

In a Love Nest with the Aloof CEO Chapter 439

Just then, Skylar's phone screen lit up with a WhatsApp message from Largo.

Have you considered my offer?

The corners of Skylar's mouth curled in incredulity. Largo was a pretty diligent pimp, persevering undaunted even after being rejected so irrefutably.

"Who's texting you? You've been staring at your phone for the longest time," Tobias remarked.

Skylar hesitated, then decided not to tell Tobias the truth. It wasn't anything to boast about and would do nothing good for Tobias' current frame of mind.

Besides, what would I say? That Largo's trying to pimp me out? Skylar thought, grimacing.

Casually, Skylar answered, "It's just spam. You can see for yourself if you'd like."

Tobias arched an eyebrow. "Is there a need to do that? I still have several nude photos of you in my phone. Do you want to see what you look like naked?"

Skylar's face turned crimson with embarrassment. She prodded Tobias sternly, saying, "You'd better delete them. This is such a despicable hobby."

Tobias grinned at Skylar and ruffled her hair playfully, saying, "What's so despicable about me keeping nude photos of my own wife?"

Skylar stood stock still. It was the first time that Tobias had ever addressed her as his wife. Tobias always called Skylar by name. Terms of endearment were few and far between.

"What did you call me?" Skylar gaped at Tobias in disbelief.

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Tobias leaned towards Skylar, pressing his lips against her ear. Sensually, he whispered, his breath tickling her ear, "I said, my wife. Didn't you hear me?"

Sheldon sat perched on the CEO's chair in front of his desk. Night had fallen, but the floor-length blinds behind him had entirely obscured the splendid view the window otherwise afforded of the city.

Susan stood behind Sheldon, primly smoothing out the minute creases in her outfit.

"Does Tobias review these documents every day? Is he able to finish looking through everything?" Sheldon asked, furrowing his brows.

Susan eyed the piles of documents that lay scattered across the huge desk. They were almost insignificant, however, compared to the towering stacks on Tobias' desk.

Susan replied frankly, "Mr. Ford is very efficient. He wouldn't take long to clear this amount of work."

Sheldon flung his pen onto the desk. Leering at Susan unkindly, Sheldon scoffed, "I know you're on Tobias' side! Your Mr. Ford is the one who requested for you to stay. That's how little he trusts me."

Susan politely answered, "If you're unhappy with me, I'll resign. Without me, though, you'll have great difficult navigating the ins and outs of this company."

Contemptuously, Sheldon asked, "Did Tobias brainwash you? Why are you so obstinately loyal to him? Why don't you leave him and join me, I'll triple your current salary."

Susan did not even bother to conceal her revulsion. "If there's nothing else, I'll be taking my leave first, then. You can decide whether you want me to keep me employed."

For the sake of Ford Group's stocks, the news of Tobias' illness had not been announced publicly. Skylar had scoured the news for information about Tobias' resignation from Ford Group but to no avail. Tobias himself was not helping by providing her anything useful.

When Skylar woke early the next morning in preparation for the day's filming, Tobias was already packing his luggage. It was nearly empty save for toiletries and a few sets of clothes.

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“Are you leaving already? I thought you’d stay for at least a week,” Skylar said, pouting. She clung to Tobias, reluctant to let him go. In all the time Skylar and Tobias had been dating, they’d spent more time apart than together.

“Do you want me to give you a souvenir before I go?” Tobias said, grinning at Skylar.

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Skylar had felt that something was amiss during this visit of Tobias’, when they’d barely had any physical contact. It worried her, knowing that Tobias wasn’t one to restrain himself. However, Skylar found herself too bashful to approach the subject if he did not initiate it for fear that she might look desperate.

“I’m in a rush to leave. My assistant’s coming over in less than fifteen minutes. Is that enough for you?” Skylar said hesitantly.

It was as if Skylar’s words had triggered something in Tobias. His eyes darkened, and he grabbed her roughly, kissing Skylar with such violent passion that he seemed almost intent on swallowing her whole. It felt like he was releasing his pent-up emotions.

Suffused in her yearning, Skylar was rudely yanked out of the moment by a brisk rapping on the door.

“Ms. Jones, have you woken up yet? It’s time to leave,” Hannah’s voice called faintly from behind the door.

Skylar and Tobias disentangled themselves regretfully. Tobias looked at Skylar critically, then said, “Don’t use green tea-flavored toothpaste anymore. I don’t like the taste of it.”

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Skylar wiped her mouth surreptitiously. "It's better than the smell of cigarettes. I'll change my toothpaste when you quit smoking," she teased.

Skylar knew how addicted Tobias was to smoking. He used to be able to finish a pack in two days.

Tobias patted Skylar on her behind. "Stop arguing. Go ahead with your work. Be patient, though. I won't have the time to visit you before the filming ends."

Skylar seized Tobias' hand in hers, sulking. "How do you expect me to be patient? I won't physically cheat on you, but I might stray emotionally. Will that do?"

Tobias took in Skylar's lovely, irresistible face, then replied evenly, "It's up to you. I don't like other men touching my women, but I don't think I have to teach you that."

The romantic atmosphere that had drenched the room earlier evaporated instantly. Skylar found herself wishing that Tobias could revert to his original self and resolutely declare her to be his.

Now that they had been together for some time, Skylar wondered if Tobias' feelings for her had grown cold. He no longer hungered for her as much as before.

The set was open to the media that day. Dressed in their filming outfits, both Skylar and Largo presented themselves before a sea of reporters to field questions.

Avery had covertly snuck up next to Largo and insisted on standing next to him throughout the entire event. Before the interview began, Avery had warned Largo that if he refused to give her another chance, she'd expose their relationship to the media that very day.

The original media duo thus expanded to accommodate an unwanted third.

Skylar had not received any advanced notice on the interview. Hence, she was cast immediately into deep waters without even a change of clothes. Skylar had just finished shooting an action scene, and her clothes were in disarray, with stray leaves still caught in her hair. On the contrary, Avery seized the opportunity to stand out in striking contrast to Skylar, with her carefully made-up face and hair.

"Hello everyone, I'm Avery," Avery announced, worming her way in between Largo and Skylar.

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The reporters exchanged uncertain looks. Is she a new lead? They whispered amongst themselves, puzzled.

“We don’t have to stick to these conventions. Don’t ask me questions like that,” Avery replied breezily with a toss of her head. She had been crowned the prom queen back in school and was used to hearing compliments about her outlook. With that practiced toss of her head, Avery’s hair rippled like a waterfall down her back and served to emphasize her gorgeous beauty.

“As a newcomer, how does it feel to be co-stars with Skylar?” A reporter piped up.

Avery bit her lip, glancing at Skylar. She nonchalantly shrugged her shoulders, then replied, “Skylar is not very professional, but that makes me feel more comfortable around her. Besides, having to reshoot so many scenes gives me more chances to refine my acting.”

Dramatically, Avery mimicked Skylar, her eyes widening exaggeratedly. “Can I really do this? Can I say that?”

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