

Obsessed CEO Throws Himself at Me

Chapter 1160

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Chapter 1160 Giving Herself To Him

Caught off guard by Arielle's sudden motion, Vinson was pushed down onto the bed.

She then climbed onto him.

Riding on top of him, she cupped his face with both of her hands.

At that moment, her heart was pounding when she noticed the blush on his usually frosty countenance.

It's really rare to see him being shy.

When she saw the look on his face, Arielle no longer felt nervous.

In fact, she even smiled mischievously. "Vinson, you seem to fall very easily after being pushed."

Vinson's eyes sparkled with affection.

Instead of rebutting, he nodded. "That's the way I am. In fact, I hope that you'll do this to me every day."

Just as he spoke, he closed his eyes cooperatively.

"Go ahead, Darling."

That time around, Arielle's entire body had reddened in embarrassment.

Staring at Vinson, she suddenly did not know where to begin.

After all, she had neither the experience nor talent for it.

Moreover, she did not expect to end up being the one who needed to take the initiative.

"I-I'm not playing anymore!"

Right when Arielle raised her feet to leave in embarrassment, Vinson threw his arms around her waist.

Lowering her gaze in surprise, she noticed he had already opened his eyes.

"Isn't it irresponsible for you to leave after seducing me?"

"I-I wasn't seducing you!" Arielle denied as she looked away.

Grabbing Vinson's wrist, she protested, "Let go of me! I'm tired."

With no experience in the act of intimacy, she was naturally shy in that aspect. Hence, to have her muster the courage to take the initiative would surely be a rare occasion. As Vinson was already aroused from being teased by her, there was no way he was going to let the opportunity slip.

"Since you're tired, you should go ahead and sleep. In the meantime, I'll just help myself."

While speaking, he flipped his body around to switch positions with Arielle.

With that, he had gained the initiative by being on top of her.

"Sannie... I have waited for this day for a very long time."

Even though his voice was raspy, it was unbelievably gentle, causing her to stop struggling.

In truth, she, too, had long prepared for that day.

Vinson could tell that Arielle was ready to give herself to him from the look in her eyes.

Smiling, he cupped her face and gave her a passionate kiss.

That time, he no longer had to hold himself back.

Even though he was also inexperienced, he let his male instincts guide him.

He swiftly unbuttoned his shirt to reveal his well-defined pecs and abs.

Soon, both of them faced each other with nothing on.

Closing her eyes shyly, Arielle requested, "Turn off the lights."

"No." Vinson rejected her request firmly. "I want to remember what you look like tonight."

At that moment, she blushed crimson.

He enjoyed watching her reaction, as only he had the privilege to do so.

Taking his time, he leaned into Arielle and kissed her on her lips, face, forehead, and the rest of her body.

Since it was her first time, he knew he had to be gentle with her, no matter how eager he was.

After all, she was the woman he loved the most, his only beloved.

Soon, both their bodies were entwined together on the bed.

The foreplay lasted for half an hour.

Obsessed CEO Throws Himself at Me

Chapter 1161

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Chapter 1161 A Tender Night

With eyes burning with passion, Vinson looked as though he wanted to devour Arielle.

Finally able to engage in the act, he pressed himself on her in a domineering manner.

Even his kiss was more intense than before.

She, too, had noticed the passion in his lips as he consumed all of her sweetness inside her mouth.

Consequently, she felt as if her body was about to melt.

With one hand on Arielle's shoulder, Vinson fondled her body with the other.

The only thing she could feel was an electrifying sensation jolting through every fiber of her body.

Curling her toes by reflex, Arielle let out a moan that set the lust in Vinson ablaze.

Unable to hold back any longer, he gave her everything he had.

After a long while, Vinson finally came to a stop.

While Arielle was about to fall asleep from exhaustion, he continued to kiss her on her lips.

“Sannie, shall we go again?”

“But, it’s already past two,” she murmured, almost on the verge of tears.

“That’s because you made me wait for such a long time. Tonight, I’m going to make you pay it all back!”

He pressed his body onto hers again.

After unknown rounds of passionate lovemaking, Arielle finally drifted into sleep unknowingly. By then, it was daybreak.

Even though Vinson had not had enough, he stopped when he realized how enervated she was.

After helping her wipe her body, he went to take a shower.

By the time he stepped out of the bathroom, Arielle had fallen into a deep slumber and did not even pull up the covers.

Smiling affectionately, Vinson joined her in bed and tucked both of themselves in. He placed her head on his arm, and with that, the couple slept lovingly in each other’s embrace.

Dawn was usually the quietest time of the day.

Nevertheless, the internet was as busy as ever because it was where all the midnight owls congregated.

Just when everyone was running out of gossip to talk about, a trending topic began to gain traction—Maureen’s Kitchen’s Popularity Soars.

It suddenly became the top trending topic online.

In order to voice their doubts, someone tweeted: Maureen’s Kitchen? Isn’t that the restaurant established by Arielle, the influencer? Why are they promoting it at this ungodly hour?

Replies flooded in at once.

Our goddess, Arielle, isn’t a social media influencer but the ambassador of Soir Coffee. Hence, she has only filmed commercials and taken photos in her capacity as the ambassador.

Just take a look at the live stream. Even Arielle’s haters joined the line to dine at her restaurant.

There are just too many people at the new branch, so I plan to visit their old restaurant for lunch tomorrow. Hopefully, there will be less of a crowd there.

With a curious expression, the original poster clicked on the attached link in one of the replies, which brought him to the replay of a live stream.

In it, he saw a group of haters doubting the taste of the ravioli at the sampling booth in front of Arielle's restaurant.

Subsequently, all of them were humiliated.

Not only were they fighting over the ravioli, but they had also discreetly joined the line to dine at the restaurant.

Utterly baffled, the original poster wrote another tweet: Is it really that good? Perhaps, it's just a publicity stunt?

That time around, the replies came in the form of tantalizing pictures of the dishes served in Maureen's Kitchen.

Gulp!

Wiping the drool off the side of his mouth, the original poster decided that he would join the line at the restaurant the very next day.

Obsessed CEO Throws Himself at Me Chapter 1162

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Chapter 1162 His Tenderness

By the time Arielle stirred, it was already past noon. In fact, it was her hunger that had awoken her.

As a disciplined person, she had never overslept to that extent before.

Evidently, it was a testament to how passionate Vinson was in bed last night.

She looked to her side instinctively after forcing herself to sit up with her whole body aching.

When she noticed the empty pillow, she reached out to feel it and realized it was no longer warm.

Vinson must have left early in the morning.

Breaking out a self-deprecating smile, she ruffled her hair.

What was I thinking? Vinson is a busy man, so it's normal for him not to be at home when it's already noon.

At that thought, the hint of disappointment Arielle felt gradually dissipated.

However, she heard sounds coming from downstairs upon stepping out of the bathroom after showering.

The cleaner comes once a week. Since she came the day before, she wouldn't show up today. So, who can it be?

Gripped by anxiety, Arielle grabbed one of Vinson's golf clubs in the room and quietly tip-toed downstairs.

Logically speaking, it was unlikely for a burglar to break into their house.

Nonetheless, both she and Vinson had enemies that wanted them dead. Therefore, she could not be any more careful.

Upon arriving on the first floor, she realized the sound was coming from the kitchen.

Tightening her grip on the golf club, she approached it warily.

Inside, she was greeted by the sight of a tall man cooking with an apron on. Furthermore, she could whiff something burning in the pan.

"Vinson?" Arielle gasped.

Upon hearing her voice, Vinson turned around and was shocked to see her raising a golf club. His face broke into an affectionate smile a moment later, and he said, "You're awake."

When Arielle followed his gaze and saw that it led to the golf club in her hand, she put it behind her embarrassingly and explained, "I-I didn't know you were home."

He walked over and asked a question in reply, "Where else would I be if not here?"

"At the office."

He stroked her head in response. "You're exhausted from last night, so how can I bring myself to go to work? Hence, I've taken the day off to stay at home and keep you company."

All of a sudden, Arielle recalled what had happened the night before. As the amorous scenes began playing in her head, her entire face flushed red in embarrassment.

"I-I don't need you to keep me company..."

The moment she finished her sentence, she suddenly realized the burning smell in the air had intensified.

Stunned, she asked at once, "What were you cooking?"

"D*mn it!" Vinson cursed as he ran back toward the stove.

When Arielle took a peek from behind him, she realized he was grilling chicken wings.

Unfortunately, the wings had charred, forming a miserable sight.

"Was the fire too strong?" he mumbled to himself.

Right when she was about to say something, she caught a glimpse of the trash can beside him.

A pile of charcoal-like chicken wings inside told her it was not his first failed attempt.

As expected, cooking required talent. Otherwise, someone as smart as Vinson, who graduated from the prestigious Maxwell University, would not have failed so terribly at making grilled chicken wings.

Smiling in resignation, Arielle offered, "You should get some rest. Let me do it."

"No." Vinson held onto the spatula stubbornly. "You're not feeling well, so I'll do it. In fact, you shouldn't lift a finger today. Let me take care of everything instead."

"I... I'm fine. I'm more worried about falling sick from the food you cook."

Stung by her words, he stared at the burned chicken wings and let out a helpless sigh. "Fine, I'll be your sous-chef then. Or should we dine out?"

"It's all right. Let's not waste the ingredients you've bought," she said and took the spatula from Vinson before she began cooking.

Obsessed CEO Throws Himself at Me Chapter 1163

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Chapter 1163 Stealing The Food

Even then, Vinson tried to help as best as he could.

However, he ended up getting in the way most of the time.

Luckily, Arielle was a good cook and whipped out a meal in no time.

After lunch, she could not resist asking, "Are you really not going to the office today?"

"Mmm-hmm." Vinson nodded. "I have delegated my work to Rayson. Anything that he can't handle can wait. At most, I'll deal with it from home."

At that moment, Arielle could not help but pity Rayson.

"There's really no need for you to stay with me. All we did was... that. It's not like I'm pregnant and about to give birth."

The instant she finished, she remembered that they did not use protection the night before.

Should I get the morning-after pill?

Seemingly reading her thoughts, Vinson spoke. "Those are bad for your body. If you're pregnant, we'll hold our wedding at once. As for my mom, I'll deal with her. You don't have to worry about it."

After a long silence, Arielle suddenly suggested, "Ever since I came back from Maxwell University, I haven't gone to see your mom. Since you're on leave today, shall we visit her together?"

Even though she also wanted the wedding to be held earlier, she did not want to do it without the blessings of their elders.

"All right." Vinson nodded as his eyes crinkled from a smile.

"In that case, I'll do the dishes first. After that, we can go to the mall and get her a present."

When she was about to get up, he stopped her by pressing down on her shoulders.

"You should sit. I'll take care of them."

"Will you be fine?"

Vinson smiled wryly. "I may not have the talent to cook, but washing dishes isn't going to be a problem. Besides, we have a dishwasher. Don't worry about me."

"All right then." Arielle nodded before sitting back down.

A few minutes later, the sound of plates crashing onto the ground rang out from the kitchen.

With her lips twitching, Arielle decided to go in and help.

When it came to household chores, Vinson was indeed terrible at them.

Nonetheless, it was not his fault, as someone with his background had never had to wash dishes by himself in his entire life.

Meanwhile, at the Nightshire residence, Susanne was playing cards with a group of wealthy wives.

Gossips were an inherent part of such events.

One of them asked, "Did you hear about Maureen's Kitchen?"

Susanne was stunned as she recalled that Arielle owned the restaurant.

Could it be that something happened to the restaurant?

Nevertheless, she feigned ignorance and listened as another of her friends asked, "I haven't heard of it. Why?"

That lady who brought up the topic explained, "How can you not know? It has been the top trending topic since yesterday. That restaurant is wildly popular now, and I heard it's especially good. When I sent my housekeeper there yesterday, he ended up waiting in line for four hours just for a takeout of two dishes. Do you know what happened after that?"

"What?" Susanne blurted out.

Gritting her teeth, that lady took a while to calm down before she explained, "He ate some without my knowledge!"

"Huh?" Susanne and the others were stunned.

The help that they engaged were not just ordinary housekeepers. They were hired from the employment agency and were professionally trained. Taking into consideration that they were well paid, there was no need for them to steal food at all.

Thus, the ladies had never heard of such an incident before.