

# In a Love Nest with the Aloof CEO Chapter 441 - 442

Largo felt ashamed of Avery. Her mincing ways made her look childish, almost like a low-grade actress from a budget film.

Several microphones were thrust into Skylar's face all at once. She was busy rolling her eyes at what Avery had said. She refused to dignify Avery's claims with a response, merely letting her eloquent expression speak for itself.

Skylar and Largo watched Avery's performance in mutual silence. Largo regretted ever having gotten involved with a stupid woman like her. He felt tainted by every interaction he'd ever had with such a loathsome woman.

Skylar and Largo coasted through the rest of the reporter's eager questions rather superficially. Unlike Avery, they were unwilling to expose themselves unnecessarily.

At the end of the interview, however, Skylar gave the reporters a courteous nod, saying, "Thank you for your time."

Avery looked annoyed by Skylar's winning gesture of humility, telling herself jealously that it was all an act. The sight of Skylar and Largo pictured together in the media, albeit for a work reason, enraged Avery.

Avery seemed to have totally forgotten about her own vile behavior in the past. She was instead entirely obsessed with highlighting Skylar's flaws.

"So, have you decided?" Barely five minutes after Skylar had returned to her motorhome, Largo strode in without knocking.

Skylar, who had just drank a mouthful of hot tea, almost choked.

She made no effort to disguise her resentment towards Largo. Skylar felt repulsed by him. Largo had shot to fame early in his career and had undoubtedly accumulated millions by

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now. Why, then, was it necessary for him to moonlight as a pimp? Skylar considered. He'd even dragged Cassidy into his perverse sales pitch.

Skylar guessed that Cassidy's wild, reckless behavior could be attributed largely to the manipulations of this enigmatic sponsor.

She set her thermos flask down on the table, then crossed her legs and stared insolently at Largo. "Who exactly is the sugar daddy you keep referring to? Shouldn't I get to know his identity as proof of his sincerity first?"

"Do you know Tobias?" Largo replied.

Skylar gaped at him. What kind of ruse is this? She thought, alarm bells ringing in her head. Has Tobias been secretly sponsoring women behind my back? Didn't he say that he had nothing to do with Cassidy at all?

In an icy tone, Skylar demanded, "Are you saying that the man who wants to sponsor me is Tobias? Was he the one who tormented Cassidy?"

Largo was evidently perplexed by the vehemence of Skylar's response. He had not expected her to be capable of such ire.

"I'm talking about Xander, Tobias' father. Think about what he's capable of with his wealth and influence before you decide to reject my proposal," Largo said hurriedly.

This revelation was no less appalling to Skylar than the previous one. She felt relieved that it wasn't Tobias. However, it was entirely absurd that she would chance upon Xander's heinous deeds so casually.

Skylar feverishly wanted Largo to get out of her motorhome and leave her alone with her thoughts. She thus reproved, "Why are you offering me to an old man? Do you think I'd be tempted by that? Get out of my motorhome! Don't ever bring this up to me again."

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Like a dog with a bone, Largo was unyielding. If he successfully convinced Skylar, Largo would likely appear on the big screen in his next film. Having already invested a few hundred million in Largo, it was rare that Xander would take a further interest in Skylar. Largo had sent Skylar's photo to Xander and received instant approval from the latter. Xander had been so pleased that he had promised to grant Largo whatever he desired.

Largo thus pressed on. "Older men tend to be more caring and affectionate. Young and successful men don't usually know how to treat women well. Anyway, it's a mutually beneficial arrangement."

Skylar lifted her flask and, in one graceful motion, threw the rest of the hot tea onto Largo's surprised face. "If you say another word, it won't just be the tea that I'll be pouring at you. Get out!" she roared.

Largo had sprung to his feet in dismay. Seething, he yelled, "What the hell are you doing? All I wanted was to give you a chance. If you don't take it, don't come crying to me in the future."

Skylar looked at Largo pityingly. "If you're so interested, why don't you do it, then? It's just sex, isn't it? If you don't leave, I'll report you for harassment. Everyone will know what a pervert you are."

Skylar's threat had far more effect on Largo than Avery's had had.

In all her subsequent scenes with Largo, Skylar did her absolute best to keep her distance. In contrast to what Avery had claimed, Skylar maintained her professional veneer while acting. Skylar's on-screen chemistry with Largo was still as effusive as ever. The moment the director declared "Cut!", however, Skylar would leave as quickly as she could, avoiding the possibility of any interaction with Largo.

When the filming for *Empyrean Sword* finally ended, neither the lead actor nor actress was present at the filming crew's celebratory party. Despite Kate's urging, Skylar had immediately had her chauffeur drive her straight home.

She felt that it was too soon to set aside her disgust for Largo. At the risk of appearing arrogant for not gracing the party, Skylar escaped as soon as she could.

Skylar picked up her phone to call Tobias the moment she entered her room. Over the line, he informed her that he was at home.

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"Which home?" Skylar asked hopefully.

Her heart sank when Tobias named his childhood home. It didn't seem possible that they would be able to meet that night. As Skylar hung up with a heavy heart, she realized that the car was no longer heading in the direction of her own home.

"Willie, did you take a wrong turn? We're heading in the opposite direction!" Skylar cried nervously.

She was immediately thankful that she wasn't in a taxi. If this had happened in an unfamiliar car with a strange driver, it usually portended something disastrous like a kidnapping.

Willie, however, calmly replied, "Mr. Ford gave me instructions to drive you over to his childhood home."

Skylar leaned against the seat and closed her eyes, muttering, "He's always making decisions without consulting me. It's fine if he's alone, but what am I supposed to do if his parents are around? Isn't it rude of me to show up empty-handed?"

Skylar was well-versed in matters of courtesy and etiquette. A fruit basket was the meanest gift she could bring herself to offer. To turn up at someone else's doorstep without a gift in hand, as oft advised by her Grandma, was unbecoming.

She thus insisted that Willie pulled over at the nearest grocery store for her to purchase a fruit basket.

The fruits available at that hour were on discount, evidently as a way of clearing the shelf for the next morning's fresh batch of arrivals.

As Skylar stepped into the cozy store, numerous curious gazes greeted her, all of which belonged to shoppers who recognized her. Skylar knew that she had made it to fame.

Skylar selected a few seasonal fruits, knowing full well that Claudia would probably not even glance at them. As she weighed them in her hand, Skylar comforted herself by murmuring, "It's the thought that counts."

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When Skylar finally slid back into the car, Willie spoke up a little awkwardly, “Ms. Jones, we should hurry ahead. Mr. Ford’s already beginning to question me about why we haven’t arrived yet.”

Skylar frowned. “I didn’t think he was in that much of a hurry. Can’t he wait just a little?”

When Skylar finally stepped through the door of Tobias’ home, Claudia and Tobias were sitting in the living room with the television blaring in the background. Neither of them seemed to be paying any attention to it. Instead, Claudia and Tobias were conversing in low voices with looks of evident displeasure on their faces.

Neither Tobias nor Claudia heeded Skylar’s entrance. Dismally balancing her bag in one hand and the fruits in the other, Skylar felt as invisible as a ghost.

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