

## Chapter 3

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Wanda's face shifted so fast it was almost funny, like she'd bitten into something spoiled. "You've always looked down on me," she said, her voice dripping with fake hurt as tears started to form. "I was never good enough for your world. Shaun's shoes cost more than my entire monthly budget. Guess I got greedy, huh?"

Wow, so she could tell the truth once in a while.

I smirked. "If you know you don't belong, stop wasting my time and get out of my house."

Her eyes flashed with anger, but she swallowed it down, trying to keep her innocent act intact. Gritting her teeth, she spun around and stormed off.

Mom shot me a look that screamed seriously?. "Did you have to be so harsh?"

In my last life, Wanda hadn't been able to afford college because of her family's money problems. Dad had paid her tuition and even handed her a sub card tied to my account. Back then, she tiptoed around, afraid to tick me off. But now? She was freaking out, burning through the card before I cut her off for good.

I checked the account and saw transaction after transaction, each for thousands of dollars. My blood boiled. Without a second thought, I froze the card.

Almost immediately, my phone blew up—calls, texts, notifications nonstop. Wanda was losing it:

[Shaun Lambert, why did you freeze my card? You knew I had a dinner planned today! Are you trying to humiliate me?]

[If I embarrass myself in front of everyone, you're going to regret it!]

[Don't act like you're not seeing this—I know you are!]

I could almost hear the edge in her voice, picture her face twisted with frustration. I didn't bother dragging it out. I replied with one short message:

[From now on, the Lambert family won't give you another penny.]

Her response came in an instant—message after message, each one angrier than the last:

[You don't get to decide that! That money was Mr. Lambert's, not yours. You think you can just cut me off?]

[Unfreeze the card now—I've got bills to pay!]

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In my past life, I hadn't thought twice when she sweet-talked Dad into buying her designer bags and luxury makeup. She'd parade her latest haul like she earned it, while her mom, Emma, worked long hours cleaning our house. Looking back, it was obvious she milked every ounce of kindness we gave her.

I turned off my phone and headed to school.

The moment I stepped onto campus, there she was, dropping to her knees in front of me with a loud, dramatic thud. Students froze, whispering and staring, clearly intrigued by the show.

Classic Wanda—playing the victim, desperate to make me look like the villain.

"Shaun, please!" she sobbed, tears streaming down her face. "Just one more chance! I swear, I'll stop wasting money!"

I stared at her, completely unmoved. "Not happening. You're not getting another dime."

Her pleading shifted into anger. "You've always looked down on me and my mom! To you, this money's nothing—it's just a meal! But to me, it's my entire month's expenses!"

I shrugged, my voice ice-cold. "And how is that my problem? Just because you're broke doesn't mean I owe you anything."

She froze, caught off guard by how blunt I was. In my past life, I would've folded, let her guilt-trip me into giving her whatever she wanted. But this time? Her tricks weren't going to work.

Wanda's eyes darted around, scanning the crowd for backup, but all she got were whispers—and none of them sounded sympathetic.

"Seriously? He doesn't owe her anything."

"She's just trying to guilt-trip him. That's so low."

"If she's that desperate for money, she should get a job. Begging like this is pathetic."

The realization hit her hard, and her fake-innocent act crumbled. Her face twisted with anger, and she went straight for the nuclear option.

"I've been sleeping with you for three years, Shaun! And now you're throwing me away? Fine, if you won't pay, I'll tell everyone you forced yourself on me!"