

Obsessed CEO Throws Himself at Me

Chapter 1196

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Chapter 1196 Disappointment

Yellow roses were usually used to express a sincere apology.

After receiving the flowers, Arielle's fury had faded into thin air.

Vinson was busy working instead of flirting with another woman, so there was no need for her to get mad.

"Instead of flowers, I hope you'll give me your word," Arielle stated.

Gripping his phone, Vinson responded, "Go ahead."

Arielle took a deep breath and revealed, "No matter how busy and important work is, take good care of yourself. Make sure to have enough rest at the end of the day before resuming work the next day."

Vinson paused for a moment before answering, "All right. I got it. There's something else I need to tell you."

"What is it?"

"I'm going on a business trip to Lightspring for two days."

"When are you going to depart?"

"Right now."

Arielle sat up in surprise. "That's sudden. Do you need me to help you pack up?"

"No need. I'll get what I need in Lightspring. It's an urgent trip, but I'll get back as soon as possible after getting the work done."

Disappointment overwhelmed Arielle's heart at the thought of being separated from Vinson for two whole days.

I won't get to see him for two days. I never knew I'd be this unwilling to part with someone.

Gulping, she said, "All right. I'll wait for you at home."

"Okay..."

After saying that, Vinson wanted to spill his heart out, but he took a puff of his cigarette and tamped his urge down.

It was supposed to be a surprise, so he had to persist until the end.

"I need to go. Sleep tight."

"Okay," Arielle responded and hung up reluctantly.

Right then, the housekeeper had just finished preparing dinner and asked, "Is Mr. Nightshire not coming home in time for dinner?"

Arielle's lips twitched, but she couldn't bring herself to smile. In the end, she nodded silently and ate dinner alone.

Soon, the next day arrived.

It was the premier of the fourth episode of Amazing Tastes.

As it was a great show with Jason as its host, the show's ratings ranked first among its competitors.

Countless people waited before their laptops or televisions to watch the variety show.

However, this episode was different compared to the previous episodes.

As usual, Jason had picked a food street in a city and would enter a Chanaean restaurant randomly.

However, when he arrived, the food street was crowded.

Left with no choice, he had to disguise himself by wearing a mask, cap, and sunglasses. One cameraman tagged behind him and filmed in a secretive manner.

Soon, Jason realized why the street was crowded. A Chanaean restaurant, Maureen's Kitchen, had just opened for business.

Jason saw the snaking queue from a distance away.

Immediately, he told the camera that the crowd might be paid to create a sensation.

Thus, Jason proceeded to eliminate Maureen's Kitchen from his list.

Right then, he bumped into his fan.

His curiosity got the better of him, and he asked if he could try the ravioli that his fan got from Maureen's Kitchen.

However, his fan misunderstood that he was a jerk trying to take the ravioli from him and yelled in anger.

Jason had to remove his mask and reveal his identity.

After realizing who he was, his fan offered him the ravioli reluctantly and queued up again to get another free sample.

As the audience wondered if the ravioli was delicious, Jason stopped filming and offered the ravioli to the cameraman.

The cameraman wasn't filming Jason, but he filmed himself eating the ravioli.

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Chapter 1197 Legitimate

His initially indifferent face froze before he gaped in disbelief.

He immediately ate another piece, and another, and another...

The cameraman didn't stop until he finished the entire plate of ravioli. Even so, he didn't seem satisfied.

The scene was blurry and shaky, but everyone could sense how delicious the ravioli was.

Clearly, this scene wasn't planned, so the cameraman's reaction was real.

The audience was already salivating.

After the tasting scene, James introduced the restaurant and went in to taste the dishes.

It was obvious that every dish served looked scrumptious.

After the show ended, the audience felt their stomachs grumbling despite having dinner earlier. They immediately went online to search for the restaurant's review.

Soon, Maureen's Kitchen was trending on the internet and garnered a lot of attention.

A comment read: Didn't this restaurant trend a few days ago? I thought it was an advertisement. Looks like I have to try it for myself.

My friends, I've just finished two bowls of instant noodles but got hungry again. Does anyone want to join me to head to Maureen's Kitchen?

Wait for me, my friend! I'm in the south but already bought tickets to Jadeborough. My plane will land three hours later!

Thus, Maureen's Kitchen gained another influx of new customers.

Compared to their opening, the number of customers had increased by a few times.

Arielle soon received a call from the manager.

"Ms. Moore, we're in trouble. The reservation number has surpassed one thousand, not including the reservation for the old restaurant..."

It might be good news, but the employees were already exhausted after working hard for a few continuous days.

Arielle massaged her temples and said, "Calm down and serve the customers according to the reservation numbers. The renovation for the third restaurant will take at most one week. I'll head there now, so ask Chef Quigley to wait for me."

"Got it!"

After cutting the line, Arielle rushed to the branch at once.

Glenn was already waiting for her.

She went over to him and said, "Chef Quigley, we're getting a new influx of customers and need more help. You'll have to get a few apprentices immediately. But first, I need you to teach me a few dishes that I don't know how to prepare. That way, we both can take apprentices."

Glenn knew Arielle was far more talented than his apprentices. In fact, she was a better chef than him. Hence, he started preparing the dishes for the customers and explained the steps to her at the same time.

Arielle spent the whole day learning from Glenn. She also interviewed a few new apprentices. It was one in the morning when she finally arrived home.

She pulled out her phone and saw two texts from Vinson.

He first sent a text saying he had arrived at Lightspring, and the second text congratulated her for chasing Jacob out of the company.

That morning, Jacob had resigned as the company director after realizing he was no match for Arielle.

As of then, Arielle had the final say on all matters related to Moore Group.

Her position as the chairperson was finally solidified.

Arielle thought Vinson was too busy to realize what happened to her, but he knew everything.

Flashing a smile, she gave Vinson a call.

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Chapter 1198 Cheating

To her surprise, a lady answered the call.

“May I know who this is?” the lady asked in a Lightspring accent.

Arielle’s words were stuck in her throat.

Why did a woman answer the phone?

As far as Arielle was aware, after a female assistant made things difficult for her, Vinson fired all his female assistants and hired only males.

The woman who had answered the call wasn’t his assistant.

Who is she? It’s nighttime at Lightspring. A woman is answering his phone at night...

She couldn’t help but overthink the situation.

However, Arielle forced herself to calm down. She trusted Vinson enough to know he wasn’t a scoundrel. She also trusted her taste.

This must be a misunderstanding.

Taking a deep breath, Arielle asked calmly, “I’m looking for Vinson. Why do you have his phone?”

"Oh, Vinson is changing his clothes. It might take a while for him to come out," came the answer.

Hearing that, Arielle went pale.

Changing his clothes?

The woman added, "Why don't you cut the line? I'll ask him to call you back after he finished changing his clothes."

"No need!" Arielle blurted out.

She was so flustered and furious, unlike her usual composed self. Even her brain was muddled.

Biting her lip, she declared, "It's nothing important, so there's no need to bother him. Don't tell him I've called."

"Huh? All right." The woman hung up in confusion.

Arielle gripped her phone as her entire being shook.

She didn't know whether she was trembling out of anger or fear, for her mind was a mess.

Just then, a call from Sam, the director, came in.

Arielle answered the call instinctively, and Sam's voice rang out. "I'm sorry for disturbing you this late, Ms. Moore. I just want to confirm if you're rejecting the offer to join my film. I've been looking for a suitable actress to take up the role, but to no avail. You're the only one that suits the role. That's why I'm making this call."

Sam's call would've made any female celebrity leap up in excitement, but Arielle merely answered coolly, "I'm sorry, but I'm really busy..."

"Oh, I see." Sam seemed disappointed at her answer. "I'll have to wait for another chance to work with you. I'm willing to withstand the pressure to keep this role for you."

It was obvious what Sam meant—he wouldn't film the movie if Arielle refused to take up the main role.

Finally, Arielle regained some of her composure after hearing his words.

"Mr. Sleight, I'm sorry. Thanks for the offer, though."

"It's fine. You're fated to take up the role, but I'm not fated to work with you. However, I'll wait until the opportunity arrives."

Arielle bit her lip and fell into deep thought. Wait, if Vinson cheated on me, I can't fall into a slump and lose myself. I need to keep myself busy during this critical period.

At that thought, she took a deep breath and announced, "Mr. Sleight, I shall accept this role. When will filming begin?"

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Chapter 1199

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Chapter 1199 A Misunderstanding

Sam could not believe his ears.

It took him a while to find his voice. "M-Ms. Moore, are you sure?" he stammered breathlessly.

"Yes. I agree to accept the role."

Though Sann Group was a famous AI company, she hadn't gotten the chance to venture into the entertainment industry.

Perhaps I can try my luck in the entertainment industry. If we were to break up, I'd still have my wealth and popularity. That way, I won't wallow in sadness.

Arielle had already assumed the worst.

Not knowing what she had in mind, Sam responded swiftly, "If you're free tomorrow, we can sign the contract and begin filming instantly!"

Everything was set except for the female lead, so they could begin shooting the film anytime.

"All right. Send me the time and location tomorrow. See you!"

"Great! Thanks!" Sam replied happily. Afraid that Arielle would change her mind, he ended the conversation and rushed to prepare the contract.

Arielle said nothing for a long while after the call.

She stared at her phone, fighting back the urge to call Vinson.

It might be a misunderstanding, or it might be true. However, Arielle didn't have the courage to find out the truth.

What if it's true?

Arielle bit her lip at the thought.

Meanwhile, in Lightspring, Vinson emerged after changing his clothes. The outfit was too small for him and clung to his curves.

He had burnt his sleeve earlier when he was sanding the ring and had no choice but to change into a new outfit belonging to the woman's husband.

Seeing him, the woman covered her lips that were tinted a rosy red and burst into giggles.

"You look like an adult wearing children's clothes," she commented.

Shrugging, Vinson strode forward and apologized profusely. "I'm sorry for nearly burning your store down."

"If you burn it down, get me a new one. I wouldn't have opened the store without your help, anyway."

She pointed at the sanding machine and asked, "Do you want to continue? Or should I help you?"

Vinson shook his head. "I have to do it from the beginning till the end. Please demonstrate it to me again."

"Of course!"

The lady took her seat and taught Vinson how to sand a ring patiently.

She explained, "Look, this is where you got it wrong previously..."

Vinson promptly inched nearer to get a better look.

Oblivious to both of them, there was a camera aimed right at them. The shutter clicked rapidly.

The handsome man glanced at the photo he had just taken and curved his lips up in satisfaction.

The photo taken from his angle showed Vinson whispering to the lady in an intimate manner.

"Yup. My photography skill is getting better."

With that, he returned to his car and tossed the camera to his subordinate.

“Send this to the woman in Chanaea.”

My kitten, I’m coming. Before my arrival, I have a surprise for you! I believe you’ll love it.

At the same time, back in Chanaea, Arielle got up and lit the therapeutic candle that Andrea had given her. Alas, the therapeutic candle didn’t work that night. She only fell asleep when it was dawn.

Less than two hours after she fell asleep, a beep woke her up.

Is it Vinson?

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Chapter 1200

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Chapter 1200 The Photos

Thinking it was a text sent by Vinson, Arielle jolted up and grabbed her phone from the bedside table.

When she saw who it was, the delight in her gaze faded away.

It was a text from Sam informing her of the location and time of the contract signing.

She typed out a reply: Got it.

After she returned to her bed, her mind began to race. It’s midnight in Lightspring. Is Vinson sleeping alone? Or is there another woman in his arms?

Arielle bristled in annoyance and got up to wash up.

Downstairs, the housekeeper had just woken up. She seemed surprised to see Arielle up and about. “Mrs. Nightshire, you’re up early. Let me go prepare your breakfast now.”

“No need.” Arielle told her, “I’ll eat outside today.”

The housekeeper gave her the once-over. Realizing her employer seemed grumpy, she didn’t ask questions and inclined her head. “All right, Mrs. Nightshire.”

Her appointment with Sam was at noon, so she had to keep herself busy before that.

It was the only way to stop herself from overthinking.

Taking a deep breath, Arielle pulled the door open to see a deliveryman about to press on the doorbell.

Stunned, the man asked, "Are you Ms. Arielle Moore?"

Arielle nodded. "Yes, I am."

"There's an urgent parcel for you. Please sign here."

"Mine?"

Arielle couldn't hide her astonishment.

I don't shop online. Is this from Vinson?

After signing her name, she returned inside with the parcel.

She ripped the parcel apart to reveal two photos.

The photos floated to the ground, and Arielle immediately picked them up.

Her gaze landed on one photo. At once, she halted in her steps as the colors drained from her face.

The photo showed Vinson and a woman she hadn't met before, huddled together in an intimate position.

Only Vinson's side profile was visible, but she was sure it was him.

There was no way she'd fail to recognize her own husband.

Her hands were shaking as she reached out for the second photo.

In the second photo, Vinson's face was practically glued to the woman's face. The space between them crackled with sexual tension.

Shocked senseless, Arielle only snapped back to reality when the housekeeper asked why she was kneeling on the ground. Stuffing the photos into her pocket, she got to her feet and replied, "I'm fine. I was picking something up from the ground."

The housekeeper inclined her head and asked in concern, "Mrs. Nightshire, are you all right? You look unwell. Should you get a checkup at the hospital?"

Arielle flashed a bitter smile and shook her head. "I'm fine."

She was a doctor herself and knew her health was fine. It was her heart that was hurting.

Though she had picked the photos up, her heart had shattered into pieces.

The photos had confirmed the nagging thought that kept her up the entire night.

Arielle clenched her fists tight. She didn't even know her nails had dug deep into her palms.

Despite her fury and sadness, she couldn't stop suspicion from rising in her heart.

Who sent me the photos? If Vinson has someone new, why is he still with me? Did he do this to get Sann Group? No, that's impossible.

Arielle shook that thought away.

He isn't a scoundrel. There must be more to this than meets the eye.

She picked up the packaging of the parcel from the dustbin to find out the sender's address. Alas, that section was blank.

Obsessed CEO Throws Himself at Me

Chapter 1201

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Chapter 1201 Something Is Wrong

Just as expected, something is amiss. Who is it that's trying to sow discord between Vinson and me? Jacob? No, Jacob doesn't know about my relationship with Vinson. Furthermore, the last thing he wants is for me to remember him. Hence, there's no way he would dare try something funny with me. In that case. Hmm... who else can it be?

Arielle narrowed her gaze as her mind cycled through many suspects. However, she ended up ruling them out one by one.

Subsequently, she gave Vinson a call, wanting to tell him about what happened. However, the moment she got through, she changed her mind at once.

I have to be patient in order to snare a big fish. If nothing happens between Vinson and me, the mastermind will never reveal him or herself. Therefore, for my plan to work, I have to pretend to play along with the enemy. Who knows, they might be powerful enough to tap our phone call.

At that moment, Vinson's voice rang out over the phone, for she had forgotten to end the call.

"Hello, Sannie?" His voice was raspy from having just been woken up.

Taking a deep breath, Arielle feigned anger and demanded, "Vinson, what have you done!"

Vinson was taken aback by her tone, for Arielle had never spoken to him in such an angry voice before.

With his sleepiness gone, Vinson sat up and asked, "Sannie, what's wrong? What happened?"

"When will you be back?" Her voice was unimaginably icy.

"About... one or two more days. What is it?"

She replied coldly, "I don't care whether it's work or personal, come back right away once you have settled things over there! There's something I want to ask you about."

Vinson was all concerned. "Tell me what happened?"

"It's nothing." Arielle's voice began to calm down. "Just return as soon as possible."

"I understand."

After hearing Vinson's response, Arielle ended the call.

Right after that, she rushed to her study and began typing a sequence of code furiously on her keyboard.

Soon, a string of code emerged on her screen.

Just as she expected, someone was indeed tapping her phone.

Hence, she felt relieved that she had pretended to be angry during the call earlier.

Pursing her lips, she logged into her secret email account and sent Vinson a message.

It was an account equipped with a powerful firewall that only few knew about, making it impossible to hack.

The contents of the email she sent were simple. All she did was attach the two pictures with the comment: Let's patiently reel in the big fish.

Once she sent it out, Arielle took a deep breath, hoping that Vinson would quickly read the email.

With that, she pretended to look flustered as she left Maple Mansion.

Until she was sure that she wasn't being watched, she had to continue acting as if Vinson had betrayed her.

Subsequently, she spent the entire morning helping out at the branch of Maureen's Kitchen.

After the publicity from Amazing Tastes, the restaurant's crowd increased instead. It wasn't until it was time to meet Sam that Arielle left the restaurant and headed to the film studio located on the outskirts of Jadeborough.

At that moment, Sam was already waiting for her together with the movie's producer.

The producer, who was a member of Nightshire Entertainment, was aware of Arielle's relationship with Vinson. Thus, he treated Arielle with the utmost respect.

Once the contract was signed, filming could start at once.

Jason was already there before Arielle met the film crew.

A smug expression descended upon his face once he heard that Arielle had been confirmed as the female lead.

Obsessed CEO Throws Himself at Me Chapter 1202

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Chapter 1202 Playing Hard To Get

Just as expected, no one can resist my charm. Previously, I visited Jadeborough University just to get Arielle to act as the female lead. However, she rejected me many times back then. Now that I've stopped trying to persuade her, she ended up being desperate for the role. Isn't she just playing hard to get? Hmph!

If it was anyone else, he would have reacted to them as objects of scorn.

But since it was Arielle, he saw what happened as part of the romantic games they were playing between them.

As a result, he decided to forgive her.

Before filming started, everyone was required to check into the hotel and prepare for the movie's promotional photoshoot.

Cognizant that Vinson was unlikely to return within two days, Arielle too checked in the hotel accordingly.

She was someone who would give her best once she set her mind on something. Therefore, she knew how important it was to build a good working relationship with the film crew.

Holding that thought, she gave Sasha, who had tagged along with her, some instructions. "Since cherries are in season now, buy a couple of boxes and give one out to every single room."

"Right away," Sasha acknowledged before buying a whole bunch of cherries and distributing them to the entire film crew in the hotel.

Very quickly, a box of cherries arrived at Jason's room.

Knock! Knock!

Sasha knocked on his door, which was opened by Gracie.

After receiving a big box of cherries, Gracie ran into the suite in delight and called Jason out, "Jason, look, cherries! They're your favorite!"

Raising his brows, Jason responded with an indifferent expression, as if this was a normal occurrence. Pursing his lip, he retorted, "What do you mean my favorite? When someone gave me cherries the last time, weren't you the one who finished everything? When the person who sent it saw the empty box, they assumed I loved it, hence the unfounded rumor."

Given that the latest trending topic on Jason was the fact that he loved cherries, many fans who greeted him at the airport would come bearing them as gifts.

Scratching her head awkwardly, Gracie walked up to Jason with the box of cherries in her hand. She asked, "Since you're not eating, can I have it all?"

"Go ahead." Jerry waved his hand and casually asked, "Who sent them? The producer?"

"No, it's Ms. Moore."

"What?" Widening his eyes in shock, Jason sprang up from the couch and ordered, "Put those cherries down at once!"

Taken aback, Gracie asked, "Wh-What's wrong?"

Jason took a deep breath before he finally suppressed the smile that was cracking on his face.

“Nothing... ahem!” He cleared his throat and added, “Send the cherries back to Arielle.”

Given how she had played hard to get with me for so long, it’s time I give her the cold shoulder so that she doesn’t think that she has me eating out of her hands.

Gracie felt reluctant to do so. “Send them back? Wouldn’t it be rude?”

“Just do it!” Jason barked with a grim expression. “If you don’t send them back, I’ll send you back to the company instead.”

Having heard Jason’s threats, Gracie had no choice but to take the cherries back out.

Just when she was about to reach the door, Jason cried out, “Wait!”

“Is there anything else?”

Lifting his brow, Jason answered, “Remember, don’t give a reason when you return the cherries. Just say that I don’t want them. Whatever she says in response, relate it to me verbatim.”

Gracie was confused by what Jason’s intention was. Nevertheless, since he had always been of two minds, she didn’t care to enquire any further. With that, she left the suite with the cherries in her hands.

Obsessed CEO Throws Himself at Me Chapter 1203

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Chapter 1203 Cold Shoulder

Meanwhile, Arielle was waiting for the makeup artist. The moment she heard the doorbell, she rushed to the door assuming it was either the makeup artist or Sasha.

However, the moment she opened it, she was greeted by an unfamiliar face.

Backing off subconsciously, she asked, “Who are you?”

After being astounded by Arielle's beauty, Gracie couldn't resist but say, "I have heard so much about how beautiful you are on the internet. My, my... I find that you're even more beautiful in person than in your photos!"

Following up on her compliment, Gracie quickly introduced herself upon seeing Arielle's wary expression, "I'm Jason's manager."

It was only after Arielle realized who Gracie was that she noticed the box of cherries in her hands.

Trailing Arielle's gaze toward the cherries, Gracie scratched her head awkwardly. "I'm sorry, Ms. Moore. Jason asked me to return these to you."

"Is there anything wrong with them?"

The moment Arielle asked the question, she realized it was a redundant one, for the cherries were individually packed in an exquisite manner. There was no way they would be returned on the account of their quality.

Thus, she was the only reason.

Before Gracie could reply, Arielle took the cherries back and remarked with a smile, "All right then. Thanks for taking the trouble to return them."

"Sure, sure." Just when Gracie wanted to explain on Jason's behalf, Arielle had closed the door in her face.

To Arielle, Jason was just a colleague of hers. Hence, she would just accept that he had declined her gift. There was no reason for her to try too hard to please him.

Since Jason doesn't even like the things I give him, he probably resents me now. As long as he doesn't get in my way, I guess I'll just stay away from him other than during filming.

Given that she had signed a contract for two months, Sam would prioritize filming her parts. Therefore, all she needed to do was endure working with Jason for that particular duration.

Luckily, most of the scenes were shot with green screens and the plot involved many other characters. Hence, she rarely had to film alone with Jason due to the lack of romantic scenes.

In short, two months would fly by in the blink of an eye.

Meanwhile, Arielle unwrapped the cherries and washed some for herself. She would then read her script while feeding on them, putting the matter with Jason at the back of her mind.

As for Gracie, she was stunned at how quickly Arielle shut the door on her.

Usually, other actresses would try and find out as much information as they could about Jason from her. Thus, Arielle's reaction was the opposite of what she expected.

Nonetheless, after giving the matter more thought, Gracie felt that Jason wasn't worthy enough for someone like Arielle to ingratiate herself to.

After all, Arielle was the boss of Sann Group and a graduate of Maxwell University.

Regardless of how one looked at it, Jason couldn't outshine her in any way.

With that, Gracie scratched her head before leaving empty-handed.

Back in his room, Jason was waiting anxiously for Gracie's return.

When she finally got back, Jason asked her at once, "What did she say?"

Stunned, Gracie replied, "Ms. Moore didn't say anything."

Jason's expression turned grim.

"How can she not say a word after I returned her cherries? Tell me word for word what her response was.

Oblivious to what Jason was up to, Gracie related the exchange exactly as it unfolded.

"Ms. Moore asked me whether there was something wrong with the cherries. Before I could reply, she thanked me for the trouble and closed the door in my face."

Jason fell into deep thought upon hearing those words.