

In a Love Nest with the Aloof CEO Chapter 1

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“Sir, I only need three hundred thousand. Please...”

Skylar Jones trembled on her feet in front of the man, with her head hung low.

Apart from the dim lighting, she was shrouded in darkness.

Right then, a tall and broad-shouldered figure approached her step by step.

The man grasped her chin, and panic rose in her when she was met with his icy and intimidating gaze.

With her heart in her throat, Skylar swallowed thickly before continuing, “I know three hundred thousand isn’t a small amount, b-but I really need this money.”

When the man heard her say that three hundred thousand wasn’t a small amount, the corners of his lips arched into a cold-blooded smile.

Suddenly, Skylar was pulled into his arms, completely caught off guard.

And in just mere seconds, the pleasant scent of white sandalwood invaded her senses, almost drowning her.

Immediately afterward, his cold voice sounded above her head and brought her back to the harsh reality. “How do you expect me to believe you? Well, you know what they say – talk is cheap...”

Though scared out of her wits, Skylar suppressed the fear gripping her heart and replied, “Give it a try. If you find that I’m lying, I’ll return all the money to you.”

As soon as she said that, a palm, cold as the grave, clasped the back of her neck, chilling her to the bones. She instinctively thrashed against him, trying to escape, but the man only tightened his other hand around her waist even more.

Hence, she stopped struggling, not daring to move a muscle.

This was the only way to get the money for her boyfriend, Jeremy's medical expenses.

The moment she remained still, the man cupped Skylar's face with his palm as he remarked in a low and hoarse voice, "I'm not interested in getting my hands dirty by personally verifying it!"

Right then, the door to the room opened from the outside.

A blinding flash, followed by the footsteps of what seemed like an army of soldiers, came through the door. At that moment, several men in black suits bombarded that dim room as they strode in a neat formation.

Skylar's eyes widened in shock, and she turned back to look at the man hidden in the shadows. Under the dingy lights, she could vaguely discern his chiseled features and the smile playing on his lips, which looked impossibly gentle.

Her lips quivered, and she argued in a shaky voice, "We agreed on one. What's going on now? Excuse me, sir, but you should be honest when doing business! Forget it. The deal is off!"

Feeling slightly irritated, the man waved his hand with a frosty expression on his face. Then Skylar, still struggling, was forcibly taken away by the men in black.

In the operating room, they secured Skylar to the operating table with her dignity in shreds. The freezing temperature here made her feel as though she was thrown into an ice-cold cavern.

She lay on the cold table, groggy and completely drained of strength, with only her mind wide awake. *What are t-they going to do to me? I-is this the end? Am I going to die j-just like this?* Terror coursed through her veins as thoughts ran wild through her mind. Gradually, her breathing grew weak.

With all the courage she could gather, she whimpered, "Are you going to take my kidney? Or my liver? Just so you know—both aren't in good condition! The results from my physical examination even stated that I have a fatty liver."

Nevertheless, the two women in white coats did not answer.

At that moment, Skylar felt like crying as she lamented silently. *Just what did I get myself into? I just wanted to make some money, but why is it so hard? Why did some people have it easy, while I...*

Her train of thoughts was interrupted when the automated doors of the operating room slid open as someone walked in. One of the women wearing a white coat nodded to Tobias Ford.

"Mr. Ford, she's all good."

"Mr. Ford..."

Hearing their voices, Skylar struggled to sit up, but she had only lifted herself halfway when one doctor pushed her back onto the operating table.

She shuddered as coldness seeped through her skin once again. Under the intense glare of the surgical lamp, she could finally see the man's face clearly. His face was cold and aloof, completely void of emotions, just like an ice sculpture, but his eyes shone with authority.

His piercing gaze made her quake with fear, but to her surprise, his voice was tender when he spoke.

"Are you ready, Ms. Jones?"

Skylar was strung as tight as a bow right then, and her muscles stiffened with trepidation.

Nevertheless, she closed her eyes in resignation, immediately dredging up the image of her beloved fiancé lying on the hospital bed, looking pale and sickly.

Only then could she numb herself to her fear.

She wasn't betraying Jeremy. All she was doing now was to ensure that she could live with the love of her life. Forever.

...

Prior to the act, the man sat on the edge of the operating table and placed his arms on both sides of her waist while uttering in a low voice, "My name is Tobias Ford. Don't you ever forget that!"

However, Skylar's mind was in shambles now, and she didn't even want to be here, let alone know this man's name.

In fact, she hoped she would never see him again after tonight.

"Um... Does it have to be here? Even the ward is better than this place. Otherwise, you're gonna have to pay me more..." Skylar had basically forced out these words through clenched teeth.

She grabbed Tobias' arm, shaking slightly.

"Fine..." Tobias agreed in a deep and gruff voice.

He found this girl intriguing because even at a time like this, she still did not forget her goal.

Then Skylar closed her eyes and blocked out all her senses.

After a long time, the operating room was unusually silent. When the deed was done, Tobias stared intently at the girl who had passed out like the dead on the operating table. Her face was still flushed from what happened earlier, and her breath still rapid and shallow.

Ignoring the woman, his gaze quickly shifted to the white cloth covering the operating table.

That glaring red stain resembled a fully bloomed plum blossom standing stark against a blanket of snow; it was an alluring sight to behold.

Last night, this girl had lost her virginity to him.

In a Love Nest with the Aloof CEO Chapter 2

Elysium was the most luxurious nightclub in A City, and it operated on a membership system.

The guests who came here were filthy rich or immensely powerful, each of them having a net worth of tens of millions.

Skylar had always regarded places like this with disdain. Never did she think that one day, she would willingly stoop so low for the sake of money.

Being her naïve self, she really thought that Tobias Ford was a generous man, giving her three million when she had only asked for three hundred thousand, which would help her settle her financial emergency.

Thus, when Jeremy told her that the check was forged, her head spun as the world around her collapsed.

Indeed, the world was a sinister place; she had been scammed!

As for Jeremy's surgery fee, his family had surprisingly managed to gather sufficient money after that.

Skylar was baffled as to where the Lanes got the money from, since they were the ones who begged her to gather the money in the first place.

Moreover, her future grandmother-in-law even informed her they couldn't afford Jeremy's post-surgery rehabilitation expenses and needed her help.

It cost at least one hundred thousand per month. A little nobody like her could barely scrape up one-tenth of that amount.

"Skylar, hurry up. Room 301 requested a bottle of Ace of Spades. Go in and serve the drinks," urged the manager, Camila Cook, as she nudged Skylar's back.

Room 301 was the only VIP room in Elysium. The occupants were usually business tycoons and celebrity politicians.

Before entering, Camila had specifically told her to turn a blind eye to whatever was happening inside.

Turn a blind eye? What the heck did she sign me up for? Chills went down her spine the moment she heard Camila's warning.

At that moment, Skylar was clad in a white maxi dress and a pair of high-heeled boots of the same color. Her face was completely free of makeup, without even a tinge of rouge on her cheeks.

Balancing a tray of drinks with one hand, she pressed down on the gilded door handle and entered the room, her heart almost at her throat.

The atmosphere inside the room and that outside was like night and day; it was much quieter. She also noticed that all of Elysium's top beauties were in here.

"Throwing yourself at me so soon? Are you that eager, pretty lady?" A frivolous voice sounded from above Skylar's head. With her head bowed low, she was so afraid to make eye contact with those inside the room that she bumped into someone.

Moreover, the lighting in the private room was too dim, so she couldn't see clearly where she was heading. She looked up abruptly at the man whom she had run into, noting that he was in his forties and had a plump figure. With a pair of gold-rimmed spectacles resting on his nose bridge, he looked like a typical government official.

Widening her large doe eyes in shock, Skylar hurriedly apologized, "I'm sorry, sir. I didn't see where I was going."

The man broke into a lecherous smile. "Do you think a simple apology will do? Just tell me what you want. Don't use this kind of petty coy tricks on me. I've seen more than enough in my lifetime."

Without another word said, the bespectacled man caught Skylar's wrist and flung her onto the sofa like a ragged doll.

After being manhandled roughly, she frantically propped herself into a sitting position. This place was full of the affluent and influential. She knew she couldn't afford to offend any of them, so she could only keep a tight lid on her anger.

Amidst the heavy odor of tobacco and alcohol, a white sandalwood cologne fragrance tickled her nose, bringing back memories of the past.

Huh? Why does that smell... so familiar?

This scent was carved into Skylar's mind deeply, so deep that it seared into her soul. Regaining her senses, she got up clumsily and straightened her dress.

"Ms. Jones, we meet again." This deep voice resembled a devil's whisper reached her ears that instant.

The man—the devil himself, Tobias Ford, leaned against the sofa and took out a cigarette from his pocket. A flicker of light then followed.

Skylar lifted her gaze to the flame's glow and saw a man with an impossibly handsome face beside her. She would recognize him anywhere, even if he were burnt to ashes.

"Tobias Ford," she said his name through gritted teeth.

A puff of smoke rose from between his lips, temporarily obscuring his features.

Tobias looked at Skylar with a gentle smile, which surprisingly made him seem very charming and approachable. "You still remember my name. It seems like you're satisfied with me."

The man, who was rude to Skylar, was Benjamin Hayes. When he saw Tobias talking to Skylar in a hushed tone, his expression changed subtly, and it brought his aggressiveness down a few notches. "Oh, so she's one of yours, Mr. Ford. Sorry about that."

"Nah... We're not close. You can take her if you want, Mr. Hayes." A cold glint flashed in Tobias' eyes.

Hearing that, Benjamin breathed a sigh of relief and leered at Skylar. "In that case, I'll make sure you have an unforgettable experience today."

"I'm sorry, but I'm just a promoter. I don't do anything else besides selling drinks." Skylar's hands balled into fists by her sides, betraying her fear.

Meanwhile, Benjamin's anger spiked upon being rejected in public. It was an utter humiliation for him.

Boiling in rage, he pinched Skylar's chin, viciously jerking her head upward as he examined her from top to bottom. "Just who do you think you are?"

Immediately, Skylar started to tremble, yet she couldn't tell if it was out of fear or anger, or maybe both.

The only thing she could feel was the sharp pain in her jaw, which made breathing difficult for her. And she didn't like that, not one bit at all.

Acting upon instinct, she picked up a bottle on the inky-black coffee table, thinking to teach this man a lesson. I won't betray Jeremy again.

But before she could bring the bottle down, someone grabbed her arm and stopped her. Tobias flung her arm away and narrowed his eyes, his voice slightly hoarse as he warned, "Don't ruin everyone's fun here. Get out."

Skylar sighed in relief, opening her eyes to glare at Tobias with hatred. "Gladly, Mr. Ford. Thank you for your leniency."

Noticing the dirty look she was sending him, Tobias' mouth quirked up slightly, but there was a hint of frigidness to it.

Then he took the bottle from Skylar's hand. There was more than half a bottle of vodka left in it. He looked at Skylar with a sinister smile on his face as an idea formed in his mind.

"Don't rush to thank me. I wasn't done talking just yet... Finish up this bottle of liquor."

Skylar was taken aback for a moment, but soon her initial surprise vanished. To her, this man was nothing but a devil, an indignity she had to carry for the rest of her life, and there was nothing he wasn't capable of doing.

In order to escape sooner, Skylar raised the bottle to her mouth and gulped down its contents. The alcohol gushed into her mouth and flowed down her throat, causing a hot burning sensation in her stomach.

Seeing the agonized look on Skylar's face, Tobias draped an arm around her shoulders and leaned over to whisper against her ear, "You're quite a good drinker, Ms. Jones, and it seems like you're really short of money. Tell you what. I'll give you three hundred thousand for every bottle you drink."

The alcohol had already hazed Skylar's brain, and she threw all sense of reason out the window, along with her manager's warning to avoid offending anyone here.

With eyes that were glowing red, she stood on her toes and grabbed the front of Tobias' freakishly unwrinkled shirt with both hands, right in front of everyone.

Then, she roared furiously, "Tobias Ford, you lied to me about the three hundred thousand last time. Do you know how bad you f**ked me up? And now you wanna mess with me again? You crazy son of a b*tch!"

In a Love Nest with the Aloof CEO Chapter 3

Everyone in the private room was dumbfounded upon witnessing the scene. This crazy woman must be courting death.

At that instant, Tobias grabbed Skylar's arm and took her out of the room.

However, Skylar was so drunk that she kept muttering barely coherent words. "You liar. That money was to save a life!"

Tobias, on the other hand, felt that this woman was vile to the core, using liquid courage to scam him.

But he wasn't surprised either. After all, that night in the operating room, she had asked for an increase at the very last minute. I gave her three million instead of the three hundred thousand she requested, but she's still not satisfied!

She didn't even waste a minute and came over here! She's been real busy, I see.

Along the corridor, when Camila saw Tobias dragging a delirious Skylar out of the room, her face blanched with horror.

For Tobias, ending someone's life was as easy as killing an ant. After all, life was worthless in his eyes.

Thus, she hurried over in panic, knowing what Tobias was capable of. "Mr. Ford, I'm not sure what happened, but Skylar here is our new recruit. She's still young and ignorant, so please forgive her."

Tobias glanced coldly at the manager, his lips parting as he spoke, "This has nothing to do with you, so get out of the way. I'll be taking her away right now."

Nonetheless, Camila replied tentatively, "She's only a promoter. Mr. Ford, we have many girls here. Please allow me to introduce you to a few of them."

The moment Tobias spoke, the air seemed to thicken with a sense of oppression. "There's no such thing as 'only a promoter' here. Since she's an employee here, she should've been prepared for this day."

In the meantime, Skylar was sitting unabashedly on the ground as her stomach churned. A few strands of her disheveled hair were stuck to her lips as she hugged Tobias' legs, refusing to let go. "Liar. Isn't it enough that you f**ked me up so bad? Huh?"

Hearing that, Camila exclaimed in shock, "Are you crazy, Skylar? Do you know what you're saying?"

Tobias' Adam's apple bobbed as if he was trying to control himself from doing something.

Clenching his fists, he said to Camila through gritted teeth, "Bring her purse over. I'm taking her away tonight!"

The man was well-aware of the rules in Elysium. It was clearly stated that taking a girl's purse meant taking the girl herself.

Stupefied, Camila watched Skylar being roughly hauled up by Tobias. He then lifted Skylar's chin and smiled mockingly at her. "I'll give you the time to tell me in detail just how exactly I f**ked you up."

Already gone off into the deep end, Skylar glared menacingly at Tobias. "I'm not going anywhere with you. If you wanna come at me, just come at me here, Mister!"

Tobias' gaze darkened a fraction. "How much money do you want this time? Name your price and stop pretending to be innocent."

Skylar met Tobias' intimidating gaze head-on, slurring when she said, "If I actually liked you, that'll be free of charge! But now? Hah! In your dreams."

Camila was paralyzed to the spot and didn't dare to interfere anymore. If she got on Tobias' bad side, it would be the end for Elysium.

Meanwhile, Tobias' eyes turned even colder, and there was also a hint of impatience in them. "Do I look like a man with good self-control?"

Skylar sobered up quite a lot upon hearing this.

As he pushed open the door of the private room, Skylar winced from the stabbing pain in her wrist caused by his bone-crushing grip.

Then he gestured at the men and women in the room. "Out. All of you."

At his succinct order, everyone scrambled from their seats and scurried off, not daring to stay a second longer.

After that, Tobias ordered his bodyguard, Samuel, to guard the door and stop anyone from coming in.

Within half a minute, Tobias and Skylar were the only two people left in the room.

Freeing her hand from his tight grip, Skylar staggered backward. "What are you doing? Were you serious?"

Regret filled her immediately, gushing in like waves. Why did I have to say all those things to provoke him when I knew he's capable of doing anything? Skylar, you dunce, good job agitating the devil! It's not like you haven't experienced it before! Memories from that night in the operating room emerged in her mind, sending a shiver down her spine as ice spread through her veins.

Tobias' gaze fell on Skylar's face. Glimpsing the fear in her eyes and the slight tremble of her lips, he could tell that she was afraid.

Every inch of him screamed danger. When Skylar saw his hand move, panic seized her and suffocated her.

There was no room for escape, but she had solemnly vowed never to do it again. Even if her life depended on it.

On that night, she had already been utterly debased.

Tobias pushed her down onto the coffee table just then. The moment Skylar's back came in contact with the cold marble slab, using the same trick, she reached out for a bottle to smash it on Tobias' head.

Of course, she was no match for him. He clutched her wrist, and just like that, the bottle fell into his hand.

Skylar's eyes widened upon seeing Tobias holding the bottle, and she screamed in fright.

Everything happened in a flash. She thought Tobias was going to smash it on her head, but after a long time, the impact never came. Instead, the bottle was gently placed beside her, and the weight pressing on her body was abruptly gone.

“Putting up a fight at every turn, I see. You’re bold, I’ll give you that. But just how many lives do you have to spare?”

Skylar recovered from her shock and met his eyes.

“If you’re short of money, why don’t you come under my wing? After all, I was still your first, Ms. Jones.”

Tobias looked like a completely different person compared to the brutal and aggressive man just now, as his features had softened to exude a gentle aura. Nevertheless, the words that came out of his mouth ruined his gentle image.

He’s still cruel and cold-hearted as always!

Skylar was ashen-faced. “Thank you for your kindness, Mr. Ford, but even if I die poor, I wouldn’t want to have the slightest involvement with you.”

At that point, she did not dare to ask for money anymore. All she wished was to get as far away as possible, lest the devil claim her life.

Tobias’ lips slowly arched into a smile that was slightly mocking. “Fine. I won’t force you.”

Following that, the man left the room, and Skylar waited until she could no longer hear his footsteps before exiting. The moment she emerged, Camila, who was still in shock, cried out, “Skylar, you almost ruined Elysium. Don’t you know who Tobias Ford is?”

Like a deflated balloon, Skylar said listlessly, “Who he is has nothing to do with me. By the way, can I get the commission for the sales today, Camila? I need to pay the medical fees at the hospital tomorrow.”

Camila looked at Skylar and couldn’t help but think she was the world’s biggest idiot. “I really don’t understand you. You haven’t even married into the family, but here you are, struggling to pay for your boyfriend’s bills. Once he’s all cured, he’ll dump you for sure. What are you gonna do when that happens?”

After the scare caused by Tobias, Skylar was already pale with fatigue. She forced a smile and said, "That's impossible. We've been together since junior high. A relationship that long won't fall apart so easily. He said that he'll marry me once he's discharged from the hospital—"

Her phone rang at that moment. It was her best friend, Penelope Quinn. She raised her phone, telling Camila that she had to answer a call.

As soon as the call connected, Penelope's voice was so loud Skylar thought she had accidentally put her on speaker. "Skylar, I saw Jeremy buying a bag for a girl just now. And it was a Hermes bag! Since when is he so rich?"

Surprised, Skylar replied, "It can't be. You must be seeing things. He's still hospitalized, so how could you have seen him buying a bag?"

"For God's sake, Skylar, I have 20/20 vision. I'm telling you—it was him! Besides, do you think I can't recognize Jeremy? He was even wearing his hospital gown underneath his coat. Who else could it be?" Penelope answered with complete certainty.

In a Love Nest with the Aloof CEO Chapter 4

City North Hospital.

Skylar got off work early in the morning and went to the hospital with barely any sleep. The dark circles beneath her eyes were so pronounced that even her foundation did nothing to conceal them.

After settling the bill for Jeremy, she hurried upstairs. The situation was not as bad as she had thought, and the doctor said he could be discharged soon.

Her life could finally get back on track. If she continued working like a dog, one day, she might very well die from exhaustion in her rental house.

Right then, Jeremy was sitting on the hospital bed, figuring out the functions of his new phone. His complexion was much better than before—ironically, a stark contrast to the woman walking towards his ward. Color had returned to his cheeks, and he even put on some weight.

When he saw Skylar come in, he hastily shoved his newly bought phone into the pocket of his hospital gown.

“So, what did you do last night?” Skylar brought over a thermos which was filled with pot roast that she cooked an hour earlier. Then she handed Jeremy a pair of cutlery.

Her question stunned Jeremy. Quickly digging into the pot roast to hide his guilt, he muttered, “What else could I do? Of course I was lying here. Why did you ask?”

Skylar wet her pale lips, looking more like a patient than the man on his sickbed. “Huh... Funny story—someone saw you buying a Hermes bag for a girl. I knew she was mistaken.”

Afraid that Skylar would see through him, Jeremy gave her a tight-lipped smile and said, “Haha... Hermes? You flatter me, baby. I’m not that rich!”

Through the window, the morning sun filtered in and showered his youthful face with a golden glow that complemented his bright and gentle smile.

Skylar was dazed for a moment before raising her brows. True. Where would Jeremy get that kind of money? She would know that, as he had only given her one bag ever since they started going out.

To be frank, calling it a “bag” was an overstatement. After all, it was made of recycled scraps that were duct-taped all over, to which Jeremy claimed he bought it from the flea market. Despite that, Skylar had shared it on her social media, feeling proud of it.

“Anyway, the doctor said I can go home next week. I didn’t expect to recover so quickly,” Jeremy said after he finished the entire pot roast.

Actually, Skylar had made two portions because she came here in a hurry and did not have time to eat.

Upon seeing the thermos completely empty, she simply sighed in resignation.

Jeremy was always inconsiderate like this. After so many years, Skylar had gotten used to it.

She pushed the stray strands of hair away from her face and said, “That’s great. It’s better to rest at home than at the hospital. Wow, I can’t believe we’ve finally overcome this hurdle.”

"I'm blue, da-ba-dee da-ba-daa... da-ba-dee da-ba-daa..."

All of a sudden, Jeremy

's cell phone ringtone blared out from his pocket. His eyes darted toward Skylar and got up hastily. "I need to use the bathroom."

However, Skylar raised her hand and blocked his path.

Jeremy looked at her with shifty eyes as guilt rose in him with each dreading second. "Hey, why are you blocking me? I need to pee!"

Snapping out of it, Skylar put her hand down quickly, blaming Tobias for her fraying nerves.

I'm sure Jeremy would never answer a woman's call behind my back. We have a solid relationship, one that was built over the years.

Besides, he has been sick all this while, so there's no way he could've wooed a girl in his state.

After packing the thermos, Skylar heard footsteps just outside the door and looked up to see Jeremy's mother, Pauline Yates.

She obediently greeted her, her eyes inadvertently looking Pauline over.

They had only recently seen each other, but there was already an additional gold bracelet circling Pauline's wrist.

Judging by the looks at it, the bracelet was worth at least twenty thousand.

Skylar casually asked, "Hi, Mrs. Lane, how are you doing? Oh wow, your bracelet is so pretty! Is that new?"

Hearing that, Pauline tugged her sleeve to conceal the bracelet. "It's fake. How can I afford to buy an authentic one in our current situation? Skylar, who was it you met the last time? It was a fake check."

Skylar had no explanation for her, so she only responded tersely, "Ah, it was April's Fool, I guess."

After that, Pauline did not speak anymore, and since they had nothing to talk about, the ward fell into an awkward silence.

Skylar had always known that Pauline looked down on her, hoping that her son would find an heiress to marry, the kind that could make their lives easier and give them a house with three or more bedrooms.

She certainly did not want her son to marry a woman who was abandoned by her parents, not to mention one who was still sharing rent with someone else.

Just then, Skylar's phone rang, the ringtone piercing through the awkward atmosphere. She immediately picked up the call and was informed to go for an audition.

With no time to waste, she didn't wait for Jeremy to come out and informed Pauline, "Mrs. Lane, I have to go now. Help me tell Jeremy that I've gone for an audition."

Pauline wore an aloof expression on her face, acting like she did not hear her.

Nonetheless, Skylar was used to Pauline's attitude, so she did not take it to heart and left immediately after.

Pauline sighed after Skylar and grumbled, "How did my son even fall for you? Audition? It's probably either for a maid or an extra. Hmph!"

Just then, Jeremy came out of the bathroom to find Skylar gone and his mother muttering to herself.

Pauline said with displeasure, "That girl Skylar is really an uncouth brat. She doesn't have any manners, always pulling a long face when she sees me. She didn't find out about the check, did she?"

With a smug smile, Jeremy replied to his mother, "Based on her IQ level, how could she? I'm curious, though. Where did she get that check? It's hard to believe that someone like her could've gathered three million on her own."

"Who cares about that..." Pauline admired the gold bracelet adorning her wrist and advised, "Hold on to Skylar for now, at least until after you're discharged. Who knows? Maybe she sought help from her family. After all, three million is nothing to her parents."

Jeremy lifted the blanket and slipped back into bed. "Nah, I don't think it's from the Joneses. They would never acknowledge her as their daughter. I've realized that a long time ago."

Looking towards her son, Pauline smiled, which made the wrinkles on her face more prominent. "As I said, I don't care where she got the money from. After paying for your treatment, there's still more than two million left. I'll have to quickly find a nice girl for you to marry. I don't think that you and Skylar are a good match."

Jeremy kept silent, giving his consent.

The day Jeremy was discharged arrived in the blink of an eye.

Meanwhile, Skylar came out of the set to the dazzling sunlight. Beneath its brilliant glow, her fair skin seemed to shimmer beautifully. She put on a pair of black shades that hid half of her small face, then hailed a cab to Four Seasons Hotel.

To celebrate Jeremy's discharge from the hospital, the Lanes were treating some guests to a meal here, spending an average of two thousand per head.

The fact that the Lanes could afford it here made Skylar's suspicion shoot to the skies.

They couldn't even afford Jeremy's medical fees! So where did they get so much money?

Skylar wandered around the hotel lobby, but when she could not find the private room Jeremy had mentioned to her, she was about to call him to come and pick her up.

Suddenly, a deep male voice came from behind, hitting her like a bucket of cold water.

"Well, well, look who's here. It hasn't even been that long, but here we meet again! This time, are you also here as a promoter, Ms. Jones?"

Well, if it isn't the devil himself... Ah... this is just my luck! Skylar could remember this voice even in her sleep.

She turned around and came face to face with Tobias in a suit, looking as domineering as ever, with a tender smile that matched his airy tone.

His smile did nothing to warm her. Instead, a shiver of unease ran down her spine.

At that moment, there was only one word playing on repeat in Skylar's mind—Run.

In a Love Nest with the Aloof CEO Chapter 5

Skylar ran away as if she had just seen a ghost.

After making sure that she was hidden from Tobias' sight, she breathed a sigh of relief.

At the door to the private room, an inhospitable female voice sounded from behind her. "What's up with the shades? You're just an extra. Do you really think you're some kind of a big shot?"

Skylar turned around when she heard the voice and saw her half-sister, Avery Jones.

Avery's lips twitched slightly. "Long time no see, Skylar. Why are you dressed so shabbily?"

"I'd rather we never see each other again." Skylar broke into a lazy smile.

Avery raised her brows haughtily. "I'm afraid that will be a problem. You see, Jeremy invited me over for dinner, so there will be many more chances for us to meet in the future."

Skylar's face instantly darkened. Since when did Jeremy and Avery know each other?

Why didn't I know about this?

Pauline and Jeremy came over together just then, the former's face instantly lighting up with a broad smile upon seeing Avery.

I've never seen Mrs. Lane beamed so brightly before. Indeed, Skylar was right; she was never lucky enough to be at the receiving end of this smile.

Within a split second, Avery's initially sardonic smile softened into a cajoling one, and her voice turned especially honey-laced. "Jeremy, I was talking to my sister. She doesn't seem too happy that I'm here. Should I go back? I wouldn't want to impose."

Jeremy's gaze on Avery was impossibly gentle; he was basically putty in her hands. "Of course you're not imposing. Today's celebration is also to introduce you to the family. They're definitely gonna like you."

At the same time, Skylar's face paled, and she angrily confronted him. "Jeremy, do you know what you're doing? Since when were you this close to her, and why didn't I know anything about it?"

Jeremy was well aware that she had a taboo against the Joneses, and could not stand the mere mention of them.

Thus, he explained with indifference, "Your sister is my sister. Is there a problem? All my relatives are here today, so don't kick up a fuss with me, Skylar."

"You-! Jeremy Lane!!"

He then gave Skylar a look of impatience and threatened. "Let's eat first. My body isn't all recovered yet. If I fall ill again because of you, you'll have to bear the consequences."

Following that, he opened the door to the private room for them to enter.

However, a mocking smile played on Avery's lips.

After they went in, Avery leaned toward Skylar and whispered into her ear, "Sorry for stealing your belongings again. Honestly, Skylar, what a pathetic life you have, always having to live in my shadow. I'm not interested in your boyfriend, by the way. I just thought I'd have a little fun."

Skylar's entire body trembled as she glared daggers at Avery.

Her mind had gone blank, and she could no longer think straight.

"You found trash and treated it as treasure, so you have only yourself to blame for this. Did you see how your boyfriend was fawning over me? Tsk-tsk. Even I feel embarrassed for you." Avery pursed her lips and clicked her tongue.

"You..." Red with fury, Skylar was so furious words failed her.

Once Avery entered the room, the Lanes naturally flocked over and nudged her toward the center seat.

All of them knew Avery was the apple of the millionaire, Thomas Jones' eye.

Upholding her image, she pretended to be gentle and meek as she greeted the Lanes politely.

On the contrary, Skylar remained standing by the door, without anyone inviting her to join them.

“Skylar, why won’t you have a seat?” Avery beckoned Skylar over and pointed at the vacant seat next to hers.

Jeremy shot a vexed look at Skylar. “She’s just a bumpkin who has hardly seen the world. This is her first time eating in such a high-class hotel, so I bet she’s embarrassed to come in.”

Turning her head over to look at her so-called boyfriend, Skylar saw the distasteful look on Jeremy’s face, still unable to believe that all of this was real.

She pulled herself back from the brink of having an emotional meltdown, not wanting to make a fool out of herself.

Then she walked through the door and sat beside Avery.

“Avery is such a beautiful girl.” Pauline liked Avery the more she looked at her.

Indeed, as expected of the daughter of a wealthy family.

Skylar, on the other hand, has the face of a jinx. No wonder my son fell ill. It was because she hoodooed him.

The Lanes’ relatives were also very hospitable toward Avery, ceaselessly showering her with praises.

They had completely forgotten about Skylar’s existence, treating her like an outsider.

Right across them, Jeremy’s younger sister was staring at Avery’s bracelet with envy. “Avery, your bracelet is so pretty. It probably cost a fortune, right?”

Avery took off her bracelet and generously put it on for Jeremy’s sister.

His sister was absolutely delighted, but did not forget to pass a contemptuous remark. "Skylar, that hair tie on your wrist is about to snap. You should buy yourself a new one."

Cupping her chin, Skylar shot her a cursory glance and said with a small smile, "And where would I get this extra money? I spent it all on your brother's treatment."

As soon as she said that, the entire room grew silent.

Jeremy's face turned several shades darker.

But Pauline came to her son's aid instantly as she countered, "What? Do you feel victimized? With your background, do you think anyone else besides our family would want you? My son actually pities you... It's not like we forced you to help us; you did it willingly."

Avery gave a leering look at Skylar, but the smile on her face remained charming.

Seeing how the Lanes were treating her, especially after Pauline's comment, Skylar felt a stab of pain in her heart.

They want to get rid of me because I've outlived my usefulness.

Her eyes reddened, but she blinked back her tears and controlled her emotions.

A short laugh escaped her before she said, "Yes, it's because I have a sh*tty background and no family to rely on that I'm being bullied by all of you. As if that isn't bad enough, you're even biting the hand that fed you."

The moment those words escaped her lips, Jeremy's dignity was trampled to dust.

It was as though she constantly reminded him that she was his savior.

Yet Jeremy sneered. "Skylar, do you have to make us lose our appetites? Your pettiness is off-putting."

"Yeah. It's not like she paid for Jeremy's surgery. How shameless of her to make all those claims."

"Jeremy already treats her so well, but she's still as unappreciative as ever."

“Some people are just worlds apart. Just look at Avery. How did the two sisters end up being so different from each other?”

The Lanes vehemently criticized Skylar, not holding back.

At that time, Skylar already had the strong urge to flip the table and create a scene. She had nothing to lose, anyway. Alas, it was too big for her to lift.

Hence, she decided to slap Jeremy. But the moment she raised her hand, he splashed wine all over her. “Wake up already and stop making a scene.”

Avery enjoyed the entertaining events that unfurled then, but was somewhat losing interest.

Stealing her boyfriend isn’t challenging at all.

All of a sudden, the door opened from the outside, and a young waiter came in with a tray balanced on one hand.

When Jeremy saw the exclusive wine on the tray, he gulped nervously and declared, “We didn’t order this wine.”

This bottle of wine cost tens of thousands, which wasn’t a luxury he could afford.

The waiter smiled courteously and replied, “Good evening, sir. This wine is a gift from Mr. Ford to Ms. Skylar.”

Tobias Ford? Skylar was shocked when she heard that.

After the waiter placed the wine down, he continued, “Mr. Ford has already footed the bill for the entire table. Enjoy your meal, Ms. Skylar.”