

Kissed AOM 2231

Chapter 2231

"Oh, it's normal if you don't know me. After all, I joined the crew a few months earlier than you. I was in the same batch as Miss Melody," said Monica with a smirk.

"You're quite the smooth talker. How come you haven't sweet-talked Miss Melody into giving you more screen time?" mocked Tracy.

Monica made an exaggerated shocked expression. "I thought everyone knew that Mister Shaun doesn't arbitrarily increase screen time for his movie. Do you think everyone is the same as you, Miss Tracy?

"We certainly don't use underhanded tactics to pressure the writers and Mister Shaun to increase screen time. Tsk, tsk! If I were you, I'd never have the face to speak in front of so many people. You should just stay quiet since you got what you wanted. Really, you're possibly the most shameless person I've ever met."

"Why you!"

Regardless of how amiable Tracy might appear, the undeniable fact was that she was responsible for the bullying incident that engulfed the entire crew earlier. At that moment, she could sense some unfriendly glances thrown her way.

With a darkened face, Tracy took a few steps forward and leaned in close to Monica, threatening, "You better keep that sharp tongue of yours. Next time we cross paths, I'd like to see what else you can come up with using that clever mouth of yours!"

Having said that, she left without looking back.

Monica, who had good relationships and popularity within the crew, was approached by a concerned friend who asked, "Why did you stand up for Miss Melody? Both she and Miss Tracy aren't somebody to mess with. What if you end up with no roles to play in the future? After all, Miss Tracy has the backing of Brightstar Entertainment."

Monica rolled her eyes. "I just couldn't stand how fake Tracy was being. I guess I have my straightforward to blame as well.

"Plus, it wasn't Melody's fault. Her decision not to use a stunt double was entirely for the sake of the crew. How did it end up becoming a case of her reaping what she sowed?"

She could not hold back her true feelings the last time, so she spoke up for Melody. This time was no different. Even though she had grown used to the dirty tactics that the industry used, she always believed that there was still good somewhere.

"I hope that Miss Melody will get you out of trouble when she comes back and hears that you've spoken up for her. After all, she has some backing," said Monica's friend.

Monica pulled her friend aside and said, "I didn't speak up for that reason. I just hope she can come back safely."

The two of them sighed at the same time. No one had expected that a minor drowning would escalate to Melody being in a coma.

"I think we need to clean up the issues within the crew. Only if everyone is united and focuses on making the movie, without causing any trouble, can we truly move forward," said Shaun. Shaun felt a bit frustrated, especially with Tracy acting so smug. He needed to figure out a way to get rid of her.

Some crew members remained in place, waiting for Shaun's instructions.

"Mister Shaun, nobody wanted this kind of accident to happen. All we can do now is pray for Miss Melody to wake up soon. Just let us know if there's anything you want us to do," one of the crew members said.

"Don't worry. I just need you all to focus on the routine maintenance of the equipment. The next time I come back, I'll make sure to bring Melody back safe and sound," Shaun replied, his tone firm. The crew members felt better with Shaun's reassurance. In his absence, they had been on edge, unsure of the future of their production.

"Have you thought about how to deal with Tracy?" the producer inquired.

He strongly advised against confronting Tracy as her ambitions were too great. She was the type who was willing to go to extremes to achieve her goals, often causing significant damage in the process.

"Don't worry about it. Mister Lucas is back, so we have nothing to fear. Given how serious Melody's condition is, he'll surely look into the matter. There's no need for us to take matters into our own hands," Shaun replied confidently.

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Melody did not remain unconscious for a long time. However, during the two-or-so hours she was out of it, every minute and every second made Lucas feel like an eternity. Lucas flew back from abroad, working tirelessly for several days. Exhausted, he rushed to the hospital and found himself dozing off by her bedside while holding her hand. That way, Lucas immediately sensed when Melody was waking up.

"Mmm..." Melody's fingertips twitched, and Lucas, feeling the activity, sat up straight.

"Are you awake?"

Melody's brow furrowed as if she was in a great deal of pain. "Mm..."

Melody moaned softly, and Lucas became even more concerned. He could hardly imagine how terrifying it must be for someone to face the agony of drowning. Melody's eyeballs moved, and she blinked her eyes open.

Her gaze fell on a sea of white, and she struggled to make sense of where she was. Then, she heard the familiar voice of a man beside her.

"Melody...you're awake. Are you feeling any pain?"

Lucas' eyes were bloodshot, a detail that Melody noticed as soon as she made eye contact with him.

"Why are you back? Where... Where am I?" Melody asked.

"This is the hospital. You were unconscious after drowning. You just woke up. Do you feel any discomfort?" Lucas replied.

Melody was still a bit dazed. She wanted to shake her head to assure him that she was fine, but as soon as she did, she realized she was very lightheaded. Noticing her furrowed brow, Lucas immediately stopped her from moving. "Don't move. You just woke up. Wait here. I'll go get the doctor to examine you," he said.

Melody blinked slowly to indicate that she understood, and Lucas hurriedly left to find the doctor.

The doctor arrived promptly, considering Lucas had arranged for Melody to be transferred to a VIP room.

Melody had her own dedicated medical team, including a doctor and a nurse who could be summoned whenever she needed assistance.

After a thorough examination, the doctor turned to Lucas and reassured them both, "Mister Lucas, there's nothing to worry about. Your wife is doing fine. She just needs some good rest. Both physically and mentally. It'll take some time for her to recover fully."

"Are you sure about that? She looks like she's in a great deal of pain. Could there be any lingering effects?" Lucas asked.

The doctor smiled reassuringly. "Don't worry, Mister Lucas. I can assure you your wife is fine. We've checked when she was first brought in, and we'll schedule a detailed full-body examination for her in two day's time when she has recovered a little.

"Right now, what she needs most is rest. It won't do her any good if we examine her right now. In fact, it might harm her further."

Lucas nodded after the doctor's detailed explanation, finally feeling reassured.

After the doctor left, Lucas sat on the chair and gently took Melody's hands in his. "Do you know you almost scared me to death?"

His voice never sounded so mellow and deep before. Melody never heard him speak to her in such a tone.

Melody instinctively wanted to apologize when she saw how exhausted he was. "I'm sorry. I've caused you trouble again..."

Lucas rested his forehead against Melody's hand and gently rubbed it. "What are you apologizing for? What trouble have you caused? You haven't done anything wrong. You were scared too, weren't you?" Lucas smiled faintly at Melody.

Melody felt her eyes becoming increasingly wet, and eventually, she could not hold back her tears.

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Melody blinked, allowing the tears to roll down her face and soak into her hair. "I really thought I was going to die."

Lucas gently wiped away her tears. "As long as I'm here, I won't let anything happen to you."

"But you were in Molomia at that time. You were so far away..."

Melody had been holding onto the fact that Lucas left for Molomia without saying a word to find Thalia. Their argument might have been their last interaction if she had not woken up.

Lucas was immediately filled with regret when he recalled the fight they had before parting. "It won't happen again. I promise I'll let you know in advance before I go anywhere," Lucas assured.

This time, he was not making empty promises. After the recent events, he had decided to stay in the country for the long term, at least until Melody finished shooting her movie.

He had thought that providing ample funds to the crew would ensure a smooth shooting for Melody. However, he realized he had been too naive; the entertainment industry was much more complicated than he had anticipated.

Without a powerful backing, Melody would surely be picked apart until not even her bones were left.

"Really?" Melody's eyes lit up. She knew that Lucas was not staying solely for her, but hearing him say that still made her happy.

Lucas nodded and tucked the covers around her again. "All you need to do now is rest. I'll handle things with the crew, so you don't need to worry."

Melody nodded, but her expression showed some reluctance.

"What's the matter?" Lucas asked.

"I was the one who insisted on not using a stunt double. Mister Shaun tried to talk me out of it, so can you please don't blame him?" Melody asked.

Lucas avoided her gaze, focusing on straightening out the wrinkles on the cover.

"It's true! Everyone tried to talk me out of it, but after rehearsing it a few times, I thought I could do it! So I insisted. You understand, don't you? It's important for us actors and actresses to do all the scenes ourselves. Plus, that scene is very crucial to the plot."

Lucas angrily lifted his head to glare at Melody.

"What? Did I say something wrong?" she timidly asked.

Being with him face-to-face, she habitually dropped her guard and could not help but talk endlessly about acting whenever the topic came up.

"Ah, I won't mention anything about the shoot if you don't like me talking about it. Let's just leave it at that, okay?"

Lucas gazed at her blinking eyes and, in the end, sighed. "I don't mind you talking about the shoot."

More words were hidden in his heart. He wanted Melody to promise that, before making such dangerous decisions in the future, she would think about him and prioritize her safety above all else. When he received the call from Beatrice, he felt his whole body turning taut as if his soul momentarily detached from his body.

He could not recall how he managed to stay calm enough to instruct Edmund to arrange a flight that could bring him back to the country immediately. His entire being felt numb, and everything he did was purely based on muscle memory.

Yet, Melody was asking him to forgive Shaun and the other crew members?

"I'm going to investigate the matter first. I'll let the matter rest if the investigation shows that they indeed have nothing to do with your drowning," Lucas stated firmly.

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Melody smiled faintly since Lucas was essentially agreeing to her request.

However, she still looked exhausted, and after talking to Lucas for a while, she started nodding off again.

"Sleep if you're tired. I'll be here with you," Lucas said, patting her head.

In his rarely gentle gaze, Melody reminded him to let Beatrice and Cedric know she was okay.

"I'll let them know in a little while," Lucas assured her.

"No, do it now. They must be worried sick about me."

Lucas nodded, and Melody could finally fall asleep in peace.

Looking at Melody's sleeping face, Lucas could not but put a finger under her nose to make sure she was still breathing.

He feared that like before, Melody's breathing would be faint. The doctor had mentioned that when she was first brought in, her breathing was almost imperceptible.

Lucas could not imagine what his expression would have been like if he had been present at that moment.

Before this, Lucas never considered how important Melody had become to him. He finally realized he could not bear to lose her; even the thought seemed unacceptable.

"Get better soon, and then tease me all you want again, alright?" he said, his gaze tender and his actions gentle.

After watching Melody sleep peacefully for a while, Lucas left the hospital room to call his family.

"Hey, Grandma."

"Ah, Lucas! Has Melody woken up?"

Normally, Beatrice and Cedric would be asleep by then, but they were too worried about Melody, so they decided to stay up to wait for her news.

"Yeah, she woke up. We even talked a little just now, and she's back to sleep now. The doctor said she's fine. What she needs most now is rest. You two don't have to worry about her."

"Oh, thank heavens. I'm so glad to hear that! Make sure she rests well. Take good care of her in the hospital. I'll make her her favorite soup when she gets home! Both of you should get some nourishment." Beatrice was quite emotional, and Cedric could not help but laugh listening to her.

"Don't worry. I'll stay with her in the hospital. You and Grandpa should get some rest. After all, you two spent quite a long time in the hospital this morning," said Lucas.

"Will do. We're going to go to bed as soon as we hang up!"

Beatrice and Cedric could finally sleep easy since Melody had woken up.

"Alright, good night, then. I'll be back soon," Lucas said before hanging up.

"Good night, Lucas."

After hanging up the phone, Beatrice could not help her joy. "I always said Melody is a lucky one. She'll definitely be fine!"

Cedric nodded. "Lucas and Melody both have luck on their side. They're a match made in heaven."

"Let's go. We can finally take a breather now. You were yawning earlier. Let's go lie down for a while."

Beatrice did not forget about her husband. They were not young anymore, so they needed to take care of themselves to make sure they lived long enough to spend more time with their grandchildren.

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Lucas sat quietly by Melody's bedside, watching her sleep for half an hour.

Before leaving, he sought out the attending doctor and the nurse. They were both waiting outside the room, ready to do his bidding.

"Mister Lucas."

"Mister Lucas."

Lucas nodded in acknowledgment. "I need to go home for a while. I'll probably—"

He glanced at his watch. "I'll probably be back within an hour. Please make sure to keep an eye on my wife's condition during this time. When she wakes up, just tell her I'll be back soon." Both the doctor and nurse nodded. It was their job, after all.

Lucas swiftly left the hospital and drove back home.

"Hello, sir. Welcome back."

Lucas waved his hand, signaling the household staff not to bother with greetings.

He went to his room carrying a bag and packed up some of Melody's belongings. Given how weak she looked, it would be best if she stayed in the hospital for a few more days for observation.

Afraid of any oversights if he asked someone else to pack Melody's things, Lucas came back personally. He packed quite a bit because he wanted to make Melody's hospital stay as comfortable as possible. Just as he was about to leave, he received a call from Thalia.

"Hello?" Lucas answered the phone.

He was worried that Melody might wake up and find him missing again. Thus, he was surprised to hear a soft sob on the other end.

"Lucas..."

"What's wrong? Why are you crying? Did something happen?"

Despite Lucas' questions, Thalia remained silent.

Lucas glanced at the time. There was still some time before he needed to return to the hospital.

He returned to the living room and sat down. "What's going on? I'm sort of busy right now, so it's best if you tell me quickly if something's going on. Crying won't solve any problems."

Thalia kept wiping her tears haphazardly. She would sniff from time to time, making her sound quite pitiful. "Lucas, I... Forget it. It's not like telling you'll help anything. You don't have to worry about me." "What do you mean, I don't have to worry about you? Tell me immediately if something happened to you, so I can send someone to help you," said Lucas impatiently.

To Lucas' surprise, Thalia cried even harder after that.

"Lucas, I... I'm really suffering here. When will all of this end?"

Lucas had no idea what was going on with Thalia, but he could tell she was very sad. Unfortunately, Thalia continued to be evasive, sobbing instead of coming clean.

Lucas grew frustrated. "Why won't you tell me what happened?"

Thalia frowned. When did Lucas become so impatient with her?

She then feigned distress and continued crying. "Why are you so irritated with me, Lucas? I'll hang up if you think I'm being annoying. I don't mean to burden you with my problems. I know you have your own things to deal with, so go ahead with them."

Having known Thalia for many years, Lucas quickly stopped her from hanging up the phone. "If there's something wrong, just tell me!"

Thalia said nothing, but she did not hang up the phone either. It was as if she was waiting for him to apologize.

"Sorry, I have a lot going on here, so I might sound a bit impatient. So tell me, what happened?"

Only then did Thalia reply, "Lucas, I know what kind of person you are, and it's precisely because I know that I understand what your impatience toward me means.

"Lucas, haven't you noticed? Since you met Melody, you've become more and more irritable. Sometimes, I even wonder if you just don't want to deal with me anymore..." Her feelings and guilt were effectively conveyed, but Lucas was momentarily at a loss for words.

His mind was preoccupied with taking care of Melody, so he could not spare the mental energy to think about these things.

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"Melody is still in the hospital. I need to go to the hospital now if you don't have anything else important to say," said Lucas with a deep frown.

The thought of Melody lying quietly in the hospital bed waiting for him made him even more impatient. How dare Thalia question him why he was so impatient toward her at such a critical moment? There was a clear sound of the girl sniffing on the other end.

A sudden thought made Lucas' heart soften.

"I'm not annoyed with you. I promise you I'll visit you when I'm free. Melody's sick now, so I have to take care of her, okay?"

Thalia had always been a big crybaby, and Lucas was well aware of it.

"Lucas, have you forgotten what you promised my sister? Before she passed away, you promised her to take good care of me. But now, for the sake of a woman you've only known for a short time..."

Lucas' expression darkened at the mention of Thalia's dead sister. He fell silent. Indeed, he had made that promise.

Thalia's sister would not have died from a heart attack at such a young age if it were not for him. In this regard, Lucas was forever indebted to Thalia's family.

"You don't have to bring her up like that. Do you really think I'd forget what I promised her?"

Lucas' calm tone left Thalia uneasy. She knew how much Lucas disliked people mentioning her sister, yet she did exactly that when he was at his most sensitive.

Melody's appearance had thrown her off-balance. Thalia took a deep breath.

"I'm sorry, Lucas. I shouldn't have said that. I know you're not the kind of man who'd forget his promise or my sister. I just feel sad that you went back without visiting me. It's almost November. Are you going to visit me like always?"

In November, which marked the anniversary of Thalia's sister's passing, Lucas would always fly to Molomia a week in advance to accompany Thalia in reminiscing about her sister.

Lucas mentally sighed at the thought of the girl who had sacrificed herself for him. "Yes. I'll be there. Just like last year."

"That's great!" cried Thalia happily. Gone were her tears. She no longer felt that Melody was a formidable rival.

It had been many years since her sister's death, and Lucas still had not found anything suspicious about it. The only person in the world who knew about that incident had also left forever. Thus, there was nothing for Thalia to fear.

'As long as I have patience, Lucas will be mine,' thought Thalia with a sly smile.

Lucas, however, was completely unaware. He was quite exhausted by the time she hung up, and he stood up to leave.

He had only spent about ten minutes sleeping by Melody's bedside, but he still felt rejuvenated when he woke up.

Melody had always had this effect on him, consistently providing him with positive energy.

That was the biggest difference between her and Thalia. Lucas shook his head abruptly, realizing that he should not compare Melody with anyone else. To him, Melody was just Melody, and not anyone else.

...

Melody simply closed her eyes, slept for a while, and woke up again. When Lucas was with her, she could feel his presence, and her whole body would relax.

However, when the scent of Lucas gradually faded from the room, she could not help but become anxious. She would frown in her sleep and become increasingly restless.

She dreamt of being submerged in seawater again, causing her to shout, her eyes wide in terror.

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The nurse who was adjusting the window blinds-turned and said with a smile, "Miss Melody, you're awake! I'm Nurse Patty, and I'll be taking care of you during your stay in the hospital. I was just about to pull down the blinds to let you sleep a bit longer. Did I wake you?"

Melody had just awakened from a nightmare and was still a bit dazed. "Where's my husband? Where did he go?"

"Oh, you mean Mister Lucas? He went back home to fetch some things for you. He said he'd be back within an hour, so he should be on his way back now," replied Patty with a smile still on her face. Melody lowered her eyes. She did not want to admit it, but in moments like these, she really needed Lucas. She wanted him to stay by her side and never leave.

"Do you want some water? I notice your lips are a bit dry," Patty asked as she thoughtfully brought a glass of water and a cotton swab.

She thought that if Melody still felt uncomfortable, she could use the cotton swab to moisten her lips, providing some relief.

Melody nodded. Her body had gotten dehydrated during her coma, and her lips were dry and uncomfortable.

Patty was happy to see Melody nodding.

"Are you still sleepy? I can keep you company for a while. It's been a long time since I've seen such a loving young couple like you two."

As soon as Lucas was mentioned, Melody became interested. "Does our relationship really look that way to you?"

Patty raised an eyebrow. 'Is this woman trying to humble-brag or something?'

"You have no idea how anxious your husband was when you were unconscious. If that's not a sign that he really cares about you, then I don't know what is."

Lucas kept his hands tightly clasping Melody's even after she woke up, and his gaze never left her for a second.

Melody could not help but smile after hearing Patty's reply. "From what you're saying, it seems our relationship is indeed good. Thank you."

"It's not just good. You two are like a match made in heaven or what they call 'relationship goals' nowadays."

Patty genuinely felt that way. Lucas and Melody caught the attention of the entire building when they appeared together in the hospital.

Melody looked fragile when she finally roused from being unconscious, making her seem a bit more delicate than usual. Anyone's heart would soften when they saw her. Even the onlookers felt this way—what more her husband Lucas?

Melody was genuinely surprised to learn that she had caused a sensation in the hospital.

"You may not know, but you have a lot of fans in the hospital. Some of them started crying when they saw you being rushed to the emergency room! They were really worried about you," Patty explained. Melody's eyes widened in astonishment. She found

it hard to believe that she had fans even in the hospital. She could not help but wonder if her fans would be disappointed when she saw how bedraggled she

was.

While she did not have the burden of being an idol, she was a bit apprehensive about repeatedly getting into trouble and potentially disappointing the fans who had always supported her. After all, she looked downright humiliating that day.

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Patty nodded and continued, "We all enjoy watching the behind-the-scenes footage of your movies. But, since you haven't finished filming yet, we can only keep watching the snippets that the production team has released over and over.

"As soon as you woke up, the hospital director immediately shared the news of your safe recovery in our hospital group chat. Otherwise, who knows how many nurses would've been in tears!" Melody was genuinely surprised. Did she really have so many devoted fans already?

Despite Patty's earnest assurances, Melody found it hard to believe. After some contemplation, she decided to say, "Tell them I'm fine now. I should be able to go back and continue filming in a few days." Patty, with a twinkle in her eyes, replied, "Everyone in the hospital knows about your condition probably even better than you do. There are quite a few fans eagerly waiting to get your autograph once you're better."

Melody smiled and nodded. "Certainly."

When it came to her fans, Melody always tried her best to fulfill their requests. After all, the relationship between fans and celebrities was like that of the moon and stars.

Without these stars, Melody would be just a solitary figure in the sky. It was the companionship of these stars that kept her from feeling lonely. Without the moon, on the other hand, the stars would lose their twinkle.

Melody often enjoyed reading her fans' comments on social media. Even if they were just sharing snippets of their lives, she appreciated it. Acting had brought her a lot of love, something she had never experienced before.

She never thought that there would be strangers in faraway places quietly admiring her, simply after watching her perform on screen. She was genuinely touched by this kind of support and affection. Patty smiled and nodded. "It's about time for me to go. I'm going to let you rest. Why don't you take a quick nap? Your husband should be back when you wake up again."

Melody obediently closed her eyes, looking forward to the moment when she would open them again and see Lucas by her side.

Tracy had not expected the film shoot to be so challenging, and she certainly had not expected Melody to be so resilient. Even after being held underwater for over ten seconds, Melody managed to wake up. Tracy sat alone in her dressing room, feeling the palpable hostility from the other crew members.

"This is all Shaun's fault!" she thought. She would not have tolerated this kind of treatment on set if it were not for the fact that she still needed this movie to become famous.

"Tsk! I should've been more ruthless in making sure that woman doesn't wake up!"

Nonetheless, she smiled when she looked at her beautiful face-even without makeup-in the mirror. "All those plastic surgeries I did were so worth it!"

Just as she was admiring herself in the mirror, the door to the dressing room creaked open. In walked a tall man wearing nothing but swim trunks.

Tracy's expression darkened as she reprimanded, "What are you doing in my dressing room? Close the door now! Do you want somebody to see you?"

The tall man, barefoot, walked casually up to Tracy and unabashedly wrapped his arms around her. He planted a quick kiss on her cheek before smiling and saying, "What's there to worry about? Now you have the highest position in the entire crew and a powerhouse like Brightstar Entertainment backing you. You can walk around the set like you own the place!"

Tracy, with a disgusted expression, dodged his kiss. "Do you even know what it means to be foolproof? Why talk about things that are still uncertain?"

Ignoring her words, the man continued to nuzzle her neck, causing her further discomfort, much like an unwelcome summer heat wave.

Tracy's face was filled with disgust, but the man seemed indifferent to her feelings.

"Now that I've done what you've asked me to, when are you going to deliver on your end of the deal? That woman is now lying in the hospital because of you." The man chuckled.

"I didn't expect you to be so ruthless, even to a colleague you've been working with for such a long time. Quite the cold-hearted move," he sneered.

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Tracy scoffed. "It's not like it's the first day you've known me. What I want is for everyone to focus their attention on me. I'll eliminate any obstacles that get in the way of that. You'll face the same fate if you dare to anger me, so you better behave yourself."

The two locked eyes in the mirror. Tracy lightly slapped the man's face, but instead of getting angry, he seemed to get more excited. He loved the rougher side of her.

"Enough, stop clinging to me like a dog. Hurry up and get out of the dressing room before someone sees you."

Tracy used him and discarded him without any concerns. After all, he had been chasing after her for several years, serving as a toy to pass the time when she was bored, much like a pet.

"Fine, at least give me some space to wash up and change my clothes before going out."

Surprisingly, this man was one of the safety personnel from earlier, the one who did not want to take responsibility.

No one expected him to conspire with Tracy to harm Melody. He was reluctant to go along with Tracy's malicious plan. Even if he loved Tracy deeply, he had boundaries.

However, when she looked at him so affectionately, he suddenly felt that he could sacrifice everything for her, including his life. After all, when had she ever looked at him with such deep affection in all the years he had been pursuing her?

Tracy knew he would agree, and he knew it too. It was just a matter of sooner or later. In the end, he earned a kiss from Tracy in exchange for helping her.

Despite her strong dislike for Roland Kinney, Tracy allowed him to take a quick shower in her dressing room. After all, going out all wet would raise suspicions among the other crew members that the safety personnel had entered her room.

However, what they did not expect was that as he finished showering and prepared to leave, someone suddenly knocked on their door. As their eyes met, both could sense panic in the other's gaze.

"Who could it be?"

"Did someone see you coming in?"

Both asked each other at the same time.

Roland frowned and shook his head tensely. "I made sure no one saw me before coming in."

Tracy quickly told him to return to the bathroom. They could not afford any slip-ups at that moment. They could not let anyone discover that Roland was in her room.

"Go back in. It might just be someone looking for me."

Tracy pushed Roland a few times, urging him not to stand there like a fool.

Roland finally caught on and quietly slipped back into the bathroom. However, he left behind a conspicuous trail of wet footprints.

Another urgent knock sounded on the door, and Tracy could not afford to delay any longer. She took a deep breath, feigning composure, and went to open the door.

After opening the door with an impatient expression, she snapped, "Who is it? Didn't I say I need rest? Don't disturb me."

Outside the door was a crew member wearing glasses, someone who seemed to have been with Monica before.

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The girl, Penny, apologetically adjusted her glasses and said, "I'm sorry, Miss Tracy, but Mister Shaun is looking for you. He told me to come and get you."

The crew member would not have been sent to deliver a message to Tracy if she had not been caught by Shaun doing nothing. She was particularly afraid of interacting with Tracy.

Tracy was the kind of person Penny feared the most-arrogant, completely disregarding the crew members. Moreover, Tracy had caused a bad reputation for all the crew earlier, which caused Penny to have a lingering dislike for her.

"Oh? Mister Shaun is looking for me?" Tracy's attitude took a 180-degree turn, suddenly becoming very amicable. She smiled and said, "Alright, I'll be there right away. Just give me a moment to tidy up my things."

"Okay, Miss Tracy. I'll be going, then." Penny weakly adjusted her glasses and subconsciously glanced into the room.

The wet footprints on the floor were hard to ignore, but she pretended not to see them. However, Tracy's intense gaze made her uneasy, and she dared not look for too long as she turned to leave. Unexpectedly, Tracy grabbed her arm. "You're Penny, right?"

"Huh?" Penny was a bit puzzled. Tracy had never bothered to remember the names of the crew members, usually addressing them with 'hey, you'.

"I remember your name is Penny. Please tell Mister Shaun for me that I was just taking a shower, so it might take me a bit of time to get ready. Don't forget, okay?" "Oh, okay." Penny remained somewhat dazed.

It was not until she left Tracy's dressing room that she began to process what just happened. Why did Tracy tell her that? It felt too deliberate. Tracy stared darkly at Penny's retreating figure, her mind racing with thoughts about how to handle her if she started spreading rumors.

The first time she attempted something against Melody, she felt a bit nervous, causing Melody's hand to slip away.

However, when she steeled herself and tightly gripped Melody's wrists again, preventing her from moving, she became determined to see it through to her death.

Tracy was determined not to allow any stumbling blocks on her path to stardom. Watching Penny's timid figure, her murderous intent flared again. After all, if there was a first time, there would be a second. Thus, Tracy had made up her mind to make sure Penny would never speak again if she dared to spread any rumors.

With a reputation for following through on her words, Tracy was prepared to take drastic measures. Once Penny was out of sight, Tracy closed the door and locked it. "Come out," she commanded.

Tracy knocked on the bathroom door. Roland, who had been waiting inside, came out with a flushed face.

Even when he emerged, he spoke in a hushed voice, "Is everything settled? Who came? Did they suspect anything?"

Tracy stared at him for a moment, then burst into laughter. "You really are a coward, aren't you? How did you even have the courage to pursue me in the first place?"

Roland felt a surge of irritation. Even though this was the woman he loved the most, he would not allow his dignity as a man to be trampled. He quickly reached out and gripped Tracy's chin.

"What did you say? Have you forgotten we're in the same boat right now? You're not going to be let off the hook if I'm discovered too!"

Tracy rolled her eyes, completely dismissing his threat. "That's enough! Clean up your traces so I don't have to lie to the next person again. After all, you're the one who said we're in the same boat. If that's the case, use your brain and don't get caught so easily."

After pushing Roland's hand away, Tracy casually sat back in front of the mirror to resume putting on her makeup. Since she had told Penny that she would be a bit late in meeting Shaun, she might as well do just that.