

## Chapter 881 Chance To Rectify His Past

Adah had already mesmerized millions of viewers and clinched a colossal fanbase by dominating the competition with her electrifying performance of "Immortal's Awakening." She had further solidified her viral status by utterly shattering Rowena with an irrefutable cascade of damning evidence.

But now, with Elliana stepping forcefully into the spotlight to champion her cause, Adah's popularity didn't merely climb—it detonated across the international stage.

After all, Elliana was Stellara—a globally revered singing legend. Anyone personally anointed as her dearest friend was instantly destined to become the epicenter of attention, captivating both domestic and foreign audiences.

It was the precise fulfillment of Elliana's earlier, uncanny prediction. Adah had rocketed to the absolute zenith of stardom the very instant she officially crossed the threshold into show business. Never before had anyone accrued such seismic fame solely originating from a dance competition.

When the event finally concluded, Adah swept out of the opera house, Elliana moving seamlessly beside her—only to stop dead, instantly overwhelmed by the bewildering, chaotic spectacle unfurling before them.

The night air was violently punctuated by the relentless, blinding flash of cameras. Reporters from every major syndicate aggressively swarmed them, forging a suffocating, shrieking ring and barraging them with a deafening clamor of questions. Simultaneously, sharp-elbowed executives from various entertainment agencies bulldozed their way through the press corps, frantically thrusting contracts skyward and bellowing over one another in a desperate, last-ditch attempt to secure Adah's signature.

Beyond the frantic, congested scrum of journalists and agents, a

massive, human ocean of fans had converged, their voices hoarse as they screamed Adah's name at the very top of their lungs.

This was the sort of fevered, chaotic reception usually reserved only for entrenched A-list international superstars.

Adah had certainly viewed grainy footage of celebrities being mobbed like this, but enduring the siege firsthand instantly stripped her of all composure. The sharp, fearless edge she usually brandished vanished in a heartbeat.

Fortunately, Elliana was a seasoned veteran. She deftly fielded the vast majority of the questions on Adah's behalf and graciously acknowledged the fans for their frenzied, enthusiastic support.

Finally, Elliana pivoted toward the aggressive gaggle of entertainment executives, her tone remaining polite but laced with unyielding steel. "I appreciate your enthusiasm, gentlemen, but Adah is already spoken for. She is currently signed to Resxeth Media, and she will not be entertaining offers from any other agency."

"Wait, what?" The stunned executives stood frozen, their mouths agape in shocked silence.

Adah had appeared to be nothing more than an exceptionally talented contestant—with no manager, no dedicated assistant, and zero public contact information. That was precisely why they had meticulously staked out the opera house exit, determined to corner her the moment she emerged and finalize a deal before any rivals could swoop in and preempt them.

Little did they realize, the opportunity had already slipped away. Adah was already bound by contract. And Resxeth Media? They had never once heard the name. What obscure kind of company was that? Adah was a breakout star, a colossal talent. She should have been instantaneously snapped up by a verified entertainment powerhouse. Why on earth had she committed to some shadowy outfit that seemingly nobody knew existed?

The surrounding crowd was utterly bewildered—and truth be told, Adah felt the same sharp confusion. She had never actually signed an agency contract in her life. Why was Elliana making this definitive claim?

Before Adah could voice her confusion, Elliana offered one final round of smiles and gratitude to the pressing journalists and fans. Then, flawlessly flanked by her security detail, she smoothly ushered Adah into a sleek, waiting car, which immediately sped away amid a turbulent flurry of flashing cameras and deafening cheers.

"Elliana—what, specifically, is Resxeth Media?" Adah pressed the moment they were settled inside the quiet confines of the luxury vehicle.

Elliana produced a prepared contract from her purse and handed it over, her expression playful and light. "It is the boutique entertainment agency I personally founded exclusively for you. You are our single, solitary client—entitled to all our top-tier opportunities, completely free of any usual restrictive strings or percentages. We exist only to propel your career to stratospheric, global heights and ensure you are absolutely protected as you remain there."

The entertainment industry was a minefield of exploitation, and Elliana refused to watch Adah stumble through it unprotected. To guarantee her friend's safety, she'd constructed this media company from the ground up, recruiting the most elite managers and assistants available. She'd assembled a world-class team engineered specifically around Adah's success.

Adah's heart surged. Overwhelmed, she threw her arms around Elliana, planting a loud, grateful kiss on her cheek. "You are too good to me!"

It was the raw truth. Elliana thought of everything, tending to Adah attentively, foreseeing needs Adah hadn't even begun to recognize, and flawlessly running interference on every single detail. Adah would never have known how to handle herself.

Elliana chuckled, gently easing Adah away as she dramatically wiped the spot of the kiss off her cheek in mock distaste. "Hey, watch it! My husband is intensely the jealous type. If he catches a whiff of your lipstick on me, he'll pitch a monumental fit!"

Adah snorted, rolling her eyes. "Please. Like I'm remotely scared of that man."

Meanwhile, inside a luxurious private hospital suite in Delta, far away.

A massive screen in a private ward radiated the live feed of the Ublento

Dance Competition. When the final applause faded, the television instantly switched to the chaotic scene outside, featuring Adah and Elliana facing the press corps.

The very moment Elliana declared Adah was under contract with Resxeth Media, Allan—seated quietly next to the hospital bed—frowned, a dark cloud of annoyance settling over his face. He had meticulously gone to the trouble of incorporating a media firm for Adah, only to find himself outmaneuvered by Elliana.

But it was a minor hitch. Once he returned to Ublento, he would simply absorb Resxeth Media into his empire. Right now, only one imperative consumed him: waking Sally.

Sally lay utterly inert in the sterile white bed, her eyes perpetually closed, locked in a vegetative state that had endured for years.

It was funny how fate worked. Eight years ago, Allan had discovered a woman critically injured and personally raced her to the emergency room, saving her life.

The resulting trauma had rendered her comatose, and for nearly a decade, he had funded her care and comfort without ever realizing her identity. He had never guessed he was harboring Adah's mother.

He had ruthlessly antagonized Adah, creating deep animosity between them. Yet, by some surreal, unfathomable twist, he had simultaneously been the one to rescue and sustain her mother. It felt like a powerful cosmic sanction—a clear opportunity to rectify his past.

As the image of Elliana's car zipped off the screen, Allan tilted his head toward the silent woman, his voice barely a whisper but laced with iron certainty. "Sally," he softly commanded, "it's time for you to wake up."