

## Chapter 876 Undisputed Champion

To crown a champion, the organizers threw down a gauntlet: a sudden-death tiebreaker, a head-to-head rematch between Adah and Rowena. No one disputed the face-off itself, but the rules demanded surgical precision. One more disaster like the first round would turn this competition into a laughingstock.

The two judges in Rowena's pocket carried serious weight—industry titans whose voices could drown out the entire panel. Predictably, they twisted the rule revisions to favor their benefactor.

Moral bankruptcy aside, these men knew their craft. They understood with crystal clarity that Rowena's technique couldn't hold a candle to Adah's. So they rigged the game, crafting rules that would favor choreographic brilliance over raw technical skill.

Their lobbying paid off. The final terms were set: judges would announce a random theme on the spot, and the dancers would improvise everything—choreography and performance—live, with the championship hanging in the balance.

When the host revealed the format, the crowd accepted it without protest. The livestream chat scrolled past without complaint. On stage, Adah stood like carved marble, unshakeable. Beside her, Rowena's face went white as bone. She couldn't choreograph worth a damn.

Sure, Rowena had trained under elite instructors since she could walk. Her technical foundation was fortress-solid. But composition? She had nothing. No spark, no vision, no creative fire whatsoever. If Adah's earlier performance had been original—and Rowena was starting to suspect it was—she was absolutely finished.

Panic clawed up Rowena's throat. Rage followed close behind, directed at the very judges she'd bankrolled. She'd paid them to protect her. Instead, they'd handed her a knife aimed straight at her weakest point. What the hell was she supposed to do now?

Adah tilted her head, drinking in Rowena's spiral with obvious pleasure. A quiet sneer escaped her lips. "Looks like those two judges you dropped a fortune on seriously misjudged your... capabilities, Rowena."

Rowena's pulse stuttered. "I—I don't know what you're talking about!"

Adah laughed, cold and cutting. "You think denial will bury your dirty little secrets? You can play whatever games you want, but truth has teeth. Every dirty deal you've made is going to be dragged into daylight and ripped apart by the world."

"Adah, stop spewing garbage!" Rowena's thoughts were a hurricane, but she forced her expression into something resembling calm.

Adah's smile turned razor-sharp. "You stole someone else's work to grab fame and fortune, but you're not strong enough to carry that weight. Just wait—I'm going to tear you off that pedestal and watch you fall into the void."

The words sent ice through Rowena's veins. Once, she would've dismissed such threats as background noise, would've written Adah off as nothing more than an irritating pest. But after watching Adah's showstopping performance minutes ago, she didn't dare take Adah lightly anymore.

Rowena had no idea how Adah had uncovered the bribes and couldn't begin to guess what revenge Adah was planning. The not-knowing carved into her, cranked her terror to excruciating levels. She felt like she was burning alive from the inside out. Every instinct screamed at her to withdraw, to flee the venue and never look back. But it was too late for that. The trap had already closed. She had no choice but to steel herself and face this nightmare round.

Still, a flicker of blind hope stubbornly persisted. Maybe Adah wasn't a real choreographer either. Maybe the Immortal's Awakening had been stolen from someone else, too. After all, Adah was just a bumpkin raised in some backwater town with zero formal training—how could she possibly craft professional-level choreography?

Rowena's own skills were pathetic; she'd admit that much. But surely they were better than Adah's. They had to be.

Forcing her nerves into submission, Rowena fired back, venom dripping

from every word. "The only one plummeting into the abyss will be you, Adah."

Their exchange was hushed, too quiet for anyone else to catch. To the audience, it looked like harmless cousin-to-cousin banter—a relationship that had the public convinced they were close behind the scenes.

The judges announced the impromptu theme: Meteor over the Curved Moon. No other request. The dancers could interpret it however they chose. They had exactly five minutes to prepare, and the clock started the instant the theme left the judges' lips.

Five minutes evaporated. The host's voice sliced through the charged silence. "Ladies, you may begin."

The command dropped like a guillotine blade, and Adah and Rowena exploded into motion as one. But the worlds they created couldn't have been more opposed. The chasm between them yawned wide from the very first breath.

Adah's body became liquid starlight, conjuring an atmosphere so otherworldly that the audience forgot to breathe. Her interpretation was entirely her own—unexpected, visionary—and her choreography flowed like water finding its path downhill. Even the judges leaned forward, whispering to each other with barely concealed awe.

Rowena's routine, by contrast, was aggressively ordinary. The gap between this improvisation and Moonlight Shadow was a canyon so vast that it defied logic. Watching her now, it almost seemed impossible that the same hands had crafted both pieces.

The instant Adah and Rowena struck in their final positions, the livestream detonated.

"Adah was unreal! To pull off something that stunning on the spot? She's a straight-up genius!"

"There's no comparison anymore. Adah destroys Rowena. Not even close. Crown her already!"

"Okay but seriously—what happened to Rowena? That improv was so basic that it hurt to watch. If she actually created Moonlight Shadow, there's no way she'd bomb this badly. Even a rough day wouldn't explain that nosedive."



"I'm convinced now that Rowena either hired a ghost choreographer for Moonlight Shadow, or she ripped it off completely."

"Someone needs to blast this everywhere! Let's smoke out the real creator and watch Rowena's empire crumble!"



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