

Chapter 42 She Was Starbeam

After their final performance, Rosy Secret quickly exited the stage, leaving the audience wanting more.

Joanna got up, grabbed Norah's hand, and started heading toward the backstage. "Let's go, Norah, I know their hangout spot. A Morris family friend shared it with me back when I frequented Glamour Club."

Norah, not well-versed with Glamour Club, followed Joanna toward the band's resting area.

"I'm sorry, but this area is off-limits to guests."

"I'm from the Andrews family. Do you really want to block my way?" Joanna stated with an air of entitlement.

Facing the security guard's obstruction, Joanna challenged, "Do you think I can't have you removed from your job?"

The guard remained professional. "I'm just doing my duty. Please, ladies, don't make this difficult."

Norah's expression became more intense. "If we can't enter, could you at least relay a message? Tell the Rosy Secret lead that Starbeam is waiting for him in the upstairs lounge."

After delivering the message, Norah led Joanna away.

"Norah, are we just going to leave like that?" Joanna asked, puzzled. "Do you think the security guard will relay your message? And will the guitarist come to meet us?"

"The band's lead is the guitarist. Let's see if he shows up,"
Norah assured her.

They went to an upstairs lounge, where Norah and Joanna
donned masks provided by the club.

Joanna, confused by Norah's actions, followed her lead without
question.

Joanna trusted that whatever Norah had in mind wouldn't
cause her any harm. Still, she felt dizzy, knowing she'd had too
many drinks. She leaned softly on Norah's shoulder, squinting
to ease her dizziness.

As they waited for the guitarist, Norah gave Joanna a brief
massage to help sober her up.

Shortly after, a man wearing a mask entered the room.
"Starbeam?" He paused, surprised to find two masked women
waiting.

"Emerson, you saw my message in the chat group, right?"
Norah asked.

Emerson Moran's expression tightened as he shut the door
behind him. "Is that really you?"

Joanna watched quietly, curious about the unfolding scene.

In the room, vibrant neon lighting cast a glow on them,
obscuring their facial expressions and adding to the already
palpable tension.

Emerson chose a seat as far away from Norah as possible, his
actions betraying a certain discomfort. "Starbeam, what's the
reason for your visit?" he asked.

The sudden appearance of Starbeam, after a long silence in the
group chat, brought back a sense of apprehension to Emerson,

even as Rosy Secret's leader. Emerson was puzzled by the intense vibe a young woman like her could radiate. Reflecting on the band's recent actions, Emerson felt a pang of guilt.

"I caught your show earlier," Norah stated, her look icy. "I was... Surprised."

Emerson clenched his left fist. "Is that so? Well, the band has been performing together for years. It'd be disappointing if we hadn't made any progress."

"However, I noted many of your allegedly original tracks aren't creations of Rosy Secret. Why claim them as the band's?" Norah confronted Emerson directly, catching Emerson off-guard with her assertion.

Joanna was lost. She couldn't grasp how Norah knew the band's music wasn't authentic.

Feigning a composed facade, Emerson defended, "What do you mean? Every melody and lyrics came from us! Starbeam, perhaps your time away has muddled your memory."

Norah scoffed, saying, "Do you think I wouldn't recognize my own work? Those pieces of your band had appropriated my various works. Do you honestly believe they match up to the original quality? I just feel like ever since your band's songwriter left, everything you guys make is just a bunch of noise!"

"Starbeam, provide evidence for your accusations! How can you say those things?"

"Because I'm the author of those songs!" Norah's gaze carried a touch of melancholy as she faced Emerson.

Joanna's jaw dropped in astonishment. The revelation that Norah was behind Rosy Secret's acclaimed music was beyond her imagination. She had no idea Norah's compositions could

resonate so profoundly.

"Emerson, the band had used those songs and lyrics I shared in the group chat, right? I recall warning you those weren't ready yet and to hold off on using them, but you not only went ahead and used them but did so poorly." Norah sat back, arms crossed, looking down on Emerson with disdain. "It looks like, without my input, the band's lost its edge."

"That's not true!" Emerson retorted, standing abruptly to point at Norah, his voice raised, "So, you were the band's songwriter. Big deal! We've thrived even in your absence. Our earnings and fame have grown. Don't flatter yourself!"

Norah sneered, "So, you capitalize on my work and then claim I'm irrelevant. The lack of gratitude is astounding."

Emerson, visibly agitated, countered, "Starbeam, I've been patient with you because of your past contributions. But don't test my patience!"

Norah snapped, "You're the one pushing your luck! You shamelessly took the songs and lyrics I shared in the group and passed them off as the band's original work. That's crossing a line!"

Emerson sneered dismissively, "We used them, yes. But should we have asked for your permission? Consider this your official notice. You're out of Rosy Secret."

Norah's response was a bitter laugh, reminiscing about Emerson's once idealistic nature, now overshadowed by his greed.

"Please leave the chat group. Don't hinder our progress!" Emerson glanced at Norah on the couch and left the room with an icy demeanor.

Joanna sat up, fuming. "Norah, that's going too far. I'm going



to find someone to teach them a lesson!"

Joanna couldn't believe that Norah had been the creative force behind Rosy Secret. Thinking about Emerson's arrogant attitude extinguished Joanna's desire for the guitarist's contact. She was now intent on giving that band a lesson needed for their shamelessness in stealing Norah's work.

A newfound determination filled Norah. "His arrogance stems from a plan to exclude me all along. But if I could be the reason for Rosy Secret's success, I can do the same for others. His success based on my work will only make his downfall sweeter when the time comes."

With her eyes narrowing, Norah's smile was one of unwavering confidence.

"Norah, just say the word, and I'm with you all the way!" Joanna, fists clenched, was already plotting their next move.

