

## Chapter 878 Powerhouse Best Friend

For years, those two judges had clawed their way to the top, enjoying the kind of reputation that made them honored guests anywhere dancers gathered. Yet here they were, flung out in disgrace before millions of witnesses, their shining careers shattered in an instant.

What a sorry end. But really, what else could they expect after throwing in with Rowena's crooked plans?

The entire venue trembled with shock. Even online viewers were stunned into silence, needing a moment to process the chaos before every eye landed on Rowena.

Still sprawled on the stage where Adah had knocked her down, Rowena sat frozen in disbelief, unable to process her downfall.

Tristan's commanding voice sliced through the confusion. "By scheming for fame, Rowena has trampled the core values of the Ublento Dance Competition. Regardless of her performance, we cannot condone her actions. Her award is revoked, and she is barred for life from all future competitions!"

Security strode onstage and hauled Rowena to her feet, ready to remove her.

One moment, Rowena sparkled like a rising star; the next, she was branded a cheater and dragged away in disgrace. She could barely comprehend what was happening, and neither could Kimberly and the rest in the audience.

Before security could lead Rowena away, Kimberly's panicked shriek echoed through the hall. "Stop! Don't throw her away like this! She's a once-in-a-lifetime talent! Can't you show her any mercy?"

"Exactly! My daughter's a genius! If you revoke her eligibility, you're the ones losing out!" Westley shouted, his voice booming with exaggerated

pride. He tugged nervously at Gia's sleeve, lacking the courage to stand firm on his own. "Mom, say something! You can't just watch them ruin everything she's worked for!"

But Gia had already been exposed by the video evidence, caught helping Rowena arrange the bribes. Shame pressed down on her, making it impossible to defend her granddaughter. Still, with Westley's pleading, she blurted out the only protest she could muster, "Kick her out if you must, but you can't erase her brilliance! Moonlight Shadow is still a legendary work!"

Gia's words sparked a twisted triumph in Rowena. Scrambling up, Rowena fixed Adah with a malicious glare. "So what if you exposed me? So what if I'm banned forever? Moonlight Shadow is my masterpiece now! Say whatever you want about my morals, no one can deny my genius!"

Rowena threw her head back, unleashing a wild, defiant laugh. Even as security dragged her away, she hurled this final wound at Adah, refusing to go quietly. If she had to fall, she'd make sure to leave a scar.

After all, Moonlight Shadow had been Sally's creation, Adah's mother's legacy. Rowena had stolen it, parading it as her own, and there was no proof left to set the record straight. It was a permanent stain, a reminder of what had been stolen.

Adah felt the pain sharp as a blade, burning in her chest. Her fists clenched so tightly that her nails pierced her palms, yet she forced herself to stay calm. Losing control now would only make things worse. But the injustice of seeing her mother's life's work claimed by Rowena was almost more than she could bear.

A strangled protest was all Adah could manage. "Rowena, you have no shame!"

Rowena only tilted her chin higher, eyes glittering with triumph. Shame meant nothing to her, not when Adah stood powerless to change a thing.

Just then, a crisp, beautiful voice rang out, slicing through the stunned silence. "Moonlight Shadow doesn't belong to Rowena. She stole it!"

The entire audience snapped to attention, searching for the person brave enough to say those words. All eyes landed on Elliana.

In this city, Elliana's name was legendary, a fashion icon, a social queen,

more celebrated than most actors. When she entered a room, the world stopped to watch.

"It's Stellara, the talented musician!"

"That's Rosa, the famous designer!"

"And she's the wife of Evans Group's CEO!"

"She's the beloved daughter of the Sun Group's leader!"

"And the only granddaughter of the Thompson family--the world's most powerful clan!"

One by one, the audience breathlessly listed Elliana's glittering titles.

Spotting her friend, Adah felt her lips curl into a slow, satisfied smile. For Elliana to expose Rowena here, in front of so many witnesses, she must have unshakable evidence. Rowena wouldn't be leaving with Moonlight Shadow today.

Relief swept over Adah, mixing with a rush of joy. Moments like this made her realize just how lucky she was to have Elliana in her corner.

With every step, Elliana radiated composure and class as she approached the stage.

Tristan hurried down to greet Elliana, his tone all deference. "Mrs. Evans! What an honor. What brings you to us today?"

Most people saw Elliana as a star, but to Tristan, she was even more; she was the chief investor behind the entire event, someone he couldn't afford to offend.

"Mr. Crawford," Elliana replied, her warmth balanced by unmistakable authority, "would you mind if I spoke to everyone on stage for a moment?"

"Of course! Please, the stage is yours," Tristan responded immediately.

Elliana ascended to the podium, pausing beside Adah as she fixed her gaze firmly on Rowena.

The sight of Elliana left Rowena paralyzed with dread, unable to form a single word.

Back when they were children, Rowena had watched Adah and Elliana's unbreakable bond with envy and spite. That bitterness had twisted into hatred, festering over the years.

During the days when Adah had been sent away and Elliana's own family treated her like she was worthless, Rowena had secretly rejoiced, certain she would always be superior to them. But now, everything had changed.