

**In a Love Nest with the Aloof CEO Chapter
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Impatiently, Largo threatened Avery, "I have no objection if you want to drag me down with you. I don't care if you're the heir to a company. I'll see to it that you'll never be able to set foot in the entertainment industry ever again. If you think you can take me on, then go ahead. I'm warning you. Don't bite off more than you can chew."

Avery looked at Largo fearfully. He towered over her and the cruel expression on his face made his features nearly unrecognizable. He was a complete stranger from the man who held her so tenderly the night before.

Avery broke down, shuddering sobs racking her body. However, Largo just watched her, entirely unmoved. He truly regretted having gotten himself into this mess.

On the bright side, Largo was rather amused with Skylar as she had helped to resolve one of Largo's headaches. At least, she had gotten rid of Avery for him. That was all thanks to Avery's stupidity.

There weren't many scenes for Skylar to shoot that day. While being attached to the harness, Skylar noticed that Daniel was nowhere to be seen and asked the props manager about him.

He scratched his head, then replied thoughtfully, "Since the accident, Daniel handed in his notice of resignation even without the director requesting for it. I think he would have joined another filming crew. If I were him, I wouldn't dare to show my face around here either."

Skylar had someone investigate Daniel's bank accounts. He had received a staggering five hundred thousand from a private account under Hayden's name.

It confirmed Skylar's suspicions that her fall had not been purely accidental but the work of an evil machination.

She guessed that Daniel had left the filming crew out of fear that his malicious act would be revealed. He must have fled as soon as he could and as far away as possible.

The harness had left abrasions on Skylar's delicate skin even through her clothing.

After the

filming was done, Skylar realized that a blister had formed on her shoulder from the constant rubbing.

By the time Skylar returned to the hotel, she had almost popped it from the scratching

almost every other minute.

Tobias was seated comfortably in a chair when she entered the room. Propping his chin up

lazily with an arm, he greeted Skylar, asking, "What were you up to this afternoon?"

"I was filming. What else would I be doing? What about you?" Skylar retorted.

Tobias smiled, but it was clear that it wasn't out of friendliness. "I was reading the news.

They were going on about how you'd disappeared with the male lead for one whole hour.

That's enough time for you to accomplish quite a bit."

Skylar lifted her chin defiantly and looked Tobias straight in the eye. "Are you jealous?"

It

looks like I have a more important place in your heart now. At least you've restrained yourself from being a jerk this time around."

Tobias arched an eyebrow. "When was I ever a jerk to you?"

Skylar clenched her jaw. "You said that if we dated, I am not allowed to cheat on you physically, but I can stray emotionally."

Tobias had absolutely no recollection of having said that before. He dismissed Skylar's

words with a sneer.

"You were gone for an hour. That's enough time for anything to happen," Tobias replied

menacingly.

The tension that hung between Tobias and Skylar was so thick that one could almost cut it

with a knife.

Without uttering a word, Skylar gestured for Tobias to stand up. He complied.

Skylar then invited Tobias to examine her.

As his keen gaze lingered over every curve of her body, Skylar replied boldly, "Look at me. Do

I look like a woman with anything to hide? Do you think I'd dare to keep you waiting here

while I cheat on you with someone else? How could you think that I'd do such a thing?"

Tobias' piercing gaze remained transfixed on Skylar's face, a distinct look of possessiveness and desire in them.

"I'll need to really take a good look. If there's even a whiff of another man on any part of you,

I'll cut it off. Do you agree to that?" Tobias said smoothly.

Suddenly, a loud creak came from underneath the bed.

Both Tobias and Skylar whipped around in tandem, staring at the direction from which the sound had unmistakably emerged.

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The moment felt surreal to Skylar, and she wondered if her ears were playing tricks on her.

Her suspicions, however, were confirmed when Tobias immediately shielded Skylar with his

body as they both continued staring at the bed. An abrupt hush had descended upon the

room, leaving only the sound of their anxious breathing.

Tobias crept over to the bed, then bent over slowly to peer under it. Another pair of eyes

instantly met his. Tobias barely flinched, but Skylar was so taken aback that she gave an

ear-splitting scream.

Skylar watched, stupefied, as a man crawled out from under the bed. Fortunately, the entire

room was brightly lit, and the scene looked more absurd than horrifying.

Tobias held onto Skylar protectively, his watchful gaze never leaving the body of the man

who had wriggled his way out from underneath the bed. The man was short and of a small

frame. The camera and voice recorder that he clasped in one hand instantly betrayed his

profession.

"I think I have entered the wrong room and fell asleep! I'm so sorry for disturbing you. I'll

head back to my room now," the man mumbled foolishly, already threading his way to the

door at top speed.

Tobias marveled at the audacity and persistence of these tabloid reporters. He'd only left

the room once in the afternoon, so the reporter must have snuck in then and hidden ever

since. What if I hadn't been around? Tobias fumed.

Skylar would have unwittingly gone to bed with a man lying below her. What if he was a

pervert? What would stop him from having his way with this helpless woman?

Skylar had barely recovered her wits. Her heart was still thumping wildly as she said hoarsely, "Where did you come from? What the hell were you doing beneath my bed?"

The reporter immediately took to his heels, preparing to flee. Tobias had anticipated this

and raised his leg to deliver a sturdy kick on the reporter's knee. The latter collapsed with a howl of agony and crumpled to the floor clutching his knee. The entire room had heard the audible sound of bone breaking.

Tobias squatted beside the reporter, casually observing as he shook and whimpered in pain and fear. "Tell me. What were you doing hiding down here? You paparazzi really know no bounds."

Gasping, the reporter stammered, "Mr. Ford, I didn't want to do this either, I swear! I didn't take any pictures. Let me go, I beg you! I'll never do it again."

Skylar frowned. Anger had now replaced her initial shock, and she took a step forward.

"How did you know that he was Mr. Ford? Who sent you here? Which media company do you work for?"

Tobias delivered a heavy blow to the reporter's face. "If you already knew who I was, you should know what I do to people who don't tell the truth. I'll give you one last chance. Why are you here?"

The reporter trembled in submission. He knew full well Tobias' reputation for brutality.

Reluctantly, the reporter replied, "The other Mr. Ford sent me, asking me to report everything you did, right down to every single word you said. I'm a private detective! You came back just as I was fixing my cameras in the room. I'm just a pawn! I'm begging you to let me go,

Mr. Ford. I'll never take on a job like this again."

Skylar could scarcely believe her ears. How can Sheldon, always so frivolous and careless, be the mastermind behind this evil scheme?

The thought that Sheldon had actually stooped to spying on his own brother was more

perplexing than the reporter's presence in the room. Based on Skylar's impression of Sheldon, he neither had the means nor motive to carry out such a cunning plot. Or was

Sheldon fooling us all along? Skylar wondered.

Beside her, Tobias burst into a bitter laugh.

Skylar turned to Tobias and glimpsed in his eyes a mix of rage and utter disappointment.

Tobias stood up, then spat, "Go back and tell Sheldon that he's making a big mistake. He'd better learn to stay in his own lane." Tobias stalked off. Without a moment to lose, the reporter stumbled out of the room. In his haste, he collided heavily with the door frame. Reeling, he nonetheless pressed forward blindly, hell bent on escaping from Tobias. Skylar's mind was now in a tumult. Upon sensing the gloomy aura that surrounded Tobias, the questions that had rushed to her lips died away just as quickly. Skylar slipped her hand into Tobias' tentatively and offered meekly, "Why don't we go out for a walk? The nights here are really serene and beautiful." Tobias looked unmoved, his expression entirely blank. The only trace of emotion he revealed was in the barest quiver of his voice as he replied, "You should get an early rest. Don't be late tomorrow." Skylar said nothing. Unlike his blunt self, Tobias now seemed defensive, secretive almost. Tobias was not usually in the habit of expressing his emotions, but he appeared even more guarded now.