

# Obsessed CEO Throws Himself at Me

## Chapter 1011

[/ Obsessed CEO Throws Himself at Me](#)  
Chapter 1011 A Strange Feeling

Donovan frowned and turned to the other side before continuing to snore away.

While he slept like a log, Queenie stayed wide awake and stared at the ceiling the entire night.

Her mind was in a complete mess as faint images of Arielle's face kept popping into her head.

Before heading back to the Maple Mansion, Vinson handed the bloodied dagger over to the deputy captain of the Specialized Forces.

"Get an analysis on the blood and check the global database for any information it has on this person."

"Yes, Sir!"

Having taken care of official business, Vinson began driving Arielle back to the mansion. "Who does the blood on that dagger belong to?" Arielle asked from the passenger seat.

"The guy backstage from earlier." Vinson's expression turned gloomy at the mention of Aaron.

Had it not been for Arielle's sudden "injury" at the time, he probably would've killed Aaron on the spot.

Noticing the anger in Vinson's eyes, Arielle reached out to hold Vinson's hand on the steering wheel and said, "Vinson, I don't like you getting yourself into trouble because of me. You would suffer serious legal repercussions if you killed that guy in front of all those people."

Vinson pursed his lips as the look of anger in his eyes faded slightly.

He simply interlocked fingers with Arielle and continued driving in silence. Although he didn't say anything, his actions spoke louder than words.

Arielle made sure he had calmed down before speaking up again. "Trisha told me about that guy. He's a new transfer student in our course. His name is Aaron, and he used to study at Maxwell University before transferring over. The reasons behind his transfer remain unknown, and..."

“And what?”

“Trisha said he has been coming over to the university every day. However, he only came to see me instead of attending the classes. I’ve been so busy that I skipped classes a lot a while back, so I only found out about this today.”

The look in Vinson’s eyes intensified as he said, “Got it. His men are pretty well-trained and were equipped with smoke grenades manufactured in Manchernius, so he’s definitely no ordinary guy. Inform me immediately if you see him again. Do not engage him by yourself. Do you understand?”

“All right, sure,” Arielle said with a nod. She then recalled the cruise incident and told him what had happened on the cruise ship.

Vinson was a little shocked when he heard that.

“So... he actually saved your life by accident?”

Arielle nodded. “I’m not sure if it’s because I’ve been a little tired lately, but I get this strange feeling whenever I see him.”

Vinson frowned at her upon hearing that, prompting her to quickly explain herself. She said, “I don’t mean that kind of feeling! It felt as though I saw a family member or something, but I must be imagining things. I don’t have any family members left in this world.”

Vinson kept one hand on the steering wheel and squeezed Arielle’s hand with the other as he said, “Yes, you do. You have me and my mom.”

Arielle flashed him a faint smile in response. “Yeah, I do. I also have my adoptive parents and Pat.”

They soon arrived at the Maple Mansion, and Vinson went straight for the wine cabinet in the underground basement.

A few minutes later, he swirled the wine glass in his hand as he asked, “Want to have a drink with me?”

Arielle took the glass from him hesitantly and said, “I... I don’t think I can hold my liquor really well...”

“You don’t think?”

Arielle let out an awkward chuckle as she explained, “My adoptive parents let me have some champagne while celebrating my coming of age party. I couldn’t remember anything that happened afterward, but they told me I made a fool out of myself that time. Because of that, they’ve kept me off the booze ever since.”

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## Chapter 1012

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Chapter 1012 Arielle Cannot Hold Her Liquor

Vinson asked curiously after hearing that, "What did you do? It must be really crazy if it drove the Wilhelms to forbid you from drinking."

Arielle blushed a little as she recalled what had happened back then.

Although she had no memory of what she did, the Wilhelms had told her that she had passed out after taking a few sips.

As they were about to help her to her room, she got excited all of a sudden and began kissing Pat like crazy.

However, she was so drunk that she mistook Pat's foot for his face and ended up pecking at his foot instead.

The mere thought of it disgusted her so much that she felt like puking, so she definitely wasn't about to tell Vinson what happened.

"I forgot. It was nothing, really." Arielle shook her head. It's been so long since my coming of age, so I should be fine with drinking a little red wine!

With that in mind, she clinked glasses with Vinson and said, "Here's to the Greenes!"

Vinson knew better than to question her any further and downed the wine in his glass. After that, he raised his glass and said, "Here's to you solving those three questions and shocking everyone at the scene!"

Arielle chuckled shyly. "You knew about that?"

Vinson nodded. "Blake told me all about it on the way from the airport. Are you sure you don't need me to teach Donovan a lesson? I haven't forgotten what he and Queenie did."

"No, I know how to handle him. To him, the greatest suffering is not being able to graduate from Maxwell University. I can make sure he never gets that graduation certificate so he'll suffer for the rest of his life," Arielle replied while shaking her head.

Instead of beating Donovan up or straight up killing him off, it'd be even better to have him spend the rest of his life in pain and regret!

Vinson nodded and poured himself another glass as he asked, "Why aren't you drinking? That's a 1984 vintage wine, you know? It tastes really good. Come on, at least give it a try."

It'd be a lot easier to "get things done" with alcohol as a catalyst!

Arielle took a sip from her glass and frowned when the sour and bitter taste filled her mouth.

Vinson quickly poured her a glass of water, and she felt a little better after gulping it down.

"Does it taste bad?"

Arielle shook her head. "No, the wine itself is fine. I just can't stand the taste of it, that's all. Looks like I really ain't cut out for drinking, after all!"

Vinson's eyes lit up as he thought of something. "Oh, I almost forgot... I bought you a bottle of champagne from Horington to celebrate you getting first place in the preparatory class, but I left it in the car earlier. It has a fruity flavor, so you'll probably find that a lot easier to drink. I'll go get it, okay?"

"Okay!" Arielle nodded and steadied herself as she sat down by the table.

For some reason, my head feels kind of heavy... I'm starting to get really sleepy, but Vinson has brought this champagne all the way from Horington, so I have to at least give it a try!

Vinson opened the trunk of his car and retrieved an expensive bottle of champagne as well as a bouquet of roses.

He was such a dull person who knew nothing about romance that even Jordan believed he would never be able to get himself a girlfriend.

However, he was willing to slowly learn to be a romantic person for Arielle.

In fact, he was willing to do anything for her.

With the champagne in one hand and the bouquet of flowers in the other, Vinson was making his way back into the house when he heard the sound of glass shattering.

"Sannie!" Vinson cried out in shock and quickly ran inside.

## Obsessed CEO Throws Himself at Me Chapter 1013

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Chapter 1013 Drunk Arielle

Upon entering the house, Vinson saw that the vase on the dining table was shattered all over the floor. Arielle was standing on the side with panic written all over her face.

“Sannie!”

Vinson quickly placed the stuff down and rushed to her side, grabbing her hand as he asked, “Are you hurt?”

Arielle simply brushed his arm off and pointed at the broken vase while mumbling, “Broken... He’s broken...”

Vinson examined her hand thoroughly to make sure she was uninjured before breathing a sigh of relief. “It’s just a vase. Don’t worry about it.”

Although that vase was an antique worth tens of millions, Vinson couldn’t care less about it as long as Arielle was all right.

After all, a vase was nothing compared to his wife.

Arielle seemed oblivious to what he said and sank to the floor. With a blank look in her eyes, she mumbled, “Broken... He’s broken...”

Confused as to what was going on, Vinson knelt down beside her and asked with a smile, “What’s gotten into you? It’s just a vase! Why are you being so upset about it?”

Tears began flowing down Arielle’s cheeks seconds later, much to his surprise.

“Sannie?”

Arielle ignored him and began sobbing while staring at the floor. “I broke Vinson... I broke him...”

After a brief moment of confusion, Vinson seemed to have realized what was going on.

He grabbed her by the chin and turned her head toward him, only to see a blank gaze and flushed cheeks that indicated intoxication.

How did she get so drunk from such a tiny sip? I know she said she can’t hold her liquor, but this is a little ridiculous...

Vinson waved his other hand in front of her face and asked, “Look at me, Sannie! Can you recognize me?”

Arielle squinted at him for a few seconds before shaking her head. "I don't know you..."

Wow... She's so drunk that she can't even recognize her husband... Looks like I'll have to keep her off the booze just like the Wilhelms did! Vinson thought to himself while grabbing Arielle by the arm to help her up.

"Come on, Sannie. Let's go wash your face in the bedroom."

"No..." Arielle shoved him away all of a sudden, catching him completely off guard.

Vinson quickly held his hand out to break his fall, only to cut his palm on a piece of broken vase that was lying on the floor.

He glance at his palm in response when he felt the sharp pain and saw that it was all bloody.

Even so, he reached out to help Arielle up again.

Her eyes lit up when she saw the blood on his hand.

"Water!"

"Huh?" Vinson stared at her in confusion. "Are you saying this is water?"

"I'm so thirsty..." Arielle simply mumbled, a pleading look on her face.

"All right, let's go get you a glass of—"

Vinson was cut off when Arielle grabbed his hand and began licking the blood off his palm.

The feeling of her soft tongue on his skin gave him a tingling sensation all over and gave him an erection instantly.

"Sannie... You mustn't lick this... It's dirty..." he said in a hoarse voice.

However, Arielle tightened her grip on his hand when he tried to pull it away and even scolded him for it, "Stop being so petty!"

She then went back to licking it while Vinson stared at her speechlessly.

This time, she placed one of his fingers into her mouth.

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## Chapter 1014

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Chapter 1014 I Want Kisses

With fingers being one of the most sensitive parts of the body, Arielle sucking on his finger like a straw and wrapping her warm, moist tongue over it gave him sensations he never knew were possible.

It was a completely new experience for him, and Vinson began losing himself from the stimulus as well.

After having her fill from sucking his finger, Arielle let go of his hand and continued crying about the vase. That was when Vinson snapped out of his daze and asked, "You're playing with fire, Sannie. Do you know that?"

Oblivious to his words, Arielle picked up a piece of the broken vase and began sucking on it as she said, "Kiss me, Vinson..."

"Sannie!" Vinson carefully snatched the shard out of her hand before carrying her away from there.

"What are you doing? Let go of me! I want to kiss Vinson!" Arielle shouted while struggling in his arms.

Vinson maintained his grip on her and said with a wry smile, "I am Vinson! Take a closer look at me, silly!"

Arielle paused for a moment and squinted at him.

"You're Vinson?"

Vinson nodded. "That's right. The ones on the floor were just shards of a broken vase."

Arielle shifted her gaze back and forth between the broken vase and Vinson before clapping happily when she recognized him. "Yeah, you are Vinson! You're still one piece!"

Vinson gave her a pinch on the cheek. "You finally recognize me, huh?"

Arielle nodded. "Yeah, I got the wrong person earlier..."

Thinking that Arielle had finally sobered up a little, Vinson breathed a sigh of relief, only to hear her ask, "Why are you doing a handstand, Vinson?"

"Me? Doing a handstand?" Vinson asked while pointing at his nose.

"Mm-hmm!" Arielle replied with a nod.

She then knelt down beside him and asked his feet, "Aren't you tired from doing a handstand for so long?"

It was at that moment that Vinson decided he would never let Arielle drink ever again.

He bent over and explained patiently, "I'm standing upright, Sannie. I'm not doing a handstand. Come on, let's go brush our teeth and go to bed, okay?"

Despite him sounding as though he was coaxing a child, it seemed to work against Arielle as she nodded obediently. "Okay..."

With one swift motion, Vinson scooped her up into his arms.

"Wow! You're so amazing, Vinson! I didn't know you could carry me while doing a handstand!" she cried out excitedly.

Tired of explaining himself, Vinson decided to go along with it and said, "Yeah, I am. I have something even more amazing, though! Do you want to try it?"

Under normal circumstances, she would've hit him for saying something that lewd.

However, the drunk Arielle nodded and agreed to it in a heartbeat. "Yeah! I want to try it!"

Unsure of how to respond, Vinson could only sigh as he quickly carried her upstairs.

He was planning on having Arielle lay on the bed while he fetched her a towel from the bathroom, but she didn't let go of his neck when he set her down.

"Come on, let go of me, Sannie. I'll get you a towel so you can wash your face. You'll feel a lot better after that," he said affectionately.

"No! I don't want you to go! I want kisses!" Arielle shouted with a frown.

No man could possibly resist the temptation of his beloved woman asking for a kiss, not even Vinson. The fact that he was feeling incredibly horny at the time only made things worse.

## Obsessed CEO Throws Himself at Me Chapter 1015

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Chapter 1015 I Feel Like Throwing Up

"Are you sure you want kisses?" Vinson asked in a hoarse, sexy voice while gazing deeply into her eyes.

Arielle looked really mesmerizing with her flushed cheeks, unfocused gaze, and alluring eyes.

"Yeah! I want kisses! I also want to try that amazing thing you said earlier!" she replied firmly.

Vinson tensed up upon hearing that and blushed slightly as he reconfirmed it with her.

"Sannie, you're the one who asked for it, yeah?"

Arielle nodded profusely. "Yup, I did!"

The next thing she knew, her lips were sealed by Vinson's in a deep and passionate kiss that seemed to suck the air out of her.

Propping himself up with one arm, Vinson took their clothes off with the other, leaving them both stark naked in less than a minute.

As Vinson had always insisted on keeping his virginity for the one he truly loved, he never had any actual experience with sexual intercourse.

With their clothes scattered all over the bedroom floor, the two of them stared at each other's naked bodies.

Emboldened by her intoxication, Arielle made the first move and kissed him on the lips. Vinson felt as though his body was on fire as the flames of lust burned inside him.

After kissing for what seemed like forever, he finally let go of Arielle as her lips had gotten a little swollen.

Even so, she wasn't satisfied. She licked at her lips while looking at him.

That little motion of hers sent Vinson into a horny frenzy and caused him to attack her lips with yet another barrage of kisses.

Right as they were about to complete the final step of intercourse, Vinson heard Arielle groaning in discomfort.

He immediately stopped what he was doing and asked worriedly, "What's wrong, Sannie? Are you feeling uncomfortable?"

Arielle's eyes teared up as she mumbled, "I feel like throwing up..."

"Huh?"

The word had barely left his mouth when Arielle turned to the side and began vomiting like crazy.

Vinson quickly grabbed a bottle of water from the nightstand and gently patted her back. He waited until she stopped vomiting before handing her the bottled water.

"Are you feeling better now, Sannie? Here, you can rinse your mouth and drink some water."

After taking a few sips of water, Arielle pinched her nose and shot him a look of disgust as she shouted, "Your feet stink, Vinson!"

The corner of Vinson's mouth twitched a little. "Sannie, that smell is coming from the stuff you puked up..."

"No, it's your feet!"

Vinson let out a helpless sigh and nodded affectionately. "Yeah, you're right. It's my feet that stink."

He then picked up a jacket from the floor and put it on her before helping her off the bed. "Go sit down for a bit while I clean up the bed, okay?"

This time, Arielle did as told and sat down on the couch obediently like a cat.

She watched quietly as Vinson cleaned up her vomit beside the bed, replaced the sheets, and sprayed some air freshener in the room.

The room was finally clean after about ten minutes, and the stench in the air had been replaced by the faint fragrance of lavender.

Vinson let out a sigh as he turned to look at Arielle, only to see her all curled up on the couch with her eyes tightly shut.

She had fallen asleep, but his erection was still standing tall and waiting for him to finish the job.

After a brief pause, Vinson walked up to her and gave her a gentle nudge on the shoulder.

"Hey, Sannie? Are you asleep? Didn't you want to try out that amazing thing of mine?"

“Mmm...” Arielle simply let out a soft groan and switched positions as she continued to sleep.

Damn, I thought we could continue our session... Well... Who says you can't go on while you're asleep, right?