

Chapter 5 Got Yourself A Sugar Daddy

The dance studio fell silent, as if someone had hit pause. Every single eye was locked on Arabella, but she acted like she didn't see a thing and confidently made her way to the back, where she began stretching like it was just another day.

Joyce's jaw clenched. "Daisy, you've got some nerve showing up out of nowhere like this!" Joyce barked, marching over and swinging a sharp kick at her. "Just because we've gone easy on you doesn't mean you're not taking orders from us!"

But Arabella moved with ease, dodging the kick without breaking a sweat. Joyce lost her balance and hit the floor face-first with a loud, painful thud.

"You dodged me?" Joyce screeched in disbelief. Her face turned red with fury as she raised her hand to slap Arabella. But just like before, Arabella slipped out of reach like a shadow. Joyce's swing caught nothing but air, and she stumbled forward, grabbing her lower back with a wince. "Damn it!"

"My bad," Arabella said gently, her voice almost too soft to catch.

Joyce wanted to explode, but something about Arabella's calmness made her hesitate. She didn't dare swing again. Instead, she snapped, "What are you just standing there for? Get over here and help us stretch already!"

"So, Daisy's really back," she thought smugly. "Still the same pathetic errand girl."

Arabella's gaze briefly darkened, but she gave a polite nod like an obedient student.

She knelt beside Joyce and began helping her with leg stretches. Joyce smirked. "You look even sadder than before. Honestly, it's pathetic."

But then, a painful scream cut through the air.

Joyce's leg jolted, and she broke into a cold sweat, grabbing her thigh. "My leg... what the hell? Did you snap my leg?"

The class crowded around her in a frenzy.

"Is she alright? Someone call for help!"

"Look, the teacher just walked in!"

Their panic was cut short as the teacher entered the room.

Arabella still had Joyce's leg in her hands. Calmly, almost casually, she gave it a subtle twist.

"Ah!" Joyce screamed even louder, nearly in tears from the pain.

"What's going on in here?" The teacher frowned, scanning the chaos.

"My leg! It feels broken... I can't-" Joyce wailed, then blinked in confusion. Just seconds later, she could move it again. "Wait... what?"

"You look fine to me." The teacher shot a look at Joyce-one that wasn't exactly sympathetic. She had seen enough of these girls' antics over the years. "I don't care what drama you're cooking up on your own time, but today's important. The Griridge Troupe selection is happening. The dean and senior faculty will be here shortly, so I expect everyone to act like professionals."

"I swear, I..." Joyce began, trying to protest.

"That's enough." Elissa cut her off, stepping forward with an easy smile. "Let's not waste more time. Joyce, calm down."

Elissa's tone made it clear-this wasn't the time to pick fights.

Joyce had no choice but to bite her tongue and swallow her anger, though her glare at Arabella could have burned through steel.

The teacher clapped her hands, and class began.

During the last twenty minutes, a few other teachers showed up to observe.

By the time class ended, the room was filled with a mix of nervous energy and excited chatter.

"God, I really hope I get picked. Dancing alongside Elissa would be a dream come true."

"Elissa, don't forget us when you're famous!" someone teased.

Elissa gave her signature angelic smile. "Of course not. You're all my people."

Then someone dropped a name that made the entire class go silent. "They say Isabella might be watching today."

Gasps rippled through the room.

Even Elissa blinked in shock, her breath catching. Isabella Wallace was

the icon of modern dance. Her performances were legendary, her choreography unrivaled. Just being seen by her could open doors.

"If Isabella notices me, that's it. That's my breakthrough," Elissa thought, her gaze sharpening with quiet ambition.

But then someone spoke up, disrupting the mood. "I saw Daisy dancing earlier. Honestly, she wasn't bad at all."

Joyce scoffed loud enough for the room to hear. "Daisy? Please. She's pathetic. No way she'd get picked."

Turning her attention to Daisy, she said, "Hey, what are you still doing here, anyway? Go get our lunch. You remember our order, right?"

Without a word, Arabella nodded and walked off, her tall frame moving with a silent elegance despite the slump in her shoulders.

"Ugh. Even the way she walks is irritating. Does she actually think she's all graceful or something? What a complete eyesore!" Joyce sneered.

By the time Joyce, Elissa, and the rest of their group showed up at the cafeteria, laughing and cracking jokes, Arabella already had their meals prepared. Her eyes quietly scanned each of them-calm, blank, giving nothing away. But in her mind, she was taking note of everything.

Joyce, whose father ran the Lambert Group, was spoiled beyond belief and filthy rich.

Next to her was Kenzie Marsh-the meek, glasses-wearing music student who practically worshipped the ground Elissa walked on.

And behind them, the two guys were followers, plain and simple. They were all muscle without a mind.

Joyce looked at the food Arabella had bought and narrowed her eyes. "Well, well. Where'd you get the cash, huh? Got yourself a sugar daddy? I thought you were broke, freeloader."

Joyce kept running her mouth but still dove into the food-everyone wasstarving after dancing all morning.

However, midway through eating, something went terribly wrong. Joyce coughed violently, blood trickling from her lips as she clutched her throat, her eyes wide in panic. The others followed suit, gasping, hands around their necks, as if something sharp was tearing through their throats.

"It burns-what's happening?" they wheezed, struggling to speak as pain ripped through them.

Elissa stared at her in disbelief, still holding her throat. "Daisy... what did you do?"

"That little bitch's getting revenge!" Joyce screamed, losing it completely. "You think Elissa letting you tag along means we'll go easy on you? You're dead!"

Furious, she flung her food tray at Arabella, while the two boys beside her instinctively lunged forward, ready to grab her without hesitation.