

Obsessed CEO Throws Himself at Me Chapter 1036

Chapter 1036 Goddess Arielle

After stuffing a piece of ravioli into their mouths, they praised in unison, "Oh, this is delicious!" Their mouths were stuffed.

The other apprentices were still in a daze. Though Glenn told them to address Arielle as "Grandmaster," they didn't pay any heed to it.

Just like Glenn, they assumed women could cook homemade dishes, but not best-selling dishes.

However, they couldn't stop themselves from getting a piece of ravioli each after seeing how both men enjoyed the ravioli.

A few minutes later, the whole box of ravioli was ravished. There was only one plate left before Arielle.

"Grandmaster!" Glenn's first apprentice complimented, "How did you make this ravioli? It's heavenly!"

Glenn gave him an icy glare before turning to Arielle. Grinning, he reminded, "Ms. Moore, I requested to be your apprentice first, so you should teach me first."

The apprentice's jaw hung wide in shock.

Meanwhile, two customers waiting outside caught a delicious whiff of something.

One man was brought here by his friend. Swallowing hard, he asked, "I'm hungry. We've ordered some time ago, but why the dishes aren't served yet?"

His friend, a frequent customer of Maureen's Kitchen, shrugged and answered, "That's the restaurant's rule. We can order ahead of time, but they only open at eleven sharp and will serve us after that."

Hearing that, his companion glanced at his watch. It was ten minutes to eleven.

"I'm starving. Why don't we head to another restaurant?"

Right then, a gorgeous figure appeared in their sight.

The frequent customer's eyes bulged wide. "A-Arielle?"

I was right! I did see her earlier! Arielle was a celebrity that he adored recently.

She wasn't technically a celebrity, for her only work was the Soir Coffee's commercial. However, it didn't stop him from viewing her as a goddess.

His companion's eyes had also rounded in surprise.

"You're that pretty lady who can play the piano well!"

Flashing a pleasant smile, Arielle placed the plate of ravioli on their table.

"I heard the manager said you've been here for a while. We can't change our rules, and the chef will only begin to prepare your dishes at eleven sharp. This plate of ravioli is our restaurant's new creation. It's on us."

The frequent customer nodded fervently. "Thank you, thank you. We only came earlier to avoid the crowd. Does this restaurant belong to you, though?"

Arielle nodded. "Yes, that's right."

The frequent customer went wide-eyed with shock. "Oh, dear. You have a lot of fans, but why haven't you

mentioned this to anyone? They will come here in a heartbeat to support your business.”

Arielle merely smiled in response. “They will only come once. After the trend dies down, I’ll lose all the customers. It’s better to serve delicious dishes and get a steady flow of customers.”

The frequent customer gave her a thumbs-up. “You’re right.”

“I’ll leave you alone, then.” Arielle gave him a curt nod and turned to head to her office.

Though she had made the plate of ravioli for herself, Vinson wasn’t here yet, and she wasn’t hungry. Thus, she offered it to the customers to curb their hunger.

The frequent customer stared at Arielle until her figure disappeared from sight.

“Indeed, she’s my goddess. Look how intelligent she is!” he praised.

Picking up a piece of ravioli, he placed it in his mouth.

At once, tears filled his eyes.

Chapter 1037 You Cannot Escape

Oh, this is yummy! It's heavenly!

Seeing his reaction, his companion shook his head. "I admit she's pretty and is a great pianist, but you don't have to overreact. It's just a plate of ravioli."

Instead of explaining himself, the frequent customer pushed the plate of ravioli to his friend. "You'll know whether I'm overreacting after trying it for yourself."

Though his companion thought Arielle was pretty, he wasn't her fan. Thus, he took a piece of ravioli nonchalantly and stuffed it into his mouth.

The next moment...

"Oh, wow!" It's the most delicious ravioli I've ever tasted in my life!

The dough was thin, and the moment he bit on it, the contents inside spilled out and spread all over his mouth. Together with the sauce, it created such a rich taste in his mouth.

The frequent customer was pleased to see his friend's reaction. He cast a look at his friend and asked, "Do you still want to eat at another restaurant?"

Without saying another word, his companion stuffed a few pieces of ravioli into his mouth. His cheeks were bulging as though he were a chipmunk.

"Hey, stop it! Leave a few for me!"

As Arielle waited for Vinson's arrival, she helped Glenn to improve his dishes.

Though he was a great cook, under Arielle's help, the comments that were initially "delicious" became "I can order five helpings of this."

Glenn nearly hugged Arielle and sobbed his lungs out.

My mentor said geniuses can make delicious dishes with the simplest ingredients. She is definitely a genius!

Vinson finally showed up before the clock struck twelve.

"I'm sorry for being late. I worked overtime so I won't need to go to work this afternoon."

At the sight of Vinson, Glenn immediately dispelled the idea of introducing his grandson to her.

Ms. Moore won't set her eyes on my grandson since she's with Vinson.

Gloomily, he served Vinson and Arielle the improvised dishes.

"Have a taste." Arielle placed her chin on her palm, waiting for Vinson's comment on this dish—garlic sausage.

Garlic sausage was a famous dish in Jadeborough. Many restaurants served this dish, and the taste was similar everywhere.

After chewing carefully, Vinson swallowed it. Under Arielle's earnest gaze, he said, "It's really different now. There's a fresh taste to it. I can't help but find it memorable. What did you add?"

Arielle's lips curved into a grin. "Sugar."

"Huh?" Vinson raised his eyebrow in surprise. "Adding a little sugar changed the taste completely. That's it?"

Arielle shook her head and responded, "Of course not. I added garlic to the sauce too. That was what made the taste completely different."

Something twinkled in Vinson's eyes. He gazed at her affectionately and said, "My wife is amazing at everything. I have such good taste."

Pushing his shoulder, Arielle huffed, "How could you relate that to yourself? I don't remember you being this thick-skinned."

"Of course. When I was pursuing you, I hid all my flaws."

"What about now?"

"Now that we're married, you can't escape from my clutches."

Arielle's lips curled into a grin. "Even if we're married, I can still file for divorce."

At the mention of their marriage, Susanne popped up into her mind.

Susanne knew they were married, but before leaving the auditorium, she claimed they were living together even

though they weren't married. Clearly, the woman hadn't accepted Arielle as her daughter-in-law yet.

At that thought, the light in Arielle's eyes faded away.
"Let's return to Nightshire Manor today."

Chapter 1038 She Cheated On Him

Some things couldn't be avoided, so she decided to stand up to the challenge and solve the problem.

Susanne's impression of her had changed slightly. If she refused to move into the manor as instructed by Susanne, the latter might change her mind again.

After Arielle told Vinson about her plan, he fell silent for a moment before nodding in agreement. Holding her hand, he uttered, "If you think you are not happy living there, just tell me at once. I'll move out with you."

Arielle was touched by his promise.

She knew Vinson hated trouble, especially anything regarding familial relations. It was obvious by how he'd rather live in a mansion alone than to stay with his family in the manor. He found the family matters rather troublesome.

His willingness to face the problem together with her proved how much he loved her.

Warmth spread all over Arielle's heart as she gave him a firm nod. "Let's go back to the mansion and pack up now. There are some ravioli left at home. I can let Mrs. Nightshire try them out."

Vinson froze at how she addressed Susanne.

The relationship between his mother and Arielle boiled down to how he dealt with it. I have to learn more about how to deal with this.

On the way back to the mansion, Arielle's social media suddenly descended into an uproar.

Turns out a netizen claiming to be Arielle's fan had revealed that she was the owner of Maureen's Kitchen.

The other fans initially had wanted to pay the restaurant a visit, but they became suspicious after seeing the restaurant's photos.

What? Why is my goddess' restaurant this simple? Is it a hoax?

The restaurant must be promoting itself here. It's taking us as fools!

To be honest, I've been to Maureen's Kitchen. Though the deco is simple, the food is really good.

As a foodie, I've decided to give it a try.

The fans gathered and decided to head to Maureen's Kitchen at five in the evening.

Papa A: If it's delicious, inform us. Though I'm not completely sure it's Arielle's restaurant, there is no smoke without fire, right?

Bo2o: Sure. I shall recommend it if the food is delicious!

This was definitely word-of-mouth advertising. If the dishes were tasty, Maureen's Kitchen would gain a new flow of customers.

After packing up, Vinson and Arielle returned to Nightshire Manor. Susanne was playing cards with a few ladies.

At the sight of Arielle, the ladies wore indecipherable expressions and began murmuring among themselves.

"Isn't this the lady who got popular online with a video of her playing the piano? My daughter loves her and hangs a lot of her photos in her room. She told me this young woman was accepted to Jadeborough University's preparatory class as the top student. I can't believe Vin's bringing this excellent young lady home!"

"I don't know about her playing the piano. But her father, Henrick Southall, is the unscrupulous businessman who got sentenced to jail back then."

"Oh? Did that really happen?"

"That's not it. Henrick said this young lady isn't his biological daughter. His wife cheated on him and gave birth to this bast*rd!"

"Bast*rd? What? I need to ask my daughter to remove all her photos in her room!"

"I don't know what Susanne is thinking. How could she let this young lady marry her son? Did you see her carrying her luggage upstairs? Are they going to get married soon?"

"Susanne is a proud woman. What is she doing?"

"Beats me..."

Susanne happened to return after asking the help to prepare tea for them and overheard their conversation.

Chapter 1039 Third Party

When they mentioned the word “bast*rd,” Susanne’s expression turned grim.

The three ladies turned at their shoulders to see Susanne grimacing at them and hurriedly stopped their conversation.

“When did you get here, Susanne?”

Taking a deep breath, Susanne answered, “When you said my son’s girlfriend is a bast*rd.”

The ladies halted in shock.

They thought Susanne would pretend not to hear their comments to preserve her pride, so it came as a shock to them when Susanne exposed them and even admitted that the young lady was Vinson’s girlfriend.

What is going on?

The lady who was dressed most elegantly among them forced a smile and said, “Susanne, don’t take that to heart.

We were just talking about the rumors spreading online. I was just about to say that they might be untrue."

However, Susanne returned swiftly, "They are true."

The three of them gaped at her words.

Her expression calm, Susanne continued, "Arielle isn't Henrick's daughter."

Their eyes went wide in shock as they assumed Susanne had gone mad to reveal such a secret. Is she saying that her son's girlfriend is a bast*rd?

However, Susanne added, "But Arielle is indeed Maureen's biological daughter. Henrick's the third party. She isn't a bast*rd like you said. You don't know everything."

"O-Oh, I see."

Susanne met the lady's gaze and stated, "From now on, I don't want to hear you calling her a bast*rd anymore."

The lady immediately nodded. "Of course, I get it. Maureen was really outstanding back then. I'm sure her daughter is as amazing as her."

Another lady chimed in curiously, "Then, who is her father? Why haven't we heard of it?"

Susanne's expression changed slightly at her question. She covered her mouth and let out a light cough. "You don't have to know. He isn't an ordinary man, that's for sure."

With her assurance, the ladies no longer disdained Arielle.

After all, Susanne wouldn't allow Vinson to date Arielle if her origins were unknown.

Thus, they stopped wondering about Arielle's background. "Let's stop talking about that. Should we begin our game? Luck has been on my side recently," one lady said with a grin.

Susanne relaxed visibly. "Come on. I've prepared tea and snacks in the room."

That was the end of the topic.

Meanwhile, Arielle had just finished unpacking.

Vinson knocked on the door and came in.

"My mom is busy playing cards, so you can ignore her. I remember you said you need to work on a program on the way home. Do you need my help?" he asked.

"No need. I can handle it myself." Arielle shook her head in response. "I brought some ravioli back and told your chef to cook it. It isn't nice for me to interrupt your mom and her friends, so please deliver some to them later. I remember she loved it back then."

She should've brought some gifts with her, but Susanne didn't need anything, so she decided to prepare some ravioli to show her sincerity.

"All right. Go back to work. I shall head to the kitchen now."

Vinson kissed her on the forehead before turning around to leave.

Arielle sent Vinson off with her gaze before turning back to the bionic arm on the desk. Rubbing her hands, she declared, "All right. Let's get started!"

Chapter 1040 Divine Taste

The bionic arm's program was complicated and prone to blunders, but Arielle had written the robotic pacemaker's

program herself. It was easy to write a program for the bionic arm controlled by the brainwaves.

She could improve the bionic arm if there was some spare time and make its movements smoother, but as she was running out of time, this first version would do.

As Arielle busied herself with the program, the ravioli was served.

The sauce had been prepared in advance, so Vinson just had to lead the help with the tray to the room.

Susanne and her friends had played two rounds of poker by now.

Instead of aiming to win, they would normally chat about the gossip in Jadeborough. However, the air was tense because of Arielle. None of them spoke in fear of offending Susanne.

Thus, they had no choice but to focus on the game. Two rounds later, the ladies were already feeling exhausted.

Right then, the door was pushed open.

Vinson came in with some maids.

Though the game was interrupted, the ladies heaved a sigh of relief.

Usually, they dreaded the sight of Vinson, for he was famous for his ruthlessness in the corporate world. However, this time, they flashed pleasant smiles at his arrival.

When Susanne saw her son, her irritation faded away slightly.

“Vin, what is it?” she queried gently.

Vinson gave way to the maid who walked in with the ravioli.

“Arielle assumed you got hungry, so she prepared some ravioli for you. She made them personally. Please try them out,” he said politely.

Hearing that Arielle had made ravioli personally, the ladies couldn't help but show mocking expressions.

No socialites would prepare ravioli as snacks.

It wasn't that ravioli was too cheap but it was too normal a food. Real socialites would never prepare that. They would

usually learn how to bake. Making ravioli would never cross their minds.

However, they dared not say that out loud in the Nightshire family. Flashing polite smiles, they said, "Thank you for delivering the food to us."

When Susanne heard about the ravioli, her eyes lit up.

Initially, she thought ravioli was a bit cheap, but after taking a bite of it, she realized how divine the taste was after tasting it at the flea market.

Standing up, Susanne announced proudly, "I've tasted her ravioli before. I assure you, it tastes delicious. We're a little hungry after playing two rounds of poker. Come on, have some."

The ladies shared a look, thinking that Susanne had changed a lot.

It's just ravioli. How good can it be?

Though they shared the same thought, their faces displayed delight as they took their respective plates.

After taking a bite, a new taste exploded in their mouth.

“Oh, this is delectable!”

Their eyes widened in surprise as they scrambled to eat the second one.

After clearing up their plates in a blink of an eye, the ladies, who usually had a strict diet, had the urge to refill their plates.

“Susanne, it’s pretty good. What is it made of?”

“Yes, I’ve sampled black truffle ravioli and other expensive ones, but this is the tastiest ravioli I’ve ever tasted.”

They no longer held the ravioli in disdain.