

Obsessed CEO Throws Himself at Me

Chapter 1106

Chapter 1106 Full Of Himself

"Guest?" Luke was puzzled. "What sort of guest?"

"One who's full of himself," Vinson replied with an ambiguous smirk.

Luke remained somewhat mystified until Rayson came knocking.

"Larson Group's Derek Sully has requested to see you, Mr. Nightshire."

It became apparent to Luke what Vinson meant earlier.

He snorted. "I'll do as you asked and keep the issue pertaining to the building materials under wraps. Seeing that you've come to Horington, I bet that blasted Trevor must be waiting for us to become desperate enough to go to him begging on all fours."

Vinson's lips lifted into a smirk. He offered no further comment.

Luke stood up, smiling ear to ear. "Please attend to your visitor while I see to the manpower and logistical matters. It'll all be settled by seven-thirty, guaranteed."

"Good. Rayson, see Mr. Yeager out and have the other gentleman brought in."

"Understood!" Rayson bowed and cordially showed Luke to the door.

Once outside the office, Luke could no longer contain himself. "A personal question if I may, Rayson."

"Please ask away," Rayson assented.

Luke took one glance at the door to the office that had closed back by itself before he asked, "Has someone as young and accomplished as Mr. Nightshire settled down yet? If he hasn't, I may be acquainted with a couple of outstanding young ladies that I could perhaps assist with connecting him to."

Rayson's smile froze over in place. He coughed before he leaned in. "Mr. Nightshire is already attached."

That took Luke by some surprise. "Attached? To a scion from which family, I wonder?"

"Not a scion, but a boss," Rayson replied with a laugh.

In his misapprehension, Luke responded with even greater astonishment. "I've never realized that Mr. Nightshire bats for the other side."

"No. It's nothing like that!" Rayson nearly broke out in a cold sweat as he hastened to explain, "She's a woman. A woman."

That came to Luke as some relief.

"That's good to know, or I'd be genuinely shitting my pants otherwise... being a family man and all."

Rayson pursed his lips at Luke, completely flabbergasted. "What on earth were you thinking?"

"Look at me now. You won't be able to tell that my head was much fuller, and I was quite the dashing lad back in the day!" said the guffawing Luke as he strode off.

After Rayson saw off the self-besotted Luke, he took his time with the representative from Larson Group, only heading into the waiting room after a dozen minutes had passed. "Our apologies for keeping you waiting. Mr. Nightshire was preoccupied just now. Now, please follow me," he said genially.

"All right. Okay." Derek gathered up the antique vase as he stood up.

"Mr. Nightshire."

Derek placed the vase on Vinson's desk as soon as he stepped inside the office.

"What's this for?" Vinson evoked a feigned look of surprise.

"A little gift from Mr. Larson. Didn't he have to cancel his lunch appointment with you previously at the eleventh hour because something cropped up for him? Mr. Larson felt really bad about it and expressly tasked me to send this to you as a token of his apology."

Vinson cast a leisurely gaze over the antique vase. "A Chanaean vase from the seventeenth century... Isn't this apology from Mr. Larson a little too substantial?"

"Not at all. Not at all, Mr. Nightshire," replied Derek as he waved off his counterpart's concerns. "This is just a polite gesture from Mr. Larson, and he'd feel that you're still upset with him were you to decline..."

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Chapter 1107

Chapter 1107 First Wharf

Vinson lowered his eyes as he snorted, making it less apparent to the observer how he really felt about it.

Just as Derek was fretting, Vinson replied, "I'll accept it. Tell Mr. Larson that I'll meet him at the First Wharf at eight tonight."

Derek's eyes lit up, and he bowed profusely under the impression that Vinson had relented.

"Thank you for your magnanimity, Mr. Nightshire. You truly are a gracious man. In that case, I shan't continue to impose. Let me go back to inform Mr. Larson of this right away."

With a wave of his hand, Vinson bade Derek farewell.

Once Rayson had shown Derek out, he turned back into the office. "Why did you accept this thing?"

Vinson snorted in response and a cold glint flashed across his eyes.

"Since it's already been brought here, wouldn't it be hard for him to answer to his superiors were I to send him back with it?"

Rayson seemed confused.

Vinson's not that accommodating a person, especially not to a business rival.

As expected, Vinson followed up very quickly. "Pick that vase up and have it couriered to Jadeborough, double-quick time. Address it to the deputy captain of the Specialized Forces. He'll know what to do next."

Rayson's eyes lit up once he understood Vinson's intentions.

Graft was no trivial matter, particularly in the case of Trevor Larson who was more than just the chairman of Larson Group; he also happened to be a minor player serving in Horington's public office.

Company matters aside, this vase by itself is sufficient to land Trevor in prison for a good couple of years, at least.

"Understood!" Rayson bowed in anticipation and hugged the vase as he went on to have it sent out.

While this was happening, Trevor received a call from Derek on his end.

“Are you saying that he has accepted it?” The thrill was palpable in Trevor’s inflection as he spoke.

Afraid that Vinson might turn down the vase and be adamant against making acquisitions from him, he had been in jitters all this while. With the acceptance of the gift, Vinson’s sentiments are now plain to see.

“Yes, Mr. Larson.” Derek, too, expressed his relief. “He’s accepted it, and in a seemingly fine spirit too. Also, he asked for you to be at the First Wharf at eight.”

“The First Wharf?” Trevor sounded doubtful. “Why would he want to meet at the docks?”

“That, I’m not sure of either...” Then, Derek went on to speculate, “Could it be because that’s close to where your largest warehouse for building materials is located? Maybe he plans to have you sell him those materials right after your chat?”

“It must be!” Trevor said, slapping his thighs. “Instruct those at the warehouse at the First Wharf to do a proper stocktake of the building materials, so that they’ll be ready to be picked up as soon as Vinson arrives.”

“Understood,” Derek assented before he hung up.

Trevor went back and forth inside his own office in sheer delight.

Fantastic. Just fantastic!

All the funds he spent, including that which he had loaned out to bankroll the purchases of the building materials, could finally be recouped.

Not only would his company be saved, but he might also be able to carve out a massive profit at Vinson’s expense.

That vase is easily worth twenty million, but it was a twenty million well spent!

Trevor swiftly worked out a number in anticipation of making a killing off of Vinson later in the evening.

Very swiftly, it was seven-thirty at dusk.

Vinson stood by the shores of the First Wharf, immersed in his own thoughts as he cast his gaze across the peaceful waters.

“Our people and transport are on standby, waiting for the ship to dock, Mr. Nightshire,” Luke reported after he alighted from the car.

Vinson nodded slightly before he checked his wrist for the time. "We've about ten minutes before it docks."

"Wonderful!" Luke rubbed his hands in anticipation.

Right then, Rayson hurried toward them. "Trevor Larson has arrived, Mr. Nightshire."