

Obsessed CEO Throws Himself at Me

Chapter 1148

Chapter 560 Two-Way Run

Toby is still waiting for me at the elevator alone right now. Besides, his legs aren't fully healed, which means that he can't balance himself with such a big shake of the ground. Maybe his feet have been injured again?

When she thought about this, Sonia felt worried and tried to get up from the carpeted floor. However, the ground was shaking so much that she almost fell again moments after standing up. Luckily, she managed to hold onto one side of the wall in time to balance herself. However, it was absolutely impossible for her to approach Toby while she was in these high heels without the risk of falling again.

After taking a deep breath, she kicked off her shoes without any hesitation and hurriedly rushed toward Toby's direction while holding onto the wall. Even though she was stumbling and staggering, she did not slow down in the slightest. She had to reach Toby as soon as possible; otherwise, she wouldn't feel at ease. Toby, you must not be in trouble!

It was a prayer that she offered from her heart.

On the other hand, Toby was leaning against the wall by the elevator to have a smoke while waiting for Sonia to return. However, what he never expected was for the earthquake to suddenly occur after he waited for a short while. If he hadn't been leaning against the wall, he would've been thrown onto the ground from the impact at this moment. At once, Toby put out his cigarette and threw it into the trash can, his face tense as he walked forward. I am going to look for Sonia. I wonder whether she will be frightened now that there's an earthquake.

The thought that Sonia might be afraid caused Toby's expression to harden. Then, he sped up without hesitation even if it meant spraining his foot again. He only wanted to hurry to her side to assure her not to be afraid and that he would be there for her.

Soon, Toby was walking around the corner of a corridor and saw Sonia holding onto the wall as she trod toward him. When he saw her, his eyes brightened as he shouted, "Sonia!"

Sonia subconsciously stopped in her tracks after she heard the man's voice. Then, she looked up and saw the man around the corner who also held the wall in front of her. Her eyes instantly lit up as well. "Toby!"

She didn't think much as to why he was here. She was only aware that she had stopped panicking and was no longer in fear when she saw him. When she thought about this, she removed her hands from the wall and ran toward Toby. Even though she stumbled as the ground shook beneath her, she still didn't stop.

However, when Toby saw this, he began to worry again. He was afraid that she would fall, so he quickly strode toward her. When he saw that Sonia was about to arrive, he opened his arms and was ready to catch her. By the time Sonia landed in his embrace, he stumbled backward and finally held onto her as they both fell to the ground. Toby was at the bottom whereas Sonia was on top of him. Luckily for him, the floor was carpeted, so he didn't feel much pain from the fall; otherwise, he would've injured his head.

However, Sonia was still worried that he was hurt, so she hurriedly moved away from his arms and propped her hand on the carpet before she urgently asked while looking at him. "Toby, are you all right?"

"Yes." Toby nodded and wanted to get up.

Then, she immediately held his arm and helped him into a sitting position, after which she sat next to him and asked again, "By the way, why did you come?"

Toby straightened his clothes before replying, "I was worried about you, so I came over to look for you."

At that, Sonia was taken aback. "You came because you were also worried about me?"

"Also?" Toby's ears had picked up on this word and after he raised an eyebrow, he fixed his gaze on her. "So, that means you were worried about me and came looking for me? Is that how you lost your shoes halfway?" He stared at her bare feet, his eyes dark.

When she felt the intensity of his gaze, she tried to uncomfortably shrink her toes before attempting to hide her feet under the hem of her skirt as her gaze shifted elsewhere. Then, she said, "No, that's pure nonsense. I was afraid that my high heels would cause me to fall during the earthquake, which was why I removed them."

He laughed lightly. "You only denied that you did not lose the shoes, but not that you came to look for me because you were worried. Sonia, does that mean you were indeed worried and so came to search for me?"

Sonia lowered her head sheepishly and didn't speak anymore.

Next, Toby raised his hand to ruffle her hair. "That's enough for me, Sonia. I'm very happy."

"What's there to be happy about? I was just worried about you." Her red lips twitched as she muttered.

After that, he removed his hand. "Of course I'm happy. It's because you're worried about me, which means you care about me in your heart."

“Not at all. Who wants to care about you?” Sonia resembled a cat whose tail had been stepped on and she glared at him with widened eyes and firmly denied that she cared for him. I don’t care about Toby.

Toby knew she wouldn’t admit it, so he shook his head with a smile and commented, “Okay, okay. You don’t care about me, okay?”

Sonia huffed and she didn’t speak—a signal that she was allowing the matter to slide.

After a long time, the tremors gradually began to lessen until calm finally returned. She looked up at the chandelier that was no longer shaking and breathed a sigh of relief. “It seems the earthquake has passed.”

He nodded slightly. “Yes.”

Then, she stood up, after which she reached for his arm to pull him up from the ground as well.

“It’s a good thing the building’s earthquake protection measures are good. Other than the scary tremors, nothing has collapsed; otherwise, we might have been...”

She couldn’t help but shiver at the thought of herself and Toby potentially being buried under the rubble. He gently tapped her forehead and said, “Do not think too much. This place is near the sea and quakes often happen on the seabed. Thus, the surrounding land would suffer from some tremors. Therefore, most buildings in this city have the most advanced earthquake prevention measures and they can withstand even the large earthquakes without collapsing. Don’t scare yourself.”

“I got it.” Sonia slapped his hand away and spoke with annoyance, “Don’t knock my head.”

While he laughed, Toby placed his hands in the pocket of his pants. “Now, where did you lose your shoes?”

“Outside the dressing room.” Sonia pointed to the direction where she came from.

He removed his hand from his pocket to hold hers. “Come, let’s get your shoes back.”

After saying that, he pulled her forward. A startled Sonia then watched him take her hand. The palm of his hand was large and warm, making her suddenly feel a little reluctant to shake it off. In fact, she didn’t shake his hand away and allowed him to lead her forward.

Soon, the two arrived outside the dressing room. Toby saw the pair of high heels that were left on the carpet from a distance. He released Sonia’s hand and

headed for the shoes, which caused her to look at her empty paw before her lips pursed slightly.

According to reason, she should have been relieved when he released her hand, but she didn't feel relief. All she felt instead was loss.

"What are you thinking about?" Toby asked as he returned with her pair of high heels and saw her staring at her hands.

When she heard that, Sonia lowered her hand and returned to her senses. After she calmed the subtle emotions in her heart, she smiled a little and said, "Nothing."

Chapter 1148 A Fight

Seizing the opportunity, one of the haters wanted to hit the male fan closest to him.

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However, the moment he threw his punch, it was intercepted by a small hand.

Caught by surprise, the hater lowered his gaze and saw that he was stopped by a teenager.

Instinctively, he attempted to pull his wrist out of the latter's grasp but was shocked to find that he could not move it, no matter how hard he tried.

Looking at the teenager in disbelief, the hater suddenly wondered if there was something wrong with him. I must definitely be sick to be weaker than a child.

As Blake shoved the hater's hand aside, he warned, "You're not allowed to cause trouble at Ms. Moore's restaurant!"

"Y-You..."

Infuriated, the hater used his other hand to grab Blake. However, just as he raised it, the latter expertly twisted his arm behind his back and held him down.

"Let go of me! Let go!"

Even though the hater was a high-school student, he ended up being subdued by someone who seemed younger than him.

Since he had been utterly humiliated, he decided to scream, "Help! Arielle's fan is beating me up!"

Briefly stunned, Blake explained at once, "I'm not a fan; I'm a bodyguard—"

"A bodyguard? You're just a kid! Do you take me for a fool?"

"You—"

The outraged Blake was about to strike the hater when Arielle admonished him, "Blake! Let go of him!"

Blake always deferred to her wishes, so he released the hater despite the fury bubbling up inside him.

Unexpectedly, it caused an uproar among the haters.

"Arielle has instigated her fan to beat someone up!"

"Should we call the police?"

"Call the police! Call the police! Arielle must be arrested and thrown into prison!"

Feeling guilty for being the cause of the commotion, Blake apologized, "Ms. Moore, I'm sorry. It's all my fault. How... How about I give Boss a call?"

Only Vinson could resolve a matter like that.

Arielle frowned and did not respond as she was weighing her options.

Wouldn't I be admitting to inciting my fan to rough the person up if I apologize? However, if I don't, the restaurant's business might be affected.

At that moment, the streamer from earlier came forward. "I have managed to record everything! Arielle didn't instigate anything. Instead, it's the hater who struck first. Luckily, that boy managed to stop him!"

He then raised his phone and added loudly, "I'm sure everyone in my audience saw what happened during my live stream. Someone must have clipped it too! You can call the police, but I have all the evidence here."

With a darkened expression, the hater cleared his throat awkwardly.

"I... I may have made a mistake. Arielle didn't incite her fan to start a fight."

Heaving a sigh of relief, Arielle turned to the streamer and nodded gratefully. "Thank you."

The latter blushed from having a beauty thank him, even though he was not a fan of Arielle.

Since he was all pumped up, he took a deep breath and declared, "Since all of you have your doubts about the food, let me try the ravioli and be the judge of it!"

Arielle agreed with it, finding it a good idea.

Coincidentally, a fresh batch of ravioli had just been cooked. While they were still piping hot, she served the streamer a bowl.

“Please give them a try.”

After nodding in acknowledgment, the streamer passed the phone to his companion and tasted the ravioli.

The very next second, his eyes sparkled. As he stuffed more of it into his mouth, he mumbled, “They’re amazing! They’re really, really delicious!”

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Chapter 1149 Humiliating The Haters

Soon, the streamer finished all five pieces of the ravioli and felt the urge to have more.

“Can I... have another bowl?”

The fans were displeased to hear that.

“No! I haven’t gotten any when I’ve been lining for a long time. You’ve tried the ravioli, so don’t even think of jumping in line!”

“Exactly. We thought you were here to help our goddess. We didn’t expect you to take advantage of it for more ravioli!”

The haters were stumped by the comments.

“That’s enough! All of you can drop the act. I’m sure you’re also a fan of hers!” one of them snapped at the streamer.

The streamer quickly denied, waving his hands at once. “No, not at all. You can check out my social media account if you don’t believe me. I came here to show the restaurant to my fans through live stream after reading about it on Twitter.”

The haters did not believe him at all.

“Do you take us for fools? And that we’ll take your word for it?”

Running out of ways to defend himself, the streamer countered, “There’s still some ravioli left. If you don’t believe me, you can try them for yourself!”

The haters were not afraid to take up the challenge.

“Fine! We’ll do it. With so many people watching, we’re not afraid of you poisoning the food.”

Subsequently, the hater, who was subdued by Blake earlier, picked up a bowl and started eating.

He was still scowling before he dug in, flummoxed by why there was such a big fuss over the ravioli.

Yet, the next second, the rich and flavorsome content of the ravioli spread across his tongue.

“How... is this even possible?” he muttered in disbelief.

Thinking that it was a false impression due to his hunger, he quickly took another bite.

As he gorged on them, he realized that he could not stop.

The other haters, who were waiting for him to humiliate Arielle, urged with a frown, “Hey! Don’t just keep eating. Tell us about the taste!”

At last, that hater put down his bowl. However, it was not because he had enough but because he had cleaned his bowl.

His lips quivered as he muttered something, but not a complete sentence was heard from him even after a long while.

“Say something!” The other haters prodded when they took in the odd look on his face.

Finally, he replied in a low voice, “It actually is quite good.”

The fans heaved a collective sigh of relief, glad that the hater had a conscience and spoke honestly.

On the other hand, the other haters were vexed.

“You must be a mole!”

“What’s wrong with you? How can you lie in front of so many of us? Don’t you have a conscience?”

Accused of being a traitor by his group, that particular hater became anxious.

“If you don’t believe me, you can try them and make your own judgment!”

The other haters refused to believe it still. It's just ravioli; how good can it actually taste?

"I'll try!"

"Me too!"

"Give me a portion!"

In a short while, the haters displayed a myriad of reactions. Some wore incredulous expressions, some fell into deep silence, while some had faces as black as thunder.

In fact, some even clicked their tongues in amazement. Considering how they turned a common dish like ravioli into something so delicious, it goes without saying that the other dishes must be equally impressive.

Even though many of the haters were still upset, none of them could deny the tastiness of the ravioli.

When the streamer saw their response, he scoffed at them. Ignoring the commotion, he looked at his phone and said to the viewers, "Sorry for the delay. Now, let's interview the customers inside."

The moment he finished his sentence, the viewers left many comments, saying that the interview was no longer necessary.

There's no need to. You can go ahead and join the line.

Even the haters have given in. It's no longer necessary to ask about the food anymore.

Save it. I've already gotten a taxi to take me to Maureen's Kitchen. I'm from Horington, so the journey will take around four hours, just in time for dinner.

Take me along with you! I'm from Horington too. We can try more dishes by dining as a group there!

Argh! I'm studying overseas right now. Poor me. When will they open a branch overseas? Isn't it too much to make me wait till I return for the winter holidays?
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Chapter 1150 The Wisdom Of Arielle

When the streamer saw the replies, he felt himself swelling with delight.

After all, he no longer needed to conduct the interview and could join the line directly.

I can't wait to try the other dishes in Maureen's Kitchen!

Holding that thought, he went to join the line right away.

Contrary to his elation, Arielle's fans waiting for the ravioli at the booth were exasperated. Even though they were happy that the tastiness of the ravioli was appreciated, they could not smile because the haters had finished the most recent batch of ravioli.

"Those haters are so annoying! I deliberately squeezed my way up to the front, yet they finished all the ravioli!"

"Could it be that they're fans masquerading as haters so that they could get the ravioli ahead of us?"

Feeling indignant, some of the fans joined the line to dine in the restaurant, while others continued to wait at the booth for the ravioli.

Strangely, they noticed that a few of the haters had joined the line.

In an instant, the fans mocked, "Hey, weren't you pouring scorn on our goddess' restaurant just a while ago? Why have you joined the line too?"

Caught in the act, one of the haters scowled but countered shamelessly, "Isn't the whole point of running a restaurant to serve customers? As one of them, don't I have the right to eat here too? Since when is it illegal to do so?"

The fans pursed their lips and stopped arguing with the haters.

They could not be any happier for Arielle that the business at the restaurant was brisk, so they would never chase her customers away.

At that sight, the other haters who were too embarrassed to line up earlier finally came out of hiding and joined them openly.

With that, the line stretched even further from the restaurant entrance to the parking lot.

Even the sticky notes used to write the numbers for the waitlist were finished. Therefore, the manager had no choice but to cut a stack of papers into squares and jot numbers on them.

At that moment, it finally dawned upon him how much foresight Arielle had.

Meanwhile, Rayson was as busy as a bee as he helped around the restaurant. At one moment, he would be helping to serve food to the customers, and at the other moment, he would be summoning more bodyguards to maintain the order of the line so that no one would try and jump in. Not only that, but he would also help to take orders.

Even though the hall was busy, it was a lot more hectic in the kitchen. Since there were not enough chefs, Glenn had to transfer some of the apprentices from the old restaurant over.

The waiter reported an order of six servings of roast chicken, and Glenn had just put them into the oven when the former returned and added, "Two more servings of roast chickens... And five servings of roast pork."

"Got it. The opening day is killing me," Glenn lamented. Nevertheless, he had a broad grin on his face.

Since he had a stake in the restaurant, it meant that he was one of its owners too. Therefore, he looked forward to being busy, as it was a sign that business was buzzing.

As sweat streamed down his forehead continuously, he worked hard to send out the dishes like clockwork.

When he saw that the ingredients were almost finished despite preparing ten times more than usual, he could not resist asking the manager, "Is there still a line outside?"

"Yes!" The manager nodded. "Chef Quigley, I don't think you'll get the chance to rest today," he remarked regrettably, though he was delighted by the crowd.

"What?" Glenn looked at the time in shock. "It's already two. How can there still be a line? How many of them are there?"

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