

Chapter 22 Framing Her Again

Madisyn shot Jenna a cold look. "What does it have to do with you?"

As Madisyn remained distant and haughty, Jenna's expression grew stern. "I'm only trying to offer you a piece of advice. This national dance competition seeks exceptional dancers for the international stage. You simply don't fit in here!"

"Whether I fit in or not isn't up to you," Madisyn retorted, her voice steady. Jenna's hands balled into fists.

Despite being just two farmers' daughter now, Madisyn maintained her pride!

As she watched Madisyn walk away, a sly spark flickered in Jenna's eyes.

Well, since Madisyn was competing, Jenna was determined to see her fail!

Madisyn entered an office to meet the president of the National Dance Association.

Seeing her, Trevor Walsh, the president, expressed his astonishment. "Are you Madi?"

"Yes, that's me," Madisyn replied, her tone unaffected.

Trevor, impressed by her aura and presence, had already formed a preliminary judgment. "Madi, I didn't expect you to be so young. If others knew, they'd be so envious! Our country is fortunate to have someone like you. Come, I'll have my secretary get you your judge's ID card."

Madisyn gave a nod, and Trevor's secretary escorted her out.

At that moment, Lynda walked in, taken aback to see Madisyn departing. She inquired of Trevor, "Was Madisyn here to meet with you?"

"Yes, do you know her?"

"She's my brother's daughter," Lynda responded, her tone neutral, having been briefed by Kristine on Madisyn's less-than-likable traits.

Trevor's expression brightened. "Is that so? Well, Lynda, you're quite lucky!"

"What do you mean by that, Trevor?" Lynda asked.

"You have an exceptionally gifted niece," Trevor remarked implicitly.

Lynda was a bit surprised, then said with a smile, "Yes, my niece is indeed quite remarkable."

Kristine was certainly very talented.

Regarding Madisyn... She only hoped that Madisyn, coming from a rural area with a dubious reputation, wouldn't hold them back.

"So Trevor, what do you think about my suggestion for Kristine to lead the planning department?" Lynda asked.

After pausing to think it over, Trevor responded, "If she's as skilled as you claim, then a fast-track promotion could be considered. Yet, she needs to prove herself. We should watch how she handles the finals first."

Lynda nodded in agreement. "Understood."

When Madisyn returned holding her judge's ID card, she encountered a group of contestants embroiled in an argument.

There was a muffled crying.

Driven by curiosity, Madisyn moved closer to see what was happening and was shocked to find Jenna at the heart of the commotion, holding a torn dress. Jenna's face, streaked with tears, appeared distressing as others tried to soothe her.

Upon spotting Madisyn, Jenna quickly accused, "Madisyn, it was you, wasn't it? I know you resent me for my participation in the competition and see me as a threat, but you shouldn't have done this! How can I compete now with my dress destroyed? I've been preparing relentlessly for years for this day!"

Her emotional speech touched all the dancers.

Indeed, they had each devoted years to enhancing their skills in hopes of succeeding in the national dance competition.

So, having a dress ruined just before the competition was heartbreaking!

"But Jenna, are you certain it was her?" someone questioned.

With tears welling up, Jenna nodded emphatically. "Yes, it had to be her! I noticed her going into the lounge right after I left. Out of everyone here, only she resents me. She never wanted me in the competition. Since I was reunited with my family and she was expelled from my home, she has been hating me. She has both motive and opportunity!"

Her persuasive accusation gradually convinced everyone, and they started looking at Madisyn with contempt.

"How could you go so far? Don't you realize how crucial today's competition is for dancers?"

"Jenna is the rightful heiress of the Chapman family. You occupied her spot for years, and now you hold a grudge against her? You wouldn't have enjoyed the finer things in life without her!"

"Apologize to Jenna!"

Some even pushed Madisyn, but she quickly grabbed the wrist of one aggressor. The aggressor trembled under her cold stare.

Madisyn's look was fierce!

She let go of the person's wrist and turned to the crying Jenna. "Jenna, you say I'm responsible. Where's your proof? If just talking was enough to prove guilt, we wouldn't need police—your words would be enough!"

Jenna clenched her teeth, upset at being mocked.

"The security cameras will show the truth. After I left, you were the only one who entered!" Jenna argued.

"Yes, let's see the security footage!"

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Someone immediately went to fetch the staff.

When the footage was examined, it did show that after Jenna left, only Madisyn went into the lounge.

This seemed to prove Madisyn was guilty.

"Jenna's dress was intact when she entered, but after Madisyn entered, it was damaged. It must have been Madisyn!" someone exclaimed.

"It's shocking that she appears so decent yet harbors such spite. She shouldn't be allowed to compete."

"Hand over your dress to Jenna and get out of the competition, you bitch!"

The crowd's voices grew louder, stirring up turmoil.

