

Obsessed CEO Throws Himself at Me

Chapter 891

/ Obsessed CEO Throws Himself at Me
Chapter 891

“You...”

“Stop it. If you think that I know the examination topics beforehand, start an investigation. I’ll admit defeat if you find any pieces of evidence. However, if you spread these baseless rumors before finding out the truth, don’t blame me for seeking out a lawyer. I’ve gone to court before. I don’t mind going there again.”

“Are you threatening me?”

“If I have done nothing wrong, I have nothing to fear. If you’re scared, it means that you’re guilty, right?”

Wendy gritted her teeth and spat coldly, “Fine! Don’t let me find out that you only aced this test because you already know the questions beforehand!”

With that, she spun around and ran out of the classroom.

She wanted to look for Donovan. As he was safeguarding the papers, she would find out if Arielle cheated by asking him.

After Wendy left, the tense atmosphere in the classroom dispersed.

The boy sitting next to Wendy said, “Boss, ignore Wendy. She’s just jealous.”

Shaking her head, Arielle said, “If she doesn’t voice her doubts now, people will still find it strange in the future. I’d rather she investigate everything now, so there won’t be any more troubles next time.”

“Next time?” He scratched his head in confusion. “Why would there be trouble next time?”

Arielle smiled and said, “You’ll find out on Monday.”

She had answered every question carefully for this test.

If her score was too high, people would suspect her.

Hence, it was better if Wendy investigated her now.

Still puzzled, the boy nodded. “See you on Monday, Boss.”

“See you on Monday.”

Arielle waved her hands and bade farewell to her classmates. Then, she walked to Trisha, who was feeling extremely guilty. Holding Trisha’s hand, she consoled, “It’s fine now! Let’s go. I’ll treat you to a meal.”

“No...” Trisha shook her head and said, “I should be treating you to a meal. If you didn’t guess the questions for me, Wendy wouldn’t have accused you.”

“That’s not true!” Arielle said seriously, “Trust me. Even if that didn’t happen, Wendy will still suspect me. Incapable people are the most skilled at suspecting the capable. So, don’t overthink. Let’s go! What do you want to eat? Barbecue? It’s been ages since I’ve eaten barbecue.”

Trisha felt slightly relieved after hearing what Arielle

said.

She nodded and reserved a table at a popular barbecue place.

After sending a message to Vinson, she went there with Trisha.

Meanwhile, in a conference room at Vinson Corporation, the atmosphere was extremely solemn.

There were some problems with a new project. Furthermore, it was the top management who had pointed out the problems.

Rayson was supposed to handle it on behalf of Vinson. However, as he was busy investigating the wedding, he had handed it over to the secretary’s office.

Although it was the secretary’s office that failed to do a good job, Rayson could not evade responsibility.

Just as he was clutching his wallet and trembling, he suddenly saw Vinson’s phone light up.

He noticed that it was a message from Arielle.

I’m saved!

Indeed, when Vinson glanced at his phone, he smiled.

Rayson immediately heaved a sigh of relief.

Whenever Ms. Moore sends Mr. Nightshire a message,

his mood will always improve.

If his mood improves, my punishment will be less severe.

Ms. Moore is my savior!

When Vinson saw that Arielle had messaged him, he tapped into it immediately despite still being in a meeting.

However, a second after reading the message, Vinson's good mood disappeared and was replaced by fury. A cold aura enveloped him.

Obsessed CEO Throws Himself at Me

Chapter 892

[/ Obsessed CEO Throws Himself at Me](#)
Chapter 892

The text message only read: I'm going for a BBQ with Trisha. Please don't follow us.

Did Arielle just abandon me?

Vinson stared at the text for a full minute before raising his head to peer at the top management fanned out before him.

"If you guys do not get this done, don't expect to get off work any time soon." He looked at Rayson, who was looking bewildered and said, "Especially you, Rayson. I'm going to cut your year-end bonus this year."

Rayson was thunderstruck.

Meanwhile, Wendy went looking for Donovan right after leaving the classroom.

"What do you mean she's seen the paper?" Donovan raised a brow and rebutted Wendy's idea right away. "No, that's impossible."

Surprised, Wendy asked, "Why is that impossible??"

Donovan looked at her and said, "As this exam result is a prerequisite for the admission quota of Maxwell University, the paper is kept in a safe after all teachers have set up the questions. All teachers take turns to guard the safe around the clock. Besides, only I have the password to the safe."

"Could it be that Arielle had broken into the safe when the teacher on duty was away?"

"No, that's impossible too," Donovan said adamantly. "The safe was sealed after the paper was placed inside. There surely would be traces of a break-in if anyone attempted to steal the paper. Besides, upon inspection, the seal was in perfect condition when we took the paper out of the safe. So, it's impossible that someone had gotten their hands on the paper."

Even though Donovan was not fond of Arielle and even repulsed by her, he was certain that she would not have access to the paper that was heavily guarded.

If Arielle had access to the question paper, his authority would surely be questioned and doubted.

However, Wendy still could not believe that Arielle had never seen the paper.

So, the only way that she knew quantum mechanics was going to be tested was because she had accurately predicted the exam question.

Wendy still found the idea absurd since accurately predicting questions was an arduous task for a student.

Just who is this Arielle? Why does she seem to excel in everything she does?

Wendy then recalled Arielle's smug manners and grimaced in response.

"All right." Donovan noticed her expression and tried to soothe her. "You're finally done with your exams. Quit worrying over it. Don't slouch for the weekend, though."

"I'll send you two sets of Maxwell University past-year questions. Solve them all and be prepared for your admission exam."

Wendy bit her lower lip and nodded her head.

Since her plan to discredit Arielle failed, Wendy knew her only way out for successful admission to Maxwell University was only good old hard work.

Either way, she was certain that Arielle, who had missed out on taking one of the subjects, would certainly not be able to surpass her results.

Wendy was plagued with regret for her foolhardiness after walking out of Donovan's office.

"I should have learned my lessons and kept this to myself."

Meanwhile, at a barbecue restaurant, even though Trisha had managed to get a reservation at the BBQ place, she had failed to secure a private booth. Hence, the two of them could only occupy a table in the crowded common area.

"Excuse me..." Trisha held the drink in her hand and said in a dejected manner, "I really fail at everything I do. Sorry for dragging you down with me."

Arielle merely smiled and said, "Ah, nonsense. It's impossible for Wendy to discredit me. Maybe she's even regretting busting me out at the classroom right now. And hey, it's better to have a barbecue at a bustling

place, isn't it?"

Trisha managed a weak smile and vowed to never do anything that would burden Arielle anymore.

Right then, someone spoke up right behind Arielle.

Obsessed CEO Throws Himself at Me Chapter 893

[/ Obsessed CEO Throws Himself at Me](#)
Chapter 893

Bewildered, Arielle turned around and noticed a man was standing behind her.

"Ms. Moore! It's really you!"

The man seemed excited at the sight of Arielle.

At the same time, Arielle recognized the man.

"Mr. Sleight?"

"Yep, that's me!" Sam pointed at the vacant seat beside her and asked, "Could I sit next to you and chat for a

bit?"

Arielle nodded and gestured for him to take a seat.

The man took a seat beside her merrily and said, "I didn't expect to bump into you here. Are you busy lately?"

"I... am occupied these days, but not particularly busy for anything. Why, Mr. Sleight?"

Actually, Arielle could already guess what the man was about to say.

As expected, Sam explained his intention, "I've just ended a round of audition, and I'm treating the film crew to a barbecue here. To be frank, I didn't think that the audition went too well. Ms. Moore, I'd like to ask you to reconsider assuming the role of the female lead of my film this time. I don't think there's anyone else who is more suited for the role."

It was a female lead role of a disaster film, and Arielle knew for a fact that the female lead was the protagonist of the whole film.

Hence, the selection for the female lead was of utmost importance.

According to the script, the female lead seemed like a hard-headed and reserved character. At the same time, however, the female lead was a compassionate character as well. As a matter of fact, Arielle's personality mirrored that of the female lead perfectly.

As the director of the film, Sam already had his sights set on having Arielle as the female lead.

It was for the same reason that Sam had once again requested for Arielle to accept the role.

Arielle gave him an apologetic smile and said, "I'm really sorry. I don't have any plans to join the entertainment industry. The ambassador gig for Soir Coffee happened by chance."

Sam appeared to be quite dejected after listening to her.

However, he still handed her his name card. "I'm not going to disturb you further then. Any time you change your mind, just give me a call."

Arielle did not reject the man again and took over the card before sending him off.

She turned around and noticed that Trisha was clutching

onto the glass of drink in her hand tightly. The latter did not even realize it when the drink in her glass was spilled over a little on the back of her hand.

"Trish, what's the matter?"

Trisha snapped out of her thoughts, and her face was tinged red.

She tugged on Arielle's shirt and asked, "Did my eyes play tricks on me? The man who was talking to you was the director, Sam Sleight, right?"

Arielle nodded her head. "Yes, that's him."

"Oh my goodness!" Trisha was beyond excited and exclaimed, "I'm his biggest fan! I've watched every one of his films at least a hundred times!"

Arielle was quite taken aback to know that fact. Upon further questioning, she got to know that it was one of Sam's films that had gotten Trisha through her toughest days when her autism was at its most serious phase.

The movie was about an autistic girl who had overcome a myriad of obstacles to become a famous singer. It was a motivating and touching piece.

Arielle nodded her head and finally understood Trisha's excitement at the sight of Sam.

To Trisha, Sam signified hope.

Trisha looked at Arielle and asked, "Sannie, why did

you reject Mr. Sleight's offer? Even though he's quite young, the films he produced had bagged multiple awards. In fact, the three highest-grossing films in our country are directed by him."

Right then, Arielle realized that she did not know much about Sam.

She was slightly stumped after listening to Trisha. However, she quickly regained her composure and said calmly, "Ah, that's because I still have more important things to attend to. All right, let's move on and start our barbecue!"

To Arielle, the prospect of becoming a famed celebrity was much less appealing than the plate of barbecued meat right in front of her.

At the same time, Jason arrived at the BBQ restaurant.

Obsessed CEO Throws Himself at Me

Chapter 894

[/ Obsessed CEO Throws Himself at Me](#)
Chapter 894

Sam had booked a private room, but he had to pass through Arielle's table to get to it.

Jason managed to spot Arielle, who was barbecuing right away.

One would be easily captivated by her sweet smile and outstanding demeanor.

Jason let out a chuckle upon spotting her.

Hah, she had rejected me so many times. Yet, she still asked around for my schedule and came all the way here just so she could pretend to bump into me by chance. I knew that she was playing hard-to-get.

At the same time, Gracie, who was standing behind Jason, spotted Arielle as well.

Excited, the woman patted Jason's shoulder and said, "Hey, it's Arielle!"

Jason merely nodded his head calmly. "Yes, I'm not blind."

Gracie had gotten used to Jason's sarcastic manner and nudged him. "Don't you have your sights set on asking her to become the female lead for 'Monsters in Jadeborough'? This is a good chance to pitch your idea. I heard that Mr. Sleight still hasn't found an actress suited for the role from the audition today. You might as well take the chance to ask her right now."

"That won't be necessary. She will accept the role,"

Chapter 894

Jason said adamantly.

Her hard-to-get game will come to an end.

An epiphany hit Jason right then.

The more initiative I take, the more Arielle will pretend to ignore me. However, if I ignore her, she will understand that her little trick isn't working. She will then start to show interest in me and even approach me then.

Jason even thought that Arielle showing up at the BBQ restaurant was a validation of his assumption.

Hence, he decided to change his tactic and not approach her first.

He deliberately took off his sunglasses and walked right past Arielle.

Gracie was stumped by his actions. Isn't he the one who's ogling at Arielle's photos and videos every day?

However, owing to the large number of crew members present, the manager bit his tongue.

At the common area, Arielle was so focused on enjoying her barbecue that she did not notice the people passing by at all.

In fact, it was Trisha who noticed that Jason had passed by. Her eyes widened at the sight of him. She lowered her voice and asked Arielle, "Hey, isn't that Jason Sleight?"

"Jason Sleight?" Arielle spaced out for a moment and only registered his name after a moment.

She furrowed her brows and said, "You'd better hurry up and finish your food then. Let's get out of here as soon as possible."

Arielle did not wish to bump right into the weirdo.

Trisha was befuddled by Arielle's reaction.

Only Arielle would try to get away from Jason Sleight.

Soon, night fell.

When Arielle and Trisha headed out of the barbecue restaurant, an MPV stopped right at the restaurant's entrance.

The next moment, a tall and handsome man got off the car.

It was Vinson.

Trisha avoided the man like she had seen a ghost. She hurriedly halted a taxi and jumped right into the first taxi that stopped after bidding goodbye to Arielle.

Arielle sent her off helplessly before she approached Vinson.

"Are you done with work?" she asked. However,

Vinson merely nodded and said nothing else before getting into the backseat.

Stumped, Arielle followed right behind him and into the car.

Rayson sensed that something was not quite right and raised the partition of the car right away to give Vinson and Arielle some privacy.

"What's the matter with you?" Arielle asked Vinson right away after getting into the car. "Are you in a bad mood? Did something happen to the company?"

Still, Vinson kept quiet. He looked out the window blankly and said nothing.

Arielle was at a loss. She breathed in deeply and gave Vinson a kiss.

Vinson's impassive face finally eased a little.

He realized that he was powerless against Arielle.

Arielle did not have any skills to show for and merely pecked on Vinson's lips.

His veins popped slightly at her amateur kiss, and he turned around to press her down on the backseat.

Obsessed CEO Throws Himself at Me

Chapter 905

[/ Obsessed CEO Throws Himself at Me](#)
Chapter 905

Seeing that no one had any objections, Aidan added Arielle's clause to the contract.

If Arielle fulfilled the contract, Jacob and Oliver would be stripped of their positions as directors. It meant that they would only be shareholders of the company and did not have any power over Southall Group.

After Arielle signed the contract, she clapped her hands together and announced, "Thank you for your hard work. I've brought a basket of fruits outside to serve as

light refreshments. Please enjoy them to your heart's content."

With that, she left the meeting room with Aidan at her heels.

Before she stepped out, Arielle came to a sudden halt and whirled around. "I almost forgot. I hope everyone will abide by workplace etiquette. Please refrain from addressing me by my name. Instead, you should address me as Ms. Moore," she declared.

Without another word, Arielle left the meeting room.

The directors in the meeting room were conflicted. Although a handful of them sided with Arielle, a majority of the directors chose to wait and watch from the sidelines.

To them, the identity of their new chairman wasn't of utmost concern. Instead, they were much more interested in restoring the company's profitability.

Even if the AI technology department was earning a

departments.

Hence, it would be up to Arielle to handle this matter.

Oliver was seething with rage. "It's all because of your nonsense!" He glared at Jacob. "Why did you tell her that she needed the educational qualification to become the new chairman? Now that she has trampled all over

"Mr. Moore, relax. Don't forget about the contract we just signed." Jacob chuckled in response.

How can Arielle accomplish something that we couldn't? Does she really think that she can change everything within a month? What a joke!

Hearing this, Oliver calmed down.

When they walked out of the meeting room, they caught sight of the fruits that Arielle had left for them.

"Are these lemons?" Oliver bent down and picked one up. "Why did she give us lemons?" he asked in confusion.

Immediately, Oliver was furious. "Who do you think you are to call me a good-for-nothing?"

Jacob merely rolled his eyes. "Are you a fool? In

Lightspring, receiving lemons means that the person is calling you a good-for-nothing."

Enraged, Oliver hurled the lemon to the floor and stomped on it. "F*ck!"

That b*tch! The audacity of her to humiliate me! Is she trying to provoke me?

Jacob laughed coldly. "I must admit, her foolish bravery is admirable. Oliver, why don't we join hands? Together, we can teach her a lesson."

Oliver nodded in agreement.

The two men came to a truce as they set their sights on the AI technology department.

Since the AI technology department was under Oliver's jurisdiction, he quickly called the staff and forbade them from getting involved with Arielle.

It was already noon when Arielle strolled out of Southall Group

"Mr. Kane, thank you for your help today." Arielle nodded slightly as she thanked him.

"You don't need to thank me at all. I was merely following Mr. Nightshire's instructions. I will try my best to help you no matter what." Suddenly, he thought of something and said hesitantly, "Ms. Moore, I have something to mention."

"What is it?"

"You should not have signed that contract!" Aidan blurted out

"Oh?" Arielle turned to Aidan. "Do you think that I can't restore the company's profits?"

"Not at all." Aidan shook his head. "But one month is simply too short. Even Nightshire Group cannot achieve such a task within a single month."

Arielle merely smiled. "If that's what you are worried about, please rest assured that I can achieve it."

Obsessed CEO Throws Himself at Me

Chapter 906

[/ Obsessed CEO Throws Himself at Me](#)
Chapter 906

When Arielle smiled, her eyes seemed to light up with radiance.

Although Aidan was worried out of his mind, her soft smile seemed to relieve his worries. Promptly, Aidan's confidence in Arielle returned.

Given that she has captured Mr. Nightshire's attention, she must not be an ordinary woman. I shouldn't place my doubts on her.

With this renewed determination, Aidan lifted his head. "Ms. Moore, if you need any help, please don't hesitate to contact me."

"Thank you. I'll be taking my leave."

"Where are you headed?"

"I'll be dropping by my school."

"You are going to school on the weekend?" Aidan's respect for Arielle increased tenfold. "Although you've graduated from Maxwell University, I can't believe that you are still studying. I won't take up your time any longer. I should head back and improve my skills too."

"Haha." Arielle's laugh came across as forced and reluctant.

Truthfully, she wasn't going back to school to study

Nevertheless, Arielle did not elaborate any further. After sending Aidan off, she headed toward

Jadeborough University's archive.

She planned to spend the weekend reading all of the archive's materials.

Since she had a lot on her plate, Arielle couldn't afford to linger around any longer.

At the same time, Wendy and her parents had arrived at Nightshire Manor.

When Susanne caught wind of their sudden arrival, she nearly choked on her coffee.

She set her cup down and asked Geoffrey with widened eyes, "Who's here?"

"Ms. Greene and her parents are here."

coffee was long forgotten. "Quick, tell them that I'm not home."

voice echo from the entrance.

"Mrs. Nightshire."

Susanne was forced to a screeching halt as she glared at Geoffrey accusingly.

"I assumed that you were willing to meet Ms. Greene, so I asked the guards to let them in," Geoffrey explained with an apologetic look.

"You fool!" All of a sudden, she noticed the Greenes walking into the room.

Quickly, Susanne retracted her glare and replaced it

"Wendy, why didn't you tell me that you were coming? I could have asked the staff to prepare your favorite lunch." Su

sanne turned to the Greenes with a sympathetic look. "Your trip from Horrington must have been a tiring journey."

"Although we are tired, our poor Wendy must be suffering even more," Daniel replied stoically.

Susanne stiffened when she heard Daniel's icy tone. On the other hand, Cecilia nudged her husband and laughed to lighten the mood. "Susanne, please ignore him. My

weather. Even worse, we heard about Wendy's sufferings while she was in Jadeborough. I hope you won't take his anger to heart. It wasn't directed at you."

Susanne's smile became even more forced.

If Cecilia had been as short-tempered as her husband, Susanne could have seized this opportunity to kick them out.

Yet, the two of them were playing good cop, bad cop. Susanne couldn't excuse herself at all.

She then laughed wryly. "It's all right. We all have our bad days. Have you guys eaten lunch? If you don't

mind, you can stay and have a meal together."

"We will be glad to accept your offer." Met with Cecilia's friendly smile, Susanne could not deny her at all.

Thus, the four of them settled around the table for lunch.

After a few moments, Cecilia spoke again. "When we came to Jadeborough, we were heartbroken to see Wendy like this. Susanne, we placed her under your care. You even promised to look after her. Yet, why has

Obsessed CEO Throws Himself at Me Chapter 907

[/ Obsessed CEO Throws Himself at Me](#)
Chapter 907

Just as Cecilia's words were out of her mouth, Wendy began crying

Putting on a look of confusion and pretending not to know what happened, Susanne asked, "Was someone mean to Wendy? Why didn't I hear about this?"

Wendy, why didn't you tell me that someone was bullying you? You said you were going to take good care of yourself when you moved out back then."

Instantly, Wendy froze mid-sob; she never thought that Susanne would redirect the focus back to her so quickly.

Is she giving up on me? No, I can't let Susanne hate me!

Thus, Wendy quickly changed tactics and shook her head. "No, no one was mean to me. I just miss Mom and Dad too much, so I felt like crying when I saw them. They just thought that I was bullied by someone else."

At that, Susanne smiled. "Good to hear that."

"What do you mean by no one bullied you?" Daniel yelled, slamming his palm on the table. "Everyone's cursing at you on the school forum. You silly child, why are you still hiding this from us. Since Mrs. Nightshire is here now, just be frank with us about what happened. She will stand up for you!"

Once again, playing the role of the good cop, Cecilia shot a glare at Daniel. "Stop talking."

She then turned to Susanne and said, "Susanne, I know

Vin is currently discussing a business deal in Horington, so I've helped him book the transportation and hotel. With the two of us helping him out, he'll surely be able to expand his business in Horington. However, we won't be able to stay here in Jadeborough for long. Once we leave, we'll have to entrust Wendy to you again."

Susanne stiffened at that.

What Cecilia meant was—if their family were to have a fallout, Nightshire Group would not be able to establish itself in Horington.

No foreigner would be able to navigate the streets better than a local, but Horington was a land full of opportunities. If the Nightshire family planned to develop in Horington, they would have to rely on the Greene family of Horington.

In other words, Cecilia was subtly threatening her.

Despite the irritation she felt, Susanne knew that the only place left that Nightshire Group had yet to expand to was Horington. If things went sour between them and the Greens, Nightshire Group would have trouble with their business expansion.

With that thought in mind, Susanne forced down her annoyance and squeezed out a smile. "Of course. I'll take good care of Wendy."

"I'm glad to hear that," Cecilia replied with a chuckle. "Her school will be having a charity auction on Monday, and we're planning to attend it with her. We'll

be taking the opportunity to help Wendy mediate her relationship with her classmates. Susanne, why don't you come with us if you have nothing much to do on Monday?"

Before Susanne could reject her, Cecilia added, "I'm thinking of making some homemade pastries to give the students. It won't be as sincere if I were to ask the servants to help out with the baking, so why don't you

same time, hm?"

There was no way Susanne could reject after all that, so she stiffly nodded.

Finally, after lunch ended, Cecilia asked the housekeeper to put down the gifts before rising to her feet to bid Susanne goodbye.

"It's time for us to leave after disturbing you for so long. Wendy, say goodbye to Mrs. Nightshire."

Wendy then obediently waved to Susanne. "Mrs. Nightshire, we'll be leaving now."

With a faint smile on her face, Susanne nodded and

Before they stepped out of the house, Cecilia even reminded, "I'll come to the manor on Monday. See you then."

Hearing that made the corner of Susanne's lips twitched, but still, she waved at the trio.

Why didn't I notice how well the Greens can talk their way through things before today?

A moment later, the butler stepped forward and asked, "Shall I open these gifts now, or shall I put them in the warehouse right away?"

When Susanne turned to look at the pile of gifts, she felt a gnome creeping into her head and starting to drill her brain.

"Put them in the warehouse."

As she spoke, she took out her phone to call Vinson.

Obsessed CEO Throws Himself at Me Chapter 908

Vinson arrived at Horington Airport while Cecilia and Daniel were visiting Nightshire Manor.

He should have arrived much earlier, but due to bad weather conditions, the flight was delayed for two hours.

Nightshire Group had a subsidiary company in Horington, but it was a small one. By the time Vinson arrived, a representative sent by the subsidiary company was already waiting for him at the airport.

When Vinson reached the arrival gate, he realized there were two groups of people who had come to pick him up.

He recognized one the representative from the subsidiary company—but not the other.

“Mr. Nightshire, you’re finally here,” the person greeted with a bright smile. “We’re from Greene Corporation. When Mrs. Greene found out that you’re coming here to work, she has arranged for us to wait here since early in the morning. I’m happy to finally see you.”

“The Greens?” Vinson’s brows immediately drew together.

However, the other man did not notice the changes in his expression as he continued to enthusiastically say, “We’ve booked a room in Horington’s best hotel. Why don’t you come with us for a meal at the hotel and rest for a while before working?”

Having said that, the man then raised his head to see the grim expression on Vinson’s face.

“Mr. Nightshire...” The man gulped as cold sweat began forming on his back.

Vinson scoffed and uttered in an icy tone, “When did you have the right to make arrangements for my schedule?”

The atmosphere around them seemed to turn gloomier as Vinson said those words.

“No, no,” the man hastily explained. “I’m not making arrangements for your schedule. It’s just that I’m afraid you might be tired from your trip—”

“No need,” Vinson mercilessly rejected him. “I don’t like others telling me what to do. Tell Greene that she doesn’t need to worry about my matters.”

Before he was even done speaking, he began walking out of the airport with the representative from the subsidiary company.

Face paling drastically, the man stood transfixed as another person beside him leaned closer and whispered, "Mr. Freeman, what does Mr. Nightshire mean? Isn't he supposed to be our chairman's son-in-law soon? Why is he not acting like one?"

The man, Brandon Freeman, gloomily replied, "I'm afraid things are not going too well between Mr. Nightshire and Ms. Greene."

"What do we do now?"

"I'll ask the chairman about it," Brandon said as he dialed Daniel's number.

At that moment, Cecilia and Daniel had just left Nightshire Manor. After realizing that Vinson did not care about respecting them, Daniel's expression turned dark.

"Is that brat Vinson looking down on us Greenes?"

Unlike her earlier soft demeanor, Cecilia snarled, "Susanne's attitude is equally poor. It seems like we'll have to do this the tough way."

Daniel nodded as he said to the person on the other end of the line, "Do everything you can to stop Vinson from succeeding in Horington. Show them that it's not good to cross the Greenes!"

After the person on the other end of the line responded to him, Daniel turned to Wendy and spat out, "You can't even win over a man's heart. My time teaching you all these years has been wasted!"

Wendy's face turned ashen, and her eyes reddened. Soon, tears were pouring out of them.

Cecilia's heart broke, and she glared daggers at Daniel. "Why are you losing your temper at her? Vinson must not be any simple man if he managed to inherit the Nightshire family's business and let it grow even larger. As long as he senses how important the Greenes are,

someone like him will surely have a change of heart and come after Wendy instantly."

Then, Cecilia asked Wendy, "What's that minx who's always around Vinson called again?"

Obsessed CEO Throws Himself at Me Chapter 909

[/ Obsessed CEO Throws Himself at Me](#)
Chapter 909

Wendy's heart skipped a beat as she replied, "Arielle. Her name is Arielle Moore."

Gritting her teeth, she then continued, "If not for Arielle, I would have won Vinson over a long time ago! Dad, you keep saying that I don't know how to steal someone's heart, but have you helped me out in any way during this period of time? If you and Mom came here earlier to teach Arielle a lesson, would things have turned out this way? Now Vinson is annoyed every time he sees me."

Daniel wound down the window and lit a cigarette before replying, "It's all because of that Arielle. Make her disappear then."

Wendy's eyes lit up when she heard that. "Are you going to get rid of her?"

"Of course. It's best to rid ourselves of an obstacle like her. Since Vinson isn't in Jadeborough right now, this is a good opportunity to make her disappear."

Daniel inhaled two more puffs of his cigarette before tossing the bud away. Then, he took out his phone and dialed a number.

"Hello? Contact the underworld forum and get someone to get rid of the woman named Arielle Moore. I don't care about the budget as long as someone takes on the

job."

However, after hearing what the person on the other end of the line said, Daniel's face darkened even more.

Wendy was watching her father's expression closely the whole time, so she quizzically asked, "What's the matter, Dad?"

Daniel ended the call and sneered, "I heard that Specialized Forces has found out about the forum, so now it's gone."

"What do we do now?"

Daniel scoffed, "Finding someone through the forum is easier, but since it's gone, we'll get one of our own to do it instead."

Worry rose in Wendy's chest when she heard that. "Will Vinson find out about us, then?"

"So what if he does?" Daniel huffed out impatiently. "For someone like him, women are just toys. He's only interested because she's new. Once he's back, the woman will already be six feet under. He's not stupid enough to seek trouble with us for a dead girl. As long as he has a brain, he'll know who to choose for his future wife."

"Is that so?" Wendy muttered, still anxious.

"Of course. You don't know men, but I do," Daniel replied as he called someone to make the arrangements.

Thus, Wendy slowly calmed down.

Dad's right. Even if Vinson doesn't think of Arielle as just a plaything, he won't be stupid enough to go up against the Greens for a dead woman. The dead can't come back to life, and the living must go on. Vinson will know what to do.

In Horington.

The moment Vinson got into the car, he received a call from Susanne.

The more Susanne told him about what just happened; his expression became darker.

"The Greens did send someone to pick me up, but I ignored them."

At that, Susanne uneasily replied, "Brat, why are you so dumb? You should have gotten on their good side and finished the business deal before crossing them. What if your negotiation fails? What do we do about our expansion in Horington then?"

"Don't worry. I have a plan of my own. They're just the Greene family. You don't need to think too highly of them."

"But..."

"Just sit back and watch," Vinson answered before hanging up.

Right as his call with Susanne ended, the representative from the subsidiary company turned to say, "Bad news, Mr. Nightshire. Larson Group said that they have a business talk with the Greens in the afternoon, so

they'll only be able to have dinner with you later."

The person then added, "Larson Group achieved success with Greene Corporation's help. I'm afraid you might have upset the Greens, and that's why they're doing this."

Obsessed CEO Throws Himself at Me Chapter 910

[/ Obsessed CEO Throws Himself at Me](#)
Chapter 910

Vinson's eyes darkened, but he soon schooled his features back to a neutral look.

It seems like the Greens are adamant about making me bow to them.

"I understand," he quietly replied. "Tell them that I won't be free at night, so let's have lunch tomorrow instead. At the same time, ask the chairman of Yeager Group if he's free to meet me in Zaprinton."

"Yeager Group?" The representative of the subsidiary company paled upon hearing the company's name.

Yeager Group was Larson Group's rival, and the competition between the two companies was fierce.

However, Yeager Group did not have Horington's largest company Greene Corporation—to back them up, so they were not as well-established as Larson

Group.

Meeting with Yeager Group meant that Vinson was planning to collaborate with another company.

"I understand." The other man nodded and instantly contacted Yeager Group.

Yeager Group was more than delighted to agree to meet at a restaurant in Zaprinton in an hour.

In the meantime, Susanne was even more distressed after Vinson hung up on her.

My dumb son! He has a high IQ, but he's not flexible when it comes to dealing with people. What if the Greens get annoyed and start sabotaging his business deals?

After a long while of contemplation, Susanne decided to appease Cecilia first.

A moment of hesitation later, Susanne called Cecilia and enthusiastically said, "What are you planning to bake on Monday? I'll have the housekeeper prepare the ingredients first. That way, you can just come without needing to bring anything along."

Cecilia's lips slowly curled.

"Well, that'll be too much trouble for you..."

"No, no, it's fine. We're friends, after all. No need for pleasantries."

At that, Cecilia said, "Then I look forward to the day we become a family."

Susanne choked upon hearing the woman's words. After squeezing out two wry laughs, she replied, "See you on Monday."

"See you on Monday."

Cecilia then ended the call.

Immediately, Wendy asked, "What did Mrs. Nightshire say?"

Cecilia cackled. "Susanne seems all high and mighty at most times, but she can't even stand her ground whenever anything serious happens. Look, I just informed Horington's side to intervene in Vinson's collaboration, and Susanne is already calling me."

Wendy's eyes instantly glistened as she asked eagerly, "Mom, does that mean that I still have a chance to marry Vinson?"

Cecilia nodded confidently. "Don't worry, my good girl. The title of Mrs. Nightshire will eventually be yours."

As soon as Wendy heard that, her heart began to race.

Before that moment, she had lost almost all hope of marrying Vinson. However, her mother's reassuring

tone had lit the flame of hope again.

I'm the one who's most suitable for Vinson. I'm the only one who can help Vinson out. Arielle, on the other hand... Ha! One year from now will be her first death anniversary.

At that, Wendy asked, "How are things going on Dad's side?"

As she packed up her suitcase, Cecilia responded, "He called a while ago, saying that they had found Arielle. She's at Jadeborough University, and your dad is bringing his men there now."

"She's in school?"

Wendy's brows drew together, wondering, Why would Arielle be in school at this time of the day? Could it be that she's at the archive again? Why is she there? Who cares? What she's doing right now doesn't matter because she's dead meat!

After mulling over it, Wendy called her father.

"Dad, Arielle might be in the school library. She's always there."

"Got it."

Once the call ended, a grin crept onto her lips.

She could not wait to hear the news of Arielle's death.

