

**In a Love Nest with the Aloof CEO Chapter
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Tobias never once looked at Skylar since he came in. His attention was all on the condition of the hotel room. It was in total disarray. So women can be this messy? From the outside, they are glamorous celebrities, but their rooms are no different from a pig's den. Clothes were scattered all over the bed, with unfinished snacks on the bedside table. Skylar's luggage was wide open and left on the floor. "Why don't you ask room service to clean the room? Isn't this too much?" Tobias asked. "You should be more diligent with your living space, not just your looks." Skylar felt embarrassed after hearing what he said. If I knew you were coming, I would've cleaned everything up! Hence, she immediately motioned to pick things up, but Tobias stopped her. "Let me do it. It's too messy to even sleep in." While he was tidying things up, Skylar tried to explain herself, saying that she had little to no time to clean up as she always left early and returned late. When she got back, the only thing that she wanted to do was take a bath and sleep, so that was why the room looked the way it was. "I doubt this has anything to do with you being busy," Tobias commented.

Skylar just shrugged. Tobias was very efficient, so it did not take long before everything was cleared up and put away neatly. As for Skylar's dirty laundry, she placed them in a bag. "Have you eaten?" Skylar asked when she noticed how late it was. Tobias was currently trying to match the socks that she scattered all over the place. "Not yet. Are you cooking again?" "I can't do that here." Skylar took out her phone and smiled. "Let's order some food. Will braised chicken rice be okay?" "What's that?" Skylar snickered. "It's just some greasy Chinese takeaway. And I thought rich people like you would have seen more and knew about this. I used to love eating this. It's cheap and delicious. Sorry to say, but that's the best option we have around this area."

Tobias knew that their taste buds were wildly different from one another, so he might not enjoy anything that Skylar deemed delicious. Nevertheless, Skylar took things into her hand and placed an order for the smallest portion available.

Out of all the men she knew, Tobias had the tiniest stomach. Everyone else would generally eat triple the portion Tobias usually had.

No matter what Tobias was having, he would always eat it as slowly and elegantly as possible. If she did not know any better, it would look like he either had no appetite or was a picky eater.

The truth was that he merely preferred a clean diet.

When Tobias got out of the washroom, the delivery person arrived at the door. It was

common for celebrities to order food there, so the deliveryman got used to it, leaving the

food to Skylar as soon as she opened the door, and went on with his next task.

However, when Skylar opened up the bag, it was not their order that she saw; it was something else entirely.

Seeing that there was a mix-up for her order, she took a look at the receipt on the food. It

was for Largo.

Some parts of the name were blurred out, but Largo's name was special enough for Skylar

to recognize it immediately.

The difference in the cost of the food they ordered was tremendous. It's too bad.

Largo just

got robbed.

Tobias, on the other hand, walked out while drying his hair with the towel. He did not have

his pajamas with him, so the only thing he wore was his underwear.

His body was enveloped in the fragrance of the shampoo as well as the steam of the shower.

Nonetheless, before he could pick up the cutlery provided, Skylar had already repackaged

the delivery.

"I can't eat that?"

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"It's the wrong order. They gave us someone else's food. I'm going to swap it back."

"I don't mind. It's just food," Tobias felt indifferent.

"Their order cost ten times more than ours. Can you actually eat it? Won't you just be

robbing them by doing that?"

It was right at that moment that Tobias found out about the price of Skylar's takeaway.

You're really something else. A measly thirty for dinner? That's ridiculous!

Skylar proceeded to leave her room, still wearing the slippers that the hotel provided, and

headed two levels below via elevator and found Largo's room.

She knocked on the door with the food in hand, and to her surprise, it was Avery who

opened the door for her.

Avery took a few days off from the commercial shoot, but did not appear at the set.

Instead,

she was in Largo's room.

"Why are you knocking on the door this late into the night?" Avery sounded hostile.

"You are

here to find out who's in Largo's room?"

Meanwhile, Largo slowly approached the door when he heard the commotion.

Skylar smiled. "That doesn't concern me. I'm just here to get my order."

Largo had a playful yet awkward look on his face as he explained to Skylar. "Avery's here to

return my charger. I was at a loss when I saw the braised chicken. But aren't you on a diet

right now? Why are you eating in the middle of the night?"

Avery immediately took the bag that Skylar had with her. "I still have lines I need to run

through with Mr. Zeller, you can leave now, or do you want to take a bite before you go?"

Skylar's lips curled as she took her order from Largo, leaving right after. She did not want to

bother the two any longer as she had confirmed what she wanted to know.

After Avery closed the door, she turned towards Largo, gritting her teeth as she spoke, "Is

being with me that embarrassing to you? Why did you have to tell her that I'm here to return

something? Are you afraid that she might misunderstand? Are you interested in her too? No

wonder people say she's just like her mother, a slut that goes around seducing men. She

must be on heat every time she sees one."

"Do you know her?" Largo stopped eating and asked casually. "You look so delicate, but the

way you talk is the polar opposite."

Right then, Avery realized how vulgar she was, she changed her expression immediately and looked towards Largo with innocent eyes. "I despise her. There's something I've never told anyone about, so please keep it a secret. The truth is, Skylar is my half-sister. Her mother tried to seduce my father but failed, causing her to commit murder. Her mother killed my aunt. How could I not hate her?"

Hearing that, Largo raised an eyebrow. He never expected that Skylar and Avery had such a complicated relationship.

"Don't get fooled by her appearance. She's a terrible person. She never had friends in school and was a petty thief." Avery's tone would be riddled with resentment whenever she talked about Skylar. "She was just a teenager when she started walking the streets because her family was poor. Can you imagine the number of men she slept with to reach her current status?"

When she finished, Largo threw the food that Skylar returned into the trash can. "What a waste of such a beautiful face. Then again, to each their own. She made her choice, so there's no point in judging her for it." Largo's eyes were gentle yet hinted with disgust.

Avery wrapped her arms around his waist from behind and rested her head on his back.

"Maybe I'm the only one that can't stand it. My mother taught me that girls need to have self-respect. Skylar wasn't really educated, so it's to be expected."