

Chapter 9 Call It Karma

Arabella narrowed her eyes, giving the long-haired girl in front of her a slow once-over. She was attractive, sharp-featured, and clearly not just another onlooker.

Kaitlyn Price, the girl, spoke up, her tone cool and deliberate. "Daisy's never been the type to fight back."

"Then who do you think I am?" Arabella asked lazily.

Kaitlyn didn't even blink. "You're the side of her we never saw. The part she kept buried. Her alter ego."

For a second, Arabella went still, her mind ticking.

She had seriously overestimated Daisy's classmates.

Kaitlyn's eyes swept over her, curious yet guarded. "So, what changed? You finally decided to show your teeth. But how did you pull this off?"

Arabella's lips curved into a quiet smile. "Call it karma. Sooner or later, everyone gets what's coming."

Before Kaitlyn could respond, a ragged voice broke through the moment. Elissa stumbled over, drenched in sweat and gasping for breath. "Daisy... ten laps? That's crazy! Come on, two is enough right? Any more and we'll collapse!"

Elissa's eyes brimmed with tears, her voice shaky. "Okay, we messed up. But this whole thing didn't just fall on us. You stirred the pot too! We said sorry. Can't you stop dragging everyone else into this?"

Her whining hit a nerve with the crowd. The surrounding students began throwing sideways glances at Arabella, judgment seeping into their expressions.

There was no way a regular girl could force apologies. Elissa and her group, not unless she had some serious power backing her.

Joyce, running a few steps behind shot out a spiteful comment between breaths. "Daisy, you've managed to cling to a big shot's cocktails. But don't get cocky—people like you always get left behind"

The truth was, none of them believed Arabella actually had ties to the school board. They figured Asher's appearance was a one-off stroke of luck. And now, they were doubling down, trying to flip the script to make her the villain in front of the whole school.

One by one, students around her began to pull away, inching back like she was radioactive.

Arabella just gave a sharp laugh. "If those apologies were fake, then guess what? You still owe me ten laps, Joyce."

Joyce's face turned bright red with anger, but the fear of running endlessly made her bite her tongue. She stayed quiet and kept jogging.

Even Elissa, seeing no mercy in Arabella's eyes, dragged her exhausted self back into the loop.

For pampered rich kids like them, this wasn't just punishment—it was pure agony.

By the fifth lap, Elissa's legs finally gave out. She collapsed on the track, her body folding in on itself.

"Elissa!"

"Someone help her!"

"This is too much! Daisy, what's wrong with you? She's in the Griridge Troupe! If she's hurt, the whole Dance Association will come after you!"

Several students rushed forward, helping Elissa sit up.

But Arabella didn't budge. Her face was unreadable, like it was carved from stone, while her voice remained cold. "Once she wakes up, tell her to keep going."

Asher had already stationed a teacher nearby to make sure no one cheated.

Elissa had fully planned to fake a dramatic faint to get out of the run. But just as she started pulling the stunt, she got a message from home—if she bailed, the Tucker Group would be driven into bankruptcy.

That warning was enough to jolt her back to her feet. Gritting her teeth, she dragged her aching body around the track, lap after lap.

By the time they hit ten laps, their legs felt like rubber, and they were completely drained. Still fuming they tried to salvage their dignity online, venting on the school forum by throwing mud at Daisy. But every time they posted something it vanished almost immediately.

"What the hell is going on now?" Joyce snapped, slamming her phone down.

A classmate glanced at her screen. "Must be a system bug or something."

Joyce rolled her eyes hard. "Damn it. That cursed Daisy's got luck on her side now, huh?"

Later that evening Arabella quietly made her way to the hospital.

Daisy was still unconscious.

Sitting beside her, Arabella opened her laptop and got to work—setting up filters to block any hateful posts about Daisy from spreading online.

At the same time, she made sure everything about Elissa and her group stayed visible and trending.

"Now that the school punished Elissa and Joyce, honestly, their behavior toward Daisy was next-level messed up."

"Remember Daisy's big dance performance? She lit up the stage... then suddenly, she's tumbling down the stairs the very next day?"

"Not saying it out loud, but doesn't that feel a little too coincidental?"

"Elissa's always appeared kind and easygoing, but we've all seen her true colors. Daisy was the real talent."

As more students joined the conversation, the forum exploded with activity.

Hidden behind their screens and with no names attached, everyone spoke freely without holding anything back.

"No offense, but I watched both their performances. Daisy owned the stage, while Elissa looked like she was still in rehearsal."

