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Skylar nodded at Miranda. "I got it. Just sleep in the guest room for now. I'll look for another house for you later on."

Miranda looked at her daughter begrudgingly. "I'm moving to Wesley's place tomorrow, so don't worry. I won't get in your way."

"Since when are you so understanding? Tobias doesn't come over often, so you can just stay here for the time being. It's not like Uncle Wesley and his family love having you over." The determination in Miranda's gaze showed her disagreement. "Of course, I can go over. I own half the house technically. Besides, Eva adores me. She is always so nice to me."

Skylar rolled her eyes looking at the proud smile on Miranda's face. She was not even that happy for Skylar when her movie was released. Actually, Skylar suspected that Eva was the reason why Miranda got caught, but she decided to keep her speculation to herself. Skylar turned and went upstairs to take a shower, but Miranda dashed in front of her, looking at her vigilantly.

"You'd better stay away from Penelope. I know she's your best friend, but she's in a desperate situation now. There's nothing you can do to help her anyway."

A frown spread across Skylar's face. "Have you met Penelope? Where did you see her?"

"I found out about her when I went to Wesley's house. Penelope gave birth to a baby girl without even getting married. The man refused to admit it was his child. The whole neighborhood knows about her situation, so you'd better stay away from her."

Skylar clenched her fists in agitation.

So she still went back? Gosh, I can't imagine what kind of a mess she is in now. Did she even get the money from Brayden? That should be hundreds of thousands. It's enough for her to raise the kid.

"You really need to pick your friends wisely. You can't risk being seen with people like her or you'll lose everything."

Skylar smirked listening to Miranda. You sound like I've achieved all this on my own. I wouldn't be where I am today if not for Tobias.

She tossed and turned in her bed worrying about Penelope after she got upstairs. She shot Penelope a message, but she did not reply, so she just went on Instagram instead.

As usual, Winnie was being a total show-off. She had luxury brand items littered all over her pictures. Even her umbrella was branded. It seemed like she was having the time of her life after Sheldon became the CEO.

He used to be under Tobias, and Tobias would control all his spendings.

She switched off the lights and lay in the bed silently. A wave of emotions washed over her as snippets of the time spent at the old house came flashing back in her mind. She had been through so much growing up. Even when the family and relatives had gatherings, she would just sit aside alone. It was not like they would pay attention to her anyway.

She felt so out of place hearing them talk about buying houses and cars. They busied themselves discussing the huge balcony of the house someone just bought, how much the down payment of a house cost, the model of the car another person bought with one-off payment—everything Skylar was clueless about. Their snobbish attitude seeded an

entrenched antipathy in her toward them, but it also plunged her deeper into a vortex of jealousy and anger.

That was when she realized how bitter someone manacled by jealousy could be.

To her family, she was always just a piece of trash to augment Eva's shining character.

She pulled a blanket over but soon heard approaching footsteps. She clenched the blanket, thinking it was Miranda. "What are you doing here at this hour? You should at least knock."

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"You didn't tell me I need to knock before coming in." A deep and magnetic voice pierced through the blanket. Skylar turned and saw Tobias standing beside the bed. She could vaguely see his chiseled face under the moonlight.

"I thought you're at your mom's place? Why are you here?" She quickly sat up and looked at his emotionless face.

"She's fine, so I came over. Are you still mad at me?" Tobias did not switch on the light but sat down by the bed, running his coarse fingers across her smooth cheeks.

Skylar gestured to switch on the lights, but Tobias grabbed her by her hand and stopped her. "Why should I be angry? I know my place very well." It was obvious from her tone that she was disgruntled.

Tobias sighed. "Come on, I've already come over to find you. What else do you want me to do?"

Skylar chuckled at his answer. She knew what he meant. She should just forgive him when he was still trying to be nice.

"I'm not expecting anything from you. I just prefer sleeping in my own bed, so I left."

Tobias had no idea what got into her. He lifted the blanket and hugged her, running his hands across her body. "Come on, Baby. My mom is nice enough to you already. She's already accepted you. Just stop thinking too much and stay by my side."

Although Skylar was touched by his words, she knew that Tobias was not someone who would settle for serious relationships. He just needed someone he could dispose of at his will.

Tobias fondled her body and their breathing intensified as the night drew nigh.

Miranda, who happened to be up to get a drink heard them as she was going to the kitchen.

She thought Skylar was already asleep, so she went over to knock on her door.

Skylar whipped her head toward the door and pushed Tobias aside, but there was no way he was letting go of her.

"Skylar, are you still awake?" Miranda called out.

Over on the bed, Skylar became tense all of a sudden as she struggled to pace her breathing. "I'm sleeping soon!"

Tobias dipped his head and kissed her.

Miranda curved her lips downward and turned away hesitantly before going to the kitchen.

Back in the room, Skylar felt her body was on fire. "Why are you so quiet? Doesn't it feel good?"

Tobias' question made her cheeks flushed. She wanted to talk back, but words failed her, so she bit him on the shoulder.

Tobias' brows stitched together in pleasure and kissed her harder as he went faster. It was not until Miranda came downstairs late in the morning and saw Tobias the next day that she knew what happened last night.

"Morning, Ms. Watt," Tobias greeted.

Miranda acted as if she did not hear him. She still had her doubts about this man.

Skylar had already made some soup and bacon strips for breakfast, but Miranda did not seem to be pleased with it.

"I want spaghetti."

Back when she was in prison, all the inmates would be exhilarated every time they knew they were going to have spaghetti. They only got to have it once in a while. That was why Miranda loved spaghetti.

Meanwhile, Tobias took up the cutlery and started having the soup.

"Stop complaining. I woke up at six to make breakfast. Spaghetti is too heavy for breakfast anyway. When are you going back to Uncle Wesley's house?"