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Three years ago, Clarissa was the source of envy of countless women.

However, her virality also vanished in the same year. The official tweet of Tyson Corporation that confirmed her identity as Matthew's fiancée was still on Twitter, but there was no more news about it after that.

Some said that Matthew had always kept a low profile, so even if they were married, he would not make an official announcement about it. Nevertheless, the majority speculated that she had broken up with him, and her dream to marry into the rich was broken. In short, no one knew for sure what had happened. There were many rumors and gossips about it, but there was no official news. Thus, their relationship remained a mystery to the public.

As time passed, most people no longer remembered the things that happened between Clarissa and the president of Tyson Corporation.

Clarissa and Yaala left the club and sat in the lobby to chat for a while.

"How long will you be here in D City?" Yaala asked, tilting her head.

Clarissa looked at her and replied, "Two days."

"So short?" Yaala was crestfallen. "I was thinking of having a drink with you after I finish my work. I've been dog-tired recently. Shooting a movie every year has taken a toll on me. I really need to take a break and have a vacation, but I need a buddy to travel with me. So do you want to join me? Your schedule is flexible, after all. You can also take the time to relax and perhaps have a romantic encounter abroad."

Clarissa burst into laughter. "I would love to go, but I can't be away from my family for too long."

"Why not?"

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Her question threw Clarissa off, but she regained her composure quickly and smiled, shaking her head. "My grandmother is not in good health. Besides..."

Clarissa did not finish her sentence as her voice tapered off.

Yaala glanced at her and did not probe further. "Okay. Tell me whenever you need a travel buddy. If I have the time, I'll go with you."

Clarissa nodded and heaved a deep sigh. "Sure. It's been a long time since I last had a vacation. Oh, how I miss those days!"

Her sigh felt a little off to Yaala, but before she could say anything, Clarissa had changed the topic.

They made small talk as they waited for Yaala's chauffeur to arrive, and Clarissa was grateful that she did not inquire about what happened between her and Matthew in the past three years.

She knew that the primary reason Yaala befriended her back then was due to her relationship with Matthew, but her action was understandable. After all, as a celebrity, it was important to make connections through networking in the entertainment industry. But gradually, most of Clarissa's so-called friends ended up distancing themselves from her, so she considered the ones who remained by her side as her true friends. Even without her relationship with Matthew, she was still one of the most reputable screenwriters and was highly regarded by plenty of actors and directors. Therefore, many people regretted not maintaining their connection with her.

Just then, a car arrived at the entrance. Yaala stood up, beckoning her. "Let's go. The car is here. I'll send you back to the hotel."

Clarissa rose to her feet and followed after her. As they were about to head out, a few people came in and brushed past them. Right then, Clarissa and Yaala overheard their conversation.

"Are you saying that Mr. Tyson of Tyson Corporation is going to come too?"

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“Yeah. That was why I asked to come here today. Later, when you see Mr. Tyson, you must do everything you can to attract him, okay? Even if it’s just a fling, I’m sure you can get a lot of benefits from him.”

“I understand. Thanks!”

“That’s right. I heard that he likes women who are talented. Aren’t you highly educated? Perhaps you can strike up a conversation with him easily.”

The voices of those people then drifted away. Concerned, Yaala took a look at Clarissa’s expression and found that she remained calm and poised as if she did not hear their conversation just now. Hence, Yaala kept quiet and continued her way to the car.

When Clarissa went back to her room in the hotel, she wanted to call home but realized it was already late in the night.

Therefore, she sent a message to Jenny via WhatsApp. After she got the latter’s reply, saying that everything was fine back home, she went to bed with peace of mind.

The next day, Clarissa went to the studio with Mandy. While the studio remained the same at Tyson Corporation, Mandy was no longer a lowly editorial assistant. Meanwhile, Yael was still the one who managed everything. Besides, now that Clarissa’s workload and income had increased, there were more staff members in their team now.

Although Clarissa was their boss, she seldom showed up in the studio. Despite that, many were excited to see their pretty, amicable boss in the office.

After the meeting hosted by Yael, Clarissa finally had the time to speak to her privately.

“Many companies are interested in the historical film script, and I’ve chosen the one that gave the best offer. Put down your signature here, and the contract will be sealed.” Yael pushed the contract over to Clarissa for her to look through.

After she finished flipping it through, she looked up at Yael. Everything was to her satisfaction, except that the company was a subsidiary of Tyson Corporation.

Yael saw the look on her and arched her eyebrows. “Yes? Any problem?”

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It was obvious that she was feigning ignorance.

As Clarissa pondered over it, Yael continued, "It's a good deal. You'd have to be a fool not to sign it."

Clarissa eventually yielded and shook her head, smiling. "Okay, I'll sign it."

"Good, so don't act as if you're forced to sign it. We'll earn a lot from this contract. Besides, I know your situation, alright? There's no one else in here, so drop your act!"

Clarissa merely grinned in response. Besides being the second-in-command in the studio, Yael was also her lawyer. Not only was she in charge of handling Clarissa's documents, but she was also well aware of her personal matters.

As an afterthought, Yael added, "Since you've signed the contract with that company, you should do your best to fulfill their request for the sake of money."

"Huh, what do you mean?" Clarissa questioned, baffled.

Yael rose to her feet and gave her a nonchalant shrug. "I don't know. I'm just giving you a reminder." With that, she turned on her heel and walked out of Clarissa's office.

There's something fishy going on.

Clarissa narrowed her eyes, racking her brain to decipher what Yael was trying to convey.

Not long after that, Mandy knocked on the door and peeked inside. "Clarissa, can you do me a favor?"

Clarissa looked up and asked, "What is it?"

Mandy grinned sheepishly and walked into the room. "There is an awards ceremony tonight. Yael doesn't want to go, so I was wondering if you can replace her."

Clarissa gave it some thought before replying, "Maybe you can go instead."

"That won't do. They've said that either you or Yael needs to attend the ceremony, and I can only tag along. Hehe... Clarissa, since you're in D City already, please take me with you. This

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year, they've invited a foreign superstar to perform tonight. Pretty please, Clarissa. I really like that celebrity."

Seeing the pleading look on her face, Clarissa did not have the heart to reject her. "Fine."

"That's great! Clarissa, I've rented a gown for you. Once we're done with our work here, we can immediately go downstairs to try on the gowns and get our makeup done. Don't worry. I've made all the necessary arrangements."

Clarissa feigned a smile. "So, you knew from the start that I would agree?"

"Hehe... You're kind as always, like an angel..."

Clarissa could not help but chuckle. She's such a smooth talker nowadays.

As expected, Clarissa refused to go on the red carpet that night, so she and Mandy directly went into the hall before the ceremony started. As they entered the venue, she greeted a few acquaintances along the way. After they found their seats, Mandy glanced around curiously and watched the live stream on her phone, commenting on the celebrities under her breath, "That young idol got popular after his first starring role in a romantic movie, but he's not my type. He's too young for me. By the way, a few days ago, I went to a production company and heard gossips in the restroom..."

After working in the entertainment industry for a few years, she was well informed of juicy gossips in the field.

However, Clarissa was not interested at all. She was busy texting on her phone, smiling sweetly.

When Mandy saw the smile tugging on her lips, she hesitated for a long while before voicing out the question in her mind eventually, "Clarissa, a-are you in love?"

Clarissa was stumped for a while and grinned. "Yeah, I'm seeing someone."

"Oh..." Mandy was shocked beyond words with a trace of sadness on her face. She then held Clarissa's hand, choking up all of a sudden. "Clarissa, I really hope that you've found true love."

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Clarissa immediately burst out laughing.

She knew what the girl was thinking about.

Giving Mandy a pat on the shoulder, she responded, "Thanks. I hope so too."

"Yes, I know."

After that, Mandy became much quieter. As they waited for the red carpet event outside the hall to end, she got bored and decided to go out for a stroll.

Meanwhile, Clarissa stayed in her seat and continued to text on her phone quietly, not wanting to attract any attention.

After a long while, movie stars and celebutantes dressed in glamorous outfits gradually gathered in the hall, and the long-awaited ceremony finally began. A few renowned celebrities gave astounding performances, and later, actors and actresses went on the stage to receive their awards. All the while, Mandy snapped plenty of pictures and videos before posting them on her Twitter to show off to her friends.

At last, the ceremony ended, and an after-party ensued. Clarissa initially wanted to go home straight after the ceremony, but Mandy insisted on staying as she wanted to meet the foreign superstar she fancied.

Bored out of her mind, Clarissa was about to give up and leave when Ryler found her in the corner. "Why didn't you tell me you were coming tonight?"

Clarissa chuckled and pointed at Mandy. "I didn't plan to stay long, but my colleague dragged me here to find that foreign celebrity. By the way, do you know him? Can you help my colleague to get an autograph or take a picture with him?"

Mandy looked expectantly at Ryler, who glanced at that said celebrity before telling his assistant to help Mandy out. Immediately, she followed the assistant to find that celebrity with a spring in her step.

After they left, Clarissa smirked mischievously and teased, "I saw you dancing on the stage just now. You're strong for a man of your age."

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Speechless, embarrassment crept up his face as he laughed awkwardly. "Is that even a compliment? Am I that old already?"

Upon hearing that, she could barely stifle her laughter. "Okay, my bad. Mr. Cooper is forever young."

The moment she said the word "young," several young idols came over to them and greeted Ryler, who was a senior to the Generation Z youngsters.

Not wanting to disturb them, Clarissa stepped away quietly.

When she almost reached the back door, she took a few steps back and accidentally bumped into someone.

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The towering person behind her was warm and exuded a familiar scent.

She tensed up for a moment before taking a step forward, away from the man behind her.

Turning around, her gaze was immediately locked on a pair of dark brown eyes. "I'm sorry, Mr. Tyson. I didn't know you were there."

The man was none other than Matthew.

He nodded slightly in response. With his usual expressionless face, he glanced at her before casting his gaze on the crowd nearby. Standing tall in his black suit, he looked mysterious and indifferent as ever.

Currently, he had a glass of champagne clutched in his right hand. Clarissa could not help but admire his long, slender fingers and his neatly trimmed nails.

Noticing her gaze on his fingers, he glanced back at her and cocked a brow. "Ms. Quigley, is there a problem?"

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“No. Sorry for staring.” Clarissa lifted the corners of her mouth into a faint smile and looked away.

When she saw Ryler coming toward her, she nodded at Matthew respectfully before taking her leave.

Ryler cast a glance at Matthew, who was standing off to the side, and lowered his head to her ear. “What were you guys talking about?”

Clarissa tilted her head and answered him with a question, “What do you think?”

An affectionate smile appeared on his face as he hugged her around the shoulders and acted suggestively, bringing her away from the crowd. “Someone is going to be jealous.”

She gave him the side-eye and said, “That’s enough. Where’s my colleague? I need to find her before she runs off with that celebrity.”

Just then, she saw Mandy rushing toward her.

“Clarissa, are you okay?” Mandy darted a suspicious glance at Matthew, seemingly worried that he might affect Clarissa’s mood.

Clarissa responded with a reassuring grin. “Don’t fret. Of course I’m okay. By the way, have you taken pictures with your idol?”

“Yes! He’s so handsome.” Mandy squealed in delight.

“Alright then. Let’s go for supper. It’ll be on Mr. Cooper.”

Ryler quirked an eyebrow at her. “Excuse me?”

Clarissa shot him a look, and he immediately threw his hands up in defeat. “Fine. It’s on me, everyone. Let’s go.”

Mandy punched the air in excitement. Oh my gosh! I can’t wait to have supper with Mr. Cooper. This is superb!

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A few minutes later, they walked out of the hall, got into their cars, and headed to a small diner at the roadside.

Clarissa stared at the place in surprise. It was rare to see diners opening for business late at night in winter. Usually, only popular eateries would operate in this harsh weather.

As expected, the diner was bustling. If it were not for Ryler's friendship with the owner of the diner, they would have waited outside for hours.

Surprisingly, they did not attract any attention from the other diners as they got to their table. Perhaps this place was frequented by public figures, so the customers had gotten used to it.

The food and beer they ordered soon arrived, and the four of them, including Ryler's assistant, ate to their hearts' content, especially Clarissa, who stuffed herself until she was close to bursting.

Mandy cast a bitter look at her. "Clarissa, aren't you afraid of getting fat?"

Clarissa paused and looked at her quizzically. "Huh? I normally don't get fat because I can slim down within a few days after I resume my normal diet."

Dejected, Mandy put down her cutlery and stared at the meat on her plate wordlessly.

Upon seeing her expression, Ryler's assistant, Travis, said, "But you're not fat, Mandy. I seriously don't get why women always say they're fat. Why are you all so concerned about your weight? My wife is chubby, but I love her just the way she is. It feels like kneading dough."

Everyone at the table was rendered speechless.

Mandy's lips twitched. "Travis, doesn't your wife get angry with you whenever you say she's fat?"

"Oh? How do you know that?"

Mandy merely let out a wry laugh.

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She continued to eat a few pieces of lean meat, feeling torn inside. Hmm, should I buy a treadmill?

Looking at their interaction, Clarissa doubled up with laughter. "Travis, do you like to pick fights with your wife?"

"Haha. She is just a fragile woman. Even if she punches me, it won't hurt at all. Besides, I usually seek revenge on her at night." He wagged his eyebrows suggestively.

Clarissa and Ryler looked at him, speechless.

"Travis, can you not be so explicit?" Color started to creep up Mandy's face.

He spared her a confused look. "What? How am I explicit?"

Mandy blushed even harder. Was I overthinking?

Clarissa cracked up and proceeded to pat her shoulder in amusement.

With that, Ryler and Travis started to chuckle as well, causing Mandy to lower her head in embarrassment and continue munching on the meat in her mouth.

They eventually left the diner around midnight, and Ryler sent Clarissa back to her hotel.

In the car, he said, "I bought some gifts a few days ago. I didn't know you were coming. Otherwise, I would have asked you to bring them back instead of asking my assistant to deliver them through a courier."

"Again?" She made a look of disgust and sighed.

Ryler smiled in response, shrugging nonchalantly. "I can do whatever I want."

She shook her head. "My new house is going to burst with all the presents you've bought. This might develop into a bad habit for him."

"There's nothing wrong with that. I believe you can educate him well. Besides, we have enough resources to spoil him forever."

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“Does that mean you’ll continue to send gifts no matter what?”

Ryler laughed. “Exactly. Do I need to buy you presents too?”

Right after he said that, he quickly shook his head and changed his mind. “No. I’m not going to buy anything for you. I need to save money.”

“Bah! Ryler, we’re no longer friends.”

Just then, they reached the hotel’s entrance. She immediately hopped out of the car without looking back, and Ryler started laughing heartily in his car, seemingly in a good mood.

Clarissa opened the door and stormed into her room. After taking a deep breath to calm herself down, she found their conversation humorous, albeit annoying.

Then, she went to take a shower. Half an hour later, she stepped out of the bathroom in a bath towel.

She hummed a merry little tune and took another towel to dry her hair, completely oblivious to the presence of another person in the room.

The next moment, she was suddenly hugged from behind. A man with a pair of muscular arms squeezed the soft mounds on her chest and slid his leg in between her soft thighs with his warm breath fanning on the nape of her neck.

Clarissa froze, utterly terrified. Just as she was about to scream for help, the man cupped her mouth and planted a wet kiss on her delicate neck. “What are you afraid of? Who would be here other than me?”

Tsk, someone is upset.

Clarissa curled her lips in disdain and wriggled herself out of his grip, irritated. “Why didn’t you tell me before you came? Were you trying to scare me to death?”

“Haha. No, I didn’t mean to do that. I just wanted to give you a surprise.”

She chuckled mirthlessly at him.

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Sensing that she was irritated, the man turned her around to face him. It was Matthew.

She rolled her eyes, and her face fell. "Mr. Tyson, why are you here late at night? Don't you have pretty women waiting for you in your room?"

Baffled, he pinched her nose affectionately and asked, "What are you talking about? The only woman I have is you."

With a snort, she pushed him off and walked away to take her clothes from her suitcase, ignoring him.

On the other hand, Matthew stood behind her as his gaze roamed over her bare back, fair shoulders, and long legs.

The short bath towel could barely cover her buttocks. With every slight movement of hers, Matthew could see the shadow between her legs. Tensing up, he gulped at the sight as his eyes darkened with desire.

Clarissa was totally unfazed by his burning gaze. She was about to change her clothes right away, but she suddenly remembered that he was in the room. Therefore, she changed her mind and carried her nightgown to the bathroom.

However, before she could walk far, Matthew carried her up from the floor, threw her onto the soft bed, and pinned her down. She yelped in surprise and hammered his chest with her fists. "Get lost, Matthew! I want to get changed."

He held both of her hands and said, "There's no need for that. You're going to get naked soon anyway."

"You b*stard! No, I..."

He immediately cut her off with a kiss.

Gosh, how long have I not seen her? I think we've only met each other a handful of times in the past three years, let alone share intimate moments together.

However, he did not want to mull over the question. Currently, all he wanted to do was to take her into his arms and make love to her.

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It's already past midnight now. From now on, I'll use every second to satisfy my hunger for her until morning comes.

Hours later, the morning sun shone through the curtains, illuminating the hotel room. The couple had just finished yet another steamy session between the sheets.

Clarissa lay groggily on Matthew's chest.

She was about to fall asleep when his phone rang all of a sudden, sending her into a rage.

Frowning, she pinched his arm forcefully and grumbled under her breath.

However, he could only endure the pain silently since he was the one who made her so exhausted, so he stretched out his arm to get the phone for her.

Looking at the caller ID, he intended to decline the call, but he knew he was in no position to do that. Therefore, he tapped on the screen and put the phone to her ear.

As soon as Clarissa answered the call, she immediately sat bolt upright in bed with her eyes wide open.

At that moment, she cared about nothing else but the caller on the other side of the line as she started to speak in a sweet, gentle voice to pacify him.

"No, I'm not sleeping in, Darling. Haha..."

"I know. I'll listen to you. Yes, whatever you say. Really? You're amazing! Come, give me a kiss. Muah! Haha. That's so clever of you."

"Okay, I'll be back this afternoon. You have to wait for me, okay? I miss you too. I love you the most. Muah!"

As she continued speaking over the phone, Matthew had goosebumps hearing her cringe-worthy words.

Nevertheless, he felt a spike of jealousy. I've never heard her talk to me in that manner.

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However, he did not dare to express his envy because he was aware that she cared more about the caller than him at the moment.

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