

In a Love Nest with the Aloof CEO Chapter 611

Chapter 611 No Help

Ingrid knew the clothing wouldn't fit her, yet she still fought over it.

It wouldn't be surprising if the costume had been branded, but it was merely a factory uniform, and Ingrid wouldn't look any prettier dressed in it.

Admiration filled Shay as he studied Skylar's beautiful and delicate face.

Alas, it'll be tough on her since she doesn't have any connections with the production team. Sadly, that's how the world works. Capitalism runs it.

Marcus dropped by for a visit that evening and gained praises from the filming crew. Despite his status, they complimented his looks and humbleness for coming to the filming site.

While he distributed coffee and desserts to the entire crew, Ingrid proudly walked in with her head held high like an arrogant swan and clung to Marcus.

Laurel passed a cup of hot latte to Skylar. Holding the cup of coffee, Skylar walked toward the trash can.

"The coffee is not poisoned."

Skylar's fingers tightened around the coffee cup. "I didn't say I would throw it. That would be such a waste."

In the middle of the crowd, Marcus had one of his hands stuffed into the pocket of his jeans. From his denim jeans, white sneakers, and branded coat, one could see the difference between the usually solemn Tobias and him at a glance. His looks were a perfect fit to be part of Sheldon's inner circle.

The scent of cologne that lingered on him was strong, but Skylar preferred Tobias' scent.

In terms of responsibility, Marcus was slightly better than Sheldon. At the very least, Marcus took part in managing his career while Sheldon was the same old Sheldon, living life carefreely.

"Kate agreed to dinner with me. I've reserved a table at the restaurant. I'll send you the time and location later."

However, Skylar didn't respond to him. She intended to let Kate deal with Marcus on her own as she had no care for his connections and resources.

By the end of the day, there was a bangle of a bruise on Skylar's wrist. She got it from a dispute scene with Maxim earlier. As a novice actor, he still needed more training in controlling his emotions and strength. Her lean wrist and supple skin were defenseless against the brute strength of a man.

Skylar kept flexing her wrist, trying to relieve the pain after the scene as Maxim continued to apologize.

She wondered how long it would take for the discoloration to fade as she stared down at it.

Not taking the matter to her heart, she returned a friendly smile at Maxim's apologies, hoping he would let the matter go.

When Skylar reached the exit, she saw Kate leaning against Marcus' blue Maserati as she took off her sunglasses and beckoned for Skylar to approach. At the same time, Skylar noticed that Amelia was standing right next to Kate.

She knew she couldn't reject Kate outright, so she got into the car.

The minute she did so, a blast of warmth from the heater enshrouded her, warming her up.

Right then, Amelia and Skylar exchanged glances. The latter was wearing a white sports jacket and jeans. She was oozing fresh and young vibes, showing off her forehead and slender neck with a bun on her head.

Looking at Skylar's style, Amelia had to admit she would lose to Skylar in terms of age no matter how young she tried to dress. The majority of the public would prefer Skylar's looks over hers.

"How are you getting along with Marcus' sister?"

"Pretty good."

"You need a few friends in the entertainment industry. You can't always be a loner. Otherwise, a scandal will emerge saying you have bad character, hence your lack of friends."

Kate continued having small talks with Skylar while Amelia sat silently, rolling down the window to watch silhouettes of passing trees and dim street lamps.

Amelia was badly craving a break after a whole day of work, but she couldn't reject Kate's last-minute invitation to dinner. Without a choice, she obediently complied. Kate nagged at her throughout the entire ride to get closer to Marcus because his company had recently purchased the rights to existing intellectual properties.

Amelia's brows furrowed at the conflicting feelings rising within her.

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Chapter 612 Domestic Violence

The restaurant's location was relatively remote. The first thing they saw when they got out of the car were the grizzled wall, a greenstone bench, and a vintage red wooden door with two lion statues on either side guarding it.

The server led them to a private room Marcus had reserved. The second Skylar stepped into the room, she could feel Marcus' gaze on her.

"It's difficult to ask you out," he joked, but there was an undertone of somberness beneath it.

Skylar's menstrual cramp was giving her a hard time. Moreover, she suspected the cold air from the ground had chilled her due to the thin soles of her shoes. Her grandmother had always warned her of the cold air that could travel from the ground into one's body.

After her grandmother was gone, she had no one fussing over her anymore.

Grandma used to check the weather report the night before and tell me to plan my outfit accordingly for the next day. She always insisted that a girl has to stay warm.

Meanwhile, Marcus and Kate were engaged in a low conversation. Not interested in it, Skylar simply sat quietly and focused on the boiled fish in front of her.

As she scooped up a piece of fish, her sleeve was pulled back along with her movement and revealed the bruise on her wrist. The purple bruise had turned darker compared to earlier.

Despite being engaged in a conversation with Kate, Marcus caught the discoloration on Skylar's wrist.

The room was warm, but it felt suffocating for Skylar, so she excused herself and got out of the room.

As the chilling night breeze hit her face, she shuddered from the coldness and quickly wrapped her arms around herself.

"Did he hurt you?" Skylar looked over her shoulder at the question and saw Marcus standing behind her with only a wool sweater.

Skylar smiled. "Why are you asking me such a strange question? Who do you think hurt me?"

With his hands tucked in his pockets, he said, "The bruise on your wrist was his doing, right? You can always ask for my help if you need any."

Right then, she realized Marcus assumed that her bruise was Tobias' doing.

It seems that Marcus doesn't have a good impression of Tobias.

"No," Skylar answered without elaborating. Her bare face was a stark contrast to the night.

Marcus' eyes darkened at the sight. At that moment, he finally understood the reason Tobias broke off his engagement and chose to be with her.

He cleared his throat and warned, "Careful not to fall too deeply for him, or you'll get hurt."

However, Skylar was indifferent to his words. Her heart had numbed after hearing similar warnings so many times. She had heard many people liken her to a short-term stock and warn that Tobias was ready to dump her at any minute.

Meanwhile, Amelia gulped down glass after glass of beer in the room. By the time Skylar returned to her seat, Amelia had consumed quite an amount of alcohol.

Despite that, Kate didn't stop her, and Skylar merely watched from the sidelines. Suddenly, Skylar noticed that Amelia wasn't as arrogant as before. In fact, she seemed to be in low spirits. There was a permanent crease on her forehead as she continued chugging glasses of beer down her throat as if she had a lot on her mind.

After the dinner ended, Kate tried to carry the drunken Amelia away. Looking at Kate's futile attempt, Skylar noted Amelia's intense unwillingness to leave the beers on the table.

Right then, Kate whispered something in Amelia's ear, causing her eyes to dilate from fear. She then shot to her feet and quickly stumbled away.

After settling the bill, Marcus stood with his hand in his pocket as he lighted a cigarette with the other. He blew a puff of smoke as he waited for Skylar at the exit.

"Let me drive you home. It's dangerous for a woman to go home alone at night. More so for a celebrity."

In response, Skylar tipped her chin at a car nearby. His gaze followed hers and landed on the driver and bodyguards in the car.

Marcus recalled a woman's voice in his head. "Marcus, Tobias will be fetching me tonight. His driver and bodyguards will be here too. What do you think I should wear? I hope he likes it."

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Chapter 613 Will You Be Back Tonight

Marcus forced himself to forget about the face of the woman in his mind, for she happily went for a date but ended up losing her life.

Marcus could still remember that she had chosen a white floral dress and proudly explained to him her reason for choosing it.

At that unwelcomed memory, he flung his lit cigarette to the ground, stomping on it as he watched Skylar leave.

Skylar had a petite frame that would rouse men's urge to wrap her in their arms.

Marcus felt it was a waste for such a beautiful and innocent girl to be spreading her legs for Tobias at night.

Skylar had drunk a few glasses of beer, so she had the scent of alcohol lingering around her. Afraid that Tobias would smell it, she rolled down the window, letting the cold breeze into the car to wash the scent away.

The car was completely silent. Cinque, Lionel, and the driver didn't say anything throughout the ride. The only sounds were the wind blowing and the friction between the tires and gravel.

Suddenly, she remembered the adult toy in Kate's purse. It was a quick glimpse, but she could tell that the toy was a dildo with barbs.

Skylar couldn't help but compare the toy's length to Tobias'. After doing so, she concluded that the toy lost.

Skylar broke out in a cold sweat as she imagined Amelia on the receiving end of the toy. She couldn't believe that Kate had such a fetish, and the reason for the despair on Amelia's face finally clicked into place.

Is it truly worth it? I don't understand why Amelia chose to jump into the dark abyss when she had other options.

By the time the car stopped, Skylar had come up with an explanation for Tobias for her late return. After a glance at the clock, she noted it was already a quarter after eleven.

The lights were still bright in the living room. When Madelyn heard the door opening downstairs, she came down.

“Where is he?” Skylar bent down to pick up her shoes. She noticed the pair of blue house slippers sitting on the rack beside the leather boat shoes.

“Mr. Ford is not back yet.”

Skylar lowered her eyes at her reply. Tobias sure was good at talking me into moving in with him but didn’t even send me a text about not coming back.

If a couple moved in together before getting married, the elders would usually look down upon the girl.

Despite that, she had chosen to ignore the humiliation for Tobias’ sake. After all, she wasn’t the daughter of a wealthy family. Her background was nothing in the eyes of the Fords, to begin with.

Initially, she thought moving in together would be the start of a perfect life. Instead, disappointment filled her as she realized it was no different from before.

Plopping onto the couch, she rested her chin on an avocado-shaped pillow and dug through her purse for her phone. Then, she toggled to her call history and found Tobias’ number.

A deep voice came from the phone. “What’s wrong? Is there a problem?”

His question was so direct that Skylar couldn’t manage a response. At the same time, she could vaguely hear a man’s and a woman’s voices in the background.

“If the bank doesn’t adjust the interest rate, all our efforts will go down the drain. Split the funds into three...”

“But Mr. Ford, the regulatory commission...”

Skylar listened to the broken conversation as she glanced at the clock. It was nearly one in the morning, yet Tobias was still busy with work.

At that thought, her resentment dissipated slightly. After all, she had imagined hearing a woman’s voice saying that Tobias was still in the shower.

She wondered how to react to that.

“I’ll hang up if there’s nothing important.” Tobias didn’t have a lot of patience for her that night.

Skylar could tell that he was busy, so her tone brightened slightly. “Will you be coming back tonight?”

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Chapter 614 Give Up The Girls

“Go to sleep first, and I’ll try my best to be home soon.”

“Okay. Don’t work too hard so late into the night. You need rest too.”

Tobias’ lips tilted into a smile as he hung up the phone. She knew working late into the night was bad, yet she still stayed up late.

She’s one of the few women I have ever met who leads a callous life. Health is the last of her priorities. I have seen her working herself to the bone on many nights.

Following that, he delved back into work as he picked up the papers on his desk with an exhausted look. His eyes were bloodshot as they scanned the papers.

“Let’s call this a night.”

The few employees in the office snapped their heads at Tobias. It was unusual for Tobias to leave before finishing work.

Ignoring their stares, Tobias grabbed his coat and massaged his throbbing temples.

Susan asked softly, “Should I book a massage session for you since your back has been hurting for the entire day?”

It was a routine of Tobias’ to go for a massage session before going back home after working overtime.

Tobias stopped Susan with a hand gesture. “I’ll be heading to Skylar’s tonight, so you can get off work already.”

Susan nodded with saying anything else.

Exiting his office, Tobias saw Eva waiting outside. He looked at her with a probing expression. “It’s late. Why are you still here?”

Eva tightened her grip on her purse strap. “My car broke down. Can you give me a lift home? I’ve asked a few other colleagues, but my house is out of their way.”

Tobias didn’t agree or reject her. Instead, he merely cast an indifferent glance at the woman. Eva took his silence as an agreement and followed behind him.

The man's dark green shirt accentuated his broad shoulders and straight back, which exuded the charms of a sophisticated man.

A wicked thought crossed her mind. Why would such a perfect man undress in front of Skylar? Is there any spot on him that she hasn't touched before?

Brayden is so disgusting and repulsive compared to Tobias.

Her steps slowed as she stared at his back.

Eva wanted to figure out her feelings for him, but she couldn't control them. The longer she stayed by his side, the more entangled she was in the web of feelings she had for him.

Suddenly, Eva realized that she had left a document in the office. With a guilty look, she asked Tobias to wait for her at the underground parking lot while she went back up to retrieve it.

When she quickly rushed back downstairs with the document in hand, she saw him leaning back against his seat with his eyes shut through the rolled-down window.

His coat was thrown haphazardly onto the passenger seat over portfolios and papers.

Eva tried to open the passenger door lightly, but Tobias' eyes snapped open at the sound. With a disinterested gaze, he looked at Eva sitting in the passenger seat.

Tobias had regularly driven the Porsche. Even though he had many cars, Eva noticed he drove that car most of the time.

Tobias dug out his phone from his pocket and hurled it into the storage under the armrest. With that, Eva saw the womanly items in the storage.

There was a tube of YSL lipstick, a Givenchy compact, and a pink compact mirror with a Hello Kitty design.

She knew whom those items belonged to.

As Tobias pulled out of the parking lot, his phone rang.

Eva quickly reached into the armrest and retrieved the phone for him. In the process, she caught Idania's name on the screen.

Eva knew the name belonged to a woman from a glance. She had always known that a man with status and power like Tobias would have many women clinging to him.

Hence, Eva refused to believe Tobias would give up all the girls for Skylar. He is just like any other man.

Nine of ten men are salacious, and the one that isn't must be gay.

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Chapter 615 Unreasonable

When Tobias saw that the call was from Idania, he declined it without any hesitation. Freeing a hand from the steering wheel, he took the phone and tossed it into the center console box.

He drove on and did not even ask Eva for her address. He had been to that house numerous times and could easily find his way there without the help of GPS navigation.

"Are you still in contact with Brayden?" he asked solemnly in his deep voice.

Why is he asking about my personal life? Is it because of my relationship with Skylar?

Eva unconsciously preened herself and tucked away some stray strands of hair behind her ears as she contemplated the question.

"I have no interest in Mr. Scott. My upbringing and decency would not allow me to get involved with a married man." She decided she had to make her stand clear.

Tobias let out a small wry smile and did not probe further. It was ironic to him that Eva seemed to be proud of her upbringing, as he felt her parents had pretty bad table manners.

After entering the neighborhood, Tobias slowed down and brought the car to a smooth stop. Eva was mesmerized by the masculine contours of his face as she watched him turn off the engine.

"Thank you for the ride, Mr. Ford. Have a safe drive home," she thanked him and got ready to alight from the car.

"How is your brother? Is he still addicted to gambling?" Tobias asked.

"I am to be blamed for that. I have been too busy with work and did not give him enough attention." Eva frowned lightly as she spoke, sounding self-reproachful.

Tobias knew what she was trying to get at, but chose not to respond to that.

Eva really wanted to invite Tobias to her place for a drink, but knowing her parents would be in, she could only bury that wishful thinking and alighted from the vehicle with regrets.

Skylar was awoken by the sound of the door opening. The house was dead quiet at night, so she could clearly hear every movement, including the sound of the keys being placed on the table

She closed her eyes again and pretended to be sleeping.

Tobias switched on the table lamp and despite it being on its dimmest mode, Skylar seemed to be woken by it.

She rubbed her sleepy eyes as if she had just woken up and murmured, "Oh, you are back. I waited up till late and I thought you will not come back, so I went to bed. Have you taken your dinner?" she asked.

Tobias bent over to give her a kiss on her forehead and softly said, "Get back to sleep."

He sat down on the bed, leaned against the headboard, and pulled her into his embrace.

Skylar lay comfortably in his arms, taking in the familiar white sandalwood scent on him.

After a while, she opened her eyes and stole a peek at him. His upper body was on the bed but his long legs were still resting on the floor. Despite the uncomfortable posture, he was fast asleep. He seemed to be tired after a long day and had fallen asleep instantly, still dressed in his work attire. The glow of the warm dim light softened the outline of his sharp features, and the tired look on his face actually made him more charming and irresistible.

As she watched him sleep, memories of their first encounter came back to her vividly. Tobias was not in her good books when they first met. She lost her virginity to him during their first meeting and she thought they would never meet again. At that time, no one would have predicted their relationship would develop so quickly and they would soon be living as a couple.

Skylar pulled over a blanket and gently put it over Tobias. The sky was getting lighter and soon he would be waking up.

She had no idea when she drifted off to sleep, but when she woke up again in the morning, Tobias was nowhere to be found. The crumpled bedsheet was a clear sign that he had been back and it was not a dream.

She took a quick shower and put on an oversized shirt over her undies. She had no plans to get out of the house and decided to dress casually and comfortably. Since the house was heated and cozily warm, there was no need to bundle herself up.

She walked down to the dining hall and realized Tobias was still around. He had not left as she had expected.

His hand tightened around the glass of milk he was holding as he gave her a scrutinizing look from head to toe. His gaze lingered on her exposed long legs, and she could sense his anger even before he spoke.

“Is that a top or a dress? Cover yourself up and stop showing so much of your legs! Who are you trying to seduce?” he hissed. After they got close, he had become a control freak who would demand her to dress conservatively.

That was the same man who had no qualms about stripping her naked and confining her to the operations table for an examination when they first got acquainted. Eva could only sigh at the unreasonable double standards that seemed to be second nature to most men.