

# Obsessed CEO Throws Himself at Me

## Chapter 1066

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The reason why the receptionist treated *Arielle* that way was because she *was well aware of* the intention behind all the women who came to see Vinson. As far as she was concerned, *none of these women* came for work-related reasons. It was understandable because it was *every woman's* dream to get their hands on a man of status and wealth, such as Vinson. Hence, she had always treated *women* without an appointment with hostility.

Besides, she knew these women were all prettier than she would ever be, so she *never bothered to even cast a glance at them.*

"You can't see him without an appointment. If you're not filling out the *form*, get lost," she repeated,

However, as soon as she finished her sentence, she heard polite greetings coming *from the elevator's direction*

"Hello, Mr. Nightshire."

"Good afternoon, Mr. Nightshire."

*Vinson is here!* The receptionist immediately stood upright as she tidied herself up.

On every other day, Vinson would just walk straight toward the main entrance. However, he was heading directly toward the front desk this time around. The receptionist was caught by surprise, and she stood there stiffly, not knowing what was happening.

Her heart began to race, and she could not help holding her breath.

When Vinson was standing in front of her, she noticed the man had his eyes locked onto the woman who came to see him.

Turning her head subconsciously, she finally had a good look at that woman.

At that moment, realization dawned on her as her eyes widened. *That's Arielle Moore!*

Back when Soir Coffee had an event there, she was not employed yet. Hence, she had never seen Arielle in person before. *Wow! She looks even more beautiful in person! Ther*

*e are rumors going around saying that Arielle is in a relationship with Vinson. So it's .. true?*

The very next thing the receptionist saw was Vinson affectionately wrapping his arm around Arielle's waist. "I'm sorry to have kept you waiting. I didn't know you were here already," Vinson apologized.

Upon hearing that, the receptionist was stumped. *So, they're involved with each other! Doesn't that mean I've just stopped Vinson's girlfriend from seeing him? What have I done? I'm so dead.*

Arielle simply ignored the receptionist and turned toward Vinson instead. Pursing her lips, she mumbled, "Since you're talking to me nicely, I'll forgive you."

"Thank you very much, Darling!" Vinson bowed.

The receptionist saw her job flash before her eyes. *Didn't Vinson fire his ex-assistant for something similar to what I did? Oh, goodness!*

When she was about to hide away, she saw Vinson looking at her.

It was actually the first time Vinson's eyes landed on her. His face darkened as his icy orbs stared into hers. Suddenly, a chill went through her entire body.

"Was it you who got in her way just now?" Vinson asked coldly.

"I... I..." The receptionist was at a loss for words. She was so terrified that she was trembling in fear.

Before she could explain herself, Vinson continued coldly, "From now on, you don't have to clock in anymore."

hearing his words, the receptionist was flabbergasted, "Please don't fire me! I beg of you!"

Vinson ignored her as his eyes scanned the other employees.

Then, the receptionist's superior went to her and said, "You can pack up your things and leave now. Your pay for this month will be calculated based on a day rate."

The receptionist dropped to her knees and cried. Her arrogance and unprofessionalism had just gotten her fired,

Arielle kept silent throughout the entire ordeal. She only started talking after she had gotten into the elevator with Vinson. "You didn't have to do that. She was just doing her job."

Although the receptionist treated her badly, Arielle was still defending her.

Even so, Vinson thought otherwise. "I wouldn't care if she had done that to other people. Just not you."

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Of course the reason Vinson did that was to make a deterrence

After this, no one would ever dare to stop Arielle in her tracks again.

As for the people present around the front desk, they were all stunned as they watched both of them get into the elevator. They were even more shocked to see the receptionist getting fired on the spot. *Well, it seems like we have to address the ambassador of Soir Coffee as Mrs. Nightshire from now on*

Meanwhile, in the elevator, Vinson pointed at a sign that read "For CEO Only," and said, "Next time you're here, you don't need to go through the front desk anymore. Just go up using this elevator."

"Got it Anelle nodded, feeling a warmth in her heart. Shortly after that, they both arrived at the top floor.

The atmosphere in the office was unlike the one she felt at the front desk. Rayson was there as well, and he was chatting with the employees there. Basically, everyone was friendly and welcoming. Rayson had probably already told all of them about the relationship between her and Vinson. Hence, all of them greeted her politely when she walked past them.

However, Arielle felt embarrassed by their good manners toward her. As a result, she shied away from them and hid behind Vinson.

Vinson, on the other hand, was eager to gloat. Wrapping his arm around her in front of everybody, he announced, "My wife is just here to fetch me. No biggie. Get back to work, everyone."

Arielle was blushing uncontrollably. She could not help but pinch Vinson's arm lightly, indicating for him to stop embarrassing her.

Despite that, Vinson's attitude remained the same until he brought her into his office.

To Arielle's surprise, there were two lines of people standing inside. All of them had stacks of documents on them.

The moment she stepped into the office, all of them turned and looked at her.

Apparently, Vinson was in the middle of something when Arielle called him on the phone earlier.

At first, she was stumped by what Vinson did for her, but soon after, she felt touched and grateful at the same time, knowing that Vinson would prioritize her.  *Luckily, I didn't leave when I dealt with the receptionist. Otherwise, I wouldn't even be here. What now, though? There are a lot of people here. Should I just pass him his dinner in front of these people?*

At that moment, when Arielle could not decide what to do, Vinson came to her rescue. "Will you wait for me for a while? I have some work to deal with first."

"Sure, no problem!" Arielle nodded. "I'll go wait outside."

"There's no need for that." Vinson put both his hands on her shoulders and led her toward the couch. "Just sit here. I'll be right back." He then turned around and walked toward his desk.

"Let's continue." Vinson's tone immediately turned icy cold when he spoke to people other than Arielle. It was as if he became a different person when he went back to his desk.

"Yes!" The two lines of people stood upright in a serious manner.

"Your proposals..." Vinson continued from where he left off.

Vinson was cold and harsh with his words toward his employees. Since it was the first time Arielle had seen him lecturing his employees, she could not help but glance at them out of curiosity.

As she was looking over at them, Vinson was seated facing against the beams of sunlight. Somehow, it revealed his amazingly well-proportioned face structure.

Every action of his was played in slow-motion in Arielle's head. Starting from when he flipped through the documents, to him tapping the table while he lectured to the employees. Arielle was definitely feasting on him with her eyes. So, it's true what they say. Men do *actually* look the most attractive *when they're focused at work*

Finally, Vinson was done lecturing. The employees bowed respectfully and were about to leave. At that precise moment, Vinson suddenly asked, "Darling, where's my dinner that you've brought for me?"

Obviously, Vinson timed that impeccably well. He was showing off to his employees that his wife had brought him food.

True enough, the employees all stopped in their tracks abruptly upon hearing that and turned toward Arielle.

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## Chapter 1068

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That was when they saw the food she was carrying.

Everyone then understood their boss' hidden meaning behind his words.

"That's so sweet of you, Mrs. Nightshire."

"I'm so envious of Mr. Nightshire!"

Arielle knew for sure Vinson did that on purpose to get those reactions out of his employees, so she just responded with an awkward smile.

Vinson was a proud man after hearing all the praises and comments. Only then he was *satisfied*. After the employees exited the office, he rubbed his hands and walked toward Arielle. "What are we having for dinner?"

"Can you stop embarrassing me!" Arielle exclaimed as she playfully hit Vinson's head.

However, one of the employees had left behind a document in Vinson's office.

When he witnessed the scene, his eyes rounded, and he quickly ran out of the room in shock.

"Vinson!" Arielle clenched her teeth in anger. "This is all your fault!"

Vinson just reacted playfully and laughed. "Uh-oh, now everyone's gonna know you're a controlling wife!"

True enough, his wish came true. Soon after, the words spread. Everyone in the company knew what happened and viewed Arielle as a controlling wife.

In general, most men would feel humiliated by such comments, but not Vinson. Instead, he was quite proud of it.

Arielle was so embarrassed that she could not stand being in the office for another second. Both she and Vinson left for the Southall residence right after that.

When Arielle got back to the manor, Susanne was playing chess with Alan. The kind of chess that Arielle was superb at.

When Arielle saw them, Susanne had just won the game.

Walking toward them, Arielle asked with a smile, "Susanne, you're playing chess?"

Susanne was flustered upon seeing Arielle. Releasing an awkward cough, Susanne replied, "Besides Poker, I love chess as well. I have people coming over later, and one of them is a legend in the chess community. Hence, I thought maybe I should sharpen up my skills a little bit before he arrives, but Alan's terrible at it! I can't get much of a challenge out of him."

Raising her eyebrows, Arielle suggested, "Maybe I can help you with that?"

"Are you any good?"

"Sort of." Arielle nodded.

Those who knew Arielle well would know what she meant by "sort of."

Obviously, Susanne would not have known that. All of a sudden, she was craving some ravioli. However, that would be something weird to bring up out of the blue. Instead, she gave it some thought and asked, "Since you know how to play, why don't we have a game?"

"Sure." Arielle responded with a nod. Alan then quickly got up and gave his seat to her.

"Okay, let's make it more interesting. If you win, I'll let you organize my birthday party next month. However, if I win, you have to make me ravioli for a whole month," Susanne suggested as she set up the chessboard.

Arielle was faced with a dilemma. *Birthday party? She'll definitely take the opportunity to tell everyone about my relationship with Vinson, but I can't win either because Susanne will not be happy with it, considering her temperament. What should I do?*

Before Arielle could make up her mind, Susanne was done setting up.

"Let's start," Susanne uttered.

"You can have the white pieces. You go first." One of the rules in chess was that the player with the white pieces would move

first. Generally, white pieces were said to have an advantage over black pieces. With this, Susanne had just given the first-move privilege to Arielle.

She did that because she believed it was impossible for Arielle to win against her. It's good enough for *a country bumpkin like you know how to play*, but there's no way you're winning against me.

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Chapter 1069

*It's definitely a huge advantage to move first.* Susanne was extremely confident of herself.

Taking a deep breath, Arielle made her first move. By then, she had already resolved her dilemma.

This time around, Arielle didn't go by any strategy. Instead, she was just playing casually.

Susanne's confidence grew upon seeing Arielle's first move. *She's doing it by the book. Seems like she's just a beginner.* Her lips then curled into a smile and made her first move as well.

Just when she thought she could defeat Arielle within twenty moves and have her craving satisfied, she was now on her fortieth move.

She was surprised by how hard it was to defeat Arielle. Only that did she realize Arielle had not yet made an offensive move on her throughout the game.

While it took almost thirty seconds for Susanne to make every single move, Arielle only needed two.

Not only that, Arielle's defense was so good that she managed to pull off a miraculous escape time after time.

The game dragged on, and Susanne still could not defeat Arielle. *Something's not right here. She's letting me win!*

Thinking Arielle was toying her around, Susanne clenched her teeth in frustration. Suddenly, Arielle conceded when it was her turn to move.

Beaming an innocent smile, Arielle commented, "Susanne, you're too good at this. I have no choice but to concede."

Arielle was half telling the truth. Susanne was good, indeed. It was just that she was no match for Arielle. If Susanne were to play against anybody else, she could have won easily.

Susanne had never been one to hold back on her opinions. With a frown, she asked directly, "You were letting me win all along, right?"

"No, no." Arielle waved her hands in denial. "I'm just actually in the mood to make some ravioli."

Susanne was stunned by what she heard. Suddenly, her anger disappeared when she thought about those delicious ravioli. Arielle's response was music to her ears.

Pursing her lips, Susanne muttered, "When we finish eating ravioli, we'll give it an other go, but you must promise me you wouldn't hold back anymore."

"I really didn't. I-"

"Enough," Susanne interrupted. "I'm not an idiot. Just promise me."

Arielle had no choice but to nod. "Okay, I promise."

Right then, Alan came running over. "Mrs. Nightshire, your guests have arrived," he reported.

Upon receiving the report, Susanne's eyes lit up immediately as she got to her feet. "The legend I told you about is here. Since you're not too bad yourself, why don't you have a friendly duel with him later?" Susanne suggested

"Sure," Arielle agreed.

At that moment, an old man's voice sounded. "My apprentice, Susanne!"

"Oh, my mentor! How are you?" Susanne greeted politely.

Raising her eyes toward the legend Susanne had claimed, Arielle was dumbfounded. Isn't that Hans, my apprentice? And that's Everett, my grand disciple! Did Susanne just address Hans as her mentor? What's going

on here?

After Susanne greeted Hans, she turned, and her eyes landed on Arielle. When she noted how Arielle was still in her seat, her eyebrows furrowed. "Arielle, what are you doing still sitting there? Come say hi to my mentor!"

Hearing Arielle's name, both Hans and Everett gazed at her in shock.

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Dumbstruck, Hans' and Everett's eyes widened dramatically. Unbridled joy fit their faces at the sight of Arielle.

"My dear mentor!"

"Grandmaster!"

The two men yelled simultaneously, their tones colored with reverence.

The corner of Arielle's lips twitched involuntarily, but she held her tongue.

*I can't believe that Susanne's mentor is my apprentice! Does that mean that Susanne is my grand-disciple? What in the world is going on?*

Arielle's head throbbed. She fervently wished that the ground would open up and swallow her whole.

Susanne, on the other hand, was thoroughly perplexed when she heard Hans refer to Arielle as his mentor,

She stepped forward to block Hans, who was about to rush toward Arielle. "Mr. Jewell, w-what did you just call her?" she stuttered.

"My mentor, of course."

"No, no, it's all a misunderstanding," Arielle interjected quickly. "We played chess together some time ago, and I won a game using a sly trick. Mr. Jewell was just teasing me."

She shot Hans a look as she spoke.

However, the meaning behind her glare went over Hans' head as he attempted to reiterate that Arielle was indeed his mentor.

Fortunately, Everett was far more perceptive. He caught on quickly and leaned over to whisper in Hans' ear.

Hans' jaw dropped open, his gaze darting between Arielle and Susanne as he finally grasped the situation. "She's right. We made a bet back then that whoever won that game of chess would be known as the 'mentor' but it's all just fun and games." He chuckled awkwardly

Susanne was no fool. It was clear as day that the two were trying their best to salvage her dignity.

She was overwhelmed by mortification, but a peculiar sense of pride brewed beneath the shame.

*Well, I suppose it'll benefit me if everyone hears about how a legend like Mr. Jewell lost to Arielle at chess. It's just like the bionic arm—now that the elite circles know about Arielle's stellar programming abilities, the major programming companies must be eager to get their hands on her.*

At the thought of this, Susanne felt the unease leave her bones.

She plastered a smile on her face and ran with their ruse.

"Oh, is that so? I was just wondering why Arielle went easy on me just now," she quipped good-naturedly.

Turning toward Hans, she remarked, "Your timing is impeccable! Arielle just offered to make me some ravioli. You should try some! She is quite a good cook."

Hearing that, Arielle took it as her cue to leave. "Please excuse me while I prepare the food," she announced, casting a meaningful look at Everett.

Instantly understanding her wordless request, Everett gave her a reassuring nod and ushered Hans into the living room.

Hans' gaze followed Arielle until she disappeared into the kitchen. He then turned to Susanne, his shrewd eyes scrutinizing her. "Are Arielle and Vin together?" he asked blatantly.

Susanne choked upon hearing his words but quickly masked it with a cough. "I haven't approved of the relationship"

"What?" Hans exclaimed, springing to his feet. "Why don't you approve of it? It's great news!"

Susanne squirmed in her seat as anxiety built up within her. "Mr. Jewell, you don't understand my dilemma. Anelle comes from a complicated background. It'll take some time for me to accept her," she explained with a nervous laugh.

Hans had been keeping his eye on Arielle ever since their second encounter at Haut Monde, so he knew about the mess associated with the Southalls.

Heaving a sigh, he uttered, "Susanne, I know that the Nightshire family imposes strict traditions, but you have to understand that Arielle is a gem that is hard to come by. If her familial background is the only thing hindering this relationship, I can help you out with it. I'll take Arielle as my goddaughter. Surely we Jewells uphold to the Nightshires' standard?"

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## Obsessed CEO Throws Himself at Me Chapter 1071

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**Chapter 1071 My Adoptive Parents Are The Wilhelms**

While the Jewells were not one of the four most influential families in Chanaea, they were certainly at the top of the pyramid.

Moreover, the Jewell family had an ancient bloodline. Although they no longer dabbled in the business world, the Jewells played a prominent role in politics to this day.

With Hans backing Arielle up, no one would dare to question her background or even raise the matter if she married Vinson in the future.

Arielle's background bothered Susanne the most, so she was delighted to hear Hans' proposal. She mulled over it for a couple of seconds before nodding her assent. "The two children would have a much brighter future if you would take Arielle as your goddaughter. As you know, rumors may not leave wounds, but they can bury a person alive."

Hans nodded in understanding. "If my men- If Arielle agrees to it, I'll throw a banquet and announce this news," he said, overjoyed.

"Sounds good," Susanne agreed.

She figured that even if Arielle did not end up marrying Vinson, the young woman's life would be a lot easier if Hans had her back.

Maureen, this is the best I can do for you.

At this moment, dinner was ready.

Arielle served three steaming bowls of ravioli and took her seat. Unable to contain his excitement, Hans blurted out his plan to take Arielle as his goddaughter.

Arielle hesitated before replying, "I... I'll have to ask my parents about this."

Hearing her response, Susanne was dumbfounded. "Your parents?" she echoed.

The younger woman nodded. "Mrs. Nightshire, I haven't had the chance to tell you this, but I actually grew up in Lightspring. My parents—my adoptive parents, to be accurate—are the Wilhelms," she explained truthfully.

"The Wilhelms?" Susanne exclaimed in shock. "You mean the Wilhelms, as in the most renowned psychologists in Lightspring?"

"Yes," Arielle confirmed, but her answer left Susanne more confused. Unable to hold it in any longer, Susanne admitted, "To be honest, I did a background check on you. The investigation showed that you grew up in a village in Chanaea..."

With a rueful smile, Arielle told her side of the story. "I was in a tough spot at that time. I knew that Cindy and Henrick were not easy to deal with, so I created a smokescreen. Everything that you found about me was no more than an elaborate lie. The truth is, ten years ago, Cindy planned to sell me to a human trafficking organization. The Wilhelms rescued me before it was too late and brought me to Lightspring."

Upon learning that, a myriad of emotions churned within Susanne.

She had once thought that a lowly village girl like Arielle would bring dishonor to the Nightshire family. Little did she know Arielle was the adopted child of two internationally acclaimed psychologists!

In fact, the Wilhelms were more than just psychologists. They were also skilled general surgeons and leading figures in Epea's medical field.

Hubert Wilhelm, in particular, had contributed significantly to traditional Chanaean medicine. As a result, he had made a name for himself in Chanaea and was recognized nationwide.

With this turn of events, there was no need for Hans to stand up for Arielle. The name "Wilhelm" alone carried enough weight to shield Arielle from any malicious comments.

"You..." Susanne started, but she was at a loss for words. The syllable hung in the air as she dwelt on the newfound information.

Had she known Arielle's true identity early on, she would not have even spared Wendy a glance, let alone shun Arielle for Wendy's sake.

Although Susanne could not deny that she had a selfish desire for a distinguished daughter-in-law, deep down, she just wanted to protect her son from any slander.

However, now, not a single soul would dare to denigrate the Wilhelms' adopted daughter.

"I'm sorry." Arielle broke the silence. "I shouldn't have kept this from you, but I was in a bit of a predicament. If I returned to Chanaea with my real identity known, Henrick and Cindy probably wouldn't have received their punishment so quickly."

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## Obsessed CEO Throws Himself at Me Chapter 1072

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Chapter 1072 What She Missed Out On

"No matter what, you should have told me the truth when we first met," Susanne reprimanded with feigned anger.

Although her tone was harsh, she could not blame Arielle for hiding her identity.

It was obvious that Arielle had returned to avenge her deceased mother.

Susanne shared the same sentiment, but her status prevented her from intervening. After Maureen's death, the thought of revenge niggled at her mind. With resentment for injustice plaguing her, Susanne had tried to covertly collect damning evidence, but to no avail.

Now that the instigators had gotten what they deserved, she felt like a burden had been lifted off her shoulders.

"I'm having a birthday party of sorts next month. If they're not too busy, I would love it if your parents could come," Susanne invited after some contemplation.

A smile bloomed across Arielle's face as she nodded. "All right, I'll pass the message on."

The truth was, Arielle had planned to set up a traditional Chanaean medicine hospital in Chanaea once Maureen's Kitchen and Moore Group found their footing. She hoped that her adoptive parents would move to Chanaea and run the hospital.

Both the psychologists admired ancient Chanaean medicine, so there was no doubt that they would agree to it.

"While you're at it, remember to ask them about being my goddaughter," Hans reminded urgently.

While it might seem a tad bit disrespectful to take his mentor as his goddaughter, Hans could not pass up on the chance to build a stronger bond with the brilliant woman.

"All right. I'll be visiting Lightspring next week, so I'll be sure to ask them then," Arielle promised.

"Lightspring? Are you going back to visit your parents?" Susanne questioned.

Arielle shook her head no. "I plan to visit Maxwell University."

"Maxwell University!"

A memory resurfaced in Susanne's mind. Back at the auditorium, Arielle had told her she had graduated from Maxwell University.

At that time, Susanne was shocked to hear it, albeit pleasantly so, but she assumed Arielle had fabricated the story to provoke Donovan.

Does this mean that she didn't lie out of pure spite?

Susanne unwittingly voiced her inner thoughts, to which Arielle replied with a wry smile, "Why would I lie about this?"

Susanne was shaken to the core.

She was beginning to realize what she had rejected in favor of Wendy.

A priceless treasure, that's what! Mr. Jewell was right; I would have let a gem slip right through my fingers if I turned down Arielle! There is no one more suited for Vinson than her.

"All right, then. Enjoy your trip! Let me know if you ever need anything," Susanne offered. "Also, I lost the chess game to you, fair and square. Since you've won the bet, you're in charge of my birthday party!" she added as an afterthought.

The underlying notion was that Susanne finally approved of Arielle.

Relief coursed through Arielle's veins. "Sure!" she agreed decisively.

That night, word about Arielle's impressive skills spread among the socialites like wildfire, with Susanne being the source of it all. She boasted about Arielle's ingenuity that allowed her to excel in programming and chess, making sure to highlight how the young woman had gained the title of "Hans Jewell's mentor" after beating him in a round of chess.

Naturally, she did not disclose any information about Arielle's relation to the Wilhelms.

News of that magnitude would be best delivered by the protagonists themselves, and her birthday party would be the perfect event to do so.

The socialites were bored women whose sole purpose was to gossip. It would take mere days for Arielle's capabilities to be made known to the entire elite circle of Chanaea.

In the elite circle, recruiting talents was the best way to secure their high status, and it was evident that Arielle was a highly sought-after talent.

As expected, news traveled quickly. Even Cecilia, who resided in Horington, had caught wind of it.

"Arielle..." she growled through gritted teeth.

The glory should have belonged to Wendy, but the Greenes had fallen from grace. Cecilia was not even aware that she had been excluded from the socialite meetings until Trevor told her.

"Darn it, darn it!" Cecilia kicked a stool over in a fit.

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## Chapter 1073

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Chapter 1073 Ungrateful

This was the scene that greeted Trevor when he got home from playing golf. His eyebrows knitted together as he spoke. "This stool is worth thirty thousand. As you are right now, you can't afford to break it."

His words only fueled Cecilia's rage.

"What are you trying to imply? If not for my husband and me, would you be able to afford this stool or this house? Trevor Larson, you're an ungrateful b\*stard!"

"Ungrateful b\*stard?"

Trevor, too, was enraged.

"If I really am as ungrateful as you claim, I wouldn't even let you stay here, let alone raise Wendy with my money!"

Mentioning Wendy's living expenses was a huge mistake on Trevor's part. Cecilia exploded instantly.

**“Trevor Larson! I can’t believe you have the audacity to bring up the ten thousand!”**

**Trevor scoffed in response, but he had calmed down significantly.**

**Taking a long drag of his cigarette, he threatened, “Cecilia, I suggest you get your head out of the clouds and realize that I have the power to ruin your life. If you anger me again, I’ll chase you out of the house and live up to my name as an ungrateful b\*stard!”**

**Cecilia’s face turned purple with fury. “Trevor! You-”**

**“What? Don’t you take my words lightly! If Vinson doesn’t offer to collaborate with me within the next few days, you and I will both rot and die! So, you best pray that everything goes according to plan, or it’ll be the end of it for both of us!”**

**With that, Trevor snatched his coat and turned to leave. He could not stand being in the house for another second.**

**“Trevor! Come back and explain it clearly!” Cecilia’s shriek pierced the air, but Trevor paid her no heed.**

**The door slammed shut, and Trevor disappeared from her sight.**

**“Ungrateful b\*astard! Trevor, you shameless filth!” Cecilia shrielled.**

A stool flew across the room, crashing into the door with a loud thump.

The housekeepers scurried away in fear that they would get caught in the line of fire.

After a few minutes of deranged yelling, an eerie calm settled upon Cecilia.

In a trance, she trudged up the stairs to her room. Opening a drawer, she pulled out a bag containing white powder.

The Greenes had no qualms about making dirty money, and that included the sale of illicit substances.

However, neither Cecelia nor Daniel had abused drugs themselves.

Cecilia might not have used it before, but she had witnessed many others take their fix.

Hence, she had a pretty good idea of how to do it despite the lack of hands-on experience.

I know I should steer clear of drugs, but now...

Cecilia poured out a small mound of powder and stared at it. The white powder sat in the middle of her palm, seeming almost innocuous.

She was on the verge of breaking down.

Word on the street was that drugs could erase any pain.

I won't get addicted if I just try it once.

Cecelia needed an escape from reality, even if it was just temporary. She felt like she would go insane if she did not reign in her chaotic thoughts.

A few minutes later, a strange scent wafted out of Cecelia's room.

Two days passed by in a flash. Jacob was still waiting for Arielle to reach out to him.

Two days should be more than enough for Arielle to realize that Jacob was the reason all the factories had rejected the proposals from the technology department.

The contract had explicitly stated that should Arielle fail to produce a fifty percent increase in the technology department's profits within a month, she would have to step down from her position as the chairman.

Whether or not Arielle could accomplish this feat depended on the bionic arm.

If the bionic arm failed to make it to the market, Arielle would have no choice but to resign.

A week had passed since she signed the contract. Jacob was sure that Arielle was under pressure, yet there was nothing but radio silence from her end.

Though Jacob could play the waiting game, his subordinates were becoming unsettled. They bombarded him with variations of the same question. "Mr. Campbell, Madam Chairman should have contacted us by now. Why haven't we heard from her?"

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## Obsessed CEO Throws Himself at Me Chapter 1074

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**Chapter 1074 Get Lost**

Jacob had waited for two whole days. Even though he reassured himself over and over again that Arielle would cave in first, his patience was wearing thin, and he had an ominous feeling that things were not going according to plan.

His subordinate's inquiry ticked him off. Seething with rage, Jacob lit a cigarette and took a big puff.

"Let her be!"

Taking another puff, he reasoned, "She still can't figure out who's pulling the strings. It'll be even better if she stumbles around like a headless chicken! If she doesn't come to me now, it'll be too late for her when she pieces everything together."

The subordinate was convinced by this rationale.

At that moment, a thought flashed across his mind. Lowering his voice, he murmured, "Mr. Campbell, there's something that has been circulating for the

past two days. My daughter heard it from her friend's mother, so I can't guarantee its credibility."

"What is it?" Jacob prompted, his eyebrows furrowed.

"My daughter told me that Arielle and Mr. Nightshire are officially together, and it seems like Mrs. Nightshire approves of their relationship."

"What nonsense!" Jacob dismissed it without a second thought. "That's impossible!"

The subordinate appeared uncertain. "The rumors couldn't have come out of nowhere. Even my daughter has heard of it. Besides, didn't Nightshire Group appoint Arielle as the ambassador of Soir Coffee? Why would they pick her, of all people, if there is no connection between her and Mr. Nightshire?"

Jacob snickered. "Have you not seen Arielle Moore? A pretty face on a giant billboard will definitely boost Soir Coffee's publicity."

"But Mrs. Nightshire--"

"That's simply absurd," Jacob interrupted. "Everyone knows that Mrs. Nightshire cares about her reputation more than she does her son. Henrick has publicly announced that Arielle is not his biological daughter but rather the illegitimate child of Maureen, and even Arielle attested to it. Do you actually believe that a woman like Mrs. Nightshire would accept a bastard village girl into her family?"

The subordinate processed Jacob's words before nodding slowly. "That's true."

Quirking an eyebrow, Jacob continued to list other reasons to prove that it was a hoax.

"Let's say Arielle really is in a relationship with Vinson. Why didn't Southall Group... Wait, no, I suppose it's Moore Group now. What I'm trying to say is, why didn't Vinson intervene when Arielle was ostracized and forced to sign the contract?"

"That's true!" The subordinate nodded vigorously as comprehension dawned on him. "Knowing Vinson, he would never let Arielle suffer if he truly cared for her. In fact, we wouldn't have a fighting chance against her! Vinson would've fired us immediately."

Jacob scowled. "Nonsense!"

Belatedly realizing that he had crossed his boss, the subordinate slapped himself across the face. He spat on the ground and scrambled to amend his mistake. "I can't control this mouth of mine! It'll just say whatever I'm thinking."

The subordinate froze when the words left his mouth. He had backed himself into a corner with his foolish rambling.

A dark cloud passed over Jacob's face.

"Get lost!"

"Yes!" With that, the subordinate made a hasty exit.

The conversation left Jacob in a sour mood. He paced the office restlessly, a frown set on his face.

At that moment, the phone rang. It was Oliver. He had called to ask for the last bit of money to seal the deal.

Jacob swiftly processed the transaction. Although he had to get a loan, Jacob was confident that it was a wise decision. In due time, Arielle would have to step down, leaving the chairmanship and Moore Group in his hands. When that happened, money would be the least of his worries.

However, the mention of Vinson rattled him.

After some thought, Jacob asked, "Oliver, since you're a Moore, do you know any of Jadeborough's upper echelons?"

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## Obsessed CEO Throws Himself at Me Chapter 1075

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Chapter 1075 The Ideal Daughter In Law

Upon hearing the other man's question, Oliver was puzzled. "I can name a few, but I'm by no means close to them. My wife does play cards with some socialites from prominent families, though. Why do you ask?"

"You don't need to know the details. Just help me find out if Mrs. Nightshire of Nightshire Group has her eyes on anyone to be her daughter-in-law."

"Understood."

Oliver hung up the phone and relayed the question to his wife.

"Oh, that Mrs. Nightshire... I had the honor of meeting her when I visited a friend yesterday. My friend said that Mr. Nightshire initially wanted her son to marry the daughter of the Greenes from Horington, but Susanne never brought it up again ever since the Greenes got into trouble."

Oliver nodded. He had heard of this in passing.

"That means that there are currently no candidates," he concluded.

"As far as I know, no. Word would have gotten out if there was such a person, just like it did with Ms. Greene. Since I haven't heard anything about it, I assume there is no potential daughter-in-law."

Oliver nodded again and immediately called Jacob.

Jacob heaved a sigh of relief upon hearing this information. A sense of peace and serenity washed over him.

I knew it! Mrs. Nightshire of Nightshire Group has two functioning eyes. There's no way she would approve of a bastard village girl! It doesn't matter that that girl's a Maxwell University graduate. She can never live up to Mrs. Nightshire's high expectations!

However, both Oliver and Jacob seemed to have forgotten that Oliver's wife and her friends were only on the sidelines of the socialite group.

With their current status, they would never get the real scoop.

Another week flew by. Susanne often invited Arielle to play chess with her, and they grew much closer as a result.

A day before Arielle departed for Maxwell University, Susanne took it upon herself to pack Arielle's bags.

"It rains a lot in Lightspring, so you must remember to bring an umbrella when you leave the house. Don't trust the weather forecast either! The weather there is unpredictable."

Arielle nodded obediently. "All right, I'll remember to do so!"

Leaning against the doorframe, Vinson quietly watched the interaction between the two women. Something about the night made it exceptionally beautiful in his eyes.

The following day, Arielle met up with Trisha and Jared for breakfast before heading to the airport.

Vinson had wanted to go to Lightspring with Arielle, but the plan fell through because he needed to oversee a project in Horington.

Thankfully, Arielle had her friends to keep her company.

Trisha had started the day in high spirits, but her chubby face scrunched up in dismay when she saw something on her phone.

Noticing her disheartened look, Arielle asked gently, "Trish, what's the matter?"

Jared looked over as well.

Ever since Henry pointed out Trisha's suspicious behavior, Jared had been keeping his distance from her.

The last he had seen her was during the announcement of their results for the regular class.

Trisha hurriedly shoved her phone into her pocket. "It's nothing. I'm fine," she replied unconvincingly while shaking her head.

Alarm bells rang in Arielle's head when she noticed Trisha's demeanor. "Trish, what happened? Jared and I can help you out if you tell us," Arielle urged, her tone glacial.

"Nothing... It's really nothing." Trisha tried to cover her anxiety with a dry laugh. "I'm just a bit nervous."

Arielle fell silent, but her intense gaze seemed to burn holes in Trisha.

Trisha fell asleep on the way to the airport. Unbeknownst to her, her phone had slipped out of her pocket.