

Obsessed CEO Throws Himself at Me Chapter 1041 Read Online

Chapter 1041 Buttering Up

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Who would've thought ravioli could end up being a heavenly dish?

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Realizing Susanne could have this delectable dish every day, they couldn't help but shoot her envious looks.

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Finally, after hearing how her friends praised Arielle, Susanne's mood improved tremendously.

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Looks like I did the right thing by accepting Arielle. She has never disappointed me. The incident at the flea market, her results, and now in front of my friends. It feels like I will get

disappointed if I take Arielle's side as she's always right. She has never let me down.

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Susanne flashed a pleased smirk. "I'm not sure about the ingredients, but I'm certain they are just normal ingredients. Arielle is a great chef who can cook very well," she declared.

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Vinson shot his mother a surprised look before a grin flitted across his lips.

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After hearing Susanne's words, her friends' envy heightened.

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“Oh, you’re a lucky woman. No wonder you have asked her to move in.”

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“Well...” Susanne coughed. “I asked her to move in because she doesn’t have a home to return to. That’s all.”

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She left some space for her to backtrack just in case Arielle couldn’t prove her value and embarrass the family.

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One lady understood her underlying meaning and smiled. “My family runs a restaurant chain. Ms. Moore can provide some tips and guidance,” she offered.

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Though Arielle might not receive Susanne's approval to get married to Vinson, she didn't mind buttering up to her for now.

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Before the other ladies could speak, Vinson rejected her offer. "Thank you for your kind intentions, but Arielle has her own restaurant—Maureen's Kitchen. If you like her cooking, you're welcome to visit and try the dishes. She was involved in improving all the dishes served there."

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"A restaurant?" Susanne was startled. She did not know that Arielle was the proud owner of a restaurant.

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Vinson gave a brief nod. "Yes. The restaurant is doing well, and she's planning on expanding soon. If everything goes according to plan, she'll make it into a chain just like Soir Coffee before expanding overseas."

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Susanne bobbed her head.

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If the expansion goes well just like Vin's prediction, I can consider letting him marry Arielle.

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The ladies spotted her reaction and came up with an idea. "We should thank Ms. Moore in person after eating her ravioli. If possible, can we meet her to express our gratitude?" they suggested earnestly.

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Back in the guest room on the second floor.

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Arielle was in a conference call with a senior programmer from Sann Group. They were busy writing out the program together in a swift manner.

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She was about to try the bionic arm when someone knocked on the door.

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After hanging up, Arielle got to her feet and opened the door.

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Vinson walked in, followed by Susanne and her friends.

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They were dressed elegantly. As Susanne's poker buddies, they should be wealthy and prominent.

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Puzzled, she queried, "How can I help you?"

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"Sannie." Vinson parted his lips to answer, "The ladies find your ravioli tasty. They are here to express their gratitude in person."

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Nodding, Arielle smiled at them. "Ravioli will be added to the menu when the new branch is opened. You're welcome to pay a visit."

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The ladies nodded profusely, but their gazes were fixed on the bionic arm behind Arielle.

Chapter 1042 Peculiar Fetish

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Even Susanne had spotted the bionic arm.

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As she had no idea it was a bionic arm, she found it similar to a real arm and shuddered in fear.

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One lady was wondering why there was a broken arm in Arielle's room.

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Does she have a peculiar fetish? I've read a book where the main character suffers from acrotomophilia. He ended up

falling in love with an amputee. Though the story is nice, it isn't acceptable in real life.

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She blurted out, "Ms. Moore, what is this?"

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Afraid that it was Arielle's peculiar fetish, Susanne was about to stop her friends from entering the room, but it was too late.

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Before she could do anything, they had gathered in a circle around the bionic arm and were pointing at it with disapproving expressions.

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Susanne was about to lash out at Arielle, but she recalled how Arielle had never let her down. Holding her anger back, she asked, "Arielle, what is this?"

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Vinson looked at Arielle curiously, for he had no idea what it was, too.

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Calmly, Arielle explained, "This is a bionic arm. It can help an amputee return to a normal life."

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At her words, a complicated look flashed on one lady's face.

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Susanne's confusion intensified. "Then, why is it in your room?" she urged.

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"Let me explain, Susanne," Arielle said. "This is a new product of my company. Due to the change in personnel, we have vacancies for programmers. I dabble in programming, so I brought this back to write its program."

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"Oh, I see." Susanne gave her an approving look. "I didn't know you can write programs." One could sense how pleased she was from her tone of voice.

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Right then, the lady who had a complicated expression on her face grabbed Arielle's arm. "Ms. Moore, are you telling the truth? Could this thing allow amputees to return to a normal lifestyle?" she demanded anxiously.

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Arielle was initially shocked, but she quickly calmed herself down and nodded. "Yes. It can replace a human arm and carry out daily activities like holding a fork. That's what we

have programmed it to do. But of course, it still can't carry out some complicated activities. However, this is just the first-generation bionic arm. We'll improve the product, and it can replace a human arm perfectly soon."

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Without warning, the lady burst into tears and wailed, "Oh, this great. This is simply wonderful!"

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Arielle wore a confused expression, for she had no idea why the lady suddenly started crying.

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Another lady began explaining, "Her youngest son was involved in an accident after joining a race a year ago. He lost an arm in the accident. Since then, he gave up on life and lock himself in his room, refusing to see anyone. Ms. Moore, if your product is as useful as you claim, you might be saving her son's life."

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The lady grabbed Arielle's arm and begged Arielle.

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"Ms. Moore, please save my son!"

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After understanding the situation, Arielle helped her up.
"Calm down. I've just finished writing the program, so the
product will only be launched next month. Since you're
Susanne's friend, I can gift this test product to your son."

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The lady was delighted. "Really? Thank you so much! I owe
you one!" she exclaimed.

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She then turned to Susanne and bowed politely. "Susanne,
thank you so much. The Seyward family owes you one!"

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Susanne was inwardly pleased, but she put on a
sympathetic expression and nodded calmly. "We're friends,
so it's all right. Arielle, can it be put to use now? If possible,
we can take it to her house to let her son try it out."

Chapter 1043 An Embarrassment

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Arielle wasn't sure about it. "I haven't tested it yet, but it should be all right. We can test it on him."

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As she had intended to test it out, it would be better if she tested the product on a user. That way, she could also find out about the user's experience. It was killing two birds with one stone.

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Having made up their minds, everyone made their way to the Seyward residence at once.

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Susanne got into the same car as Arielle. By now, she had grown increasingly satisfied with Arielle and regretted picking Wendy as a candidate for daughter-in-law.

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At the thought of Wendy, she asked Vinson, who was in the passenger's seat, "How did the Greene family's case go?"

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"They have solid evidence. The hearing is going to be held tomorrow," came his reply.

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Susanne gave a curt nod and lost interest in the subject.

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Meanwhile, in the other car.

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The two wealthy ladies were gossiping about Arielle.

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“Do you think that thing can work wonders? Can it replace a human arm for real?”

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“Sann Group’s product works. Remember how they develop a product to replace the heart? But It’s hard to say if it’s a product by Southall Group. We shall wait and see.”

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“Right. Arielle herself is in charge of writing the program. I read in the news that she’s a freshman at Jadeborough University. A freshman knows nothing about programming! If it can’t be used, Mrs. Seyward would have begged her for nothing. Did you see how proud Susanne looked back there?”

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“Of course. I saw it clearly. If the arm can’t be used, that will be a huge embarrassment!”

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They chattered on happily with different agendas on their minds.

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Susanne will allow Arielle to marry into the Nightshire family if the bionic arm proved to be useful. I initially wanted to introduce her niece to Vinson, but if everything worked out, my plan will go down the drain.

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Another lady thought, The Seyward family is currently dominating the food and beverage industry in Chanaea. Mrs. Seyward had given birth to a son and a daughter. If her son gathers himself again, my family's plan of entering the food and beverage industry will have to be delayed.

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Though they had different agendas, they shared the same wish—none of them wanted the bionic arm to work.

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Soon, they arrived at the Seyward residence.

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The Seyward family had a chain of food businesses consisting of a group of restaurants in many locations that share a name and served Ustranasion cuisine. They dominated the food and beverage industry in Jadeborough.

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After their only son became a cripple, the Seyward family's future seemed bleak.

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As Agnes brought them into her house, she sighed. "We had no choice but to amputate his arm as there was excessive tissue damage. If we insisted on keeping his arm, it might affect the other part of his body. After that incident, Bjorn became a changed man and would fly into a fit of rage easily. If anything doesn't go his way, he'll break everything in sight. I was the one who signed the agreement to amputate his arm, so he vents his frustrations on me and refuses to leave his room. Now, I'll leave the house early morning to prevent angering him," she explained.

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Forcing a smile, she looked at them with her teary eyes.

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As it was impossible to give birth to another son at this age, she could only hope for Bjorn—her only son—to get better.

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Hence, Arielle was her only hope. Naturally, she did her best to make Arielle feel welcomed.

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“Have some Darjeeling tea. You’ll love it. I’ll ask Bjorn to come out,” she said warmly.

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Arielle nodded and took a sip of the tea. She then took the bionic arm from Vinson and started fiddling with it.

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The other two ladies held their cups, but their eyes were fixed on Arielle. In unison, they chanted silently.

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Don't succeed. Please don't let her succeed.

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At the same time, Agnes pushed the door to Bjorn's room open.

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The room was pitch dark, but Agnes could see Bjorn practicing how to use a fork with his left arm under the dim light.

Chapter 1044 Leave Me Alone

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However, Bjorn was right-handed. No matter how hard he tried to control his left hand, he couldn't even lift a piece of noodle.

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Agnes watched as Bjorn's hand trembled, and the noodle fell to the ground.

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"Ah!"

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At once, Bjorn let out a disappointed roar. He picked up the bowl and smashed it to the ground. It immediately cracked into pieces.

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Shocked, Agnes switched on the lights and scurried into his room.

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"Bjorn! Bjorn, calm down!"
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She clung to his waist tightly, but it only served to heighten his maniacal actions. He waved his limbs around wildly to vent his frustrations.

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In an unexpected move, his kick landed on Agnes' stomach.

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"Ow!" Agnes yelled in pain. She held her stomach and curled into a ball on the ground as cold sweat formed on her forehead.

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Bjorn finally came back to his senses and stared at her in consternation.

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“Mom...”

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However, rage soon took over. “Why are you here?” he demanded icily. “Didn’t I tell you to stay away from me?”

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After the pain subsided, tears streamed down Agnes’ cheeks. “Bjorn, I’m really sorry. I shouldn’t ask you to race with someone else’s children to save my pride. It was my fault the accident happened. You’re an obedient child. You’d have been fine if I didn’t ask you to do that. But the amputation was for your own good. The doctor said if it spread to your other organs, you might die. I had no choice but to—”

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“Shut up!” Bjorn hollered as tears sparkled in his eyes.

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He turned away from her so she wouldn’t see him crying and added harshly, “You should’ve let me die at the hospital!”

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"Bjorn, how could you say that?" Agnes shrieked.

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"So what? I'm a cripple who can't even go out. Is this any different from being dead?" he declared.

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Agnes' back stiffened. She belatedly realized why she was in his room and scrambled to her feet. Taking Bjorn's arm, she uttered, "I found someone who can treat you! You can return to living a normal life soon!"

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Bjorn was taken aback, but he swiftly regained his composure and sneered. "Do you think I'm still a child? Is this another trick so I will leave my room? I've lost my arm! How can the person treat me? I won't leave this room until I die! No one is allowed to see me in this state!"

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Before Agnes could say anything to persuade him to change his mind, an icy voice rang out. "Your mother gave

birth to you and brought you up. Is this how you repay her?
By being rude to her?"

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Bjorn's eyes widened in surprise at that voice, for he had no
idea there was a stranger in his house.

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After losing his arm, he left orders that no strangers were
allowed entry. Agnes wasn't allowed to bring any guests
back for fear that someone would spot him.

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Bjorn turned instinctively and saw an extremely beautiful
young woman glaring at him frostily.

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He hid his broken arm behind him subconsciously, but the
empty sleeve was pretty obvious.

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Bjorn's pride was wounded. He glowered at Arielle and
exclaimed, "Who are you? Leave now!"

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Agnes stood in front of him and apologized to Arielle profusely. She then told Bjorn, "Bjorn, this is the young lady who can help you."

Chapter 1045 What Is Your Decision

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"My life can return to normal?" Bjorn's eyes nearly popped out of their sockets. However, he had been constantly disappointed by his mother's words now.

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"Stop lying to me. I'm nothing but a cripple that needs someone to feed me in order to stay alive! I'd rather be an animal. How will I return to a normal life?" Bjorn demanded. He pointed at Arielle and yelled, "Ask this woman to leave me alone, or else I'll commit suicide now!"

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Sobbing, Agnes said, "I'm sorry, Ms. Moore. Why don't you come over another day?"

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Just then, a tall figure appeared in their sights.

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“Bjorn Seyward, right?”

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Bjorn stared at Vinson in disbelief.

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“Mr. Nightshire?”

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The Seyward family was a prominent family. Though he hadn't interacted a lot with Vinson, they had met a couple of times and were acquaintances.

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Arielle glanced at Vinson, who had appeared behind her. "Why are you here?" she inquired.

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She was wandering around, looking for the bathroom, when she overheard Agnes and Bjorn's argument and made her way here.

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Vinson gazed at her and replied gently, "You didn't come back, so I came searching for you."

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He then turned to look at Bjorn.

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Bjorn's matter was related to another rich brat. However, Vinson would never butt into someone else's business.

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Now that Arielle had involved herself in the matter, he considered himself involved, too.

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"I thought you were a real man. As your mother had been mocked for giving birth to a cowardly bookworm who dared not accept a racing challenge, you took up the challenge and joined the race. After losing an arm, you're back to your cowardly self. You're such a letdown!"

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Bjorn bit his lip. He admired and respected Vinson a lot, not because Nightshire Group was a leading company in Chanaea, but because his goal was to become someone like Vinson.

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Alas...

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*“You know nothing!” he managed between gritted teeth.
“Your arms are still intact, so you don’t understand how
hard it is to live as a cripple!”*

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*“Hard?” Vinson scoffed. “Do you think you have it hard?
Your mother dared not stay at home for fear of invoking
your wrath. Your father worked hard to expand his business
for fear that you’ll have no one to rely on after they passed
on. You keep saying that your life is hard after losing an
arm, but what about your parents? Have you ever
considered them?”*

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“I...” Bjorn’s lips trembled as his gaze fell on Agnes.

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*Though Agnes was dressed tastefully in an expensive outfit
like usual, her wrinkles were visible even to the naked eye.*

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She looked like she had aged a dozen years in just two years.

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One couldn't hide one's age using cosmetics.

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It's all because of me.

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"Mom..." he said softly.

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Tears flowed down Agnes' face as she shook her head fervently. "Bjorn, it isn't hard for me. I can live outside forever if you can return to normal."

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Bjorn hung his head low, his emotions in a turmoil.

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Right then, Arielle spoke up. "Mr. Seyward, you have an opportunity right in front of your eyes. There's a chance for

you to return to normal. What is your decision? If your answer is no, I'll leave right away."

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Without giving Bjorn time to mull over it, Arielle grabbed Vinson's hand and strode out.

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At the sight of Arielle leaving, Bjorn immediately ran after her, his worries long forgotten.