

Chapter 25 Being Mocked

How did it come to this?

Madisyn was supposed to be the one getting mocked!

How on earth did she end up as a judge?

"Jenna, if you're so certain that I ruined your dress, hand it over to the staff right now and let them check for fingerprints." Madisyn looked down at Jenna, a hint of amusement in her expression.

Jenna's face tensed, her mind racing.

She knew very well that Madisyn's fingerprints wouldn't be found on the dress.

"Forget it. I don't want to argue with you anymore. I need to focus on preparing for the competition," Jenna said, trying to salvage some dignity as she turned to leave.

Her retreat, under the guise of magnanimity, did little to mask the truth from the onlookers.

Disappointment and indignation echoed through the crowd. "How awful of Jenna! I can't believe I supported her earlier, only to discover she's that kind of person."

"That's disgraceful. Must be a result of her rural upbringing."

"That's unfair. Her actions have nothing to do with where she's from—it's her own flawed character!"

The secretary then took the floor with resolve. "Our association does not merely seek talent; we demand integrity as well. Jenna's behavior will be formally addressed. Any further misconduct and she will face a permanent expulsion from our association."

Her words left no room for ambiguity and emphasized the seriousness of

the situation.

Jenna, still within earshot, nearly lost her footing upon hearing these declarations.

Anger boiled inside her, as she fixated blame solely on Madisyn.

It was all Madisyn's doing!

She would pay for this!

Turning attention back to the event, the secretary called for the contestants to make their final preparations. Madisyn settled into her judge's seat, poised and focused on the tasks ahead.

With the preliminary round underway, participants from all corners of the country displayed their skills.

Madisyn engaged deeply, offering insightful and precise feedback to each contestant, affirming her role as a fair and observant judge.

As the round wrapped up, fifty contestants, Jenna included, were selected to move forward.

Jenna had started learning dancing when she was a child, and while she might not have been the best, her years of training secured her a place in the competition.

Madisyn had judged her fairly, without prejudice.

After her performance, Jenna strode off the stage filled with a sense of accomplishment.

She was convinced that her skills were unmatched and that Madisyn couldn't possibly find any flaws in her routine, even if she desperately wanted to.

Her phone rang just as she was reflecting on her performance.

With a frown, she answered in a brisk tone, "What is it?"

"Jenna, the dance competition's today, right? We've come to watch you

perform. We also brought some of your favorite treats," Sherlyn Webb, Jenna's former mother, said, her voice tinged with excitement and anticipation.

Jenna's expression darkened when she heard of her former parents' arrival. She dreaded the thought of her sophisticated peers seeing her with them, a reminder of her less privileged past.

Now surrounded by affluence, Jenna was keen on preserving a more polished image, one that did not include public interactions with her former parents.

"I'm tied up right now. Please, head back," Jenna responded tersely. "Next time, wait for my invitation before visiting. It's a long journey for you; you'd better just stay home and save this money."

"May we at least see you for a moment?" Sherlyn's voice came through, gentle and full of longing. After all, she had raised Jenna and provided her with a loving home.

"I'm busy right now!" Jenna said sharply, cutting off the call abruptly.

Sherlyn gazed at her silent phone, swallowed by a tide of melancholy.

Her husband, Aidyn Webb, sensing her despair, gently rested his hand on her shoulder and sighed, "We probably should have stayed away. Let's head home."

"But we've shared so many years..." Sherlyn's voice trembled with emotion, her heart aching. Jenna was just like her own child.

With scant resources, they had scrimped and saved, often forgoing their own needs to support Jenna's ambitions, ensuring she could compete with peers from wealthier backgrounds.

Aidyn's expression hardened with sorrow. "She's drawn to her new life now, to her wealthy parents. She doesn't seem to want us in her life anymore."

As Sherlyn's tears began to flow, Aidyn held her close, offering solace in his

embrace.

At that moment, a Porsche came to a halt on the side of the road.

Phyllis and Jeffry emerged, eyeing the modestly dressed, distressed couple with a mix of curiosity and contempt.

What were these country bumpkins doing at a place like this?

They were clearly unaware that they were observing Jenna's former parents. Ever since Jenna had been integrated into the opulent lifestyle of the Chapmans, she had severed ties with her past.

The Chapmans had always been cautious, wary of any unwanted attention from those less fortunate, which was why they had never sought out Jenna's former parents.

When Phyllis found Jenna and learned of her success in the competition, her face lit up with pride.

"My daughter is incredible!" she exclaimed, her joy evident. "Come on, I've brought some of your favorite snacks!"

"Wonderful!" Jenna responded, her spirits lifted by the praise.

As they made their way out, Phyllis's eyes narrowed when she spotted Madisyn in the vicinity. "What is Madisyn doing here? Is she competing as well?"

Jenna tensed upon seeing Madisyn, her reply vague and unclear.

"Hmph, just look at her; it's obvious competing is a waste of time. She won't get far." Phyllis scoffed dismissively. "Right, Jenna?"

"Yeah, she won't make it far..." Jenna murmured in agreement.

Little did her parents know, Madisyn wasn't there to compete—she was one of the judges.

Phyllis, misinterpreting the situation and fueled by her assumptions, approached Madisyn with a sense of entitlement. "Madisyn!" she called out

sharply.

Madisyn turned to face her, her expression composed and detached. "Mrs. Chapman, is there something you need?"

Phyllis was taken aback by Madisyn's cool and collected manner, which only served to irritate her further. How dare Madisyn remain so indifferent to her?

"Madisyn, why are you competing here? You know your family isn't well-off. You should stop wasting their money and just stay back in the countryside!" Phyllis said, her voice dripping with disdain as she delivered her unsolicited advice.