

Chapter 873 One Dance That Made A Legend

As Rowena twirled across the stage, Adah was seized by a fierce, almost uncontrollable urge to rush out and send her sprawling.

That dance had only been performed once after its creation, with Sally sharing it privately for Adah's and Leonel's eyes alone. No one else should have even known it existed. Yet there Rowena was, replicating every step perfectly, leaving no doubt she'd stolen Sally's final masterpiece.

The betrayal cut even deeper because of Rowena's audacity. She had brazenly claimed the choreography as her own original work, shamelessly stealing fame and praise for something that wasn't hers. The sheer gall of it made Adah's stomach turn.

Adah had once dreamed of honoring her mother by debuting that creation herself. But now, Rowena had taken that moment, making it a loss that would haunt Adah for the rest of her days.

And what burned the most wasn't the theft. It was Rowena's utter failure to grasp the heart of the dance. She performed it without true understanding or skill, completely missing the depth it required. To Adah, what happened on that stage wasn't art; it was desecration.

With every passing moment, Adah's anger mounted. She gripped her water cup so tightly that cracks spread across its surface.

Elsewhere in the crowd, Leonel's temper boiled over. He turned on Westley, growling, "You cowards, how dare you claim Sally's work as your own?"

Kimberly fired back with heavy sarcasm, "Leonel, you can't just accuse people like that. If you think we stole Sally's choreography, then show us some proof."

Leonel was left speechless. After all, fifteen years had passed since

Sally first choreographed that piece. He had nothing to present as evidence.

Westley knew Leonel couldn't prove anything; that was the very reason they felt safe acting so brazenly.

Westley sneered, "Leonel, admit it, you're just jealous that Rowena danced too well."

Gia snapped, her voice sharp as a whip, "Leonel, if you so much as make a scene, I'll collapse right here and make sure the world knows how ungrateful you are as a son!"

"You!" Leonel trembled, fury radiating off him, on the verge of lunging at them.

Melanie quickly stepped in to intervene. "Please calm down. You can't ruin Adah's competition over this."

Leonel managed to rein in his rage, forcing himself to remain still.

Meanwhile, Adah approached the competition staff and requested a change, switching her performance piece from "Moonlight Shadow" to another classical piece, "The Immortal's Awakening."

By the time Adah finished, Rowena's performance had concluded.

The theater rang with thunderous applause. Spectators and judges alike were left in awe by the choreography, feeling as if a whole new world of dance had just been revealed. Wave after wave of applause filled the hall.

Since the event was being streamed live, viewers online immediately crowned Rowena a champion.

"Absolutely breathtaking! Thank Rowena for letting us see such a spectacular performance."

"I always thought her fans were exaggerating when they called her a prodigy, but now I get it, she really is incredible."

"Her skills might not be the best among the competitors, but her choreography is on another level. Whatever she lacks in execution, she more than makes up for with creativity."

"None of the previous dancers even came close. The last contestant probably won't top this; she's practically guaranteed the win."

"This one routine has launched her right to the top tier of dancers in Ublento. Just one performance, and she's among the elite."

Standing center stage, Rowena beamed at the crowd, already imagining herself wearing the champion's crown.

The two judges she'd bribed were eager to take the spotlight, lavishing her with compliments and handing out perfect scores with barely a pause.

Not wanting to stand out, the other judges quickly followed suit, giving her top marks as well.

For the first time since the Ublento Dance Competition began, a contestant had walked away with perfect scores from every judge.

A new wave of applause swept through the venue, louder than before, while the online audience's excitement soared to new heights. Both in the theater and online, people were calling Rowena a true genius.

With results like these, nobody doubted Rowena had become the face of the competition. Interest in the last contestant faded to almost nothing.

Still, the organizers couldn't simply skip a performance, so after a string of compliments for Rowena, the host introduced the final dancer.

Rowena made her way backstage and crossed paths with Adah, who was preparing for her turn.

Despite having stolen Sally's choreography, Rowena wore her triumph openly, her expression full of smug satisfaction. Her tone dripped with mockery as she said, "Adah, if you back out now, you might save yourself some embarrassment. I've already scored perfect marks across the board. No matter what you do out there, you're just going to be a background act for me."

Adah's response was steady and unruffled. "Let's just see how it turns out." With that, she walked past Rowena and headed onto the stage.

During her introduction, Adah explained that "The Immortal's Awakening" was her own original classical work.

Since everyone believed "Moonlight Shadow" had already set the competition's high point, few in the audience seemed interested in seeing more. The room fell nearly silent, and even the host's enthusiasm seemed to fade.

As the introduction ended, the host moved aside, and Adah was left standing alone beneath the lights.

She moved gracefully into her opening stance, every gesture calm and deliberate.

The music began, but the crowd remained distracted, still whispering about Rowena, while the judges huddled together, quietly talking among themselves.