

## Chapter 872 Steal Her Mother's Work

Finishing her words, Adah spun around and made her way toward the opera house, with Leonel and Melanie falling in step right behind her, completely ignoring Rowena and her entourage.

Rowena watched Adah leave with a forced sneer, her jealousy barely hidden beneath the surface. "Look at her, acting all high and mighty. That bumpkin actually thinks she has a shot? I can't wait to see what kind of disaster her score will be."

Kimberly rolled her eyes, her tone dripping with scorn. "Please. She grew up in the sticks with no formal training, and now she's performing on a stage this big? She's going to embarrass herself in front of the entire internet. The livestream will make sure everyone sees her fall apart, and we won't even have to say a word."

"Right," Westley agreed. "Adah's completely out of her league here. The only reason she made it in is that Elliana pulled a few strings. As soon as she flops, people online will rip her to shreds for sneaking in through her connections."

Gia let out a cold laugh. "Rowena, just outperform her on stage. Once the public starts piling on, we'll add fuel to the fire. When her reputation crashes, Allan will drop her like she's nothing. That'll clear your way to the Shaw family, just like we planned."

Rowena nodded with confidence. "Don't worry, Grandma. I've got this."

Because there were so many contestants, the backstage area was packed. To keep things moving, the organizers seated those performing last in the front row of the audience.

Since Adah was scheduled as the final act, she checked in and then quietly found her seat in the audience with Leonel and Melanie on either side.

Coincidentally, Rowena was second to last. After checking in, she spotted Adah sitting in the front and made her way over, a wicked grin tugging at her lips as she dropped into the seat beside Adah.

"I checked the lineup, Adah. You're the last one on stage?" Rowena's words oozed sarcasm. "Figures. The organizers must have thought it'd be entertaining to save the biggest flop for last."

Adah met her with a cold stare. "We'll find out soon enough who the real punchline is. Maybe you should worry about your own messes. You've done a lot of underhanded things, Rowena. If the truth comes out, you'll be the one finished."

A shiver of panic darted through Rowena. Did Adah know about the bribes? She glanced at Adah, searching for any hint that she'd been exposed.

But Rowena quickly forced herself to relax. She was sure she'd covered every track. There was no way Adah had proof. Adah must be trying to intimidate her.

Recovering her smug composure, Rowena shot back, "Nice try, Adah. I'm looking forward to watching you fall apart."

Adah coolly grabbed a stack of tissues from the table and pressed them into Rowena's hand. "You'll need these when the tears start." Then, she turned her attention to the stage, shutting Rowena out completely.

Scowling, Rowena threw the tissues onto the table and glared daggers at Adah.

After that, they exchanged no more words, mainly because Adah pointedly ignored Rowena altogether. Rowena wanted nothing more than to spit out one last insult, but with so many eyes on them, she didn't dare start anything.

Eventually, Rowena's turn was called.

Each time another dancer left the stage, Rowena wore an expression of utter contempt, as though no one else here deserved to be called a dancer and she was in a league of her own.

When a staff member gave her the cue to head backstage, Rowena didn't rush. She paused, turning to Adah with a sneer. "Still glued to your



seat, I see. Guess you've never witnessed real talent up close. Watch carefully. I'm about to give you a lesson in winning."

With that, Rowena rose and strutted off, her steps full of swagger and show. She moved with such smugness that one would think she'd already claimed the title.

Adah watched Rowena go, lips curling in a quiet, amused smirk. She would just let Rowena parade around longer since the fall would sting all the more.

Not long after Rowena disappeared, Adah made her own way backstage to prepare.

By the time Adah finished getting ready, Rowena was already performing. Adah took a seat in the green room, eyes glued to the big screen streaming the live stage.

Rowena wore an elaborate gown and was dancing a classical piece called Moonlight Shadow.

When the host announced the name of Rowena's dance piece, Adah froze in disbelief. Their dancing pieces shared the same name. What were the odds? It felt like the name was being dragged through the mud.

As the music played and Rowena moved through the choreography, anger swept over Adah. It wasn't just the name. Every single movement was identical to hers.

Sally had never made a name in the dancing industry, but she'd poured her soul into the art of dance. She wasn't just talented; she was a true innovator.

Moonlight Shadow had been Sally's final masterpiece. Adah had watched her mother dance it countless times at home when she was a child, every move etched into her memory.

Adah had picked this dance for the competition, hoping her mother might see her bring the piece to life.

Never in her life did Adah think Rowena would be the one to steal her mother's work.