

Chapter 477 The Dream Guy

Even though Alita said it was her day-off, Celia still asked, "Alita, are you really not busy? If you are, it's okay and we can just talk on the phone. You don't have to make the effort to come all the way here."

Alita smiled at the other end of the phone. "When have I ever given you reason to mistrust me? I happened to ask for leave today."

Celia gave her the address as soon as she heard the confirmation from Alita.

Alita continued, "Wait for me. I'll take a taxi. I won't be long."

She then hung up.

Celia smiled as she put aside the phone, waiting for Alita.

She leaned back against the sofa trying to process everything that had happened recently.

She remembered Adrien's attitude towards her when Kane Group was purchased and she felt an unexpected pang of sadness.

She had already cut off her relationship with Adrien. But it still left her feeling depressed.

How could this man have a conscience?

Her mother's ring was going to be auctioned. Thinking of this made her head ache.

She became quite nervous at the thought of the enormous starting auction price.

Adrien had promised her that the ring would be returned to her as long as it was she instead of Cerissa that married Tyson. But things had been developing in a direction she never expected.

Did she really have to watch her mother's ring being sold while doing nothing about it?

Celia sighed.

What bothered her most at present was whether the sudden appearance of her one-night stand would affect her and Tyson's normal life.

She was lost in her fantasies when the doorbell rang.

Celia immediately collected herself and went to see who was at the door.

It was Alita, covered tightly in sportswear and wearing a mask and sunglasses.

"Alita, why are you dressed like this?"

Alita winked. "To avoid the paparazzi of course. They are so annoying. I finally lost them."

She kept her mask and sunglasses on until she entered the house.

Celia looked her up and down. She wasn't wearing any makeup and had two dark circles under her eyes. She looked tired.

Alita had also lost a lot of weight. She no longer looked like a chubby child in her childhood. Only her two dimples were the same as Celia remembered them. They gave Alita a pretty innocence.

Her features were not that breathtakingly beautiful. It was her facial harmony that made her attractive. She had her own charms, not inferior to that of other beauties like Brea.

Celia stretched out her arms around Alita. "Alita, I've missed you so much."

Alita was also excited. She hugged her tightly and said, "Baby, I've missed you too. Since you've had a husband, you seem to have forgotten about your best friend."

Celia did not agree. "How so? There's been a lot of things happening and you're always busy so I didn't get to see you. Our relationship hasn't changed though."

She led Alita to the living room where she poured her a glass of milk. "Alita, your dark circles... Haven't you slept well lately? Besides, aren't you a star assistant now? Why do the paparazzi want pictures of you?"

Alita sighed again. "I have been transferred to work for the dream guy of all the women in Hosworth. This man is super thorny to handle. He's quite popular. The paparazzi and fans surround him almost every day. Now, I've also become a target of the paparazzi. Even being a waiter is starting to look better than being his assistant. I'm in disbelief!"

Celia didn't understand much about show business. She didn't follow and asked, "Alita, who are you talking about?"

Alita rolled her eyes and replied, "Baby, don't you watch entertainment news? He is the actor that won all the big awards, Ronald Robinson! He is a handsome and sophisticated actor with countless fans. Wherever he goes, he's surrounded by women who are obsessed with him. It's a great risk to be his assistant. More than ten people before me couldn't bear the pressure and resigned. As a woman, I'm really afraid that I will be assassinated by one of his fans one day."

Celia was taken aback. Frowning, she asked, "Is it that horrible? Why don't you change your job then?"

