

In a Love Nest with the Aloof CEO Chapter 11 - 15

Therefore, Skylar had decided to wait for Tobias to come to her first so that she could get him to attest to the check.

However, it had been another week since she last heard from him.

She had to get back the money. In order to save Jeremy's life, she had almost risked hers instead.

Hence, she couldn't accept the outcome. She would rather donate that money than let the Lanes take advantage of it.

Meanwhile, Summer was applying a sheet mask on the couch in the living room when Skylar reached home.

"You look like a ghost. Are you still thinking about Tobias Ford?" Summer glanced up at Skylar through her sheet mask. "If you are, you'd better stop having your head in the clouds."

Skylar put on a pair of slippers and took out the instant noodles from her bag. She had bought it from the convenience store downstairs earlier.

Given her current financial situation, she couldn't even afford to eat a proper meal now.

"Do you get to meet Tobias on usual days?" Skylar asked in an attempt to fish for information from her housemate.

Summer uttered a snorting laugh. "There are thousands of employees in the building. Do you think it's that easy to meet the boss?"

Slurping on her noodles, Skylar almost choked on her food when she heard what Summer said.

Is that what he meant by a little bit of money? If Summer can't even see him, I doubt I can even step foot into the building.

“Just look at yourself before you even try to meet Tobias Ford,” Summer said straightforwardly. “The landlady is chasing for rent again. You’re gonna have to pack up and leave if you can’t pay on time.”

Skylar chose to ignore this. Having been driven into a corner, she could only try her luck tomorrow.

The next day, Skylar took the bus to the central business district.

Standing before the towering Ford Group building, she felt insignificant and as small as an ant. It was even more so when she saw how the employees were elegantly and sophisticatedly dressed, be it men or women.

And that made Skylar wonder.

Why would Tobias behave as such when there are so many pretty ladies in his company?

Skylar was deep in thoughts when a car suddenly screeched to a halt. It startled her, making her lose her balance and then falling on the flower bed by the road.

Greatly shaken, Skylar’s eyes rounded at the black Maserati.

“You’ve got a death wish, huh? Watch where you’re going!” the driver screamed abuse at her after winding down the window.

“You should be the one to watch where you’re going!” Skylar supported herself to her feet with her elbow, which was now bleeding from the fall.

Quickly, she stretched out her arm to stop the car from leaving.

Tanya Hanson, sitting in the backseat, wound down the window to get a better look at the woman who threw herself in front of the car. “Step away, Louis.”

Louis, the driver, floored the accelerator, prompting Skylar to skip aside.

She watched as the Maserati roared away, her hands over her chest. If she had not reacted sooner, she would have been crushed by the car.

Tanya gave Skylar a backward glance, her eyes cold and tinged with disdain. "What is Tobias up to these days, Louis? He hasn't been answering my calls," she asked the driver.

Louis was Tobias' personal driver, who was also reluctantly subjected to Tanya's torture of having to spy on Tobias' every move.

"Mr. Ford has been really busy lately," Louis replied nonchalantly.

"Busy fooling around with women?" Tanya scoffed.

"I've yet to discover any woman around Mr. Ford, Ms. Hanson. You've just come back from F Nation, so I'm sure Mr. Ford will be happy to see you."

Happy? Tanya snorted inwardly. I wonder what he looks like when he's happy.

"Well, look who's here." A cold voice sounded from behind Skylar.

Holding her wounded arm, Skylar quickly turned back, only to see the man's effortlessly handsome face that was layered with frost.

Standing behind him was a group of men clad in black, who were staring at her with curious eyes.

Tobias, on the other hand, was giving her a speculative glance as though she had come with an ulterior motive.

"Am I disturbing you?" Skylar asked in feign calmness.

"Yes, you are." Tobias' lips curled into a wicked smirk.

In a Love Nest with the Aloof CEO Chapter 12

Given the choice, Skylar wouldn't see him.

"Give me three minutes. I'll leave after saying my piece," she said, putting on a bold face.

Is she playing hard to get? I've seen many women like her. Tobias glanced at his watch. "You have two minutes and fifty seconds left."

"I-I can't talk when there are so many people here," Skylar said, scanning the surroundings. "Could you at least ask them to leave for a short while?"

"How demanding." Tobias dispersed the crowd with a wave of his hand. Then lifting his wrist again, he said curtly, "Thirty seconds."

"The check you gave me was real. I've been cheated, and I can't just let this slide. Only you can prove that the check doesn't belong to him. Do you understand what I'm saying?" Skylar explained vaguely in one breath.

"Are you done?" Tobias asked flatly.

Skylar nodded. "That's roughly what I'm trying to say in thirty seconds. How about you give me a little more time?"

Tobias lit a cigarette. "So, you're trying to get me to retrieve the check for you?"

Skylar nodded again, earnestly this time. As expected of the comprehensive ability of a businessman.

"I am not obliged to help you, nor am I interested to do so. Business is all about making an equivalent exchange. So... what can you offer if I were to help you?"

Hearing his reply, Skylar's last piece of hope was shattered in an instant.

Like her mood, the sky was dark, looking as if it were about to rain.

"I'm sorry to bother you, Mr. Ford. Just pretend that I was never here," she said while biting her lips. "I don't think I have anything to offer you."

Skylar simply stopped trying as she knew what it meant to make a deal with the devil. With that, she turned around and left, clearly disheartened.

Looking at Skylar's retreating back, Tobias stood rooted to the spot.

"Zion Hotel, presidential suite. Come look for me tonight," he said placidly.

Skylar stopped in her tracks and smirked. Is he for real now? A hotel? Why is he so desperate all the time?

“Goodbye, Mr. Ford,” she said and waved goodbye without looking back.

Tobias couldn’t wrap his head around this woman—girl, to be exact.

It was the first time he had ever made such a request, yet he was rejected roundly.

The girl had made his monotonous life a little better, but other than that, she was of no value.

Returning to his office, Tobias instructed Flynn, his secretary, to do a background check on Skylar.

“Who’s Skylar Jones?” Tanya, who had been waiting at the lounge of the office, asked upon overhearing Tobias’ words.

“How did you get in?” Tobias asked, his tone as cold as ever.

Tanya shrugged. “I wouldn’t have known that my fiancé is doing a background check on another woman if I hadn’t come today.”

He cocked an eyebrow and looked askance at her. “We’ve made it clear not to interfere in each other’s life, Tanya. Don’t cross the line.”

Tanya then walked over to him with a hint of a smile hanging on her lips. “Don’t forget how much your mother likes me, Tobias,” she said, gently fixing his collar. “No one else can marry you but me. So pull yourself together; the wedding is around the corner. If you can’t deal with all the other women, I’ll handle them for you.”

In a Love Nest with the Aloof CEO Chapter

13

After Tanya left, Flynn came back in, holding an envelope.

Tobias opened the envelope to find Skylar's information and pictures of her when she was still a toddler.

Skylar Jones, a twenty-year-old art university dropout, was much younger than he had imagined.

She had a boyfriend, Jeremy Lane, who had also dropped out of university due to his illness.

The ghost of a smile touched the corner of Tobias' lips as he had roughly pieced the puzzle together. So it was for Jeremy's medical fees that Skylar had lost her virginity to me that day.

How great of her to sacrifice everything for love.

Her parents had divorced when she was three years old, and in the same year, her mother had been imprisoned for murder.

Her father was the millionaire, Thomas Jones, who had abandoned her after the divorce.

After that, Skylar had been basically living with Meredith, her maternal grandmother, since she was three years old. That was until the latter passed away when she was in her third year of high school.

After Meredith's death, her uncle and his family had occupied the house, leaving her homeless.

In Tobias' eyes, Skylar's background stunk. The fact that she was still alive after encountering many unfortunate events was a miracle.

Feeding the documents on Skylar into a paper shredder, he looked out into the night sky through the window.

At the same time, Skylar had just reached home. However, she realized that the living room was in a total mess with her suitcase and personal belongings lying around.

Karen, the landlady, was sitting in the living room with her legs crossed while smoking a cigarette.

"I'll definitely pay you the rent in a few days, Karen. I swear," Skylar said with a warm smile on her face.

Karen took a drag on her cigarette. "As if I'll believe that. Pay up or scram."

With just a few pennies to her name, Skylar couldn't tell when she could pay her rent.

"Can you make an exception this time and give me another day?" She tried to negotiate. "How am I supposed to find a place to stay at this hour?"

"You can always stay at a hotel," Summer chimed in, raising her brows.

Skylar shot the former a murderous look.

We've been living together for about six months now. Does she not have the slightest bit of compassion? How am I supposed to afford to stay at a hotel?

"Let's not be too brazen here, shall we?" Karen rolled her eyes. "Why don't we end this nicely before things get nasty."

Afraid that Karen would go hard on her, Skylar could only carry her suitcase downstairs without even having the chance to pack up what was left in her room.

She stood at the entrance, not knowing where to go. There was no place where she could call home now since Meredith had passed away.

The feeling of loneliness crept into her heart as the cold wind swept over her.

"Skylar." Jeremy's voice was heard. "Were you expecting me?"

Skylar, who thought she was hallucinating, quickly looked back. Jeremy was standing behind her, right next to his brand new Audi.

"What are you doing here?" She wore a bewildered expression. "Are you here to return my money? Wow, I guess you won't have to go to hell when you die now."

As a matter of fact, Jeremy had been calling Avery for days to no avail.

Hence, he had started to miss Skylar, who was always at his beck and call.

No one had loved him as much as Skylar, and frankly, he was a little reluctant to let her go.

“Did the landlady kick you out?” he asked in concern, seeing that she was standing at the entrance with a big suitcase, looking absentminded. “I’ve rented a house nearby. I can take you in.”

“Oh, just drop the act, will you? You make me sick,” Skylar said and turned away, seeing that he was about to help her with the suitcase. “Isn’t it a little too late for you to play the good guy now? You liar!”

He grabbed her wrist with such strength that showed no sign that he was a severely ill patient. “Baby, stop messing with me. You’re nothing without me.”

“Let go of me,” Skylar said, struggling to break free from his grip. “We’re over. It’s either you return the money or wait for my lawyer’s letter.”

Ignoring her pleas, Jeremy pulled her into his arms, wanting to force himself on her.

Skylar continued to struggle, feeling disgusted at the thought of getting kissed by him.

Suddenly, just as their lips were about to touch, a jarring honk of a vehicle was heard.

A man alighted from the car and put out the cigarette in his hand. It was none other than Tobias, and he was glaring at Skylar with a gaze like that of a predator.

In a Love Nest with the Aloof CEO Chapter

14

In the meantime, Jeremy watched as the stranger approached them, his Audi eclipsed by the latter’s black Maybach.

The man was tall, and his face was as cold as ice. With a gaze as sharp as the wind in a winter night, his aura was too imposing.

Jeremy thought the man was a casual passer-by until he stopped in front of Skylar.

"Come with me once you're ready," the man said, his voice silvery.

Skylar's eyes widened at Tobias. What is he doing here?

"She's my girlfriend," Jeremy proclaimed. "Why does she have to go with you? We've been together for seven years."

Sneering, Tobias cast a sidelong glance at Jeremy and thumbed his nose at him.

Skylar was in a quandary. Caught between Jeremy and Tobias, she felt as though there was a ball of flame burning in her chest.

But in order to get away from Jeremy, she simply latched onto Tobias' arms and looked at the former ruthlessly. "We've broken up, remember? Don't ever show up in front of me again unless you're gonna return the money. Don't think that you can run away from this. I'm gonna keep my eyes on you until the day you spit it out."

Her actions had Jeremy flabbergasted; never did he expect Skylar to move on so soon.

Given her status, he wondered how she acquainted herself with such a person, who seemed like a big shot.

"You're doing this on purpose just to upset me, aren't you? I'm not feeling well, so you can't do this to me." Jeremy clutched at that piece of cloth before his heart, holding on tightly to Skylar's suitcase.

Right then, she released her grip on Tobias' arm.

"Do you have no respect for yourself?" Tobias piped up with his piercing cold voice, thinking that she was about to run back to Jeremy.

Unexpectedly, Skylar flashed a charming smile at Tobias. "I'm not a woman who'd stoop so low."

Jeremy, similarly, had thought that Skylar had gone soft until she pointed at the suitcase and said, "Give me back my suitcase."

The man refused to let go, but when his eyes met Tobias', his grip loosened unconsciously.

There was something about the latter's gaze that made him trembled.

Taking back her suitcase, Tobias and Skylar walked towards the Maybach. Then she heaved the suitcase inside the trunk without receiving any help from the former.

Skylar was smart to get into the passenger's seat this time.

"You b*tch," Jeremy cursed, kicking the curb as he watched the black Maybach drove away. "You cuckolded me while I was sick. Just you wait."

"188 Lincoln Avenue, please," Skylar said once they exited the neighborhood. "You can stop me by the road if it's inconvenient for you."

"Your Uncle Wesley probably wouldn't welcome you," Tobias said straightforwardly upon hearing that familiar street name.

Gifted with a photographic memory, he remembered reading from the documents that Flynn had gathered about her. Lincoln Avenue was where she had stayed with Meredith, but was now occupied by her Uncle Wesley and his family.

Skylar gasped in surprise, a chill wafting across her body. "How did you know that's my uncle's house? Did you do a background check on me?"

"Why not? Who knows if you have an ulterior motive for coming to my company today."

Skylar pinched the bridge of her nose. "Does that mean I should suspect you for having an ulterior motive when you show up in front of my house in the middle of the night?"

At that, Tobias' lips quirked up in a half smile. This girl sure knows how to talk.

In a Love Nest with the Aloof CEO Chapter 15

"You can suspect me." he paused. "In fact, I did come with an ulterior motive-to meet my own sexual needs."

Skylar had the urge to curse aloud, but she reined in her temper and said helplessly, "This is a bad time, Mr. Ford. I'd suggest you go look for someone else."

Following that, she deliberately opened her bag to show him the sanitary pads inside.

Tobias, who was driving, glanced at her sideways. "It doesn't matter to me. Besides running a red light on the road, I'd also love to experience it on the bed."

Skylar could feel her blood boiling. A rookie like her was definitely no match for someone like Tobias.

So she employed another strategy by laying her cards on the table in hopes to arouse the man's sympathy.

"I'm penniless and jobless, and I was kicked out by the landlady. In short, you'd wish you had stayed away from me. I bring bad luck to the people around me, and there will be retribution if you bully a poor commoner like me."

Skylar looked at Tobias with such soulful and innocent eyes that made his heart stir.

"You can follow me," he said in a deep voice. "With me, anything that can be solved with money is not a problem."

Skylar retracted her gaze and leaned back on the seat. "I don't want to."

"I'll send you the address." Tobias took out a key from the armrest compartment and threw it on Skylar's lap.

Without even looking at it, she promptly put it back into the armrest compartment.

She might be poor, but she had just regained her freedom not long ago.

Hence, she must be crazy if she were to accept the man's offer.

Tobias had behaved like a gentleman this time as he had dropped off Skylar at the address as told.

Once again, Skylar would direct him along the way, afraid that he would send her to the wilderness.

It wasn't until she had fished for her phone, wanting to give her uncle a call did she realize that the key was back in her hands.

Not wanting to disturb her uncle's family, Skylar dared not knock on the door too loudly and could only call them.

Yet, with no one answering her calls or the door, she eventually slumped down to the ground.

This was the place she had lived in since she was young—a place overlaid with memories of her childhood.

Meredith would always express her grievances to her about how her mother was chained and thrown into prison. She didn't know when her mother would be released.

Her own father was even worse. He could have afforded to raise another child, but he had chosen to abandon her thoroughly as though she was never born.

In the cold dark night, Skylar paced up and down in front of the old house, gradually feeling sleepy and hungry

All of a sudden, she was back in her school uniform while heading home after school.

Meredith was there, waiting for her at the gates, holding a walking stick.

She ran up to Meredith excitedly. "Grandma, what's for dinner? I'm starving."

With a gentle smile on her face, Meredith looked at her amiably. "Grandma has made you your favorite spaghetti carbonara."

Then Skylar entered the house but soon realized that Meredith, who was following behind, had suddenly disappeared.

She searched around frantically, and no matter how loud she shouted for her grandmother, there was no sign of Meredith.

"Skylar."

Skylar woke up with a start, screaming for her grandmother. As though her last bit of energy had been sapped away, she slumped down against the wall. I was dreaming again. But who was it who called me?

“Skylar, when did you get here?” Only then did Skylar realize that the voice belonged to her Uncle Wesley. She got up to her feet and saw that the sun was already up.

Though the man was her blood relative, there was no feeling of dependency or familiarity to speak of when she saw him.

Other than the time when he had come to ask for the house, he had never contacted her since then.

“I came here last night,” she said. “I’ve called you many times, but you didn’t pick up.”