

In a Love Nest with the Aloof CEO Chapter 517

“Am I disturbing your sleep?” Came a sweet and coquettish voice from the other end of the receiver.

“He’s not up yet. I can pass on a message for you if you’d like.” There was silence for a while before Skylar heard a response. “And you are?”

“I’m his girlfriend.”

“Oh, it’s nothing. Just ask him to call me back when he’s awake and remind him about our meeting tonight.”

The emotions were clearly written on Skylar’s face, despite how superb her acting was on set.

She exited the bathroom to find Tobias awake. Having had a fitful rest, he was in much higher spirits than the night before.

“You can just view it out in the open, you know,” said Tobias, noticing that his phone was in her hand. “Why did you have to hide in the bathroom?”

Skylar set it on the bed with a wry smile. “I didn’t look at anything. But your phone kept ringing, so I decided to pick up on your behalf.”

“Who called?”

“Idania. She wanted to remind you about tonight’s appointment.”

As Skylar said this, her eyes carried a hint of sadness.

“Hmm, I rejected her proposal, but she’s being persistent. Anyway, she’s insisting that I meet with her to sort things out. If you’re not happy about it, then I just won’t go.”

Hearing Tobias’ clarification, she was not sure if she should have felt happy or sad. Skylar assumed that Tobias would have liked for her to insist it was fine.

“Well, I don’t like it, so don’t go. Exes are just hateful, to begin with. I need you to draw a

line with her. That shouldn't be too difficult, right?"

"Of course not. I'll do as you ask." Tobias smirked at her impishly, which was quite charming.

Skylar wanted to see Penelope, so she left the house in an uneasy state. She tersely

reminded him of his own words, "Any man who still remains in contact with his ex is trash."

Tobias put out the cigarette, his dark pupils gazing into her deeply. "I doubt anyone would

call me a good man. It's easier to be worse than it is to be good."

The unhappy Skylar then asked when Tobias could learn to be more human and less obstinate.

After that, She went outside and got into her car. It was quite early, but she noticed that

something had changed. All the security guards in the compound had been replaced

overnight. All the familiar, pot-bellied, middle-aged men she usually spotted wandering were nowhere to be found.

Even the colors of their uniform had changed.

Skylar then understood why the residents were complaining. Even food deliveries were

halted, and their complaints were met with explanations about a change in management.

What would possess them to do this?

Skylar had already called Penelope in advance, fearing that Penelope would not be at home when she was gone.

When she arrived, Skylar put all the things she brought onto the sofa.

She had purchased more than ten sets of children's clothes.

Children really do grow up quickly. Skylar had not seen the child in a while, but they could already sit up on their own.

At that moment, Penelope was still in her pajamas. Her hair was unkempt, seemingly not

cared for in quite some time.

Skylar observed the child again. "Have you named her?"

Penelope then shook her head. "No. I've started calling her Bit since she is the extra bit I

gave birth to. I'm honestly so godd*mn tired right now. So about that issue that I asked you

about, what's happening? You have yet to answer me."

"The company decides on the artist, so this isn't something I can influence," replied Skylar

sheepishly. She was expecting Penelope to ask her this. "All I can tell you is that you'll get

some minor roles. But you won't make much money out of them."

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Penelope was visibly disheartened. Skylar seemed to be flushed with success, seeing as

news about her was something she could not avoid seeing every day.

Penelope refused to

believe that Skylar had no influence whatsoever.

"Are you afraid of being associated with people like me?" asked

Penelope, her gaze

dispirited. "Your current circle should include all the famous stars. They rub shoulders with

whoever is popular at the moment."

If Skylar had not heard these words in person, she definitely wouldn't have believed that they

were uttered by Penelope.

She assumed that their friendship was steadfast and resolute. No matter what happened,

they would not question each other.

What Penelope said was sad indeed. To lighten the situation, Skylar said,

"I can help you

build an online presence and then help you buy traffic. This is also a way to make money."

Penelope barely gave a damn about influencers in general. After all, how could influencers

compare to being actual celebrities? Besides, there was nothing much she could do on her

own. Does she want me to showcase my own misery? Since I'm a single mom? As if I'm not enough of a laughing stock already.

"Fine. I don't need your help anymore. I'll find a way on my own. Looks like I can't rely on anyone, apparently," said Penelope ruthlessly. "You'd best not show up here anymore either, lest the paparazzi catch a glimpse of you and your miserable friend. Wouldn't want to affect your glorious image, now would we?"

Skylar wanted to interject and explain, but she was cut off by the sound of the child crying.

Bit had been startled by Penelope's voice.

Embarrassed and upset, Penelope promptly unbuttoned her blouse to breastfeed Bit.

Skylar was worried that she was in the way of them and decided to leave.

As it turned out,

breastfeeding was a part of motherhood.

However, the very concept was foreign to Skylar. This was the first time she had seen

breastfeeding happen in front of her and felt something tug at her heartstrings. Did that not

hurt?

Skylar also could not fathom why Penelope rejected the suggestion.

Every job had its own

distinctions, and influencers earned much more than celebrities did.

Penelope was not keen on capitalizing on her own misery. Skylar, on the other hand, did not

seem to have qualms when it came to earning money. So what if

Penelope had to capitalize

on her being sad?

In the old quarter, a dazzling Aston Martin with a prominent license plate was parked in a

corner.

The owner of the car had spent the night in her bed.

Skylar opened the door and sat in the passenger seat. "You seem to be able to find me

wherever I go." She grinned and looked at him again. "Since you're so free today, are you going to be my diligent little driver?"

"Well, I was worried you would overthink the appointment I'm supposed to have. Hence, I decided to spend some time with you instead."

Tobias' indifference and change in behavior made Skylar wonder if the painkillers had set him off, somehow.

Usually, Tobias did not mind her quips. Could it be that I had done something wrong, and it made Tobias feel like he was going through some kind of crisis? That seemed even more unlikely.

Tobias' face was inches away from her, his breath hot and heavy. She could smell the seductive scent of white sandalwood that lingered on his body.

Slowly, her lips were captured by his in a dominant kiss. He gently sucked on her lower lips as his tongue probed her mouth questioningly before forcing her lips open.

Skylar tried to avoid it, but he refused to let her go. Instead, the air was filled with the heady sense of seduction as their breathing intertwined.

She was afraid of being secretly photographed.

After a while, Skylar's agitation caused Tobias to pull away from the kiss, feeling dispirited.

"I want to kiss you now, but why are you so scared? Is your career more important than I am?"

Skylar gingerly felt his forehead with the back of her hand. No, he was not feverish and thus decided to compose herself in time for dinner.

Very quickly, Skylar pulled up her collar that Tobias had undone, covering her exposed skin.

Tobias did not say a word. He found that Skylar was gradually becoming more difficult to

control. She had also never mentioned the sense of security she hoped to find with him again.

The steak they bit into was tender and juicy. It was truly worthy of such a delicate cut of meat, and the cooking style complemented that well.

Tobias noticed that Skylar's table manners were more elegant than before. He recalled how she barely knew how to hold certain utensils properly at the beginning. "Who taught you etiquette? The first time we had steak, you wanted to tear into it with your bare hands."

Skylar smiled. "The company arranged for this, and lessons included things like how to maintain posture, where to place my hands, and whatnot. You don't seem to pay your company's artists much mind, do you?"