

Reborn to Take Down a Liar

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Chapter 1

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"I'm giving these luxury items to everyone because of Shaun," Wanda Schit announced. "Why should he enjoy all this extravagance alone? Sharing is caring, right?"

The crowd lost their collective minds. My classmates didn't even pause to think before tossing accusations my way.

"He should be thanking us!" Wanda added, flashing me this smug grin, arms crossed like she'd just saved the world.

That did it. The crowd ate it up. A couple of them even ran up to hug her. Hug her.

"Wanda, you're our goddess! So generous and beautiful!"

"A living saint!"

The compliments piled on, and Wanda looked like she'd float away on her own ego. She held her head high, like a proud peacock basking in the attention.

'Cool. You want to play the saint with my stuff? Let's see how well you do when the truth smacks you in the face,' I thought.

I stepped forward, my voice calm but sharp. "If you're so into good deeds, maybe try using your own money. Or is it easier to look noble when you're spending someone else's?"

Did she flinch? Nope. Instead, she doubled down. "This was a gift Mr. Lambert intended for me. You just grabbed it before I could claim it."

And of course, the crowd instantly backed her up.

"Exactly! That watch belongs to Wanda! Who are you to stop her?"

I didn't even waste energy arguing. Instead, I pulled out my phone and started dialing the cops.

Wanda's smirk vanished faster than a Snapchat message. Her voice went shrill. "What are you doing?"

When I didn't answer, she pulled her signature move—collapsing to the floor. A few classmates rushed to her side, trying to help her up, but yeah, I wasn't buying it.

Still calm, I sent the surveillance footage I'd just gotten from the butler to the school group chat. The video? Crystal clear: Wanda sneaking into my room, stealing the watch.

The room erupted in astonishment.

"So she did steal it? Dang, good thing I didn't take anything from her, or I'd be a thief too!"

"Wait, isn't she supposed to be rich? Why would a rich heiress need to steal?"

I had just started dialing 911 when Drick Hade burst in and smacked the phone out of my hand.

"Seriously? You're causing all this drama over something so trivial?" he barked. "You're the one who said you wanted to donate, and now you're whining? Be a man. Have some class."

Yeah, no. I didn't even bother responding. Instead, I walked straight to the bathroom, filled up a bucket of water, and dumped it over Wanda's head without a second thought.

Her makeup instantly melted, her hair stuck to her face like wet spaghetti. She looked absolutely wrecked.

She dropped the whole fainting act and screamed at me. "Are you insane?"

Ignoring Wanda's outburst, I grabbed the phone Drick had knocked to the ground. It wasn't about the phone itself—I didn't care about the hardware. But it held critical business data, and when I pressed the power button twice, nothing happened. My stomach sank.

Drick noticed and immediately went in for the kill. "I thought you were rich," he sneered. "It's just some crappy phone. I'll pay for it."

He pulled out \$200, tossed it onto the floor, and even ground it under his heel for good measure.

He must've thought my phone was some outdated junk since I'd been using it for three years straight. Sure, the case was worn down, but what Drick didn't realize was even its custom components had cost over a grand.

Wanda, fully aware of my family's wealth and the quality of my stuff, started to panic. She tugged at Drick's sleeve, trying to get him to back off.

But Drick, oblivious as ever, just kept glaring at me like I was the problem. Wanda leaned in, whispering something urgently in his ear. That's when I saw it—a flicker of unease crossing his face.