

In a Love Nest with the Aloof CEO Chapter 407

Later on, Penelope was sent away by a few words from Tobias as he was lazy to even entertain her.

In the end, he still did not make the call. Skylar realized that she couldn't force him to do something he did not like at all. She wasn't that important to him.

Skylar wore a sulky look on her face throughout the journey home.

"Wanna go for a drink? I need to unwind. Drink with me, hmm?" Tobias asked her, seemingly oblivious to her emotions.

Skylar was still seething over the fact that Tobias managed to notice Eva's dark circles but did not even think about asking how she was doing recently.

Absence makes the heart grow fonder, huh? Well, I beg to differ!

Pursing her lips unhappily, she snapped, "No, thank you. I have dark circles because I didn't sleep well. I want to go home and rest."

Tobias turned a deaf ear to Skylar's refusal, and ordered the driver, "Find a barbeque restaurant with fewer people. Ms. Jones isn't a fan of fine dining."

The driver was quite well-informed as he easily found a restaurant located in a more secluded area. Thus, Skylar got down without needing to wear a mask or cap.

Before entering the barbeque restaurant, Tobias wrapped an arm around her waist and pressed his lips against her ear to whisper in a gentle voice, "A little alcohol can help set the mood. You should drink more to loosen up for later at night."

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Skylar stepped away and broke free from his grip. "Since you didn't agree to help me find Brayden, don't even think about it." With that, she strode purposefully into the restaurant.

The owner brought up a few bottles of beer and skewers to their table.

The bottle opener provided by the restaurant was slightly faulty. Thus, after several failed attempts, Tobias simply used his palm and the edge of the table to open the beer bottle cap.

Skylar gasped when she saw how effortlessly he opened the beer bottle. "Just how much beer have you drank to be so experienced?"

Skylar deliberately ordered a lot of oysters to annoy Tobias.

"Make sure you eat more of this. It's good for your libido," she said in a singsong tone.

Tobias picked up an oyster and stared at it, but did not seem inclined to eat it.

Then, he picked up his glass of beer and polished it off before drawling, "Are you seducing me by talking about this? I've stayed celibate during the two months you were gone, but don't worry, everything's still functioning very well. You can give it a spin tonight if you don't believe me. I always save the best for you."

Skylar propped her head on her hand and laughed upon hearing that. "You could've visited me, or maybe you didn't want to. I mean, I already dropped you many hints, yet you acted cluelessly. What else could I have done? Beg you?"

Tobias' was momentarily stunned. He did have time to visit her. He could have, but he didn't want to.

Skylar was only going to be away for two months, not two years. He felt that since they were adults, being apart from each other for a short period of time wasn't all that uncommon.

"I think it's good for couples to occasionally maintain a distance between each other. This way, we won't get sick of being together even after a long time," he justified in a calm voice.

Skylar imitated Tobias, chugging down her glass of beer. Kate would probably kill me if she found out about this.

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After drinking, she would usually gain weight and also have a puffy face the next day.

Being a woman was hard, and being a woman in the entertainment industry was even more so.

What Tobias said about maintaining a distance from each other stabbed right into her heart, and she consecutively downed several glasses of beer, wanting to drown out those hurtful words.

Tobias started to worry when he lost count of how many glasses she had downed. Raising his hand, he snatched away the glass in her hand and chided, "Slow down. You're a pain in the a** when you're drunk, you know?"

Without realizing it, Skylar had finished three bottles of beer all on her own.

Tobias checked one of the bottles and noticed that the alcohol concentration was fourteen percent instead of the usual five percent.

He lifted his hand to call the waiter over. "Do you have the normal five percent beer?"

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Upon hearing his question, the waiter promoted enthusiastically, "Our boss only provides the best. In this case, it's the Firestone Walker Parabola, an imperial stout with intense flavors of black cherry, dark chocolate, and roasted coffee. This Parabola beer pours with black color and has a silky finish and sweet profile."

Tobias waved him away and glanced at Skylar whose face had already gone red. She plonked her glass heavily on the table, the action causing the beer to slosh over the rim.

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“Tobias Ford, you’re a jerk. You know that? It’s bad enough that you always treat me like a ragged doll, but aren’t you a man? Out of thirty days in a month, it’s like you’re in a bad mood ninety percent of the time. That’s even worse than a PMS-ing woman. But you know what? It’s fine. I understand that you don’t wanna fully commit. That’s why you string me along like that. You said you don’t wanna get married and don’t like kids. I’m fine with all that. Really. But aren’t you worried that I might kick you to the curb one day if you keep taking me for granted like that? I’ve been very patient with you, you know? But just you wait. One day, when I’ve finally had enough of this, I won’t let you walk all over me like that anymore.”

Skylar was slumped in her seat as she used the liquid courage coursing through her veins to pour out all her pent-up frustrations, forcing Tobias to listen.

Even after Tobias finished the remaining beer in Skylar’s glass, she grabbed the empty glass, placed it against his lips, and tilted her head back, unwilling to waste even a single drop.

“It seems like you’re very dissatisfied with me. What else are you dissatisfied with? Say it all out while you still can.”

By then, Skylar was already sprawled on the table. “Oh, there’s plenty more. Couples call each other sweet things like baby or darling. But you? You always force me to call you daddy in bed.”

Tobias closed his eyes and took a deep, calming breath because Skylar had spoken in a loud voice, as though she was afraid the other patrons couldn’t hear her.

Opening his eyes, he denied in a flat voice, “You must’ve confused me with someone else. I’ve never made such a dirty request.”

Skylar snapped in an agitated voice, “Who said you could speak? Just shush it and listen to me. You’re mean, cold, and heartless, and I have zero sense of security being with you. It’s good to maintain a distance, you said? Well, screw that. That’s not love. Love is when you can’t stand the thought of being away from each other. How can what we’re doing be considered dating? I’m just your f*ck buddy. You don’t know sh*t about dating.”

Skylar’s voice grew more slurred toward the end.

Tobias merely listened in silence, not refuting at all.

He only came to realize just how dissatisfied Skylar was with him.

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Skylar was already fast asleep, looking like an angel as she lay quietly on the table with her long lashes prettily fanned out against her cheeks.

Compared to the way she was verbally attacking him earlier, Tobias preferred this quiet version of her. She was truly a nuisance when drunk and he began to regret taking her out for a drink.

Despite that, he still couldn't stop himself from leaning toward Skylar until their faces were only a hair's breadth away.

Then, he placed a chaste kiss on her cheek.

Instead of bringing her home, he instructed the driver to bring them to a nearby hotel and not to bother about how many stars it had, as long as they could sleep there.

The driver glanced through the rearview mirror at Skylar who had just been carried into the car, stifling a smile. Mr. Ford's little girlfriend is really a handful.

Skylar was dead drunk. To avoid being photographed, Tobias used a handkerchief to cover her face when he carried her down the car.

When checking into a room, the front desk employee blanched in horror, thinking he was carrying a corpse over his shoulder.

Tobias threw Skylar onto the bed and loosened a few of his buttons before wiping her face clean with a hot, wet towel.

After he was done, the snowy-white hotel towel came away red and black due to the lipstick and mascara.

After throwing the towel into the dustbin, Tobias went to the bathroom for a smoke and dialed Brayden's number.

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