

Chapter 879 Did My Little Bombshell Land With Enough...

Elliana had abruptly ascended to untouchable icon status, while Adah burned across the stage like a comet tearing through darkness. Rowena, meanwhile, plummeted into oblivion. She wanted to deny it. Tried to. But the truth gnawed at her bones.

Watching Elliana—now bathed in universal worship—Rowena felt terror flood her bloodstream. It left her shaking, joints locked, muscles useless. Elliana now wielded enough power to pulverize her with a mere snap of her wrist. She could not even muster the resolve to meet Elliana's cutting gaze.

Elliana impaled Rowena with a look of pure disdain, peering at her as if she were filth scraped from a shoe sole. "Rowena," she purred, the single name a calculated strike. "Don't you feel even a shred of shame for stealing someone else's work and passing it off as your own masterpiece?"

Rowena's knees threatened to buckle under the crushing weight of her panic, but she riveted a mask of cold defiance onto her face. "Stealing? I—I don't know what you're talking about."

Rowena clutched a desperate hope that Elliana lacked actual proof to support the claim that Moonlight Shadow originated with Adah's mother. If Adah—Sally's own flesh and blood—couldn't produce evidence, then not even the all-powerful Elliana could conjure ironclad proof from thin air.

Rowena clutched one lifeline: deny everything, survive everything.

"You'll carry this lie into the ground, then?" Elliana inquired, her lips curling into a cruel, sardonic smile.

Unable to withstand the sharpness of Elliana's gaze, which cleaved through her defenses, Rowena dropped her head in a spasm of panic. "I stole nothing! Moonlight Shadow erupted from my own effort! You think throwing your influence around can bully me into a false confession?"

Elliana released a soft, mocking chime of laughter. "Deny it all you like. It only makes you look more repulsive." With that, she elevated a hand and indicated the massive screen towering behind her. "The evidence is on display. Watch."

Right on cue, a video commenced its playback. The same dance—Moonlight Shadow—but this performer moved with ethereal grace that obliterated Rowena's clumsy attempt, exposing the canyon-wide chasm between amateur mimicry and authentic mastery.

The audience, both live and streaming online, sat transfixed, finally witnessing the piece's true soul through movements that transcended mere technical execution.

When the footage ended, the crowd that had championed Rowena moments earlier began murmuring in stunned disbelief. Measured against this flawless interpretation, Rowena's performance collapsed into laughable farce. She'd grasped nothing—not the emotional architecture, not the spiritual heartbeat.

Shock detonated through the venue and rippled across the livestream. Rowena, Kimberly, and their entourage blanched white, blood draining from their faces in seconds.

The luminous dancer on screen was none other than Adah's mother, Sally, performing inside the Norris family mansion years back.

The footage traced back fifteen years, capturing Sally when she was young and vibrant. At that time, Rowena was a mere five-year-old child. No rational person would concede that a toddler could have orchestrated such a masterpiece.

This video served as ironclad proof—as damning as the evidence Adah had unleashed regarding Rowena bribing the judges. Unshakable. Undeniable. Absolute.

Gia collapsed into her chair, mind blanking as she whispered on endless repeat, "It's finished. Everything's finished."

Beside her, Kimberly and Westley sat petrified like marble statues, too shellshocked to produce a single syllable.

In stark opposition to their despair, Leonel drowned in exhilaration. When

Sally walked the earth, he'd filmed countless videos of their intimate family moments, capturing their warmth and laughter on camera. After her missing, Gia had discovered those files buried in his computer and secretly destroyed the machine.

With the computer obliterated, those precious fragments of Sally had seemingly evaporated forever, surviving only in the locked vault of Leonel's memory. Never—not in his most desperate fantasies—had he imagined Elliana would resurrect footage of Sally dancing.

To a man who had cherished his wife with every atom of his soul, this recording transcended priceless. It carried the same weight for Adah.

Tears carved rivers down Adah's face as she watched her mother glide across the screen, her voice fracturing with emotion. "Elliana, how did you recover this?"

Elliana's expression softened into genuine warmth. "When your mom performed this piece all those years back, you filmed it and sent it to me. I've safeguarded it ever since. The instant I witnessed Rowena brazenly plundering Sally's work, I excavated the file and had it restored in high definition."

What had begun as a fleeting digital memory shared between toddlers had been fiercely protected by Elliana for fifteen years. It was more than loyalty; it was a bond forged in titanium—the ultimate "ride-or-die" devotion.

Elliana nudged Adah playfully, a mischievous glint returning to her eyes. "So, did my little bombshell land with enough of a bang?"

Adah could barely articulate her gratitude. "Elliana... thank you. For everything."

Drawing a deep, steadying breath, Adah pivoted toward the stunned audience. Her voice didn't just carry; it commanded the room, ringing out with the strength of a woman finally reclaiming her legacy. "I know you're all wondering who that woman on the screen is. Let me introduce her. That is my mother, Sally. Dance was her lifeblood, and Moonlight Shadow was her heartbeat—her original creation!"

Before the crowd could even process the revelation, Elliana's voice sliced through the air like a guillotine. She pinned Rowena to the spot with a

glare that could peel paint. "Rowena, you can't deny that this video is fifteen years old, can you? Look at that screen. Can you honestly deny that the woman dancing your 'masterpiece' is your own aunt? Can you deny that you stole the piece from Sally?"



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