

Rewriting Life Chapter 91 – 100

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e with Wendy. Cleaning the restroom became the topic, and Willow exchanged a knowing glance

Both were fiercely prideful individuals who would rather lose credits or face severe penalties than endure the embarrassment of cleaning the

Losing credits or facing disciplinary records meant little to them since they could easily make up for it later, either by earning the credits back through other means or pulling strings to have the penalties erased. At most, it was just a matter of spending some extra money.

However, cleaning the restroom was an entirely different matter. Everyone in the department would know, and the entire teaching building would see it happen. The thought alone was enough to cause them goosebumps—it was humiliating.

Willow firmly stated, “Advisor, I refuse to clean the restroom.”

Wendy nodded in agreement. “Exactly. If we were wrong, we could apologize to Stella. Cleaning the restroom feels way too extreme, she said.

“Too extreme?” Eliana sneered. “Fine, if you’re so eager to apologize, do it before the entire department. Monday at 8 am, apologize sincerely beneath the teaching building” she said.

Willow and Wendy were stunned by her words, thinking her request was humiliating gradually.

Willow frowned, her tone soft and pitiful as she said, “Eliana, isn’t that a bit too harsh?”

Sharryl chimed in. “Exactly! We just wanted to confirm whether Stella stole anything. But now it’s cleaning restrooms and **sincere** apology under the teaching building—don’t you think that’s going too far? It’s overly aggressive and...

Eliana slowly shifted her gaze to Sharryl her eyes sharp with cold intensity. Sharryl immediately felt stuck, and the unfinished words stayed in her mind. The gaze was terrifying, and Sharryl lowered her head to avoid it.

Eliana’s gaze swept over Willow and Wendy, her tone icy. “No negotiation. Clean the restroom or apologize under the teaching building—take your pick. Otherwise, what right do you have to search anyone’s bag? Let’s see who dares to try”

The advisor remained silent. However, Wendy couldn't **stand** Eliana's inexplicable superiority

She lowered her gaze and asked. "So it's a choice, right? Then what about you? What will you two give in return if we prove Stella stole the item!"

Eliana shrugged lightly. "If it's proven that Stella was the one, well withdraw from school."
"

Wendy replied. "Fine! You're the one

the one who said it?"

Willow was excited upon hearing **Eliana's** words, "**Advisor**, you heard that, right? Eliana **said** it—they'll withdraw from school!" she said.

The advisor, who had initially been somewhat unnoticed, suddenly became the focus of everyone's attention. They cleared their throat softly **twice**.

Since Eliana was the daughter of Sebastian Davis, the **school** principal, the school would likely not let her go if she wanted to withdraw. If Sebastian found out that Eliana had withdrawn due to being bullied at school, it would **cause** a huge uproar

The **advisor** looked truly troubled. "Do you have to make such a big deal out of this?"

"Of course!" they **all** said in unison.

The advisor was sweating with shame. "Alright then, but let me clarify—I'm just a neutral witness. I don't hear or know anything if you decide to

Eliana knew the advisor wouldn't dare take responsibility. "Don't worry, my word stands. Now, what about you two? What's your choice—clean the restroom or apologize?"

Willow and Wendy exchanged glances and, almost in sync, said. "We'll clean the restroom

Eliana smirked. "Fine, then One month of cleaning the restroom." She **then** turned to Stella and said, "Stella, open your bag and let them have **a** look"

Upon hearing Eliana's words, Stella nodded, placed her bag on the desk, and unzipped it. Everyone leaned in to get a better look. The advisor then pulled out a bottle of perfume from her bag

Wendy immediately recognized the perfume; it was Blanche's genuine unit. This is Blanche! **And** you're still claiming **you didn't** steal it

Willow and the rest all wore expressions of “**Just** as I thought she stole it”

“Well, see! The truth is out! Stella is a thief! She stole Willow’s perfume! How shameless!”

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“She’s a thief indeed! What a disgrace!”

“She’s nothing but a thief, truly a disgrace. People like her lack of integrity, with no manners and

proper guidance!”

As soon as Stella heard their slanders, she was about to snap back, but Eliana gently tugged her wrist. She stood before Stella and said, “This perfume is indeed Elle’s Blanche, but Wendy recognizes it, which only means **she** knows her products. How can that prove Stella stole in

“Well, with **Stella’s** background and the pity allowance she gets each month, how could she **afford** this?”

“Not only is it impossible for her to afford it, but she doesn’t even **have** the connections or channels to get her hands on it!”

Eliana responded, “**You** are looking down on her with ignorance. The Blanche was a gift from me.

“Not everyone is obsessed with a bottle of perfume. In your eyes, this perfume is something sacred to be revered. But in my eyes, it’s no different than a bottle of mineral water.”

The crowd fell silent, thinking Eliana’s words were **arrogant**. Elle’s Blanche **was** priced **at** approximately 250 dollars per bottle. With **a** reseller price, the amount was doubled. Furthermore, the value will continue to be appreciated in the future...

A few decades from now, Blanche **was** expected to become an antique, and when it was put up for auction, its value would far exceed the original

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Many people, including Wendy, purchased Blanche to keep **it as a** collector item. It held significant collectible value and **was** regarded **as an** investment awaiting appreciation in the future.

Yet, in Eliana's words, Blanche was reduced **to** the **value** of a bottle of mineral water. The arrogance in her tone infuriated Wendy, and she glared at Eliana in dissatisfaction.

"You bought it? What proof do you have that it's yours? Willow, take a closer look—**isn't** this your perfume?" she remarked.

Willow felt anxious. She hadn't bought the perfume; it **was** a lie she had made earlier to target Stella and Eliana. No one would doubt that Willow could afford the perfume, so everyone believed her word as truth.

At that moment, Willow felt **uneasy**, but she didn't believe Eluna or Stella could afford the perfume. Hence, she was convinced that something **was** off about it. Sterling herself, she stepped forward to identify it. Her expression **was** calm, and she confidently said, "Yes, it's mine,"

Stella couldn't hold back and snapped. "Willow Garcia, you're absolutely shameless!"

The advisor asked, "Willow, are you sure this is yours! **Take** a good **look**."

Willow replied, "Of course! Do you think I'd **mistake** my belongings

Eliana clapped. "Well, well, looks like you're cleaning the restroom **for** sure," she said. Eluna calmly took out her phone and pulled up her previous purchase record, displaying it to everyone.

Take a good

look: It is the purchase record from two **days** ago, along with the air shipment tracking number. All the evidence is here. I bought this perfume from Elle's headquarters in Xudren, and the original packaging even has her autographs and **a** unique logo"

The crowd fell silent momentarily.

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The crowd was stunned and couldn't believe that Eliana had bought the perfume. Willow was frozen, and the advisor rubbed his forehead helplessly, thinking they deserved it

Wallone and Wendy just wouldn't let it go. He had no idea what was wrong with them. He used to think they were pretty bright, but now, looking back, they both seemed utterly clueless.

Wendy didn't believe it. She snatched Eliana's phone and carefully cross-checked the details on the screen. If her memory served her right, the perfume with Elle's autograph and the unique logo was the first bottle of the limited edition. Moreover, Elle had also personally done the packaging

“C—Could it be the first bottle of Blanche?” she stuttered.

“What’s this first bottle about?” someone asked

Wendy exclaimed, “This batch of Blanche includes a limited—
edition No. 01 bottle, personally packaged by
Elle. It even comes with her autograph and unique logo as exclusive gifts

“While this privilege is reserved only for the first bottle, the rest have already been sold on
the secondary market for five times its original price!”

The first bottle of Blanche held the highest collectible value. Every perfume collector dreamt
of owning it, especially since Elle, now
in her eighties may not release more limited—edition perfumes.

With every bottle purchased, the market supply dwindled further. It was easy to see just
how **invaluable this** first bottle was

Wendy was utterly stunned. She turned to Eliana and asked, “How did you buy this perfume
No. 01, it can’t be. This must be a counterfeit

Before Eliana could respond, Stella pulled a postcard from the small compartment in her
bag **and** said, “Are you talking about this?”

The postcard, made of exquisitely beautiful gilded cardstock, carried a fragrant rose scent.
When Stella opened the **package**, she noticed
the card and kept it as a bookmark. Looking closely, she saw the unique logo and the
autograph in Estain.

Stella initially thought it was just a regular postcard. But after hearing Wendy’s words, she
realized it was the official proof that the perfume was the

first bottle.

Everyone’s eyes turned to the card in Stella’s hand. The **front displayed** the signature
and unique logo, while the back bore the number “01,” marking it as the first bottle.

The crowd **was** stunned, knowing that such a gilded postcard couldn’t be fake because it
had mounted a chip that could be scanned. In other words, this card was a precious item.
With it, any bottle of Blanche could be passed off as the first bottle.

Wendy was left completely speechless, utterly stunned. Willow and the others were just
as silent, unsure what to say. They didn’t have as much knowledge about perfumes as
Wendy did, and they **had** nothing to add since Wendy **was** silent.

Eliana said, "Stella, **make** sure **you** keep that card safe. It **has a** very high collectible value?"

When Eliana decided to buy perfume as a birthday gift for Stella, Lucy said, "If you're going to give a gift, it should be the best. It won't be worth giving if it's not the best." So, Eliana asked a friend to **get** the best bottle available. She never expected Wendy to recognize **its value**.

Eliana **said**. "Since that's the case, **you** should start fulfilling your promise from tomorrow. Also, now **that** it is proven that the perfume belongs to Stella. Willow **Garcia**, where's your perfume?"

Wendy snapped out of her daze and turned to look at Willow, who had been silent all this time. She asked. "Since Stella didn't steal your perfume, then where is yours?"

Willow froze for a moment, surprised that Wendy still remembered the detail. Wendy wasn't easily deceived, even if she lost, she would lose with clarity. Willow lowered her gaze, tightly clenching her fists in frustration.

That's right. If Stella didn't **steal** the perfume, where did Willow's perfume go?"

"What on earth is going on here?"

"Do you all remember? Initially, the idea that Stella stole the perfume was just a guess.

"Now that you mention it, that does seem to be the **case!**"

Willow lifted her **gaze**, her eyes welled up with tears, looking utterly pitiful. I'm sorry, everyone. I just received a message that my butler accidentally **missed** the perfume when packing for me today. I only found out about this **just** now. I had thought the perfume was in my bag

The excuse seemed a bit far-fetched. Willow lowered her head, wearing **a face** full of guilt as if acknowledging her mistake.

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Willow had previously insisted that Elana and Stella couldn't afford the perfume, so she claimed Stella's perfume was hers. But that lie fell apart the moment Stella showed the chip card

Hence, once Willow realized what had happened, she quickly took action, deleting all the messages from the butler in her phone except for the one that said the perfume had been forgotten during packing

This perfume didn't have its packaging, and it looks so similar to mine, so I mistakenly thought it was mine." Aside from the unique serial number on the identity chip card, all the Blanche bonles had identical packaging **and** design. It was understandable **that** she was mistaken.

Willow scrolled the message from the butler and showed it to everyone. "See, the butler did send me a message. I only found out just now. Stella, I would never have misunderstood you if I **had** known about this earlier. Thankfully, nothing serious happened"

Stella looked **at** Willow with a face full of disgust. "This is slander, not a misunderstanding"

Willow said, 'I admit I was too much before. How about this— I'll compensate you. After all, I'm not short on money for perfume. How much do

you want

Stella was speechless. Willow's mention of money at this moment reminded everyone that she wasn't someone who couldn't afford Blanche

By offering to pay for her mistake, she portrayed herself **as** incredibly generous, as if spending money to make up for her kindness. Charlene and the others quickly caught on to explain

was a sign of her

It's understandable that we misunderstood. After all, Stella isn't exactly the type of person who could afford that perfume. **Wouldn't** anyone be suspicious if an ordinary person suddenly started carrying a Hermes bag? Doubting is the natural reaction, isn't it!"

Yeah, we admit we were

we were a bit impulsive earlier, but if Stella **had** shown us the proof sooner, there wouldn't **have** been any misunderstanding?

"Willow wouldn't lack money to buy perfume, so she wouldn't maliciously frame Stella"

Willow turned to look at them. "Alright, enough. I know I made a mistake in this matter, and it's natural for Stella to be upset with me. I hope I can make it up to her

“Well, how much was the perfume! I’ll compensate you the **same** amount. Since you’re not the one who bought it, let me pay you this amount as an apology. It’s a fair deal for you, right?”

Each word Willow said was like rubbing Stella’s self-respect into the dirt. Willow wasn’t trying to compensate or make things right; she was using money to insult Stella.

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Stella smiled bitterly in anger and said, “I may be poor, but my integrity isn’t for sale. You, on the other hand, seem to have money, yet you enjoy doing shameless things

money and use it to buy some

“I don’t want your money. This perfume holds more meaning to me **than** anything money can buy. Keep your money decent cleaning supplies to clean up the mess in the restroom!”

Her words were powerful and persistent. The advisor almost couldn’t hold back from applauding her in approval.

Eliana wasn’t about to let go of the chance. Since Willow was so eager to compensate, Eluna would grant her wish. She turned to the advisor and said, “Since Willow is willing to compensate, why not let her! Since Stella doesn’t want the money, she can pay it for the next school event funding”

Eliana’s suggestion sparked something in his mind. His eyes lit up. “Eliana, I almost forgot! At the end of this month, our department is organizing a swap event—encouraging everyone to contribute to maintaining the campus environment and protecting our ecology!

“The event will also feature a water bottle exchange for figurines. Since you’re willing to contribute, how about you cover the event’s expenses this time?”

Willow was left speechless. She **had** initially planned to use the money to insult Stella and Eliana, but somehow, it had turned into her voluntarily donating money to support a department event. That would make her the sucker in this situation.

Eliana noticed Willow hesitating and said. “Willow, are you having second thoughts about spending the money? So, you were pretending to be generous earlier, huh” Eliana persisted

“Of course not” Willow said with a forced smile, then turned to the advisor. “I’m willing to contribute”

The advisor smiled with satisfaction. "Very well, I report this to the school immediately."

"Don't forget, Stella should also have a share in this. Strictly speaking, Stella's generosity made this donation possible."

"Yes, yes, I'll remember," he replied.

The school's announcement was quickly released the following afternoon: |Stella Stewart, a first-year student from the Acting Department, generously sponsored the school's recycling event to promote campus cleanliness |

The entire announcement praised Stella without mentioning Willow. While the money came **from** Willow, the credit for the donation went entirely to Stella

Stella's reputation skyrocketed, and she **quickly** became well-known in the department, Willow **was** fuming, not expecting the advisor to be ruthless and completely omit her from the announcement. After all, she was the one who had provided the money.

In the restroom, Wendy covered her nose with a handkerchief. "Had I known, I wouldn't have joined you in criticizing Stella. Now, I've ended up helping clean the restroom, too. It sinks?"

Willow **put** away her phone, unwilling to be there just as much as Wendy. "I'm sorry, Wendy. This time, it's all

my

Wendy had never had much animosity toward Eliana before. **But** after the incident, she had completely turned against her. The one thing she hated most was when people acted smug in front of **her**

Eliana's personality **and** looks made it **clear** that **she** would eventually enter the entertainment industry and become Wendy's competitor. Since they could never be friends, they were bound to become enemies **instead**.

Wendy was puzzled. "**Didn't** you say your family stopped giving Eliana money? So how did she manage to buy the perfume?" **Willow** was equally confused about this

At that moment, Sharryl, Charlene, and others walked in carrying water buckets. "How else would she have gotten it? Of course, she probably relied on Landon and the others again."

"Wendy, you probably don't know this, but **Eliana** is well-known as the courtesan in our department!"

“That’s right. Eliana **used** to rely on Landon and the other three to get into the tennis **club and take** a few shortcuts. Now, buying a bottle of perfume is nothing. For those tots, it’s pocket change.

Wendy asked, “Landon? Are you talking about the four from the **computer** science department?”

Willow replied, “Yes, and your brother, Adam”

Wendy finally realized this and responded, “So Eliana is close with them!”:

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“That’s right” Willow said.

Wendy and **Adam** had returned primarily to Dratora City from Whartonbourg to claim their share of the Hall family’s fortune. On the surface, Wendy and Shane were supposed to be close. Adam their older brother, but they were nothing more than rivals behind closed doors.

And Eliana would become enemies, “Well” Wendy

Now, Wendy understood. If Elians were close to Adam, then it would be inevitable that she and he and chuckled awkwardly. “So that’s how it is,” she said.

Since that was the case, Wendy decided she couldn’t let Eliana off the hook. After all, they were destined to be enemies

Rather than letting **Eliana** block her path in the future when she entered the entertainment industry, Wendy thought it would be better to deal with her now while they were still in school, ensuring Eliana would never have the chance to debut. A sharp, calculating gleam flashed in Wendy’s eyes.

Willow remained silent, quietly observing from the side, a faint smile playing at the corners of her lips. Let them fight, let them fight. The best outcome would be both sides suffering, and I can sit back and reap the benefits.

On the weekend, Eliana took Lunchie for a stroll in the park. She had been doing this for two weeks straight, all to bump into someone by chance.

Checking the days, she figured it was about time to meet him. The park was filled with seniors exercising, and Eliana jogged along the stone path with Lunchie for a while before sitting on a bench to rest.

Lunchie had been pampered with great care at the **Davis family**, growing firmer and fluffier with each passing **day**. Its size had doubled, making it impossible to fit into the small **bag** it used to sit in. As Eliana **sat** down to rest, Lunchie lay in the grass by her feet, content and relaxed.

Although still a puppy. Lunchie had **already** grown to the size of a medium-sized dog. Passersby on the stone path couldn't help but take a second glance at Lunchie "Is this **dog an Alaskan Malamute** one of them asked, **admiring its** appearance.

Eliana forced a smile **and** replied, "**It's** not

"Alright, then, what breed is it?"

Eliana glanced at the curious senior in front of her. He probably wouldn't believe her if she told him it wasn't a dog, but a wolf—one of the most enormous surviving wolves in the world.

To avoid further trouble. **Eliana** responded casually, "It's a Husky **mix**

"Oh, I see. No wonder it looks so goofy."

Lunchie looked at the senior at the mention of the words. The senior chuckled and left.

Lunchie, with its wise eyes, looked up at Eliana, then stood up and barked towards the senior.

Eliana slapped him and warned, "Don't bark"

Lunchie pawed at Eliana's feet, looking up at her with a genuinely pitiful expression. **Eliana sighed**. "Alright, I'll give you beef bones when we return. Be good," she said.

Just then, a golden retriever ran over from the side, **approaching** Lunchie **and sniffing** curiously. Lunchie, however, wasn't too interested and ignored it.

"Woof wood wood!" Hearing the **barking**. Eliana turned to look. The golden retriever that had **run over was** well-kept, with a muscular build and soft fur. The more she looked at it, the more familiar it seemed

"It looks familiar. **Wait** a minute, could it be Cutie Pie?" After a closer look, she noticed the golden retriever's tag on its collar, and sure enough, it stated (Cutie Pie |

“Cutie Pie, come here.” A smooth, male voice called out.

Eliana froze for a moment, looking up. Sure enough, it was the someone she **hoped** she could bump into.

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It turned out to be Roman

Roman asked. “Eliana, why are you here!”

Eliana replied, “I’m here to wal

to walk the dog”

However, Lunchedie was a well cub

Roman looked down at Lunchedie and said in confusion, “Why doesn’t your dog look like a dog?”

Suppose Lunchedie could think like a human, it would have thought, “You’re discerning Lunchedie twitched its **ears and** glanced at Roman twice

Eliana said. “It’s a Husky”

Roman replied. “Alright”

The golden retriever ran to Roman and wagged its tail. It was indeed Cutie Pie.

Roman had a golden retriever called Cutie Pie. Later on, it was poisoned to death because it accidentally ate something poisonous,

Eliana liked Cutie Pie very much. In the past, when she **was** working, she wore a thick doll costume and distributed flyers. At that time, she fed Cutie **The** trilled sausages.

Cutie Pie was very close to Eliana, but Roman did not know.

In her past life, Eliana had few interactions with Roman so she was delighted to be able to interact with Cutie Pie

Cutie Pie ran to Eliana’s leg and licked her hand. Lunchedie was unhappy and roared at Cutie Pie.

Roman came over. “This **is** my dog. It’s called Cutie Pie.”

Eliana hesitantly said, “Yes, it’s indeed quite cute.”

Roman would come to the park to walk his dog from time to time. He did not expect to meet Eliana here and **was** surprised. "I often come here to **walk** my dog. I haven't seen you before

Eliana thought, of course. I only started coming here two weeks **ago**. Eliana did not come here to walk Lunchie. The garden at home was big enough for Lunchie to run around without **a** leash. She mainly wanted to come and meet someone by chance. "I haven't been here long"

Then we're really fated"

Eliana didn't buy it. "According to **what you** said, **you're** quite fated with these old ladies in the park too!

The smile on Roman's face froze **as** he continued, "Those who can meet in this world are all fated.

Eliana did not want to stay here **and** chat awkwardly with Roman. She stood up from the bench while holding **Lunchie** on a leash. "It's getting late. I'm going back"

Roman could feel **Eliana's** awkwardness when interacting with him, so he did not force her.

However, **just as** Eliana **was** about to leave with Lunchie, a white-haired old man walked over from the corner where Roman had come from. **He** had an otherworldly **aura**

The old man said, "Roman"

Roman replied, "Yes? Mr. Thompson,"

When Eliana heard this, she suddenly stopped and immediately turned around.

Eliana **was** overjoyed when she saw the old man. She had finally met Bryson Thompson, a screenwriting virtuoso.

Bryson walked up to Roman. Cutie Pie sniffed Bryson, wagging its **tail** happily

Bryson **asked**, "Why did you stop here?"

Roman smiled faintly. "I met a junior from the school here,"

Seeing how familiar Bryson was with Roman, Eliana finally understood that Roman had known Bryson for a long time

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When Roman saw that Elana had not left, he introduced her to Bryson “Mr. Thompson, this is Elana. She’s from the same

Bryson looked at Eliana with drooping eyes and nodded with a smile.

school as me

“Hello. Mr. Thompson” Elana had come many times to meet Bryson in the park. She had thought that she wouldn’t meet him today, but she met him unexpectedly. It seemed that God was on her side

Bryson said. “Hello, hello. Are you in the same faculty as this class

“Yes, I’m also in the acting department”

Bryson said

“Not bad”

Bryson had been in the entertainment industry for so many years. He had seen many amazing actors and beautiful idols.

His first impression of Elana was

was good because Elana was very polite.

After seeing Bryson. Elana was no longer in a hurry to leave.

Roman said. “Elana, you probably know him, right?”

Elana nodded. Of course. Mr. Thompson is a top screenwriter. How could I not know him?”

There was probably no one

no one in the acting department who did not know Bryson. He was the award-winning screenwriter of action film Mogorvil. He was also Elianvidal

In her past life. Eliana started to get involved in action films as a stunt double. In order to learn, she watched classic action films over and over again. Seven out of ten of these classics were written by Bryson.

The female protagonists in Bryson's films were all skilled heroines. Although they had their own stories, they all shared one characteristic, which was tenacity and perseverance.

Hi Elms produced many actresses with strong fighting skills.

Eliana really wanted to act in

to act in his film, but unfortunately, she had never fulfilled her dream in her past life.

Bryson was already in his sixties. In Eliana's memory, he retired on his seventieth birthday. His last film was "The Carefree Hero".

In this life, Eliana couldn't wait to get to know Bryson as soon as possible. In her opinion, he was Monorsil's best action film screenwriter, and wanted to meet him. And if there was a chance, she really wanted to be a character in Bryson's film.

Bryson laughed out loud. "I didn't expect you to know an old man like me!"

Eliana thought. How could I not know him! I came to this park for him

However, Eliana was also here to try her luck. In her past life, she remembered that Bryson had once mentioned in an interview in a magazine that in his later years, he often took walks at the park near his house,

Bryson's house

was in an **old** alley nearby. He did not lack money, but he lived in a very ordinary place. He was a very simple old man

Eliana asked. "Can I join you guys!"

Bryson replied, "Of course. Let's walk together"

The three of them walked to a small pavilion in front

Chana talked to Bryson along the way and mentioned many

of his **works**.

Bryson said. "So you've seen so many of my works"

Eliana replied, "Of course Your works are a **classic** and worth learning for every actor"

The audience of action films **was** mostly male. Bryson was surprised that a girl with such **looks** like Eliana would like action films

Roman was **also** surprised. This was because romantic comedies were popular now, and most girls liked them. There were very few people like Eliana who liked to watch action films.

As a result, Bryson's favorable impression of Eliana increased

Roman knew that Eliana was only walking with **them** because Bryson was around, so he did not disturb their conversation

A phone call interrupted their c

onversation and reminded Bryson that he should go **back and take** his medicine.

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Before leaving, Myson **asked** for Eliana's name again. "Your name is Eliana, right? You're a student from Isonstead University's acting department" Thana replied. "Yes, my name is Eliana"

Okay. Alright then, Roman, you guys continue to walk around for a while. I'm going back .

After Bryson left, Flansa was still a bit reluctant to part

with him. It was no wonder that Roman had once **acted in** Bryson's final work, "The Carefree Hero". It was because they had **known** each other for a long time and could be considered longtime friends

Apart from work, Bryson did not like to interact with people in the industry, nor did he like to socialize. Hence, he was **famous** for having a strange femiper

Flansa **asked** curiously, "How did you **two** meet

Roman replied. "Through chess. He likes to play chess"

That made sense. It seemed that Roman's personality was exactly what Bryson liked. That was why they could hang out together.

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Remun

there

could tell

tell that Eliana was very fond of Bryson. He said. "If you want to meet him, you can go to the Checkmate Club. He often plays chess

Elans replied. "Oh, really? Then I go and **take** a look next time. Thank you"

You're welcome".

Elana looked up at Roman

Actually, Roman was quite a nice person. He was still the same person in her memory. He would definitely be a reliable friend. However, she no longer had the special feelings she had for **him** in her past life.

Eliana said. Then I'm going **back**."

Roman replied. "Okay":

Before Elina left, she squatted down and petted Cutie Pie.

She couldn't help but remind Roman, "Recently, there have been people who poison dogs. If you have time, train Cutie Pie to reject strangers

food."

and no evidence, she still

Cute Pie was poisoned to death. Eliana suspected that Willow was behind it, but Eliana had no evidence. Although she had no ought to remind Roman

Roman was puzzled as to why Eliana **would** say such a thing. However, there was no need for him to reject a friendly suggestion. Hence, Roman nodded. "Alright

"Goodbye" Eliana led Lunchie out of the park.

After Roman watched Eliana leave, he held Cute P on a leash and left in another direction.

At the end of the month, the trade-in event began,

At the same time, a production team came to Isonstead University's acting department to choose an actor, and among them was the screenwriter, Bryson

ent from the acting department. They were filming

This time, they were going to choose a third-year student

were filming a historical drama, “Moonlit River

Bryson **was** not the main screenwriter. Instead, he was asked by a friend to participate in revising the script. After all, Bryson had the highest status among action film screenwriters and had an absolute say

In the morning, the instructor told everyone that a production team was coming to the school to choose an actor. He encouraged everyone to hone their professional skills. When the time **came**, there would definitely be a chance for them.

The atmosphere in the class instantly became lively.

“Oh my gosh, I’m so **envious** of the **third-year seniors**. When can I film my first movie in fer

“I heard that the screenwriter of this film is Bryson. Guess who will be chosen among the **third-year seniors**?”

“Although I prefer romantic **comedies**, it’s not bad to have such a team for my first film”

“**It’s** tiring to film action fi

films. The wires will leave marks all over my body. I don’t want to be covered in injuries at **such a** young age.”

The discussion in the front row reached Ellana’s ears.

Eliana lowered her eyelashes slightly and thought, “Yes, action films are demanding, especially for stunt doubles. However, I had done such **work** that everyone despises for a few years.

Stella nudged Eliana’s arm. “Eli, do you think Roman will be chosen this time!”

Eliana

replied, “Yes, he will”

Bryce. No matter which **aspect** it was. Roman was the best choice,

Roman was a **third-year** student with a strong specialization. Moreover, he knew Bry

Moreover, in Eliana's memory, Raman's debut film was indeed a **historical** film. This was the only **television** drama in his life. From then

became a movie star.

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It seemed that Bryson had given Roman a lot of help.

Eliana stilled. "Stella, are you willing to film an action film?"

Stella laughed and **said** straightforwardly, "Of course. I want to be a good actor. But... I'm not cut out to be the protagonist. It's not had to be a supporting actor that complements the lead character"

The acting profession was realistic. Only one in ten million people, or even less, could become the lead of a film

Stella knew that she was not qualified, so she did not expect too much.

of their

Eliana said. "You **think** too little of yourself. Anyone can become the lead character, and a supporting actor won't remain so for the rest of

Stella deeply remembered this sentence.

In the front row, Wendy's proud voice could be heard. "Bryson once worked with my mother. I call him Uncle Thompson. When they come, I'll introduce him to **you if** the chance arises. Don't **worry**, I won't wait until my third **year** to be chosen. I might take on roles in my second year

Wendy's friend said, "Wow! Wendy, you're amazing. **As** expected of Hannah's daughter"

Willow **was** a little jealous. Wendy had a good mother to back her up in the entertainment industry.

However, she did not show her emotions. Instead, she **said**, "**Wendy**, you will definitely be a big shot among us in the future. Don't forget to support

Wendy's vanity was greatly satisfied under their envious gazes. "Willow, you're underestimating yourself. Don't worry, I'll definitely introduce resources to you. We're close friends."

Willow laughed in agreement. "Wendy, you're the best."

She thought, "Yes, I've put in so much effort to get to know Wendy and catered to her every whim just for this purpose."

Although the Garcia family was not short of money, she did not have a background in the entertainment industry. **She** still had to find help her

Willow was Willow's key and guide to entering the entertainment industry. Willow **was** now calculating every step carefully

Wendy was

someone to

Someone else said, "In that case, Wendy **must** be the first person in our class to receive a role. I'm so envious. Wendy, give me **your** autograph. You will be a superstar on the big screen in the future"

A third person said. "Yes, **that's** right, I want an autograph too. I want it too"

A fourth person laughed and chimed in, "Wendy will definitely be the first, and Willow will be the second. Other people won't even be nearly as successful as them. Some people might be smug in class, but in **fact**, the real winner will only be determined after graduation. Don't you guys

One of the girls replied, "Of course. What's the big deal about being smug in school? It's not certain who will do well in the future"

Their exaggerated laughter spread to the back row,

Stella rolled her eyes. "Eli, see how jealous they are. Jealousy is written **all** over their faces"

Eliana said, "Ignore them." If ridicule could defeat her, she would have died a million times.

"Eli, you can't blame them for having such a big reaction. The third round of the campus belle rankings **has** already been decided. You're the first place. They're all so jealous. Willow is still at the bottom. You're first while she's tenth."

“Ell you’re cut out to be the female lead. When the time comes, get Willow to be your maid”

Eliana smiled. If that day really came, who knew how angry Willow would be!

In the afternoon, **the** acting department started preparing for the event downstairs.

Many people took out their unused items and prepared to set up a stall **to** exchange the m with others during the event.

In addmon, there was a bottle–picking game after the event began.

Aboule **could** be exchanged for a small key fob, ten bottles could be exchanged for a six–inch doll, and so on. The more battles there were, the better the gift

The first place would be awarded a small medal by the school.

Meslals were **useless to** ordinary people, but for some students who had been punished, this was the best opportunity to eliminate the punishment.

Chapter 96

During the previous year’s Fall Festival, Yulila had received a disciplinary mark. The entire dance club rallied behind her this year, determined to help her win first place in the bottle–collecting game. The medal prize could be her ticket to clearing that mark. Hot Valila wasn’t the only one

evring the **medal**

Elsie from the tennis clubs, who had once helped Thana analyze backstage data, wanted the medal, too. Her reason! Her boyfriend needed to clear his disciplinary mark. Having done Eliana a favor in the past. Elsie now approached her, asking her to join the game and collect bottles together. The more hands are collecting, the better our chances of victory:

Even if Elsana wasn’t swayed by club loyalty, she felt indebted to Elsie. And so she agreed to join the bottle–collecting game this time. Somehow, the dance club got wind of **Eliana’s** participation. With hearts ablaze and a fierce rivalry, they vowed to outdo her at any cost

The afternoon activities began in full swing. Downstairs, rows of small booths lined the open space, neatly arranged and inviting. Each booth featured an array of items for trade, creating the feel of a bustling marketplace. Soon enough, a crowd had gathered, some holding books, others holding collectible figurines

As the booths opened, sign-ups for the bottle-collecting game also began. Eluna and Stella headed to the registration area and joined Elsie's team. Just as they were filling out their forms, a large group from the dance club arrived, a formidable presence that caught everyone's attention. The student council members organizing the event handed the registration forms, and other students filling out their forms stepped aside, some visibly disheartened.

"Look at all of them. This game's already decided"

"Yeah, there's no competing with those numbers. I'll **pass**— I'm not here to **lose** just for the fun of it

"It looks like the first place is theirs this time. Well, we'll just tag along, maybe pick up a few bottles to exchange for some keychains, one of the **dance** club members remarked smugly.

"Exactly. With just a few of you, why not save yourselves the trouble? First place is ours , another one added, glancing over at the group of four nearby Eliara, Stella, Elsie, and her boyfriend

Eliana's group seemed tiny compared to the dance club's more significant, **confident** crowd. They barely looked like competition.

Willow and Wendy, also part of the dance club, smirked **as** they passed **Eliana's** group while filling out their forms Wendy let out a soft, mocking laugh.

Yulila rolled her **eyes**. After what happened at the Fall Festival, no **love** was lost between them

Seeing the overwhelming odds, Elsie sighed in defeat "Ugh, it seems we don't stand a chance, Eliana. Maybe we shouldn't waste our time. Let's drop

"But we can't give up!" Stella argued. "Elsie, your boyfriend's supposed to start his internship this term, right? He'll have to delay graduation if he doesn't get that record cleared"

Elve

Elve hesitated, glancing at her boyfriend's worried expression before sighing again. "Well, he only has himself **to** blame for breaking the rules. Forget it—we'll sit this one out. I'll come up with another solution"

Stella turned to Eliana. "Eh, **what** do we do now?"

Eliana's gaze shifted to the dance club members and then to the game rules. A spark of an idea flickered to life—she suddenly had a plan.

“The key to winning this game isn't about numbers—it's about collecting the most bottles. As long as we can beat them in numbers, we'll win?”

Elsie hesitated.

“But... there are only four of us. How could we possibly keep up with the dance club!?”

“Trust me,” Eliana replied with a confident smile. “I've got a plan. Let's fill out our forms first—the registration's about to close.”

Sensing their lingering hesitation, Stella **spoke** up. “Come on, Elsie. You can trust Eli. It's **just a** game. Even if we lose, at least we're in it together. What's the harm?”

“Alright **then**” They all finished filling out the forms.

From nearby, Willow and the other dance club members noticed that Eliana hadn't backed down—instead, she'd submitted **her** form with determination.

Yulila gave a mocking laugh. “Just the four of them! There's no way they'll collect more than us. What a joke.”

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Chapter 96

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“Rishiculous” Wendy snarled.

Once registration closed, there were nearly fifty participants, twenty of whom were from the Dance Club. Many other contestants **had** already resigned to picking up a few bottles for the minor prizes.

“Alright, it’s six o’clock,” the student council member said. “The bottle–collecting game officially begins now! You **have** two hours–until eight o’clock. Bring all your collected bottles back here by then. Ready! Go!”

At the signal, everyone scattered. The Dance **Chib** members **spread** out **in** all directions while Eliana remained where she was, her teammates ready to head off in different directions to collect bottles.

Elsie suggested, “How about my boyfriend and I head to the dorms, and Stella and Eli c an go to the cafeteria! We’ll meet back here in an hour.”

Stella nodded. “Alright”

But Eliana’s clear voice interrupted “There’s no need to split up. Let’s head to the school gate instead”

The school **gate**?” Stella looked at her, puzzled. “What are we going to do at the **school gate**!”

Eliana’s lips curved into a confident smile. “There are plenty of bottles over there. Let’s go.”

The other three exchanged confused glances but followed her lead.

When they reached the school gate, they were stunned to see two makeshift barbecue **stands** set up across the street.

“Wait... why are there two barbecue stands here?” The three of them gasped in disbelief.

“Must have set up not too **long ago**.” Eliana replied, pointing to the sign. “Look at what it says

They squinted at the sign, “Get a free water bottle with every 30 cents purchase”

The stands weren’t fully set up yet, but stacks of free water bottles were already waiting behind them.

Elsie’s face lit up. “So, we just wait here for people to finish their drinks and collect the bottles? Genius”

Stella

glanced at the two people bustling behind the barbecue stands and suddenly froze. “Eliana, isn’t that Mr. and Mrs. Morris? Oh my gosh, **you** arrange for them to be here!”

Exactly right Eliana had asked them to se

to set up the barbecue stands for this occasion. The “Sunset Cafe & BBQ signs were quickly pulled from their shop, making the pop-up look like an official extension of their business. Not only did **this** promote the cafe, but it gave them a massive edge in the bottle-collecting game—a win-win.

Since it **was** dinnertime, students **flocked** out of the school, immediately noticing the barbecue stands across the street. With the sign offering a free water boule for just 30 cents. Eliana knew not every student would go for it, but she figured at least seventy percent would.

All they needed **to do was** wait and collect

Stella’s face lit up “This **is** amazing”

ng With th

this setup, we re going to win!

Elie looked at **Eliana** gratefully. “Thank you so much. Eli hn’t this a bit much, though I feel like

Elana reassured her, “Don’t worry, Elsie. Think of it as free advertising“

Selling just one more barbecue skewer could easily cover the cost of a single bottle. It was well worth it.

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Soon, students began spilling out from the school gates and noticed the barbecue stands across the street. As expected, the sign offering a fire water bottle **with** a small purchase caught their attention. Many students figured they might as well take advantage of the deal, nederig skewers and enjoying the free water. A few students bought a bottle for 100 cents, but most ordered several skewers, eating and socializing in front of the stands After buishing their water they’d toss the empty bottles in a neat trash can Lily had set up expressly for the game

Once a bin filled. Lily would drag it to the school gate, where Eliana and her group eagerly waited. In less than half an hour, they had collected thirty water bottles, which had piled up quickly

However, their efficient bottle-gathering strategy didn’t go unnoticed for long. Sonn, the dance club caught on and swarmed the school gate. They stared in shock at Eliana and her team, who already had a bag billed to the brim with boules. Meanwhile, the dance club members had scoured the entire campus and gathered only twenty-seven boules

Yulila gritted her teeth. This has to be cheating

Willow said. "They're just standing here, waiting for boules. It's completely unfair!":

Storming forward, the dance club members pointed **accusing** fingers.

"Shameless You're not playing by the rules!

Just hanging out here waiting for bottles? That's unfair

"Who plays **a** game like this, sneaky **and** underhanded? Let's report them! They should be disqualified!"

Yes exactly

One was already on the phone, reporting the "violation" Seeing how many dance club members had shown up. Elsie on **Eliana's** team started to

panic.

Ell what

are we going to do?" she whispered.

Eliana stood confidently before the dance club members, her voice **steady**. "Don't worry . Let them report **us**?"

Before the game started, Eliana **had** carefully studied the rules. Their strategy **wasn't** a gainst **any** laws, **so** there was no need to worry.

Within minutes, **a** student council member arrived at the school gate, and the dance club members immediately crowded around him.

"**Look** at what they're doing! Isn't this cheating"" one of them demanded

"We've been running all over campus to collect bottles, but Eliana's team is **just waiting** here. It's **utterly** unfair to the rest of **us!**"

Exactly! Why would we bother collecting on campus if they can wait here?"

"Disqualify them already?"

The council member glanced at Eliana's group and then at the dance club members. Eliana crossed her arms and asked calmly. "How exactly did we break the rules""

Yulila snapped, "How did you not break them?"

“The rule says to stay within the campus boundaries. **Have** we left campus?” Eliana replied smoothly

The student council member checked their position. Sure enough, they hadn’t crossed the school gates; they were standing at the entrance.

“No, they haven’t left the campus. They’re within the designated area.

“What?” Yulila’s jaw dropped

Wendy tried another angle. The rules specify collecting bottles. They’re just standing around. They’re not collecting!”

“Who says we aren’t collecting?” Eliana responded, just as Lily arrived with a **fresh** trash can full of bottles. Instead of handing it to Eliana, Lily tipped the boules **out at** the gair, Eluma’s team bent down and picked up the scattered bottles on the ground.

The entire dance club members stood there, dumbfounded.

Eliana raised ali

in eyebrow. “Unless you think these bottles are magically flying into our bags!

Wendy narrowed her eyes, grudgingly impressed by Eliana’s cleverness.

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The council member nodded. “They’re collecting boules as per the rules, so there’s no violation here”

Willow protested. “But it’s unfair to us! Isn’t this game supposed to be about fairness? If this keeps up, we don’t stand a chance

how

the game **was** played. Ultimately, only the number of bottles mattered, not how they were collected.

But the council member didn’t care about

by rules. The game continues as planned— whoever collects the most bottles wins. With that, he turned and walked.

“Eliana’s team hasn’t broken any Away without another word.

The dance club members were left seething. Despite their larger team, they still couldn't keep up with Eliana and her small group of four. To them,

was downright unfair.

Yulila muttered angrily, "They're just cheating and manipulating the rules. What a dirty trick."

Stella said. "The unfair **play** here is coming from you guys. You've all put your bottles under one name—**that's** what's skewing the game!"

The dance club had been using their numbers to bully the competition from the start, yet now they wanted to **discuss** fairness. It was laughable.

Willow glanced across the street at the barbecue stands, where more and more students were gathering after class. In no time, yet another trash can was a total of empty bottles. If this kept up, the dance club was **going** to lose.

Suddenly, Willow had a spark of **inspiration**. "If they're not breaking any rules, why don't we just wait here for bottles too?"

"Right! If the bottles are just getting dumped out, we can grab them just **as** easily!" Yulla smirked. "Whoever picks up a bottle first gets it—it's **fair** game!"

Willow's logic was shameless, but with so many people on the dance club's side, Eliana's group couldn't possibly compete if it **came** down to speed.

"Yeah, let's just wait here. Once they dump out the bottles, we'll get them before Eliana's group can"

Hearing this, Stella was furious. "Are you **all** just a bunch of thieves?"

Yulila shrugged. "Call it what **you** want, but it's not like those bottles have anyone's name on there?"

on them. Why shouldn't we

pick them

up

if they're lying

The barbecue stands were Eliana's idea, yet now the **dance** club was trying to hijack her plan

Elsie whispered, "Eliana, what are we going to do? The bottles we've collected so far aren't enough. If they will grab bottles too, there's no way we can outpace them."

Stella muttered, "This is just shameless. Only Willow could come up with something so underhanded"

Eliana glanced at her watch and smiled. "Don't worry. **We've** still got plenty of time **before** the game ends."

Moments later, Lily arrived with another trash can brimming with bottles. As she tipped them onto the ground, Stella and the others reached down to **grab** them—only to be shoved aside by the dance club members, who swooped in **and** snatched up every last bottle within **seconds**,

Stella and the other two didn't **stand a** chance against the overwhelming number of dance club members. Outnumbered more than two-to-one, they couldn't compete

The dance club had already collected over twenty bottles, and with this recent batch, their total shot up to more than fifty, matching Eliana's group bottle for bottle.

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Elated with their progress, the dance club members couldn't hide their excitement.

"This game's as good as over. We've already won!"

"Cous them up—we're at fifty-seven now. We picked up a ton just now?"

"With so much time left, we will reach a hundred bottles. What's the record again!TM

"Last year was sixty-five, but the record is ninety—right, from three years ago. I heard the whole class joined in that time—right after the sports festival, so there were tons of bottles":

"Ninety-eight Oh,

Oh, we've got to

to break that record

today!

is a rare chance," one of the dance club members crowed. "No one's going to get an opportunity like this again, and no one will be able to beat

This is 7 cal triandr

While the dance club reveled in their apparent victory, the mood in Elma's group was far less cheerful. Stella and the other **b** though Eliana remained steady.

looked defeated.

Elana gave a reassuring smile. "Don't worry. We've g

got backup on the way

Elsie looked at her in surprise. "Backup?"

Stella's eyes widened. "Wait, we have backup?"

"Of course Eliana replied calmly. She glanced at her watch. The timing should be just right. The bottle-collecting game had started at six o'clock. and the basketball game would end at seven o'clock.

Eliana **had** anticipated that Yulla might join the contest to clear her disciplinary record, **s** o she'd prepared in **advance**. When Elsie first asked **Eliana** to help with the bottle-collecting game, Eliana casually mentioned it in the group chat. Cameron and his friends had teased **her**, calling her the "bottle-collecting queen." Jokes aside, they'd quickly agreed to join in.

The only catch was that they couldn't come immediately. The game had started at six o'clock, but their basketball practice wouldn't end until seven o'clock. But as promised, they would be there soon.

Stella's eyes lit up as the realization dawned on her. "Oh! So **you** called the club president and the others, didn't you?"

Elsie was stunned. "Wait, the president **is coming too**?"

Eliana nodded. "They'll be here soon—just hang tight."

Nearby, a few dance club members overheard Eliana's **words and** whispered,

“Did Eliana manage to call over those guys from the tennis club, including Landon?”

“That’s impossible. Those rich **boys wouldn’t** waste their time collecting bottles. Eliana must be out of her mind”

“Exactly. The tennis club guys have never participated in this game before. Why would they start now?”

“There’s no **way Eliana has that** kind of influence,” one of them scoffed

“I don’t believe in either...”

Wendy turned to Willow, thoughtful. “Is Adam also in the tennis club?”

Willow nodded. “Yeah, he is.”

Wendy thought of Adam’s aloof, unyielding expression. She could hardly imagine Eliana managing to sway someone **as** unapproachable as him. When Wendy and Shane returned to the Hall family, they expected treatment similar **to Adam’s** since they all shared **the** same bloodline. But soon, **reality** hit while the family acknowledged their place in name, Adam was the true heir, the one with absolute authority.

If Adam was home, no one dared to **sit** at the dinner table until he did. **His authority** within the Hall family was absolute, a reminder of his status that overshadowed everyone else. Compared **to Adam**, Shane’s **position** in the family was practically nonexistent. **Wendy** could see **it all** too clearly, leaving her simmering with frustration.

Wendy thought. If I wanted to inherit the family business, I’d have to take Adam down—an almost impossible task. Adam had no **weaknesses, and** the three friends who stood loyally by his side **were** powerful allies who would only strengthen **his** position in the future. Yet somehow, here was Eliana—seemingly ordinary girl who had managed to break into Adam’s inner circle. I found it hard to believe.

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Willow leaned over and whispered. “By the way, Eliana’s rumored to be seeing Landon from the tennis clubs. That makes her our club president’s

rival”

Really! I had no **idea**.

Wendy raised an eyebrow, surprised “Really! 1

A nearby student overheard and said, "Yeah, but everyone knows Landon doesn't keep girlfriends for long. It won't be long before he dumps her: she'll be finished when that happens. Let's see how snug she is then"

Yulila looked worried. "But what if Eliana managed to bring them

Willow scoffed. "Relax, Yulila. Even if all four of them come, we still outnumber them. And besides, we're all girls. They wouldn't dare start anything physical. If they did, they'd only embarrass themselves."

"Hait what if she brought even more from the **tennis** club? Yulila asked, still anxious,

Wendy frowned. "I doubt it. Aren't all the tennis clubs guys from wealthy families! Eliana doesn't have that kind of influence"

Willow nodded confidently. "Exactly. Those guys wouldn't even bother performing at the Fall Festival. There's no way they'd come here to pick up

bottles"

Hearing their logic, Yulila relaxed. Victory and the chance to **erase** her disciplinary **mark** felt practically guaranteed.

Another half hour **passed**, and the dance club grabbed another haul of bottles, pushing their total to eighty. The gap between them and Eliana's team was widening **quickly**, and **Yulila's** confidence grew with each bottle collected.

"At this rate, we're just falling further behind," Stella murmured anxiously, watching the dance club pull further ahead.

But just **as** she spoke, a large group from the tennis club appeared in the distance, **making** their

ir way over. Elvie turned, her face lighting up in surprise. "Look! Our club is here!"

Eliana glanced over, noticing them and a satisfied smile on her lips.

Thomas approached Eliana, chin lifted in a confident greeting. "We're not too late, right?"

Eliana smirked. "Just in time. Any later, **and** you'd have missed all the action

Elsie was genuinely surprised. She thought, 'I had never expected the tennis club guys—known for their easygoing attitude and elite status—to lend a hand. I'd only turned to Eliana for help, not even **thinking** about asking the club

b directly. But now, seeing them here, I realized that enlisting Elina meant I'd gained the best backup I could've hoped for

Across the way, the dance club members stared in disbelief.

"They showed up? Eliana managed to get them here?" someone whispered. "She must've pulled **some** strings with Landon. That's the only way she could've pulled this off."

Yubila clenched her fists, her expression darkening "How did Eliana manage that?"

Willow

looked equally shocked, realizing that Eliana had far more influence within the tennis club than she had learned.

"Let's not get discouraged, everyone! Willow called out, rallying her team. "They may have people now, but we're still ahead in bottles. We've got a **real** shot!"

"Exactly" **another** member **said**. "This isn't over yet."

Since the last Fall Festival, the tension between the dance and tennis clubs had only grown. They had lost to them once before, but they were determined not to **lose** again this time.

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Tennis Club members rallied to support each other, and Elie was

"Thank you all for coming to help she said, clearly touched.

"Hey, we're **all**

part of the same club. When someone needs help, we all chip in—it's no big deal."

"Exactly! We wish we'd been here even earlier if we'd known sooner.

Elsie nodded appreciatively, barely able to express how much their support meant to her. But her deepest thanks went to Eliana, who had thought everything through with remarkable foresight

Stella glanced at Eliana with admiration. “El, you’ve thought of everything Without every one here, we’d have lost today”

Thana shot her a confident wink “Losing? Not a chang

After all, i was Eliana who’d arranged for the barbecue stand, which meant she could al so call in a favor and ask Mr and Mrs Morris to pack up and leave at any time. Without that stand, the dance clubs would have no easy source of free water bottles for their collection.

Father, the dance club had managed to grab two batches of bottles, just enough to edg e into the lead. But Eliana had held onto her trump card Knowing more Tennis Club me mbers would arrive soon. She’d let the dance clubs savor their lead for now, their smiles would quickly fade.

Lily dragged over a trash bin and ripped it spilling water bottles onto the ground. The da nce club members dashed forward, but the Tennis Clube **was** quicker. They had honed their speed and reflexes all those hours of practice, giving them a clear edge.

The Tennis Club reached the bottles first, stuffing them into bags as the dance club looked on, clearly fru strated. A few Tennis Club members couldn’t resist tossing out smug comments.

“With speed like that, why are they even bothering? They should throw in the towel”

“They couldn’t even catch up if they were being handed free food!”

Laughter broke out among the Tennis Club.

The dance club girls whipped around, shooting them annoyed glares.

“What are you staring at Never seen a real athleie before? one of the **Tennis** boys quip ped with a grin.

“Oh, please—we ve seen

we’ve seen athletes, just not anyone this full of himself!” a dance club girl retorted, rolling her eyes. “Let’s go, girls

The dance club gathered to regroup, hoping **for** better luck on the next round. But each time Lily dumped more bottl es, the Tennis Club swept in and claimed them. Some guys stomped the bottles flat bef ore tossing them into **bags**, leaving the dancers no chance.

After two more rounds, Elana's pile of bottles had once again surged past Yulla's. Yulila watched helplessly, practically hopping in frustration as she saw her team falling further behind.

"What are we going to do At this rate, we'll lose, and only half an hour is left Willow exchanged a look with Wendy.

Physically, the girls couldn't match the **guys** strength and speed, and going head-to-head would only leave them empty-handed again **and** again.

Willow's eyes lit up **as** an idea sparked. Lowering her voice, she whispered, "Come here . I've got a plan..."

Stella was **busy** counting bottles when she saw them huddling and muttering in low voices. She didn't need to hear the details to know they were plotting something

Eli, they're probably cooking up some scheme **again**," she **said, glancing** sideways.

Elana looked in Willow's direction and shrugged. "Doesn't matter. Whatever they try, we'll handle it as it comes. Bottles matter here—as long as we collect enough, Else's boyfriend can get that penalty lifted."

Willow wouldn't just sit **back and accept** losing without a fight; that much **was** certain.

Elsie overheard Eliana's calm assurance **and** turned **to** her, her **face** filled with gratitude . "Eliana, don't hesitate **to ask** if you ever need my help. do everything I can, no matter what."

Eliana smiled faintly and replied casually. Didn't you already help me **last** time, Elsie? No need to overthink **about** it."

Despite her words, Elsie couldn't shake the feeling that the scales were far **from** balanced. The investigation during the Campus

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had **technically** been her responsibility. Yet, what Eliana had done today—organizing the stand at the school gates and **rallying** the club members to help—far outweighed her effort. Elie knew this was a favor she couldn't leave unpaid in the future.

Ten minutes later, Lily arrived with another batch of bottles. The dance club girls charged forward before the bottles hit the ground. This time, they weren't rushing for the bottles but for the Tennis Club boys.

A portion of the dance club ran straight at the boys, throwing their arms around them and shouting at the top of their lungs, Harassment Help. they're harassing us

The Tennis boys froze in shock, caught off guard by the bold tactic. In that brief moment of confusion, the rest of the dance club darted forward, scooping up as many bottles as possible before running off,

By the time the Tennis boys snapped out of it, more than **half** the bottles had already disappeared.

"That has to be Willow's dirty little **trick!**" Stella exclaimed, outraged.

I can't believe they'd

stoop

low

to just to win a game. It's despicable one of the boys muttered angrily.

Eliana lowered her lashes thoughtfully. It was a ruthless tactic—but also undeniably compelling

"Stella, how **many** boules do we have now?" Eliana asked.

"One hundred and five," Stella replied, **checking** their count.

They were still in the lead, surpassing their previous record. On the other hand, the dance club had managed to collect about ninety. With only thirty minutes left, Lily would likely only have time to deliver one more round, maybe two if they were lucky

Just then, Lily approached. "Eliana, we're running low on water bottles, and there aren't many students left now. I'll bring everything we have left in one final batch"

This announcement raised the stakes. The final round would contain far **more** bottles than before, maybe even double the usual amount. If the dance club managed to grab most of them, they'd easily take the lead.

Stella clenched her fist. "That means we can't let them win the final round. If they get the boules, we're done for"

Elie frowned, considering the situation. "If they block the boys again, **and** we retaliate **physically**, it'll ruin our reputation. There's no coming back.

It was a tricky problem. But Eliana stayed calm, her tone sharp and decisive. "The final round will come down to speed. They'll have to split their forces even if they try blocking us. We'll do the same— send some people to **keep** them occupied and the rest will focus on grabbing bottles. It's all about who get more."

Stella nodded firmly. "That's our best shot. I know we can beat them",

As time passed, the barbecue stand began **packing** up, signaling the showdown. Last batch Victory or defeat would be decided at this moment

Dance club members, catching on, braced themselves for the

Once the **stand was closed**. Lily wheeled over the final load of bottles. As she approached the school gates, everyone tensed, waiting to make their move. **In an** instant, they all sprinted toward the gate!

The dance club members relaunched their tactic, throwing themselves into blocking the Tennis Club boy, some even grabbing onto them to hold them back. Anticipating this, the Tennis Club guys leaned in focusing on dodging and maneuvering to keep them distracted

Bottles scattered onto the ground, rolling in all directions

SEND GIFT

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The bottles scattered across the ground, glinting like free gold. Everyone surged forward, grabbing as many as they could. It was over in less than a minute, the bottles were split, and both sides' bags were filled to the top.

"Looks like time's up. Let's head back," Stella **said**, eyeing the bags on both sides. They appeared neck-and-neck, and it was impossible to tell by sight which side had more. In this final round, the Dance Club had played dirty, probably picking up as many bottles as they had

On the way back. Eliana noticed that Cameron and Adam were missing. She approached Thomas and asked. "Hey,

Where are Cameron and Adam?"

Thomas hadn't noticed Cameron slipping away in the rush to grab bottles earlier. If it hadn't been for Eliana's reminder, he would have forgotten entirely about the two of them. Glancing behind him, he realized they were nowhere in sight.

"Are they missing? I'm not sure. Maybe **we** should try calling them. Thomas suggested.

Landon said, "They left a little while ago without saying where they were going. **No** worries; let's head back to the game area and start counting the bottles. They'll probably show up soon

Soon, everyone gathered back at the **game** area. **By** then, most of the items at the trading stalls had already been swapped or claimed. The Dance Club **and** Tennis Club arrived in full force, drawing all eyes to them as a crowd gathered around

A student council member checked the time **and said**. "**Time's** up! The game is **officially over**

Stella and Ebir hefted two bags of water bottles onto the table. Two more people stepped forward from the Dance Club, placing their towering bags beside them. Gasps and murmurs spread through the crowd:

Wow, look at how much they gathered"

"At a glance, it's hard to tell who has more—they both gathered a ton"

"Incredible" They managed to collect that many bottles?"

They must've broken the record"

The student council members glanced at the bags and affixed labels to each. Meanwhile, other participants trickled in, holding just a few bottles each, ready to exchange them for keychains and mini stuffed toys. Once everyone else's bottles **had** been counted, it was time to tally them collected by the Dance Club and Tennis Club.

However, before the count began, Wendy broke the silence

"I'd like to report a rule violation," she declared.

"Oh" one of the council members responded.

"When they registered, only four people were on their team, including Eliana. Now, there's an entire crowd helping them. If this **isn't** against the rules, what is?"

Willow chimed in. “Exactly! They started with four, but now they’ve brought **many** people along. How is this not a clear violation?”

Yulila crossed her arms, **smirking**. They’ve been exploiting loopholes the whole time, and now their numbers **have** more than doubled. If this – doesn’t count as cheating, we might **as** well throw out the rulebook entirely.”

Their accusations stirred murmurs among the crowd.

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“She’s got a point—I saw their registration, and it **was** just four names. Where did all these people come from?”

“This seems

seems like a rule violation.

“If they broke the rules, they should be disqualified.”

The crowd grew more **vocal**, their complaints directed at the student council members, who exchanged helpless glances before turning to **Eliana**.

“**Eliana**, do you have anything to say about **this**?”

Eliana shook her head calmly. “If the registration was for four people and the **team** doesn’t match that, it would be **a violation**. There’s no argument there.”

Yulila laughed triumphantly, her voice ringing with satisfaction. “Well, no excuses this time, huh! Looks like you’ve got nothing left **to say!**“

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“**Exactly**, you broke the rules!” Willow added with a smug look. Honestly. Eliana, didn’t you read the rules before competing! Next time, you’d better pay closer attention. It’s a shame to collect so many bottles only to waste your efforts. Such a pity.”

Bui Eliana smiled suddenly, her expression calm. ” said such a situation would be against the rules—I didn’t say we were breaking them”

“What?” Wendy snapped. “Are you still denying you cheated!”

Ignoring her, Eliana turned to the student council. “**Why** don’t you pull **up**

you pull up our registration form? That should clear everything up.”

The council members shuffled through their files, pulling out the registration forms. As they scanned the document, their eyes widened in realization

“They didn’t break the rules. This registration form lists not just

st four

imes but all the members of the Tennis Club”

“Are you serious?” The crowd gasped.

The council held up the form for everyone to see. “It’s **all** here. Eliana registered the entire Tennis Club when they signed up.”

The revelation hit like a thunderclap. The crowd was stunned, their disbelief palpable

Yulla thought. Eliana had planned for this all along?

Yulila stared at Eliana, her eyes wide with disbelief. “You expect me to believe that? There’s no way you remembered all those names?”

Eliana clasped her hands behind her back and smiled faintly. “I may not excel at everything, but I have a good memory. If you doubt me, feel free

In **cross**—check the list

It all came back to the registration day. While everyone else was chatting and laughing, Eliana had been focused, quietly filling out the form with every name from the Tennis Club. Now, that foresight was paying off.

The Tennis Club members erupted in laughter, and Stella couldn’t resist taking a shot. “What’s wrong, Yulila! You can rally your entire Dance Club to help you, but we can’t get support from the Tennis Club. Talk about being small-minded! Guess it’s true—petty hearts never prosper!”

Yulila’s face flushed with anger, leaving her momentarily speechless. Wendy’s expression also darkened, clearly frustrated at being outplayed by Eliana yet again.

“Well then, since there’s no rule violation, let’s proceed with counting the bottles.

The student council began pouring the bottles onto the table, carefully counting them in full view of the crowd. About ten minutes later, the final numbers were announced

“Yulila’s **team** collected 124 bottles, while Elsie’s team collected 131 bottles!”

Elsie, of course, **was** the senior’s name.

Upon hearing i

results, Stella and her team burst into excited **cheers**. “Yes! We did it! We collected more bottles **than** they did?”

the t

“Wait a second!” Willow suddenly interjected. Willow suddenly interrupted. She pulled ten small bottles out of her bag. “I still have these they weren’t counted yet!”

The crowd gaped as Willow placed the boules on the table.

“What is this supposed to mean someone demanded. “You’re just bringing more bottles out now!

“These were collected earlier,” Willow replied coolly. “I simply forgot to take them out before. Why shouldn’t they count! After all, **I’m a** participant

“Adding these ten bottles **brings** our **total to** 134—three more than yours!” Willow declared with a triumphant smile. “So it’s **clear**—we’re the

winners!