

## Chapter 875 Change The Rules

Word spread like wildfire, and Adah's fame soared in an instant. Viewers who had left the broadcast earlier rushed back, desperate to catch what they could, but they arrived too late to see the entire show. Still, the closing moments were unforgettable, and the finale left everyone stunned.

Those who missed the beginning could only regret their choice.

"I can't believe I clicked away! What was I thinking?"

"Why did I dismiss the possibility of a dark horse waiting backstage?"

"I really thought Rowena was unbeatable, but Adah just blew her out of the water."

"Rowena's choreography was nice, but she can't touch Adah's technique. If you ask me, Adah deserves first place, hands down. Rowena should settle for second."

"The judges must be dying inside right now. They already gave Rowena perfect marks. How are they going to score Adah after this? This is going to be awkward."

The judges scrolled through the comments, faces burning. With thousands watching, all they wanted was to disappear. Desperate to avoid turning the event into a farce, they quickly huddled with the organizers, hoping to come up with a solution on the fly.

Meanwhile, backstage, Rowena was seething. She had been so sure of her victory, brushing off Adah as a joke.

While Adah was still on stage, Rowena had gone live herself, expecting to soak in endless compliments and drag Adah's name through the mud as soon as the contest ended.

But barely had Rowena's stream started before half her viewers dropped out. Only then did she realize that they had all rushed back to the main

stage, raving that Adah was the true star.

Rowena glared at the big screen backstage, unable to tear her eyes away from Adah's breathtaking performance. How could this be possible? Adah, the rude bumpkin with no formal training, danced this well?

As Rowena was consumed by disbelief, Kimberly and the others in the audience were spiraling.

Kimberly stared at the stage, unable to process what she was seeing. "How could this be happening? Adah grew up in a backwater town without ever receiving any training in dance. How did she even create that choreography, let alone dance it? Something's not right here!"

Panic took hold of Westley. He clung to Gia's arm, desperation in his voice. "Mom, this has to be Leonel's doing! He must have pulled some strings!"

Snapping out of her shock, Gia turned on Leonel, her voice sharp. "Well? Explain yourself! Did you have something to do with this? Did you rig the competition?"

Leonel, who had been completely entranced by Adah's dance, bristled at the accusation. He reluctantly looked away from the stage and snapped, "Rig the contest? How? Talent can't be faked; no one can simply hand Adah that kind of skill."

Gia parted her lips, but not a sound escaped.

Leonel pressed on, every word laced with scorn. "You always looked down on Sally and Adah. But let's face the truth, Sally was one of a kind, and Adah is every bit her equal. Despite your indifference and efforts to hold her back, Adah carved out her own brilliance. She's the true star. Meanwhile, your beloved Rowena is nothing but a joke."

He turned away, eyes drawn right back to Adah on stage.

Gia was crushed. Leonel's words—Adah was the exceptional one, while Rowena was just a pathetic joke—played on a loop in her head. She started to wonder if she had misjudged from the very beginning. Had she pushed away the granddaughter she should have cherished, only to pour her hopes into someone who ended up embarrassing them all?

As Gia wrestled with her regrets, Adah swept into her final pose, ending

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the dance with breathtaking perfection.

+120 Points at most

The crowd erupted in a frenzy. One section after another sprang to their feet, their shouts ringing through the auditorium. "Adah! Adah! Adah!"

The energy in the venue reached a fever pitch. Adah had delivered a true showstopper.

In comparison, Rowena's much-hyped number looked like little more than smoke and mirrors. If she hadn't stolen Moonlight Shadow and passed it off as her own, she never would have earned that praise.

Everyone realized now that their earlier admiration had always been for the choreography, never for Rowena's interpretation. But with Adah, both the vision and the execution were extraordinary.

The host, who had previously brushed off Adah's chances, now rushed onto the stage, tripping over himself to lavish her with praise.

Then, it was time for the scores.

With millions watching, there was no denying Adah's brilliance. None of the judges dared to downplay her performance, not with the world's eyes glued to their every move. Even the two judges on Rowena's payroll shrank back, unwilling to risk their reputations.

All the judges poured on the compliments and awarded Adah a perfect score.

Now, a problem arose: two dancers with flawless marks, but only a single trophy up for grabs.

After a hasty conference, the judges and event organizers realized they had only one option left: change the rules, right then and there.