

## Obsessed CEO Throws Himself at Me Chapter 1236

### Chapter 1236 Craving

Penelope could not help but feel frantic internally.

Among all the skills she had, only her cooking skills were presentable. How else will I be of a match to Arielle if I'm inferior to her in cooking skills too?

Nonetheless, she dispelled that thought at once.

Good knife skills aren't equivalent to good cooking skills. Ultimately, the most critical component of cooking is still the taste. I'm confident that I can grasp that better than a spoiled brat like Arielle, who has never done any household chores! She will never be able to make her food taste better than mine!

While Penelope was in a turmoil of emotions, Arielle remained composed as she continued cleaning the snapper.

She placed her knife behind the snapper's pectoral fin and cut through the backbone to separate the head from its spine.

Next, she changed the angle of the knife, slapped the fish lightly with the knife's surface to flatten it, and sliced it along the two sides of the snapper's spine to the tail end.

Penelope was clueless that there were so many details and steps to preparing a snapper before making a grilled fish.

She reckoned that Arielle going to such lengths was nothing but a grandiose show to show her skills off.

Subsequently, Arielle chopped off the snapper's backbone, removed any pin bones on the fish, cleaned it thoroughly, and stuffed some herbs into its cavity before turning on the grill.

She was particular with the temperature of the grill as any slight difference would impact the final taste of the dish.

A mere moment later, she reached out her hand to about two centimeters above the grill to gauge its heat.

Following that, Arielle held up the snapper's head with one hand and its tail with tongs and carefully put it onto the grill.

A slight crackling sound resonated the entire kitchen, surprisingly pleasing to the ears.

As she drizzled some dry sherry over the snapper, the aroma of perfectly grilled fish filled the room.

A while later, the snapper was in its perfectly cooked state. The fish had retained its shape and its skin intact. Arielle skillfully turned it over to give the other side a good grill.

When the skin on both sides of the snapper turned crisp and achieved its golden brown color, she lifted and removed it from the grill.

“Voila.”

With that said, she placed the grilled fish on a serving plate.

Next, she added some finely chopped onions, garlic, and chili flakes to a clean pan and gently fried them till aromatic.

At the same time, an intense, wonderful scent wafted into Penelope's nostrils.

The sight and smell of the dish left her taking a deep gulp.

Soon, Arielle was at the last step of her cooking process.

She dribbled some olive oil and lemon juice into the mixture before adding a sprinkle of black peppercorns and gave it a good fry before pouring the sauce over the grilled fish to complete the dish.

Dumfounded, Penelope could not react in time. By the time she swallowed her astonishment, Arielle had picked up her dish and headed out.

Her heart tightened with fear, and she hurriedly followed behind.

Vinson and Susanne had been waiting for a long time. When they saw Arielle walking out, the latter immediately pulled up a warm and affectionate smile on her face. "You're done so quickly?"

"Yeah." Arielle nodded. "We have high expectations on the speed of food preparation so that we can serve our food fast. That said, I apologize for making you wait."

"It's fine. Don't worry about that! Bring it over quickly. The fragrance of your dish filled the air here even before you came out. I was craving for it so badly that I almost drooled!"

Susanne was speaking the truth, and it was evident from how Vinson had emptied two glasses of water while waiting.

**Obsessed CEO Throws Himself at Me Chapter 1237**

**Chapter 1237 Steal His Heart**

Penelope hastily caught up and overheard the conversation between Susanne and Arielle.

Confused by their words, she asked, “The speed of food preparation? Ms. Moore, does Sann Group open restaurants too?”

Arielle placidly replied, “Not by Sann Group. It’s my restaurant.”

When Penelope wanted to delve further, Susanne proudly interjected, “Have you heard of Maureen’s Kitchen before? It belongs to my daughter-in-law. Many of the recipes are tweaked by her personally.”

Hearing that, Penelope widened her eyes in surprise.

She had barely paid attention to the news online ever since her family went bankrupt. Hence, despite hearing about Maureen’s Kitchen before, she did not know that Arielle was the person behind it.

That was the most popular restaurant in Chanaea recently!

She could not forget the taste of the dishes even until now after visiting the restaurant once with the boss of a karaoke bar.

She had even planned to take her parents for another visit after she had earned enough money. Yet, it was totally out of her expectations that it was a restaurant opened by Arielle!

If this is so, how else can I compare myself to Arielle? Am I trying to make a fool out of myself for trying to compete against the boss of Maureen’s Kitchen on cooking skills?

The next moment, Penelope saw Arielle putting her grilled fish on the table, right next to hers.

As the saying goes, comparisons were never helpful. Even without tasting the dish, anyone could tell that Arielle's grilled fish was much better than Penelope's from just the looks.

The latter had failed miserably in every way—the color, the presentation, and the ingredients used.

Unbothered by how Penelope's face went pale white, Susanne deliberately said, "Come and give it a try first. Since the both of you made the same dish, it'll be good if you can find out where you're lacking at."

Those words only made Penelope feel worse. Under Susanne's watchful eyes, she picked up a small piece of fish and put it into her mouth.

Before the flavors spread in her mouth, she tried to convince herself that good looks were not equivalent to good taste.

But in the next second, the chunk of fish melted in her mouth.

How did she manage to make the fish so tender? And her blend of sauces is totally different from mine. It's tangy and not too watery yet not overly thick; the fish is seasoned to perfection.

Penelope was certain she had never eaten such a delicious dish before!

"How is it?" Susanne raised a brow. "Can you tell the difference now?"

In truth, the difference she was referring to was not purely their cooking skills but also the differences between them.

There was almost no need for Arielle to say anything, yet there was a gap that set them miles apart.

In that instance, Penelope found that she was seemingly reduced to dust, to the point she had the urge to escape from reality.

The feeling of shame that the fish had brought her was so intense, much more than any other circumstances.

“Let’s eat first,” Vinson interrupted timely to stop Susanne from her continuous verbal attacks against Penelope.

Nevertheless, he had only touched Arielle’s grilled fish throughout the entire meal, almost as though he had completely ignored Penelope’s fish.

Of course, Penelope could hardly eat anything. What made her feel worse was when she saw how Arielle’s dish was almost gone while hers was the complete opposite by the time they finished eating.

She sat at the dining table for a long time, unable to get over it. Right then, she heard Susanne’s instructions to Geoffrey. “Let that woman spend the night here in the room that the previous chef stayed in.”

Her face darkened as soon as she heard that.

Luckily, she still had control over her rationality. Even though she had to sleep in the servants’ quarters, she figured she had succeeded in making herself stay at Vinson’s house, on the brighter side.

As long as she could stay, there would be a possibility that she could capture the heart of Vinson!

**Obsessed CEO Throws Himself at Me Chapter 1238**

**Chapter 1238 Sleep In Separate Rooms**

At the thought of that, Penelope could finally force a smile on her face. “It doesn’t matter where I sleep. I’m sorry for having to trouble you.”

“Hmph!” Susanne let out a cold snort and purposely raised her voice as she said to Geoffrey, “Bring over the herbs Mrs. Seyward sent this morning and brew it for Sannie.”

Puzzlement was written all over Arielle’s face. “Mom, I’m not feeling unwell.”

“It’s not for that,” Susanne answered with a smile. “It’s a tonic for nourishment. Even though you two haven’t got married, I’ve been waiting for a grandchild for a really long time. Be good and finish the drink later.”

Arielle’s face froze when she learned what Susanne had in mind.

It was not because of embarrassment but because she had mixed feelings about it.

How will I be able to bear any children with Vinson under such conditions right now? I don’t even know what’s going through his mind.

After staying silent for a while, she muttered, “There’s no need, Mom. We don’t have such plans at the moment. I’ll sleep in the guest room on the first floor tonight.”

Finishing her words, she turned and trotted toward the guest room without bothering to spare a glance at Vinson.

One step, then another...

Her footsteps were slow and unhurried because she held on to the hope that Vinson would stop her.

However, there was only disappointment when she realized the man hesitated no more and headed upstairs.

Susanne was the only one sighing non-stop and holding onto Arielle's hand to comfort her.

Nevertheless, the rage burning within her had reached its peak, yet she tried to maintain an unfazed expression and comforted Susanne instead. "Don't worry, Mom. I'm fine. It's just that I have something important tomorrow, so I need some time to do the preparations. Besides, I'll be able to sleep more comfortably alone."

Deep down, Arielle knew that was not the case. She figured she would not be able to sleep a wink that night.

Seeing how determined the woman was, Susanne knew any persuasion would be useless and eventually gave up.

Moreover, the alcohol she had consumed from the banquet earlier was starting to kick in. As her head was spinning and throbbing badly, she gave Arielle some words of consolation before heading back to the room for some rest.

Arielle was well aware she had to endure the pain and difficulties. No matter how others could understand her circumstance, no one would be able to empathize with her completely.

She had it all thought out—she would have a good chat with Vinson when the matter regarding the mystery opponent came to an end.

Thus, she was mentally prepared to let go of Vinson if necessary.

Despite her intense love for Vinson, it was not to the extent that she would give up on her life if she lost Vinson.

There was no way she would stop moving forward since she had not found Cindy, and neither did she solve the mystery about her biological father yet.

In fact, she was extremely relieved that she was not the kind of woman who could not live without love.

Heaving a deep sigh, Arielle swept her gaze to Penelope and warned, “You can continue staying here, but you blame me for doing anything to you if I find that you’re harboring any evil thoughts.”

“I got it,” the latter hurriedly answered. “I promise you that I’ll not cross the line.”

In truth, her words did not reflect the thoughts in her mind. Deep down, she dreamed that she could replace Arielle someday.

There was no limit to greed. Initially, Penelope only wanted to reap some benefits from Vinson. But that had slowly escalated to her yearning to stay overnight at the Nightshire residence. Now, she was even thinking about replacing Arielle.

Without a doubt, greed was only human instinct, and Penelope was not an exception either.

Her gazes toward Arielle only turned increasingly disdainful as the latter turned around.

Well, it seems like the top student of Maxwell University, who has superbly high intelligence is nothing but a rumor, huh? A clever woman should be trying all possible means to remedy her relationship with her husband and win him back. What Arielle is doing will only push him further from her.

## Obsessed CEO Throws Himself at Me Chapter 1239

### Chapter 1239 A Slap

Don't tell me that Arielle is still waiting for Vinson to take the initiative? Essentially, it's all because Arielle and Vinson are similar in too many ways and are equally arrogant. That's why they're growing further apart from each other. Hmm... I shall be the one to cause a rift between them then! When that happens, Arielle can't blame me. She can only blame herself for being too outstanding. Men are all arrogant and lustful creatures. Her demeanor will only make any man feel inferior and dare not take a step forward to reach her.

With those thoughts in her head, Penelope felt increasingly thrilled, so much so that she felt elated.

So, when Susanne and the rest headed back to their rooms, she sat on the couch in the living room and haughtily beckoned a housekeeper over.

“Are there no fruits in this house? Go and bring me some fruits right now!”

The housekeeper frowned. “M-Miss, the fruits we bought are all catered to the preferences of the three owners of this manor. We have none prepared for you. I'm sorry.”

“What?” Penelope's expression turned grim at once.

She stood up with her hands on her waist. “What do you mean by that? Are you belittling me? I'm Mr. Nightshire's woman! Do you want me to throw you out of this house for not being willing to prepare fruits for me?”

The housekeeper's face fell instantly.

“Only the owners in the manor have the right to fire me. I’m afraid you aren’t qualified to do that?”

As soon as her words fell, a loud smack reverberated through the entire living room.

The housekeeper covered her cheek and stared at Penelope in disbelief as she confronted, “You hit me?”

The latter rolled her eyes. “So what if I did that? Yes, I’ve slapped you! Let me ask you again. Are you going to prepare some fruits for me? If you don’t go and do that immediately, I’ll ask Mr. Nightshire to throw you out of this house tomorrow and make sure that you won’t be able to find another job!”

The housekeeper was utterly furious.

She’s a nobody who appeared from nowhere! Yet, she dares to slap me? Mrs. Nightshire has personally chosen me and offered me this role! I’ve worked here for more than a decade, and technically I’m considered an experienced housekeeper. Since when have I ever suffered such humiliation?

“You-” Just as the housekeeper walked up to Penelope and wanted to fight back, Geoffrey hurried over to stop her.

He then turned to Penelope and took a deep bow. “I’m sorry for not training my subordinates well. Let me go and get you some fruits right away. Please lose it for you are such a prestige person.”

Geoffrey’s words put Penelope on cloud nine.

Thinking that she should not kick a fuss and make Vinson learn about her temper, she raised an eyebrow quizzically and sat down. “I want

strawberries, cherries, and mangoes. The mangoes have to be diced in small cubes so that I won't have to make a mess while eating them."

"Sure, we will do it according to your request." Geoffrey smiled faintly and pulled the housekeeper with him to the kitchen.

The indignant housekeeper asked, "Why do we have to listen to that woman? She slapped me! Why did you apologize to her?"

"Silly woman!" Geoffrey scrunched his brows tightly as he lowered his voice to explain. "We're only housekeepers in this house. You have to know your place! Since Mr. Nightshire has brought her back, we have to treat her just like the lady of the house."

"Lady of the house?" The housekeeper was really annoyed. "In my opinion, she can't even hold a candle for Mrs. Nightshire! Though Mrs. Nightshire is the chairman of Sann Group, she's extremely respectful to us. Just look at that woman... Huh, I honestly have no idea why Mr. Nightshire is interested in her!"

## Chapter 1240 An Act

Why did he leave his pretty and wealthy wife at home and brought home an uncivilized woman from outside instead? I wonder what's wrong with him!

The housekeeper could not wrap her mind around the mind of Vinson.

"Lower your voice!" Geoffrey reminded in a soft voice. "Since Mr. Vinson has agreed to her staying here, I'm sure he has his plans. We're in no place to comment on that. As for the injury on your face, I'll add an extra thousand to your salary this month. But when you head out of here later, you have to put on your respectful and courteous self. Do you hear me?"

She had no other choice but to agree even though she was still bearing a grudge against Penelope.

After all, she was only a housekeeper. How would she be able to compare to a woman whom Vinson had brought home?

Upon getting her response, Geoffrey continued in a calmer tone, "Don't be too angry either. Such characters are extremely arrogant, but like how dramas portrayed them, they normally won't last more than two episodes." He kept his words simple and headed out of the kitchen after concluding his statement.

It did not take long before the housekeeper understood the meaning behind Geoffrey's words.

So, she can be haughty for now, but that'll also be the very reason she gets thrown out later! She'll get the taste of it when she gets kicked out of this place!

With that, the housekeeper finally felt better. At the same time, she also became more appreciative of the lady of the house, and that was none other than Arielle.

In truth, many socialites had never seen housekeepers as humans and had no respect for them.

Only Arielle was warm and friendly and would treat them as equals.

If Mrs. Nightshire gets replaced by that woman outside, we'll only get miserable days ahead.

At this point, the housekeeper's eyes lit up when a daring idea popped up in her mind.

About ten minutes later, the housekeeper brought out the three types of fruits Penelope had requested.

“Miss, I’ve washed them three times and soaked them in salt water once. You can eat them without any worries.”

Penelope had wanted to make a few more mocking comments at the housekeeper. Nonetheless, judging from how the latter had a complete change in attitude, she burst into scornful laughter and decided to let her off. “Looks like you know what’s good for you.”

Since I have a chance of becoming the lady of this house, there’s no need for me to stoop so low and be so calculative with a housekeeper.

With that in mind, Penelope did not spare another glance at the housekeeper. Instead, she enjoyed the fruits while scrolling on her phone.

She barely had leisure time to scroll her phone previously. However, since she finally had some time to herself, she decided to log in to her Twitter account.

It was then she saw Arielle’s name on the top of the trending list.

Instinctively, a line formed between her brows. Displeasure surged so intensely inside her that even the cherry turned tasteless in her mouth.

Jealous, she clicked on the post and abruptly saw Sam’s tweet. It was photos of the movie he was recently filming.

In one of the photos, she spotted Arielle dressed in a special agent costume, looking very charismatic and sassy.

Arielle is filming a movie? And it’s a movie by Sam Sleight? Isn’t her luck a little too good to be true?

An opportunity to star in Sam's movies upon her debut was hard to come by and definitely a dream for many.

After all, Sam was a whiz director in Chanaea's movie industry. Every movie he had shot had always sold like hotcakes and won many awards.

If everything goes smoothly, this movie will undoubtedly be a hot-selling movie when it's released. Eventually, Arielle will have another chance to shine.

Gritting her teeth in anger, Penelope scrolled to the comment section. Yet, she grew even more irked when she saw how praises for Arielle's looks and acting skills filled the section.

Acting skills? It's only a photo. How can they tell how great her acting is?

## Obsessed CEO Throws Himself at Me Chapter 1240

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