

Chapter 23 She Was A Judge

Jenna's expression was a mix of grievance and triumph, a cold smile briefly crossing her features.

Since Madisyn decided to join in the competition, she would ensure it cost her dearly.

Her plan to tarnish Madisyn's reputation gleamed clearly in her mind. She felt very confident about her plan.

However, Madisyn was not easily pushed around. Observing the dress Jenna held, she quickly deduced the ploy.

The dress was far too plain for Jenna's liking; it was undoubtedly a setup.

Madisyn had entered the lounge not as a contestant but in her capacity as a judge, merely to assess the situation.

"You think this will work? I could just as easily say you damaged the dress yourself to set me up," Madisyn responded coolly, her voice steady and unaffected by Jenna's tactics.

Jenna's frustration was palpable, her voice laced with a mix of accusation and disbelief. "Madisyn, I know you're upset about parting ways with the Chapman family, but resorting to schemes against me like this is low. I'm about to perform. Why would I sabotage my own dress?"

The crowd around Jenna nodded in agreement, rallying to her defense.

"Jenna has no reason to do such a thing," one person chimed in.

Another added, "She wouldn't jeopardize her future just to frame you."

"Enough talking; let's get the officials involved," someone else said angrily, hurrying off to fetch the competition officials.

Shortly, a competition official, who was also Trevor's secretary, arrived on

the scene.

She was taken aback to find Madisyn embroiled in the controversy.

As the situation was quickly explained to her, her expression grew stern. "So, you're suggesting that Mad... Um... this young lady deliberately ruined Jenna's dress to stop her from competing?"

"Yes, we've dedicated years to perfecting our dance for moments like these. It's disgraceful that someone would stoop so low! She shouldn't even be allowed to compete!" The crowd's accusations grew louder and more intense.

Jenna, meanwhile, played the part of the aggrieved party perfectly, tears welling up as she addressed Madisyn. "I didn't want it to come to this, Madisyn, but you've crossed the line trying to keep me out of the competition just because you felt threatened by me."

The secretary was shocked by Jenna's words.

This woman standing before them was... Madi!

Several dances they had been practicing were actually her original choreographies, making the accusations against her extremely ironic and unfounded.

A talented dancer like her had no reason to fear competition from Jenna.

Yet here she was, caught in a web of deceit spun by Jenna.

The secretary, Trevor's key aide, tried to maintain her composure amid the escalating drama.

Everyone thought Madisyn was surely done for.

The secretary's next words could potentially ruin Madisyn's reputation and career in dance.

Jenna felt even more pleased now.

However, when the secretary spoke, her words took everyone by surprise. "She's not a contestant," she stated coldly.

Misinterpreting her statement, the crowd jeered, believing Madisyn had been disqualified.

"Did you hear that? You're expelled from the competition!"

Jenna, with a smug sense of victory, looked at Madisyn, offering a deceptive olive branch. "Madisyn, if you apologize now, I might just let this slide and allow you to stay in the competition."

"You wish!" Madisyn retorted sharply, her tone laden with disdain for Jenna's scheming.

Jenna was taken aback. Her fleeting satisfaction quickly turned to irritation.

The gall of this bitch to mock her in such a critical moment was astounding!

But Jenna, assured of her victory and Madisyn's disqualification, already felt content with the result.

"Thank you for ensuring fairness and justice, madam. I had no doubt that our competition would maintain its integrity, and this decision will undoubtedly put everyone's minds at ease," Jenna said confidently, looking directly at the secretary. "Though this dress was ruined, I'll find another and compete with my full dedication."

Her words and demeanor garnered her additional approval from the onlookers.

"Jenna is such a kind woman!"

"She is so cool! Despite her tough upbringing, she's maintained such a noble character. Truly, descendants of distinguished families are different!"

As the crowd showered Jenna with praise, the secretary's expression darkened, her patience thinning. Abruptly, she turned to Madisyn. "Come here," she said.

The crowd, buzzing with anticipation, eagerly awaited what they presumed would be Madisyn's punishment.

Yet, when Madisyn stood beside the secretary, the secretary unveiled a stunning revelation. "This lady is one of our judges! Look closely! Do you really think that someone who is good enough to be a judge would stoop to sabotaging a contestant?"

The announcement sent shockwaves through the audience.

A judge?

But this woman was the same age as them!

How could this be possible?

Jenna, caught off-guard and flustered, blurted out, "Madam, there must be some mistake. How could she be a judge?"

"Do you think I'm that foolish?" the secretary retorted sharply.

Working under Trevor for many years had given the secretary a notable presence. She confidently pulled the judge's ID card from Madisyn's pocket and held it up. "Do you need more proof than this?"

Madisyn was indeed a qualified judge!

The revelation silenced the crowd, their expressions shifting from disdain to awe.

How had someone so young achieved the status of a judge?

It just suggested that she was not just talented, but exceptionally so.

The secretary was thoroughly disappointed with these people and turned to leave, but Jenna called out, "Even if she's a judge, that doesn't absolve her. My dress was slashed when she was in the lounge!"

The onlookers, now torn, struggled with this new twist.

Could Jenna really have damaged her own dress?

Regaining her composure, Jenna pressed on. "I don't care how she got to be a judge. The fact remains she tampered with my dress! Is someone

capable of such actions fit to judge us?"

Her words were calculated, aimed at undermining Madisyn's integrity regardless of her official role.

Madisyn, her patience wearing thin, responded with a cool firmness, "Jenna, your performance should be over now. The competition is about to start."

Her gaze was sharp, cutting through the tension, signaling her annoyance.

