

Obsessed CEO Throws Himself at Me Chapter 1241

Chapter 1241 Losing Everything

Arielle is a businesswoman. She has never taken any lessons or training on acting. How is it possible that she can act so well? Is it all because of her looks and connection? I'll definitely grab hold of this opportunity if I could get into the entertainment industry! Yet, Arielle joins the industry for the fun of it. Hmph, the world is so unfair!

Taking a deep breath, Penelope lifted her lips into a cold smirk as a plan abruptly appeared in her mind.

A nationwide goddess, huh? I'll make sure your reputation goes down the drain and loses everything!

Penelope had lost her appetite for the fruits before her at this point. She headed back to the room and began plotting a scheme.

Meanwhile, Arielle had finished washing up in the bathroom.

When she saw the trending news, she could not help but feel a throbbing headache.

She had agreed with Sam to film his movie without thinking much. But now that she had a ton of unfinished work on hand, it was inevitable that she would cause a delay to the entire film crew.

She was determined to get the Mills' patriarch; hence, she had no other choice but to apply for leave.

Just as she was about to give Sam a call, she received a call from him.

Surprised, she answered it, only to hear Sam apologize, “I’m sorry to inform you at the last minute, Ms. Moore. I have to head to Lightspring to attend a film festival award ceremony, so the filming tomorrow will have to be pushed forward to three days later.”

Sam was a serious and responsible director. He would only feel at ease after watching the filming process of every movie personally. Therefore, he had no choice but to pause filming.

“I see...” Arielle heaved a sigh of relief and smiled. “I was just about to call you to take a few days off filming as I have some urgent matters to attend to. I guess our schedules match well coincidentally.”

“That’s great. If that’s the case, I’ll be relieved to go to the award ceremony.”

“Yeah, don’t worry. Just go ahead.”

“Mmm,” Sam acknowledged and hesitated for a short while before he asked, “Ms. Moore... have you settled your personal matters?”

Stumped, Arielle tightened her grip on the phone.

“I guess it’s considered all sorted out.”

“That’s good to know. I’ll stick to my offer—just let me know if you need help.”

Sam had built massive connections having worked in the entertainment industry for a long time.

If he had the intention to do anything to Vinson, the latter would, unquestionably, suffer the wrath.

Arielle understood what Sam meant and let out a helpless smile.
“Actually, things aren’t as complicated between him and me. I’ve exaggerated a bit during my recount. You don’t have to worry too much about me.”

“Well, I’m glad to hear that. I won’t disturb you then. Have a good rest.”

“All right.”

Arielle waited until Sam hung up the call before she put down the phone.

The room was all quiet, yet her mind was a complete mess.

Even Sam has shown his care and concern, but that man still hasn’t said a single word. What exactly is wrong with him?

Arielle was somewhat at a loss.

She sighed while trying her best not to let her thoughts drift. She called Maureen’s Kitchen and informed them that she would not be able to head over for the next three days as she had important matters to attend to.

Being as responsible as they were, the two managers assured her that they would do their very best to handle matters with regard to the restaurant and that she could finish her work without any worries.

As soon as the call ended, a door knock sounded.

Arielle felt her heart pounding.

Could it be Vinson?

She sucked in a deep breath and tried to pull a composed expression as she strode over to open the door.

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Chapter 1242 Sneaking In Late At Night

The door opened, but the person standing outside was the housekeeper who had come to deliver some milk.

The sparkle in Arielle's eyes vanished.

It's not Vinson.

She couldn't help but laugh at herself.

Did I overestimate how important I am to him ?

But how could someone change so quickly ?

"Good evening, Mrs. Nightshire." The housekeeper beamed. "I made you some warm milk. It should help you sleep better. Sweet dreams."

Arielle snapped out of her thoughts and forced a smile. "Thank you for the trouble."

The housekeeper hastily shook her head. "Not at all! It's part of my job."

Even so, she couldn't help but be reminded herself of how different every individual could be. There was no way Vinson would ever say such kind remarks to her.

Not wanting to bother Arielle any longer, the housekeeper handed the glass of milk over and left the room.

Arielle stared at the glass despondently before chugging it down.

Despite not being fond of milk, she was willing to try anything that would help her sleep.

After that, she washed up and tucked herself in bed.

It was already late. The room was now dark and quiet, and all the housekeepers had turned in for the day.

Arielle tossed around in bed for a while. She wasn't sure if it was due to the warm milk or the therapeutic candles, but she soon began to feel sleepy.

But just as the woman dozed off, she suddenly heard the door click.

Someone's in here.

Who could it be at this hour?

Arielle frowned but remained still, not wanting to alert the intruder.

If this person is after my life, I'm going to take care of him while he thinks that I'm asleep.

As the footsteps drew closer, Arielle balled her hands into fists, ready to attack at any time.

Just when she felt that the intruder had reached the bedside, she swiftly got up and reached for his neck.

Yet, the mysterious figure reacted quickly, pinning her back onto the bed.

Then, the smell of refreshing cologne wafted into her nostrils.

This scent...

“It’s me.” Vinson’s deep voice sounded above her.

Arielle, who was just about to scream, quickly held herself back.

“How did you-”

“Shhh.” Vinson made a hush gesture.

It was dark, but the moonlight shining from outside the window allowed Arielle to see Vinson’s face as well as his index finger placed in front of his lips.

We’re husband and wife! Why does he have to sneak in like this?

Despite feeling perplexed, Arielle nodded.

Vinson finally relaxed his muscles, but he remained on top of her and leaned closer into her ear. “I just heard about this when I got home. There’s a mole in this house watching our every move.”

Arielle’s eyes widened at the news.

Now, she finally understood the reason behind Vinson’s unusual behavior tonight.

It was all for show—including how he had made Penelope stay against Susanne’s order to chase her out.

Instantly, Arielle suddenly felt a lump form in her throat.

All the anguish and indignance she had felt earlier transformed into tears that now trickled down onto Vinson’s arms.

Caught by surprise, the man quickly pulled her into his arm.

Arielle had never really cried in front of him before nor had she shown him her vulnerable side. But this time, she couldn't help herself.

Obsessed CEO Throws Himself at Me Chapter 1243

Chapter 1243 Cry

A heartbroken Vinson continued to hold Arielle tightly. "Don't cry. Please... I'm sorry."

He didn't know how to comfort someone; those were the only words he could say.

Guilt washed over him knowing that she was crying because of him.

At this point, the man didn't want to carry on with the plan anymore.

He refused to do anything that would hurt Arielle.

"Don't cry," Vinson cooed. "It's all my fault. I shouldn't have brought that woman here. But don't worry, I'm going to catch that mole and kick that woman out right now."

Hearing that, Arielle hurriedly wiped her tears and grabbed onto Vinson's collar. "Don't"

She ended up unbuttoning his sleepwear by accident, revealing his firm chest.

Arielle immediately looked away with a flushed face. "Sorry."

"It's fine." Chuckling, Vinson kissed her tears away. "Don't cry, okay? I really don't know what to do when you cry."

“Okay. I’ll stop.” Arielle sniffed. “I just feel so horrible and... jealous.”

That was the first time that she mentioned the word “jealous”.

Even she felt embarrassed to say it.

On the other hand, Vinson pursed his lips in satisfaction. “I thought you didn’t care about me. I was feeling sad all night.”

“And you still came looking for me?”

“Of course!” Vinson gently nibbled on the tip of her nose. “If I didn’t, you’d probably never come looking for me.”

Arielle felt her heart stir. She also began to feel a little warm, possibly due to Vinson’s kisses.

The woman let out a dry cough before making a solemn remark. “We’ve gone this far with our little act, so let’s not waste all our efforts. I noticed someone watching me when I left with Jason earlier today. The funny thing is... I think I’ve met that person before.”

“You have?”

“Yeah.” Arielle sat up. “Do you still remember the incident on the cruise?”

“Of course, I do.” That was when he had nearly lost the only woman he loved.

The man sharpened his focus and sat up too. “But why are you suddenly bringing that up?”

“Remember the guy spying on me at the entrance to the karaoke bar—I saw him on the cruise back then too. Come to think of it, he was the one who warned me about the bomb on the cruise. I’m also certain that he wasn’t responsible for planting the bomb.”

Vinson’s brows furrowed. “You’re saying that the man who sent you those photos and wants to break us up isn’t the same person who is trying to kill me?”

“Yeah.” Arielle nodded. “That’s just my guess, but I have a feeling that these two men know each other. How else would he have known about the bomb on the cruise?”

Vinson’s expression turned unfathomable.

“Then, why is the guy who helped you on the cruise trying to split us up now?”

“I’m... I’m not sure either. Who knows, maybe he doesn’t actually mean to do that.”

“Should we continue with our plan, then?”

“Yes,” Arielle answered firmly. “He probably knows the guy responsible for the two explosions. As long as we keep going in this direction, I’m sure we’ll be able to lure that rat out.”