignified aura was magnetic. She never had to play up to anyone to get ahead, Eliana simply was the best.

Back at the rest area, Eliana's gaze flickered over to Cameron and the others in the back row of the audience.

The four of them were clapping, and Cameron met her eyes with a soft, almost amused expression, his lips tugging into a slight smile.

For a moment, Eliana froze, before quickly averting her eyes and tucking her racket into her bag.

She had thought the match was over, but just then, the referee approached, flanked by Willow and her teammates.

The referee addressed Eliana, his tone official. "This student claims you deliberately injured her. We're going to review the footage."

Before Eliana could respond, Stella was already on her feet, furious. "Who's trying to hurt anyone? They missed the ball, and now they're blaming us? If they can't handle it, they should **just** admit they lost and **stop** making excuses!

Willow's eyes were red, and her face was a picture of fake innocence. "I didn't... the ball hit my face:

Eliana knew better than to expect Willow to just admit she'd been beaten. Of course, she'd make up something to drag this

If **Eliana** refused to let them review the footage now, people might start thinking she was guilty.

Eliana held up a hand to stop Stella, her voice calm but firm. "Fine, let's review the footage then."

The referee hesitated, but once Eliana agreed, things moved along much more smoothly.

**Just** as they were about to head toward the video station, a voice cut through the air. "Where are **you** going?"

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Everyone turned to see **Cameron** and the others had already come down from the stands and were casually making their

way over.

Landon, the president of the tennis club, spoke with an air of authority, his words making an immediate impact.

The referee turned to Landon, speaking with respect, President, Two Team Bare claiming that Team A violated the rules. We were just about to review the footage.”

Landon, with one hand casually tucked in his pocket, cast a brief, dismissive glance at Willow and her **group**. “There’s no need for that. The match is over”

The referee hesitated, unsure of what i

to do next.

Then Cains stepped forward, his voice steady but insistent. “Is that against the rules? If there’s doubt, we have to check the

Landon’s cold stare landed on him. “Are you questioning me? Who’s the president here, you or me?”

Cains opened his mouth, but no words came out. He fell silent.

The referee, seeing the exchange, simply nodded at Landon before turning and walking back to the court.

Willow clenched her fists in frustration, unable to believe that Landon and the others would side with Eliana like this. It stoked the flames of her anger even more.

Not knowing what else to do, she spotted Roman coming out from the back of the arena. Without thinking, she closed her eyes and dramatically collapsed toward him.

Roman’s reflexes kicked in, and he caught her instinctively.

Earlier, when Eliana’s ball had hit Willow’s face, she had probably been so eager to make a scene that she hadn’t taken her fall properly. Now, the sharp pain shot through her, and blood began to drip from her nose.

Charlene shouted in panic. “Willow! Are you okay?”

Roman, taken aback by the sight of Willow’s nosebleed, blinked in surprise. He quickly handed Willow over to Charlene, who nearly lost her balance under the weight of her friend.

Charlene, trying to keep her composure, spoke quickly. “Roman, please take her to the infirmary. Can you help her, please?”

Eliana and Cameron’s group watched with indifference. No one seemed to care about Willow’s display. If anything, they turned and walked away without a second glance.

Roman, the vice president of the tennis club, didn't **want** to deal with taking Willow to the infirmary, but he couldn't just leave her lying on the **ground** either. Turning to Caius, he said, "**Caius**, you take her to the infirmary"

**Calus gave** a quick nod. "Got it"

**Willow**, still pretending to faint, was shocked that Roman didn't even seem to care about her. Instead, Caius **was** the one who ended up helping her!

But, since she **was** already "unconscious, there was no way she could just **snap** back to **reality**. She had no choice but to let Caius take her to the infirmary.

Eliana and Stella had won their final match, officially making them members of the tennis club.

The next day, after the match, the club hosted a meet-and-greet, and to their surprise, Eliana and Stella were the only two

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gurus among this year's recruits.

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When they introduced themselves, the duo was showered with compliments, quickly earning the title of "this year's powerhouse newcomers"

There weren't many girls in the club, just Eliana, Stella, **and** a handful of others, with the total number barely reaching

free

The senior members were all easy to talk to, representing different departments **across** campus.

While they were registering, a senior from the photography department, Elsie, had been eyeing Eliana for a while. Grinning, she finally asked, "Hey, do you have a one-inch photo?"

Eliana raised **an** eyebrow, “A photo?”

Elsie flashed a bright smile. Yep.”

Eliana thought for a moment, then pulled out the photo she had **taken** earlier for Willow in the auditorium. She handed it over to Elsie. “Is this okay?”

Elsie took a glance, nodded, and said, “It’s not the clearest, the lighting’s a bit off, but it should work. You can always upload a better version later!”

Eliana blinked, confused. “Upload to what? What are you talking about?”

Elsie winked at her mischievously. The campus beauty contest! You look way too good to miss out on it. Plus, you’re in the acting department. Just give me the photo, and I’ll sign you **up**! I’m one of the organizers for the Campus Belle Competition this year.

“Wait, what?” Eliana stammered, completely caught off **guard**.

Before Eliana could protest, Elsie cheerfully grabbed the photo and dashed off.

Eliana stood there, stunned, trying to wrap her head around what had just happened. She hadn’t even decided if she **wanted** to join the contest!

Beside her, Stella was grinning like a Cheshire cat. “Eli, you’re pure gold! Even if you’re buried under a mountain of rocks, you’ll still shine **through** and be found! This is amazing! I’m definitely voting for you!”

A club member who had been helping with the **registration** chuckled and added, “Our club’s never had anyone make it into the top ten of the beauty contest. We’re all rooting for you! **You’ll** definitely get our votes when it’s time!”

And just like that, Eliana’s photo was uploaded into the system. Within half an hour, every single member of the tennis club had voted for her, and some even used their backup accounts to **vote** again.

By 6 **p.m.** that evening, her vote count had already surpassed everyone else’s by a wide margin.

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Most of the contestants were from the acting or dance departments, with a few others from different majors. Everyone knew those two departments produced the most beautiful girls, so the competition was fierce.

To welcome the new members, Landon had **reserved** The Azure Hotel for a club dinner party that weekend.

All the members of the tennis clubs were invited, and even a few people from other departments showed up.

The night before. Stella started stressing out, so she invited Eliana to go shopping for an outfit on Saturday.

When Eliana arrived at the **mall** with Lunchie, Stella still hasn't shown up, so Eliana wandered over to a cold drink shop and ordered two milkshakes to wait.

Meanwhile, the owner of Sunset Cafe had finally come to a decision. She offered to sell the cafe to Eliana.

The couple who ran it had decided to stay on and continue working there, helping Eliana manage it.

Eliana was thrilled with their decision, promising that she **would** work hard to turn the cafe's **business** around and make it a

By the time Stella showed up at the cold drink shop, Eliana was sitting at a table in a white trendy t-shirt, quietly scrolling through her phone.

Next to her, in the bag resting on the chair, was a furry little head poking out, squinting in the sunlight.

It was a peaceful, beautiful scene, sunlight poured in through the window, illuminating Eliana's profile, while the milkshake on the table gently misted with coolness.

Stella walked over, her face beaming with excitement. "Eli, you have no idea how gorgeous you looked just now! If we used that photo for the beauty contest, you'd totally be in the top ten without a doubt!"

Eliana was busy typing out a message when she heard Stella's voice. She quickly tucked her phone into her bag and pointed to the milkshake in front of her. "I got you a milkshake

"Thanks!" Stella grinned, and then her eyes landed on Lunchie pecking out of Eliana's bag. "Is that the little **wolf** cub we picked up last time? Oh my god, it's so fat now! Look at that chubby little thing, must be living the high life!"

Well, Lunchie wasn't exactly eating regular food. It had someone making special meals for it, and its diet was definitely better than most people's

Lunchuc lazily **blinked** up at Stella, seemed to remember her, then closed its eyes again, going back to its nap

Eliana picked up her bag. "This little guy's growing way too fast. Pretty soon, I won't be able to bring him out anymore." Stella chuckled, shaking her head.

The two of them left the cold drink **shop** and wandered into the mall.

Stella was on the hunt for a new dress. She browsed for a while, but everyone she liked was way out of her budget.

They ended up at a trendy boutique, ready to pick out a dress, but just as they were about to dive in, they ran into Willow

Willow was surrounded by a couple of salespeople, with Shaeryland Charlene right beside her.

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After Vespa got kicked out, Willow promised Sheryland Chene a shopping day to keep them on her side. Neither group had expected to see the other and both were a hole caught off guard.

Willow's already loaded slowly with a bunch of shopping bags. Clearly, she'd been doing some serious damage.

On the other hand, she was **holding any** thing, clearly had bought a thing.

Willow's contest on Willow's lips. She thought, "So Eliana has been playing the 'rich girl act' at school, huh? Well, look at her son, barely able to even buy a drink."

Willow, saw the perfect chance to call her out for what she really was. After all, she only got to live in Cedar Manor because she had a guy buying the full

This was a golden opportunity, and Willow wasn't about to let it slip.

Stella didn't want **any** drama, so she **whispered** to Eliana, "Eli, let's just go to another store."

But before they could walk away, Willow's voice cut through the tension. "Eliana! Where are you going? What a coincidence bumping into each other like this, and you don't even say hi?"

Sharryl and Charlene quickly caught on to Willow's game, joining in with, "Yeah, you guys just got here, and you're already leaving. Not even going to browse?"

Oh, **was** Don't tell the you can't afford anything! Willow langheil

Obviously, Charlene added, "Look at them, no bags. They're probably just here to cool off in the air conditioning, Classic"

sell's stomach churned hearing the comments.

It was her idea to go shopping today, but Elana hadn't planned is buying anything

Now, Willow and her crew were making it all about Eliana's supposed inability to buy anything.

Stella spun around, furious. "Can you have a little class?"

Sharryl raised an eyebrow "Who's lacking class here? I mean, the **person** picking out a bunch of clothes but not buying anything? That's real classy"

Charlene chimed in. "Right It's funny that you're sticking up for Eliana. What exactly did she do for you? A friend should know better than to hang around someone like her. She's broke, de, and honestly, who'd want to be friends with someone

**like** her?"

Stella's blood boiled. She shoot back. "There's a saying Birds of a feather flock together . This is the first time I've seen. someone like Willow, though, attracting nothing but thes

"They Elana sand flatly, without even blinking

"Yep Flies Stella said, grinning. And some people are even worse than that"

Willow's face darkened, but she quickly recovered, putting on a fake, pitying smile. "Eliana, there's been a misunderstanding Em just out here today buying clothes for Charlene and Sharry

Sharryl nodded enthusiastically. "Willow's such a good person, really. Unlike some people who pretend to be rich but can't even by a single thing I put a sign at the door if I were the Window Shoppers **Allowed**TM

Charlene sickened. "I mean, we can't really say much. Willow's just so generous. But maybe Stella doesn't deserve Eliana to spend money on her Honestly, it's hilarious watching you deled her. What are you getting out of it?" Father, when Stella hesitated to buy something because it was too expensive. Elana offered to buy it for h



her

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But Stella had turned her down. She didn't think friends should be like that, using each other for money.

Now, with Shaeryl and Charlene's jabs, they were painting Eliana as someone who was just pretending to be rich and couldn't even **treat** her friends.

Eliana might not have a lot, but money **was** the least of her problems.

Eliana pulled Stella into the boutique, her tone light **as** she said, "Stella, go ahead and pick whatever catches your eye."

Stella leaned in, her voice barely above a whisper. "Eli, don't do this. It's really **not** worth it. Let's just leave before you spend money you'll regret."

Eliana gave a small shrug and replied casually, "Think of it as a gift to celebrate us making the tennis team.

"But... Stella hesitated.

**Before** she could say more, Charlene cut in with a snide laugh. Oh, come on. Stop with the act already. Is admitting you're broke really that hard?"

Shaeryl smirked, adding, "Yeah, why even bother pretending? If you're that rich, why not just buy the whole store?"

Their taunts were sharp, their voices dripping with mockery.

Eliana didn't flinch. She wasn't one to fall for cheap **provocations**, but today, she was in the mood to put these girls in their place.

She tightened her grip on Stella's **hand**, leading her further into the store, her tone calm but deliberate. "Alright, as you wish. I'll take everything in the store."

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But then a new thought struck her “Hold on! Thomas’s last name is Davis, right? And so **is** Eliana’s. What if she’s part of the Davis family Like his sister or something!”

The words hung in the air, heavy with implication Charlene and Willow exchanged uneasy glances, neither wanting to voice the possibility

The Davis family wasn’t just rich and they **were a** powerhouse in Dratora City, their influence towering over families like Willow’s If Eliana was part of that dynasty, she’d be untouchable.

“No way!” Willow finally snapped, **shaking** her head “That’s impossible. They just happen to have the same last name?”

She was grasping at straws now, her voice rising as if louder words would make them true. I’ve looked into Eliana’s background. Her parents are nobodies, her dad’s a gambling addict who lost everything, her mom’s a loudmouth who fights with everyone, and her brother’s a total loser. There’s no way she’s connected to the Davis family,”

“And besides” she added, her voice dripping with confidence, if she were, that would make Thomas her brother, right? Everyone knows Thomas is an only child. There’s no way she’s related to him.”

Willow folded her arms. “If Eliana were really someone important, my parents never would’ve let her leave our family in the first place.”

Charlene nodded quickly, eager to back her up. “Exactly. If Thomas had a sister, it’d be all over school. Shaeryl, you’re way overthinking this

Realizing she might have jumped to conclusions, Shaeryl quickly backpedaled. “Yeah, maybe you’re right. It’s just a coincidence.

That’s all it is,” Willow muttered, repeating it like a mantra. “If Eliana really turns out to be part of the Davis family, I’ll write my name backward“”

The confidence they had now would turn to complete shock when the truth **finally** came out, so much so that their eyes would practically pop out of their heads.

Thomas’s family was really just a branch of the prestigious Davis **family**. So, no, Eliana wasn’t Thomas’s biological sister, whether older or younger.

Their connection was more distant than that. Eliana and Thomas were cousins, tied by blood, but, Eliana was way ahead of Thomas’s branch.

She wasn’t just any relative, she was the true heir to the Davis family’s main household.

The weekend gathering at The Azure Hotel was in full swing.

By the time Eliana and Stella arrived, the lobby was already packed with people.

Stella, a bundle of nerves, grabbed Eliana's arm "Eli. I'm freaking out here. Help!"

Eliana glanced around the room casually, not seeing Thomas or anyone else. She waved over a waiter, grabbed two glasses of champagne from the tray, and handed one to Stella.

"Don't worry. You look amazing tonight."

"Really?" Stella's **face** lit up with relief.

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Absolutely

Just days ago Stella had broken out in a rash, but thanki

Eliana s advice and some ointment, her skin had cleared up. A bit

of makeup covered the last of the redness, making it barely notierable.

Stella might not have Eliana's striking looks, but she had a soft, dran charm. With the right look, she had the elegance of a clay beauty

Elana's compliment gave Stella the confidence boost she needed.

The two found a quieter corner to sit in Eliana relaxed on the couch, scrolling through her phone and quickly sending messages

Nearly, a group of guys including Carus were standing together As soon as they saw Eliana and Stella, their eyes locked onto th em, and they began whispering, occasionally laughing in a crude, suggestive way

Though Eliana was focused on her phone, she could feel the lecherous stares.

Stella wearing a skirt, shifted uncomfortably, checking to make sure she wasnt exposed. The intensity of their gaze was

suffocating. Eluana, they're awful Stella muttered, annoyance in her voice.

Eliana

tucked her phone away and stood up. "Cockroaches always stick together, she said dismissively. "Let's go upstairs"

"Upstairs Stella blinked in confusion.

Yeah, they're playing pool up there.

As the two made their way up the stairs, the guys' eyes followed them, lingering until they turned a corner and disappeared

The second floor was much quieter.

Soon. Thomas showed up, holding a plate of macarons. Eliana grabbed one without hesitation, popping it into her mouth. You guys are hiding up here! The real party's downstairs"

Landon leaned against a table

with a smirk. "Going downstairs just means becoming the center of attention. Honestly, being the star all the time gets old

Eliana raised an eyebrow. "Oh That's the kind of thing that makes people want to punch you."

She laughed, recalling the uncomfortable stares. "But you're not wrong. It's not just exhausting, it's suffocating"

Stella nodded eagerly. "Exactly! Those guys downstairs couldn't stop staring at us. So gross

Nearby, Cameron was pouring himself a drink, his sleeves rolled up casually. At Stella's comment, he looked over with mild curiosity "Who was staring at you!"

"Calus and his gang." Stella said with a huff. They've been like this since the tennis club preliminaries. Calus was so rude to

back then

Adam raised an eyebrow. "Oh What happened?"

Stella recounted. "We got paired with two guys for the **match**. It felt weird, so we asked Calus about it. He told us we could play or forfeit and called us dramatic. He said the tennis club doesn't cater to princesses"

Thomas whistled low. "Bold. Isn't Caius on your side, Landon?"

At Isonstead University, the tennis club had two **main** factions, Landon's group and Roman's group. Most of the time, they got along fine, **but** whenever there **was** a conflict, the division was clear.

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Caius was on Landon's side..

Landon crossed his arms, thoughtful. "Did Caius give you guys trouble, Eliana?"

Eliana took another bite of her macaron, her voice casual. "A little."

Landon's expression hardened. "Don't worry about it. I'll make sure he pays for **that** later."

Eliana smiled. "Thanks"

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Thomas twirled a pool cue in his hand. "See, this is why I told you to let me pull some strings for you. But no, you had to do everything the hard way. Now you see what the tennis club's really like. No one's an easy target."

To get into the tennis club, you had to have talent or connections, preferably both.

The talented ones were always trouble, and the ones with connections were even worse. Without Cameron and a few others keeping things in check, the place would have descended into chaos a long time ago.

Plus, the tennis club was popular at Isonstead University, and its members **had** a certain allure. The guys rarely had trouble attracting attention, even though there were fewer girls in the club.

Someone like Caius, who held a minor leadership position, was practically a campus celebrity.

Eliana raised an eyebrow. "Losing to someone better isn't embarrassing. Unfortunately for them, I happen to be the best." She smirked. "Guess I'll just have to show them."

Thomas shook his head with a grin. "Eliana, you're stubborn."

Landon added, "Not just thick-skinned, she's stubborn."

Adam chimed in, "And let's not forget, she loves to **show** off."

Cameron summed it up with a smirk. "The queen of showing off

**Eliana** shot them all a playful glare, pointing at each of them with both hands. "Jealousy, pure and simple. You're all just jealous."

Stella, sitting nearby, couldn't stop laughing at their banter. "You guys are hilarious!"

Thomas shook his head. He thinks, "Well, looks like the Davis family gave us someone who's even better at **showing** off **tha**

me"

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At the luncheon, they made their way down from **the** second floor....

The back hall was already set up for the feast. As Eliana and her group arrived, Thomas waved them over to a table.

The acting department had already started whispering about Elana, painting her as a social butterfly, and her involvement with the tennis club only fueled the rumors,

When people saw Eliana sitting with Cameron and the others, they exchanged knowing glances.

During the meal, a few people came over to make toast. Before long, the group pressuring for drinks made their way to

**Elana's** table.

Eliana and Stella

had been enjoying their meal when the group approached, insisting they each take a drink. But that wasn't enough for Caius, who egged them on to drink even more.

"The two of you **are** new members," he said, grinning. "We should each toast to you individually"

Each toast meant they'd **have** to drink even more. Eliana furrowed her brow in annoyance, but she kept her voice steady, her smile forced. "So, I'm guessing you followed the same tradition when you joined, right?"

Caius hesitated, caught off guard. “I just thought it would be a good chance for you two to get to know everyone better.”

Eliana’s gaze sharpened, “Oh, I’m giving you the chance now, do you **want** it?”

Her words stung, and a few of the older members at the **table** exchanged uncomfortable **glances**.

Stella gently ruffled at Eliana’s sleeve.

Eliana picked up her drink, turning to Caius with a smile that didn’t reach her eyes. “How about this, Senior? You through the same process we’re supposed to, and then we’ll follow your lead. Sound fair?”

Before Caius could **answer**, someone behind them piped up. “Well, looks like these new members think they’re something special, someone said with a chuckle. “Just because they’re in the tennis club doesn’t mean they can act like they’re untouchable. With attitudes like that, who’s going to want to deal with them?”

“Two drinks in, and they’re already acting like this? Maybe they shouldn’t have bothered coming to the banquet at all,” another voice chimed in.

The rumors about Eliana being a socialite had **already** set the tone,

Now, her refusal to play along with the toasts and her **sharp** response just made things worse.

People’s **opinions** of **Eliana** only grew **harsher**, reinforcing their belief that she wasn’t **just** a social butterfly but a rude one.

At this point, Eliana had no choice but to drink.

But strangely, no one seemed to notice Cameron and the others sitting at the table.

Landon, leaning back in his chair with a **cool** expression, spoke up, his voice calm. “Caius, you’ve got nothing better to do?”

Caius blinked, caught off guard, before laughing it off. “Landon, isn’t it just tradition to toast **the** new members?”

Adam raised an eyebrow. “Oh! Since when did toasting the newbies come with a whole crowd pressuring them to drink?”

The others were surprised.

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Normally, Landon and his friends didn't get involved in things like this

Landon had a reputation for going through girlfriends quickly, and everyone knew about his connection to Eliana, just a

title, nothing

In the past, when Landon and his crew played tennis, they'd bring their girlfriends along, and people would joke around. But Landon never intervened.

But today things felt different.

It wasn't just the situation, it was Eliana. She **wasn't** like Landon's past girlfriends.

**Camus**, sensing the change, forced a smile. "Landon, we were just joking around. Don't take it so seriously

Joking?" Thomas laughed. "Caius, if I brought your mom over and had her drink with you, I'd expect you not to get

offended."

Camus fell silent, realizing too late that things had gotten out of hand. He quickly apologized "Sorry, sorry. We'll leave now," he said, eager to get away

As they made their exit, Cameron snapped his fingers, signaling a waiter to bring over a box of drinks. His eyes were cold as he spoke in a low voice. "If you like drinking so much, why don't you finish these off before you leave?"

When Cameron **spoke**, people listened. His words carried weight, and no one dared challenge him.

Caius and the others quickly grabbed a bottle and chugged it down. After finishing the whole box, they apologized to Eliana and Stella before making their exit.

Eliana settled back into her seat, briefly meeting Cameron's gaze.

Cameron gave her a small smile, and Eliana, lips pressed tight, turned her attention back to her meal.



This was

the second time Cameron **had** stepped in for her.

Maybe Eliana didn't fully realize it, but everyone else did. Cameron had never done this for anyone before.

Nobody dared mess with Cameron. His personality made it clear that he wouldn't start trouble, but if it came down to it, he wasn't afraid to finish it.

Willow didn't give up, using her connections to secure

secure a spot in the tennis clubs.

But it wasn't glamorous, she was relegated to logistics and still a reserve member. To get closer **to** Roman, she was willing to do whatever it took. This pampered rich girl, used to **having** everything handed to her, even volunteered to clean Roman's Jocker room

But it turned out to be a wasted effort, Roman barely ever used the locker room. It was just a storage space for some random

Next month was the Dratora City regional tennis league, and to qualify, the tennis club had to start training a month ahead

of time.

First, there would be an internal trial to select the members who would compete, then they'd sign up for the event.

In the past, when the club had a competition, they'd collaborate with Honstead University's dance department to form the cheerleading squad.

Roman stood at the front of the room and **announced** the details of the upcoming competition. The club members were

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scattered in the lounge area listening quietly Eliana and Stella at in a corner. Eliana wore a baseball cap, her head down.

brim hiding her face. It was hard to tell if she was sleeping or just zoning out.

As soon as **Roman** finished speaking. Willow eagerly stood up, practically jumping at the chance to volunteer. “Senior! I can handle the cheerleading, I’m actually in the dance club?”

Everyone was allowed to join two clubs, but most people only joined the tennis club since it was the best club at Instead University and offered the best perks.

Willow, however, hadn’t made it into the tennis club, so she settled for the dance club.

In the tennis club, she was **just** a backup logistics member, **barely** even **considered** part of the team. So, seeing her so eager was a bit of a surprise.

Roman looked over at her, his expression unreadable. “You’re in the dance club?”

Willow nodded obediently. “Yes, I can also join the cheerleading **squad** and cheer **for** our club!”

The tennis club was mostly made up of guys, and no one really wanted to deal with the “girly” stuff. But since Willow was willing to take it on, they figured, why **not** let her? “Alright, it’s all yours.”

Willow grimmed, delighted. “Got it!”

Roman then added, “Everyone, try to spend more time in the training hall for practice. If we perform well in the league, the rewards will be worth it.”

Yes. The promise of great perks from the tennis club had everyone motivated to work harder.

Once the short meeting wrapped up, everyone started heading out. Eliana picked up her bag from the floor, **ready** to leave.

But then, Willow’s voice called out from behind her. “Eliana! Are you interested in **joining the** cheerleading team!”

Oh wait. I just remembered, you’re probably too uncoordinated to dance. Forget I said anything, sorry!”

Eliana wasn’t interested in joining the cheerleading squad, especially since she would be competing as a player. There was no way she would join.

Willow’s comment was clearly a jab at her.

Eliana paused, turned around, and gave Willow a long, cold **look**. A smirk tugged at the corner of her lips as she said, “I used to **think** you were just a poser, like a trash bag. But now I see I was wrong. You’re not a **trash bag**. You’re a whole garbage dump.”

Willow didn't quite get the insult.

But Stella, standing next to Eliana, understood immediately. She chuckled and loudly added, "Willow, if your brain's not working, maybe you shouldn't start fights. Eli's **words** just fly over your head, huh? How did you

even get into Isonstead **University**? A garbage dump is exactly where all the **trash** in your head **belongs**, nobody can match that

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fed pale heralding into her palms Showered her eyelids her eyes reddening Elana why do you fleas way things that I was just trying to invite you to the cheerleading team with the best of intentions"

The other sub members watching the serendoid sad to feel sorry for Willow who looked about ready to cry

Hey there's no need to be so harsh Willow Dentory"

You could've journeyed her down, no need to sit her like that. That was pretty mean?

Willow wiped away a tear and said 's okay, really Don't blame Eliana. It's my fault. I forgot Eliana's not coordinated enough to dance my make I'm sorry Elana. I was wrot

by

Euna thought, Who says Wow can act This performance was Oscar-worthy

remembered the past before she'd traveled through time low's cringe-worthy acting had always been the subject of one mockery

Now though Eluna had to admit in this was practically an Oscar-winning performance.

Well who'd seen Wow's dramatic mood rings countless times before, wasn't even fazed anymore.

She scoffed. "Yeah right Who's more pitiful than her? She loves playing people for fools."

did waste the

most tonight on Willow There would be plenty of opportunities to expose her true nature do

Let's go, Stella"

Yeah. I can't stand looking at her. Eli. let's get out of here."

Friday night Eliana had just finished her shower and was stepping out of the bathroom when she found Lunchie tearing

slippers. The plush slippers were completely chewed up, the little bear's nose all crooked from the abuse.

Luncher Eliasa walked over and grabbed the pup by the scruff of its neck. "No more chewing on my slippers!"

"Awooo The bowl that came from Lunchie sounded almost like a real wolf's. Thankfully, the Davis family's house was big enough that the neighbors weren't likely to hear Lunchie's constant howling all day.

"If you keep howling I'm throwing you outside, Eliana warned.

Lunchie immediately tucked its **tail**, looking up at Eliana with soft, round eyes, clearly sensing it was in trouble.

Eliana set it down on the carpet. Lunchie nudged the slippers with its nose, then flopped down beside them on the floor.

Eliana climbed into bed and opened her **laptop**. It **only took a** second before she was inside Red Riding Hood's computer. hacking away like it was her own.

She clicked open the folder and saw the message Jaerod had left for her.

Eliana stared at the screen, thought for a second, and typed out a new message: [Meeting is fate, wanna be friends!]

After saving it, she was about to log off. But then, out of nowhere a new message appeared in the folder: **Is** this how **you** make friends! Flacking into my computer and finding my [P9]

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Chapter 16

Weil that was fate te like Red Riding Hood was

kly replied Since were both hackers, only makes sense computer. I be waiting!

in

there at the computer Elana's curiosity piqued, and she  
this way. If you're good enough, try hacking

o

Landon, sitting at his computer was fuming, but he knew there was nothing  
he could do. If he'd been able to hack the system, he would've  
done it already. He'd been waiting for this moment for days.

parrot. (What do you actually want?)

Elana: Like I said, I want to be friends. Well, more like she wants to win him over.

In the fire, Red Riding Hood would be an important ally for Landon's team and Elana needed  
to recruit her before she

wasn't close to Widow

Jarrod [Fine]

Elana had expected a longer back-and-forth but to her surprise he agreed right away.

After a moment of thought she sent him another message. Next month. 19. Seven ve Sunset  
Cafe is opening. If you come your meals on me. Code phrase when you return. Let's  
start the drink of morality. She hit send without warning.

for a response.

It wasn't that she was in a rush, but her laptop had shut down because the battery died.

Since it had powered off, Elana didn't bother turning it back on and just set it aside to charge.

Meanwhile the group chat on WhatsApp had blown up. Landon grabbed her phone to check  
it out.

Thomas: [I promised to go to Cameron's after the exam is that sell on]

Landon: That depends on Elana.

Thomas: (It's  
so late. Elana must've fallen asleep by now. Elinent la Come on out (@Elana")]

also

Adam (Did Cameron even agree to let you guys come over?  
You're all so full of yourselves]

Landon [What? Should I just leave then!]

Thomas: (Adam. I don't like the way you said that. I'm hurt Cameron and I have been friends since we were line. Do you think he won't let me come over)

Cameron suddenly popped up in the chat: (Who said we were kids and wore the same ones!]

Adam: (Cameron's here to clear that up personally!

Thomas (Well, I'm out! I'm out!)

Landon: (Where's Eliana? Why isn't she replying? Are we going this weekend or not? Give us a clear answer!]

Everyone started tagging Eliana.

Elana finally replied with a voice message (I'm good for it. I don't have class this weekend. Cameron, is it cool if we come -over?]

Cameron [Sure]

Eliana: [Awesome]

Landon [Alright, it's settled 9 AM tomorrow. Eliana's coming with us]

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Adam: [My place is closer to Cameron's, so I'll just go there and wait for you guys.]

Thomas: [Eliana, do you believe Cameron and I are childhood buddies who wore the same onesie?]

Cameron [Go away.]

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Seeing that, Eliana couldn't hold back her laughter. She **could** almost picture Cameron's annoyed face behind the screen.

Eliana: [It's getting late. I'm heading to bed so I can wake up tomorrow. Good night, everyone.]

The three of them wished each other good night

Eliana **was** just about to **put** her phone down when a new message popped up.

It was a direct message from Cameron: [I'll pick you up tomorrow. Good **night**.]

Eliana read the message and almost typed **a** reply saying she didn't need him to pick her up, but then realized if no one came to get her, she'd never find **Cameron's** place. So, she decided to just agree. [Okay.]

The next morning, Eliana woke up **and** instantly noticed the bright, round eyes of her pet. Lunchie, staring up at her from the side of the bed.

She wasn't sure when Lunchie had woken up, but it was sitting there quietly, clearly not **wanting** to disturb her sleep

It was just lying next to the bed, **watching** her.

**Eliana** stretched her hand out from under the covers and gently patted its head.

Lunchie nudged her hand affectionately.

Then, Eliana carefully lifted Lunchie and slid out of bed. A servant took the pet to feed it while Eliana went about her morning routine.

As she washed up, she checked her phone, scrolling through messages and the latest posts on the Isonstead University

forum.

Willow wasn't holding back. She was throwing herself into making the tennis club cheerleading squad's debut a huge event., She had hired a professional designer to create **several** uniforms that **looked** straight out of a basketball cheerleader's wardrobe. She posted them on the forum, asking people to vote for their favorites.

And, of course, Willow **had** modeled each outfit herself, posting sultry photos in which she struck seductive **poses**, all to attract attention.

Naturally, the thread was flooded with responses. Several guys were leaving comments like “goddess” and other compliments, practically drooling over her.

This was exactly the kind of attention Willow craved.

## Chapter 47

Once Eliana finished up, she went downstairs. “Good morning. Mom and Dad, she greeted cheerfully.

Lucy was in the kitchen, making sandwiches. **She** smiled warmly when she saw Eliana and called out, “Come here **honey**, I made you some sandwiches

Sebastian looked up from the table. “Did you **sleep** well, Eliana?”

Eliana nodded and walked over briskly. “I slept great,”

Owen, who had been in the **kitchen**, came out with a cup of coffee. “Milk or coffee, Eliana?”

“Coffee, please. Thanks.”

Owen handed her the cup before going back to grab his own.

Recently, some of the gossip from Isonstead University had found its way to Lucy and Sebastian.

Lucy asked. “Eliana, did you hear? The real daughter of the Garcia family from Avragow has transferred to your school.”

Eliana hesitated, then responded. “Mom, you’ve heard about her?”

Lucy frowned. “Has she been giving you trouble!”

Eliana shook her head **and** smiled. “Not really. Just some small stuff.”

Sebastian’s expression grew serious “Eliana, if anyone’s been bothering you, you can always tell your dad or me. Or talk to your brother. Don’t keep it to yourself, okay?”

Eliana took a bite of her sandwich, reassuring them with a smile Dad, there’s really nothing to worry about. She’s not a threat.

Lucy sighed in relief. “I’m glad to hear **that**.”

As for everything that had happened before Eliana crossed over, she was determined to make Willow pay for it, on her own



terms.

She didn't **want** Lucy and Sebastian to get involved in it.

Besides, the university time could be both long and short, and without Willow, Eliana would probably be bored out of her mind.

**Willow** was going to keep causing trouble, and **Eliana** planned **make** sure she saw every bit of **Eliana's** success, step by step, **as** she moved toward her own shining future.

Everything Willow had taken from her, **Eliana** would take **back**.

After all, if Willow were driven **away**, w

who would Eliana have **to** show off her success to

**Before** breakfast was over, **Jasper**, the butler watering the garden outside, noticed Cameron approaching. "Mr. Wright!"

Hearing **his** voice, everyone at the table turned toward the **door**.

Cameron had arrived.

Eliana paused with her coffee cup in hand. "Mom, Dad, that's Cameron outside."

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Luy glanced at the door. Jasper, let him in."

Right away

(at

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The butler welcomed Cameron inside Today, he was dressed in casual light gray outfit that gave off a relaxed vibe, though his aristocratic air was unmutakable.

Once inside, Cameron greeted Lacy and Sebastian. "Good morning, Mr. and Mrs. Davis . I'm here to **wait** for Eliana."

Owen holding his own cup of coffee, walked over and smiled when he saw Cameron Cameron, what brings you here?"

“Hi Owen

Eliana quickly explained, “Mom, Dad, bro, we promised to visit Cameron’s house today. I didn’t know the way, so he came to pick me up. My cousins are with him, too.”

Cameron was the only child of the Wright family, and the Wrights and the Davis family shared a strong bond. Even though one family was in business and the other in politics, they had maintained a close personal friendship.

Sebastian and Cameron’s father had been close friends for nearly twenty years.

“I see. Sebastian said Cameron, have you had breakfast yet?”

Not yet Cameron replied.

“Well, come join us. Lucy invited, signaling for the butler to bring more dishes.

The butler quickly brought out fresh utensils and added a few more dishes to the already generous breakfast spread. One more person wouldn’t make much of a difference.

Cameron didn’t hesitate. He walked over **and** took a **seat** next to Owen, directly across from Eliana.

“Cameron, what are you doing here so early? We agreed on nine, but it’s only eight!” Eliana **said**, raising an eyebrow in surprise.

I woke up early,” Cameron replied smoothly, though the truth was far different. He’d spent the night getting himself just right, making sure the house was spotless and had barely slept. By the time the first light of day began to creep in, he was already on his way out, before the butler **had** even noticed.

Eliana didn’t seem to doubt him, though.

Owen grinned. “**Looks** like **you** and **Eliana** are getting along well. That’s a relief. We were a little worried she might have trouble settling in at first.”

Cameron nodded politely. “Eliana’s **easy** to get along with

Lucy, her face lighting up with a warm **smile**, added, “Of course! Eliana has such a sweet temperament. That’s why we were worried she might get picked on at school. Cameron, you’ll **have** to look out for her, as the upperclassman”

Cameron **gave** a respectful nod. “Of **course**, Mrs. Davis. I’ll take care of her.”

Sebastian, turning

his attention to Eliana, said seriously, "You're going to visit the Wright family later, right? Don't forget to bring a gift with **you**."

Eliana nodded. "Okay,"

Cameron immediately interjected. "We're just visiting for fun, no need for gifts."

Sebastian raised **an eyebrow**. "**That's** not how it works. It's **only** polite to bring something. Jasper, **go** grab the jade Guanyin!

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brought back last time. Let Eliana take it with her."

Seeing that Sebastian wasn't backing down, Cameron didn't argue. He'd return the favor later when Eliana came back.

Half an hour later, **breakfast** was finished.

The servant had cleaned Lunchie's paws and placed the little dog in Eliana's bag. She grabbed it and left, **though** lately, Lunchie had been eating so well **that** it had gained some weight. The servant also **handed** her a leash, just in case she wanted to walk Lunchie later.

With the gift in hand and Lunchie beside her, **Eliana** left with Cameron.

Cameron's car was parked in the shade outside the Davis family estate. He opened the door for Eliana.

She placed Lunchie inside **and** then climbed into the car, settling in with the gift.

"Cameron, is your house far?" she asked casually.

"No, not far," he replied.

And it wasn't. His house was just in the downtown of Dratora City

Cameron got into the driver's seat and started the car..

"By the way, have you seen the school forum! Willow designed a few cheerleading uniforms for the tennis club, and she's asking people to vote on their favorites, Eliana said, pulling out her phone,

“I haven’t seen it. **Willow**, you said?” Cameron asked, sounding a bit confused.

Eliana raised **an** eyebrow.

“You don’t know who Willow is? Wait, you didn’t even know her name was Willow?”

Cameron shrugged. “I don’t have time to care about people who don’t matter.

Eliana raised an eyebrow, thinking that sounded just like something Cameron would say.

When they arrived at the Wright family estate. Landon, Thomas, and Adam were **already** there.

As Eliana got out of the car, she was momentarily stunned by the grandeur of the estate, massive plaques, stone statues guarding the entrance, and grand double doors.

She froze, staring in disbelief. She hadn’t expected this traditional **mansion** to be Cameron’s home!

No wonder the Wright family estate was the largest in Dratora City. It was enormous!

The entire estate was enclosed by high walls, and everything inside belonged to the Wright family.

**Eliana** couldn’t help but murmur, **The** people who live here must be dukes!”

Thomas, walking up with the others, chuckled. “You’re right, Eliana. This mansion used to belong **to** a duke. The old Wright Palace was right here”

Cameron’s family had noble roots. They were true aristocrats.

“Though that’s not really a thing anymore. The whole place has been renovated. You’ll see when we go inside. We’ve seen our fair share of fancy places, but every time we come to Cameron’s house, it still feels like a country bumpkin stepping into a palace. Thomas said with a teasing **grin**.

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The stone lions were made of white marble, and even the redwood doors had a fingerprint scanner.

Stepping through the grand entrance felt like entering an ancient noble’s residence. The mansion had a three-part courtyard, and they passed through three beautiful **gardens** to reach the main hall.

Once inside, the central courtyard held several ancient trees, filling the air with a **nostalgic**, fragrant scent.

The interior was a perfect fusion of traditional architecture and modern luxury. The **grand** hall alone was filled with priceless wooden furniture that left Eliana speechless.

A massive painting hung on the wall, created by a famous artist from ancient times. It was the only authentic copy in

existence.

Above the painting, an inscription read: For the public good.

The Wright family **wasn't** known for flaunting their wealth but stepping inside their home, it was clear that their status: commanded respect

Two servants entered and courteously offered coffee.

Eliana glanced around and asked. "Where are your parents. Cameron?"

Cameron's mom. Emily Wright, was a painter, and she'd gone out that morning to find inspiration for her latest project.

Emily and Lucy were great friends, both passionate about art. They would always have long coffee dates where they'd talk for hours about their latest works and ideas. Lucy often sent Emily tickets to art exhibitions, too.

Eliana handed the gift to the servant, who accepted it with a bow and left. Despite his usually easygoing nature. Thomas couldn't help but tone it down a little every time he visited the Wright family.

Taking a sip of coffee, Thomas turned to Eliana and asked. "So, what do you think of this place?"

While the Davis family mansion was undeniably luxurious, there was something about the Wright family that felt different. Business families and political families just had a distinct vibe,

The Wright family members were more understated. Every inch of their home **was** perfect, but it wasn't over the top like the Davis estate. Instead, there was a quiet elegance here, where you'd feel out of place if you didn't dress up in a **suit**.

Eliana smiled teasingly at Cameron and said, "I guess I can't call you Cameron anymore. Maybe I should start calling **you** Mr. Wright."

Cameron lowered his lashes slightly, his **voice** soft. "That's not necessary."

“Alright, let’s go check out more of the **place**,” Eliana suggested.

Cameron’s house didn’t exactly offer much in terms of entertainment, which is why he had set up his own **private** retreat at Cedar Manor.

He’d been raised with strict discipline, which probably explained why Cedar Manor was filled with high-tech smart home

systems

They headed over to the **west** wing garden, where Cameron’s room was. Eliana stepped inside and was struck by how neat, spacious, and orderly everything was. The courtyard outside was full of greenery, all carefully tended by a gardener who came around regularly.

Though there were large trees, **not** a single leaf lay on the ground.

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But what really caught Eliana’s attention were the birdcages hanging from the trees, each one filled with brightly colored birds

Cameron, you keep birds?” she asked in surprise.

Thomas and the others sat on a nearby stone bench while the servant brought over some pastries. They sipped coffee and snacked on treats

Fluna stood by the cages, gazing inside, and realized quickly that these birds were no ordinary pets.

Adam chuckled. “Eliana, this is just the beginning. Cameron has a whole army of birds, and he even trains eagles.”

Cameron had picked up this hobby back in high school, starting with a small parrot and eventually moving on to birds of prey. He’d even gotten certified for falconry by the forestry department.

Eagles weren’t exactly legal to keep as pets, but the Wright family’s connections meant they could get around the legal red

tape

Though Cameron's parents didn't share his interest, somehow this passion for birds had been passed down to him.

Landon let out a playful whistle. "Buttercup, sing Twinkle. Twinkle Little Star!

A small yellow parrot in one of the cages suddenly squawked. 'Idiot! Idiot! Idiot!'

Landon raised an eyebrow, grinning. "Hey! I'll cook you for dinner if you keep insulting me."

Cameron walked over, opening the cage. Without even needing to gesture. Buttercup flew out and landed on Cameron's

shoulder.

Eliana's eyes widened in admiration. "Wow, it listens so well!"

Cameron chuckled softly. "If you reach out. I can make it fly to you."

Eliana raised her hand, **and** with a slight movement of his shoulder. Cameron coaxed Buttercup to fly over to her. Eliana gasped in delight as she gently stroked the bird's feathers. "It's so beautiful! Cameron, how did you train it? Teach me, please

From her bag. Lunchie, the little dog, popped its **head** out, glaring curiously at Buttercup

Training birds takes patience and time, Cameron explained. "If you ever want, I can take you to see the eagles. They're even more magnificent

Eliana nodded eagerly. "I'd love that!"

She continued to watch the bird in awe, while Cameron looked at her **with a** soft smile tugging at his lips.

Normally, Cameron was **protective** of his birds, unwilling to let anyone touch them. Even when he showed them off, he'd quickly call them back. But now, he seemed more than willing to let Buttercup stay with Eliana for as long as she liked, even letting her return it to its cage whenever she was ready

Noticing a purple bird in one of the cages, Eliana **asked**, "Can I pet that one, too?"

Cameron nodded. "That one's called Violet, a species of violet finch

He carefully **placed** Violet in Eliana's hands.

The bird blinked its eyes and squawked Tretty lady: Pretty lady

Elana burst out laughing, and Violet let out a **raspy** song, singing. “La la la la la la la

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The sound wasn’t exactly musical, and the bird’s voice was far from pleasant..

Thomas covered his ears. “Oh my god, make it stop!”

But Eliana didn’t mind at all. She laughed heartily, thoroughly entertained by the bird’s antics. That’s too funny!

The more they tried to get Violet to stop singing, the more she belted out her off-key tune, her squawks filling the yard. Before long, the other birds joined in, each one adding to the chorus.

“Fortune! Money!”

Damn! Damn!”

“Good morning!

Lalala, lalala

It seemed like every bird knew a few words, and the yard was suddenly alive with noise.

“Shh” At Cameron’s sharp command, the birds went silent in an instant.

Violer was quickly returned to her cage.

Eliana, still smiling, shook her head. “So this is what birdkeeping is really like. I wish Lunchie would be this well-behaved. Lunchue’s been a little monster lately. It chewed up one of my slippers.”

Cameron glanced at the bag where Lunchie was peeking out. “When it grows up, it’ll be so well-behaved, you’ll be shocked.” he added with a smirk.

For now, Lunchie was still in its playful, mischievous stage.

I’m not holding my breath, Eliana laughed.

A few moments later, they pulled out a deck of cards to play



Eliana grabbed a handful of nuts. “By the way, Sunset Cafe is reopening soon. You guys should come **show** some love.”

Thomas raised an eyebrow. “They finished the renovations already? That was fast.”

Eliana shrugged. “It’s not a big makeover, just enough to get the buzz going. Once we get the word out and people start noticing, the business should take off.”

Adam grinned. “Maybe you should hire a **lion** dance troupe for the grand opening?”

“**Ugh**, definitely not. Too much of a spectacle! The cafe’s all about good value. We didn’t do the best job promoting it before. but **now** we’ve revamped everything and are pushing the publicity. Oh, and I’ve got a ton of discount coupons to hand out.”

“Well, that sounds perfect. Eliana, why don’t you give **us** a stack? We can help spread the word at the club.” Thomas suggested

Eliana’s face lit up. “Yes! I’ll bring them over!”

## Chapter 49

At Cameron’s estate, the atmosphere was serene—filled **with** birdsong and the fragrance of flowers.

After lunch, they decided to leave that afternoon.

Before their departure. Cameron led Eliana to the storage room to select a parting gift.

The storage room was immaculately organized, with everything neatly categorized. Within the wooden compartments were an array of expensive ornaments, each worth a small fortune.

While Cameron carefully chose the gift, Eliana’s attention was drawn to a silver tin box on one of the shelves. Its plain exterior bore no label, **sparking** her curiosity.

She opened the box and found an assortment of long—unused children’s toys and a translucent beeswax ring nestled among them. The ring’s soft honey—colored glow caught her eye.

Intrigued, Eliana slipped the ring onto her finger. The contrast between her fair skin and the warm amber hue of the beeswax created an elegant harmony, especially in the sunlight, where it shimmered beautifully.

At this moment, Cameron had already chosen the gift. Walking over with the box in **hand**,

he froze when his eyes fell on the ring on Eliana's finger. "Where did you find this ring?" he asked.

Hearing his question, Eliana turned to him and replied, "In this box. Why? Is it very valuable? Oh, I'm sorry! I just thought it looked nice and tried it on. I'll take it off now!"

Cameron approached her, his expression slightly awkward. "No it's nothing. I made it by hand when I was a kid. It's not worth much."

Eliana looked at him with surprise and **said**, "Really? You made this? It looks pretty nice!"

Cameron responded, "If you like it, you can have it"

Eliana smiled and said. "**Really?** Okay, thanks!" She didn't hesitate and kept the ring on

Cameron's gaze lingered on her finger. In a low voice, he asked, "Are you sure you want to keep wearing it?"

"Can't I?" Eliana asked softly.

There were only the two of them in the storage room.

Cameron's gaze settled on **Eliana's face**. Meeting her confused eyes, he smiled and said deliberately. "This is the ring I made for my future bride when I was young"

Eliana's face instantly flushed a deep red, like a ripe peach

Hurriedly, she reached out to remove the ring, but for some reason, perhaps because of her panic, it became increasingly difficult to take off.

The ring got stuck at the joint.

Cameron chuckled softly and **said**, "If you wear my ring, **you'll** have to marry me."

Eliana was flustered.

"No, I didn't **know**... I'll give it back to **you** then!" she said hurriedly.

Finally managing to take off the ring, Eliana quickly held it out to **Cameron**.

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However, Cameron did not extend his hand to take it. She stood there, feeling at a loss with the ring in her palm.

Cameron raised an eyebrow and smirked mischievously. "You already wore it. Now the ring is stretched out."

**Eliana's** cheeks flushed a deeper red, and she became a little annoyed. "What are you talking about? That's not true!"

The beeswax had long since solidified—it was impossible for her fingers to stretch it.

This man was lying with no shame.

64%

Cameron took the gift box and walked out of the storage room, leaving behind a single remark. I don't care. The ring I wanted to give to my future bride **has** been stretched by you. It's your responsibility—either marry me or replace it with an

identical one

Eliana was stunned. Was there **really** someone so shameless in the world? This had to be a con. No, it was a con.

After leaving the Wright family estate, Eliana held the return gift, her expression showing a trace of dissatisfaction.

Thomas noticed and asked. "Eliana, **what's** wrong?"

Eliana muttered. "Nothing"

Cameron glanced at Thomas, his tone cold. "Start the car. Stop wasting time."

Landon walked over, placed his hand on Thomas's shoulder, and lowered his voice. "Let's go quickly. Cameron and Eliana seems to have something going on!"

Thomas whispered back as they walked forward, "What's going on?"

Landon shrugged. "If you ask me, who should I ask?"

The three of them moved to the front to drive.

Eliana stood by Cameron's car, her gaze fixed on him.

Cameron sighed helplessly as he walked up to her, his tone carrying a hint of indulgence. "You're only getting in if I open the door for you?"

He personally opened the car door. Eliana stepped inside, slipping the ring into the small storage compartment on the door.

She thought Cameron had not noticed.

But to her surprise, when Eliana returned to the **Davis** residence that afternoon, she pulled Lunchie out of her bag **and** discovered the beeswax ring snugly on the paw of the fluffy creature!

Picking up the ring, Eliana demanded loudly, "Where did this come from?"

Lunchie looked at Eliana twice with her clear eyes before waddling to the side, where she lay down and resumed her playful battle with the slippers.

Eliana held the ring in her hand and sighed deeply twice.

After giving Landon the promotional **discount** vouchers for Sunset Cafe, he split them into several portions, handing some to the tennis club members to distribute while taking the rest to his own **class**.

The news about the grand opening of Sunset Cafe at the start of the month spread quickly, with a 20% discount offered for the first three days.

Every day after school, Eliana would visit the cafe to inspect and check if there was anything needing improvement before

## Chapter 50

Time flew by, and soon, it was the beginning of the month, the reopening day of Sunset Cafe.

Due to the overwhelming success of the previous coupon promotion, Eliana added a new event: the first 50 **customers** would receive a free Black Forest cake.

Though there were many cafes near Isonstead University, theme cafes were rare.

Under Eliana's renovation, Sunset Cafe transformed from an ordinary establishment into a four-season-themed cafe. It offered seasonal flavors tailored to the weather and featured custom-designed decor.

The unique **concept**, combined with the promotion, drew a crowd. Even those not interested in coffee came to experience the atmosphere.

By the time the owners arrived to open the cafe early in the morning, a long queue had already formed at the door.

Amazed by the turnout, they opened for **business while** calling Eliana to update her on the situation.

Eliana was on her way, having anticipated that the cafe's reopening would be a hit. The couple would undoubtedly be busy. so she had specifically come to help today.

When Eliana arrived at the cafe, Stella also pulled up on her bicycle.

"Eliy Stella called as she locked her bicycle and jogged over.

"Stella" Eliana greeted, smiling

The two **exchanged** a smile. Let's go!" Eliana said.

The last time, Eliana had given Stella a dress, and Stella, unsure how to repay the favor, had agreed to come help at the cafe.

After entering. Eliana took a few uniforms and custom aprons out of her bag.

Once they all changed, they got to work serving and taking orders.

In reality, Eliana could have hired a few people to help, but she preferred to be hands-on herself.

However, due to time constraints and the fact that the cafe would not be as busy once the opening rush passed, the couple was able to handle everything on their own.

Eliana had worked at this cafe in her previous life, so she knew the ordering process by heart and felt no pressure at all.

The couple was making coffee backstage while Stella handled the serving. They worked together seamlessly.

Most of the customers were students from Isonstead University. **As Eliana** took orders at the front, her extraordinary temperament and exquisite appearance naturally drew the attention of many, and they could not help but steal a few extra glances at her.

Soon, they recognized her.

Miss, are you a student of Isonstead University?" one of them asked.

Eliana paused briefly and smiled, "Yes."

“Wow, I know you. You’re Eliana Davis from the Campus Belle Competition, the Year One student **in** the Performance Department, right? One enthusiastically asked.

12:16 Mon, Dec 2

### Chapter 30

Previously, Eliana’s photo had been submitted for the Campus Belle Competition, and many members of the tennis club **had voted** for her, pushing her into the preliminaries in a short time.

She **was** more focused on the cafe than the rankings

She never expected to be recognized here. Eliana’s expression remained unchanged as she admitted it.

Yes, it’s me, Eliana **said**.

The few people in front of the **bar** had their eyes sparkling with surprise.

“My god, you’re a hundred times more beautiful than in **the** photo!” one of them exclaimed

“Right? The photo was already stunning, and it was even an ID photo I never expected you to look even better in person. My god, your photo was such a failure,” another person added.

“I’ll change my **vote** right now! I’m voting for your a third person declared.

Eliana had indeed submitted a very casual photo—she just used an ID photo to sign up.

As for the other applicants, almost all of them used art or high-quality photos. It was already rare for them to look the same as their competition **photos**, let alone look better in person.

So. Eliana’s appearance surprised them.

“Eliana, you should go back and change your competition photo, Even if you just take that blurry ID photo of yours. one of them said.

a photo here, it will **look** better than

Eliana paused for a moment, smiled awkwardly, and quickly changed the subject. “What would you like to drink? I’ll order for you

After they ordered their coffee, they sat aside and waited. Then they secretly took a photo of Eliana, who was looking down while placing an order, along with a shot of the cafe's decor.

They posted it on the forum with the title: [Location: Sunset Cafe on West Street. You have to come!! The beautiful barista. Who wouldn't be mesmerized?]

The few photos quickly went viral, and it did not take long for them to attract a lot of **attention**. More people were heading

to the cafe.

The foot traffic for the opening had exceeded Eliana's expectations.

There were just too many people.

The coffee beans that were prepared for the whole day were nearly gone by the end of the morning,

Eliana quickly called home and asked the servants to send more beans over.

Just as Eliana **was busy** handling things, Cameron and the others drove up.

There **was a** line outside the cafe, and all the tables **inside** were full. With no available seats, many people took their photos, grabbed their coffee to go, and left.

When Cameron entered the cafe, he immediately spotted Eliana, who was hard at work.

Her long hair was held back with a headband, and a few strands of **hair** fell messily across her forehead and naturally hung on her shoulders, adding a flirtatious charm to her already stunning features.

What the others had said was true—this version of Eliana, even with a casual photo, looked far better **than** the ID picture

12:16 Mon, Dec 2 C

Chapter 50

from the campus belle competition

Cameron was instantly captivated. He could clearly feel his heart race as his gaze softened with tenderness.

When he looked at her, there was a hint of gentleness in his eyes

The group walked over.

Cameron called out, "Eliana!"

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When Eliana heard the voice, she raised her **head** and looked at them. Her smile, which had been part of her service, faded,

Eliana responded, "Why are you here? There are no seats for you. Do as you please."

The other people in the cafe looked at the four of them, as if they had discovered a new world.

One of the customers exclaimed, "It's F4!"

Another customer gasped, "Oh my God, they're here too."

A third customer remarked, "They must know the **junior** who's taking orders. Damn, they seem to have a good relationship. How enviable.

Cameron knew it was the opening day, so they had come by to take **a** look.

The group walked to the counter and chatted casually with Eliana while several girls from Isonstead University, who - ordering, stood next to them, overwhelmed with excitement, not knowing what to do.

"Eliana, what are we having for lunch this afternoon?" Thomas asked, placing his elbow on the bar counter.

Landon took out his phone **and** said, "I'm here to check in too. I post it on my Instagram."

Adamn looked **around** and commented, "From the looks of it, business is booming.

**Eliana** immediately protested, "Please don't! Don't post anymore. My little cafe can't take it."

were

**Cameron** chuckled softly, glancing at the two nearly empty barrels of coffee beans. He asked, "The coffee beans are almost gone. We should be able to close the shop earlier, right?"

**Eliana** responded, "No! I've already called my family to send me more coffee beans. It's the opening day, I want to sell **until** the sky turns dark."



Thomas, leaning casually on the bar, teased, “Eliana, don’t act like this. It’s as if your family can’t afford you. Don’t you have enough pocket money?”

The Davis family was not short on money, so it was puzzling why Eliana was acting like such a little money-grubber, obsessed with making money.

If Lucy and Sebastian found out that their precious daughter was working so hard for just a few hundred bucks in daily revenue, they would not know what to think.