

Obsessed CEO Throws Himself at Me Chapter 1046

Chapter 1046 The Entire Seyward Family

“W-Wait!”

Bjorn Seyward rushed out of the room.

Agnes froze. It was the first time Bjorn willingly stepped out of his bedroom after coming home from the hospital.

Her eyes then slowly drifted toward Arielle’s back. It was then that she realized Arielle was trying to light the candle of hope in Bjorn’s heart.

If Bjorn did not cooperate with Arielle, there was no way she could fit the bionic arm on him.

Thus, Agnes fell silent, deciding to leave everything to Arielle.

“Wait! Wait a second!” Bjorn reached out to pull Arielle’s sleeve.

However, another hand shot out and blocked Bjorn’s hand.

Stunned, Bjorn slowly lifted his head to look at the owner of the hand before his eyes flicked between Arielle and Vinson.

“You...”

"Let me make an introduction. This is my wife," Vinson said as he put an arm around Arielle's shoulders as if he was asserting his dominance.

No wonder he won't let me even touch her.

Hence, Bjorn quickly retracted his hand and softly muttered an apology. Then, he looked at Arielle and uttered, "I want to take this chance. I want to become normal."

Even in his dreams, he longed to have his arm back.

Arielle slowly turned toward Bjorn and replied, "You're already normal."

Bjorn stiffened. Curiously, he asked, "What do you mean?"

Arielle gave him a small smile. "I'll definitely treat your arm, but what's difficult to treat is your heart. Since you've run out of your room to come after me, it means that you haven't given up completely. If that's the case, we may start working on your arm."

Bjorn's eyes slowly widened.

Calmness and determination were written all over the woman's pretty face. It felt as if she was talking about the weather instead of about treating his arm.

All along, his family refrained from mentioning his arm, and they always faced him with solemn looks. No one had ever talked about his arm with such tranquility on their faces before.

Arielle's tone made him feel respected, and it lit the candle of hope in him again.

Gritting his teeth, Bjorn then asked, "How should I cooperate with you? My right arm's... already gone. Do you have a way to regrow it?"

Arielle shook her head. "I'm no god. I won't be able to regrow your arm, but I can give you one."

Her words took Bjorn aback, but Arielle ignored it and pointed in the direction of the living room instead. "Let's go there."

Bjorn hesitated, but he soon tightened his left fist and strode toward the living room.

When Agnes saw that, tears rolled down her cheeks again.

Glancing at Agnes, Arielle then said, "People like him dislike sympathy most. He'll still lack confidence after putting on the bionic arm, so please treat him as you would to a normal person from now on. Talk to him as if that car accident never happened. Don't hold back if he makes any mistakes. Feel free to shout at him and hit him, but don't make him feel like he's not the same as he used to be."

As Agnes tried her best to control her flowing tears, she nodded fervently and said sincerely, "Thank you. Thank you so much, Ms. Moore."

Arielle shook her head. "It's nothing. This is just part of an equivalent exchange. We'll talk about what you're going to offer after the successful activation of the bionic arm."

However, Agnes exclaimed, "As long as you can return my son to his normal state, you can have the entire Seyward family!"

Arielle's lips curled, but she said nothing as she went to the living room with Vinson.

What she wanted was not the Seyward family but only Bjorn Seyward.

Chapter 1047 Endurance

The group soon came to the living room.

When the two socialites and Susanne saw the hollow sleeve by Bjorn's side, similar looks of surprise appeared on their faces.

However, Susanne was slightly better than the others, for she quickly tucked away that expression and put on a smile. "Bjorn, it's been a while."

It was not that Bjorn had not seen the looks on their faces, but his hope was not going to die out that quickly.

Thus, he nodded at Susanne before landing his gaze on the bionic arm on the coffee table.

“Is this the arm you said you’ll give me?”

It looks a lot like the prosthetics I bought in the past. If what I’m going to put on is just a prosthetic, I’m still going to be a disabled person.

Having read his mind, Arielle swiftly explained, “This isn’t an ordinary prosthetic arm; it’s an AI bionic arm. It uses your brainwaves, which means you use your brain to control it. As long as you train with it, it’ll work like it’s part of you.”

Bjorn’s eyes widened, and he asked, “Really?”

“You can try it out for yourself whether or not it’s real. You’ve been in a slump for two years. What’s a month to you?”

At that, Bjorn steeled himself and nodded. “I understand. What do I do?”

“Sit down,” Arielle said as she motioned to him and walked toward the bionic arm.

Then she pressed a little lump on the bionic arm that no one would notice.

In the next second, the bionic arm opened up and revealed its interior.

Susanne and the others curiously leaned over, and they saw that the realistic arm was full of wires and circuit boards on the inside.

As Arielle had said, the arm was no ordinary prosthetic.

The next thing they saw was Arielle tapping and fidgeting with the circuit board, but they did not know what she was doing.

A dozen minutes later, Arielle stood up. "I've activated it, so I'm now going to put it on for you. The process might hurt a little."

Bjorn nodded, unfazed by her warning. That pain was nothing to him.

Indeed, it was a painful process, but Bjorn never once furrowed his brows. He only bit down hard and forced himself to stay silent.

The connection process between the bionic arm and the body was complicated and troublesome, so Arielle had to keep testing things out.

Just the installment of the bionic arm alone took half an hour, during which the two other socialites nearly fell asleep from boredom.

On the other hand, Susanne was watching her work intently.

Arielle looks a lot like Maureen when she is focusing on something. She's passionate about her career, just like her mother.

Back then, she used to head to Maureen's office first if she invited her out for a cup of coffee. During those moments, she would see the focused look on Maureen's face that she shared with her daughter.

Men who were focused on their work were sexy, and so were the women who did the same.

Finally, the bionic arm was connected to Bjorn.

Arielle let out a sigh of relief before rising to her feet. "You might feel pain at the start when the bionic arm tries to fit with your body. It's the same theory as putting on your prosthetic limb. Once the area grows calluses, you'll be less aware of it. However, you might need around two weeks to get used to it."

Bjorn nodded. "I can endure this much."

Arielle nodded before finally switching on the bionic arm.

At that moment, Bjorn felt the socket tighten up before his attention shifted to Arielle, who was taking out a small laptop.

"Now, we'll start testing out the brainwave connection. Once it's done, you'll be able to control the bionic arm."

At that, Bjorn inhaled as his heartbeat quickened.

It was an hour later when they finally made some progress.

Chapter 1048 Success

An hour later, the green wavy lines became two parallel straight lines.

The astonishing part about the high-tech bionic arm was that surgery was not necessary, and the bionic arm would connect into the nerves beneath the skin by itself.

In other words, once the bionic arm was connected to the arm's nerves, Bjorn would then be able to control that arm with his brain.

Arielle closed the laptop and clapped her hands. "All right! Try out the arm. Remember to think of it as your own instead of an arm that's separate from the rest of you."

Bjorn nodded as everyone began looking at his bionic arm nervously.

A few minutes later, the arm remained still.

Noticing that, the two other socialites sighed in relief.

Perfect! It's useless! I knew it. How is that possible for a girl who hasn't graduated from university to be able to create some kind of high-tech bionic arm? I've only heard of computers controlling robots. I've never heard of using brains to control machines.

One of the women then smugly asked, "What's going on? Why is nothing happening? You make it sound like some miraculous machine, but it seems useless."

Instantly, Susanne and Vinson glared at her. Frightened, the woman anxiously gulped before clearing her throat and averting her eyes.

Glee had overwhelmed her to the point that she had forgotten those two were still around.

By then, beads of sweat had formed on Bjorn's forehead, and he turned to look at Arielle, frustrated and confused.

"Ms. Moore, I can't use it."

Arielle shook her head at him. "No, you can. Close your eyes. Don't look at it. Don't think about it. Just feel it. That is your arm. You just haven't used your right arm for a long time, so you've forgotten how to use it."

Therefore, Bjorn gritted his teeth and closed his eyes again.

At the same time, he told himself inwardly, This isn't a bionic arm; this is my arm. This is my arm, and I'll be the one to control it.

Bjorn clenched his left fist, but in the next second, he heard a soft creaking sound.

Startled, he opened his eyes and saw that his robotic hand was clenched into a fist as well.

“Ha!” Bjorn barked out as tears began flowing down his cheeks uncontrollably.

Arielle snapped her fingers and exclaimed, “You’ve succeeded! That’s right! Don’t look at it. Control your right arm with just your sensations.”

Unable to hold her emotions back, Agnes began crying as well.

She basically threw herself at Bjorn and hugged him.

“This is great, Bjorn! This is great!”

Bjorn stiffened. His mother’s embrace was something he had not felt for a long time. Perhaps it was because he never cared to bother himself with these things after his accident.

A second later, he pursed his lips and raised both his hands to hug his mother back.

Seeing that, scowls appeared on the two other women’s faces.

A success? Arielle actually succeeded with this bionic arm? If this appears in the market, many rich disabled individuals will surely buy it. Arielle will surely earn a fortune from this.

Unable to bear staying around for any longer, the two women quickly found an excuse to leave the place.

Nevertheless, Agnes was too preoccupied with her son, and she only told her housekeeper to send them off.

Meanwhile, in the living room, Bjorn said to his mother with tearful eyes, "Mom, I'm sorry... I know that everything's not your fault, but I couldn't control my emotions back then. However, I promise you that I won't treat you that way anymore."

Agnes nodded, the tears still falling from her eyes.

All of a sudden, a thought popped into her head, and she pulled Bjorn closer to her. "Bjorn, say thanks to the Seyward family's savior."

Chapter 1049 Right Judgment

"Don't!" Arielle hastily stopped them before the two of them could kneel before her. "I said that this is part of an equivalent exchange. Since I've helped you out, you should also agree to a request of mine."

Without hesitation, Agnes nodded. "Please speak your mind. As long as it's within our capabilities, we, the Seyward family, will definitely do it."

Arielle waved dismissively. "It's not that troublesome."

She then leaned toward Bjorn and whispered into his ears.

Agnes did not know what Arielle had said to him, but after a moment of hesitation, Bjorn nodded and replied, “Don’t worry, Ms. Moore. I’ll definitely practice well and do my best to work with you when the time comes.”

“Thanks!” Arielle patted his shoulder before turning to Vinson and Susanne. “Everything’s solved now, so let’s go. Susanne, what would you like to eat tonight? Why don’t I make it for you?”

Susanne was completely won over by Arielle, but the pride in her bones made her huff, “We have a chef at home, so don’t bother trying to make a mess in the kitchen. If you insist, then make a few plates of ravioli.”

“All right.” Arielle smiled at her, and that smile momentarily dazed her.

Susanne had seen many pretty socialites, but few could have a smile as honest as hers.

She had to admit that Maureen had given birth to a good daughter.

Her judgment had been right, and she had not wrongly placed her trust in Arielle.

Giving Arielle the chance was the best decision she had recently made.

As Bjorn had not gone out of the house for a long time, he could not stay out under the sun for long. Thus, he could not send them off. Nevertheless, when he said his goodbyes to them, his eyes were filled with visible gratitude.

Arielle had not only given him an arm; Arielle had given him a life.

From then on, his loyalty was Arielle's to take.

Agnes personally sent the three away. Before they left, Agnes pulled Susanne to the side and whispered something to her.

Arielle and Vinson did not know what Agnes had said, but Susanne's smile widened after that, and she waved at Agnes before getting into the car.

Soon, the car was heading toward Nightshire Manor.

On their way back, Susanne asked, "Do you know what Mrs. Seyward said?"

Arielle shook her head.

Susanne continued, "She apologized for crossing you earlier. From now on, the Seyward family would do anything we ask them to."

Agnes had also praised her for finding an excellent daughter-in-law like Arielle, but that was something the prideful Susanne did not say out loud.

However, after a brief pause, Susanne praised, “You’ve done well this time. Keep it up.”

At that, Arielle shared a look with Vinson before smiling. “I’ll keep doing my best.”

Susanne shrugged. She then intentionally looked away from Arielle’s and Vinson’s linked hands, choosing to stare out of the window instead.

Meanwhile, in the Seyward residence, Bjorn was already capable of carrying out simple actions such as clenching his fist and raising his arm after a few minutes of practice.

When he saw his mother return after sending off the guests, he hurried over to her side. “Mom, I might be able to learn how to use the utensils with my right hand tomorrow.”

Agnes nodded, her eyes still damp with tears. She then looked at the sky outside and wistfully said, “Our family is finally getting back on the right track.”

When Bjorn heard that, the smile on his face faded a little. After taking in a deep breath, he said, “Mom, I wish to go to the office with Dad tomorrow to take a look around.”

Agnes beamed as the tears rushed out again.

She nodded vigorously and muttered, “All right. I’ll tell your father the good news when he comes back. Those who have been

thinking of usurping our place in the food and beverage industry have to hear about this good news too. By the way, what did Ms. Moore tell you? What does our family have to do to repay her kindness?"

Chapter 1050 Jealous Vinson

Bjorn shook his head. Instead of giving her a direct answer, he gave her a mysterious reply. "She doesn't need us to repay her kindness."

Agnes' eyes widened. "She doesn't want anything from us?"

Bjorn nodded. "If not for Mr. Nightshire being Ms. Moore's partner, I would have wanted to court her."

"Don't even think about it." Agnes shook her head. "Didn't you see the look on Mr. Nightshire's face when you went to grab Ms. Moore's sleeve?"

Bjorn chuckled. "That's why I said 'if.' I wasn't planning on acting on it."

He was sure that if he were to act on that thought, one missing arm would be a mercy from Vinson. What was likelier was that he was going to lose his head too.

At Nightshire Manor, after Susanne had gone for a facial treatment, Arielle was about to ask Vinson what he wanted for dinner. Only then did she notice how dark his expression was.

Taken aback, she asked, “What’s the matter? Who made you mad?”

Vinson then shot her a disgruntled look and grumbled, “What did you say to Bjorn?”

“Oh, that.” Arielle scratched her head before continuing, “I just asked him to come to the launch event with his bionic arm when the product goes live.”

“Oh,” Vinson replied, but the dark expression stayed.

After two seconds of silence, Arielle suddenly said, “Vinson, don’t tell me you’re jealous because I had a private conversation with Bjorn.”

Vinson did not deny that as he said, “Is there a rule somewhere that states that I’m not allowed to be jealous?”

A laugh escaped Arielle. “All right, all right. Sorry. I was just too worried that Mrs. Seyward wouldn’t agree to let her son join a small company’s launch event. After all, to the Seyward family, Moore Group is just a lousy company with a bad reputation.”

It was only then Vinson’s expression lightened up. He then pouted and mumbled, “But I’m still jealous, so you have to make me feel better.”

“How?”

"Let me sleep with you at night."

"No way!"

"Then I'm going to get mad!"

"Okay. I'm going to make dinner. Oh, right, didn't you say you don't like seafood? I'm going to have a seafood dinner then."

Vinson jumped to his feet. "I'm sorry, Darling!"

"Too late!"

Arielle spun around and strode toward the kitchen as Vinson ran after her.

He never thought that he would have to be the one to console Arielle even though he was first to get mad.

Meanwhile, the housekeepers in the living room whispered gossips to each other at the sight of them. They had never seen Vinson acting in that way before. What an eye-opener. It seems like we'll have to be nicer to Arielle than Wendy. This woman might really be his wife in the near future!

On the other side, at Specialized Forces Prison, the deputy captain had no choice but to release Wendy and her mother after receiving Vinson's instructions.

When Wendy walked out of the cell, her eyes were already swollen to the point she could barely open them.

For the past two days, they had not given her the chance to rest at all. They just kept going on and on, interrogating her about the same few questions. Wendy was on the verge of a mental breakdown.

Cecilia was in no better state than Wendy.

“Mom, what do we do now?” Wendy sobbed out.

Cecilia took in a deep breath before answering, “Greene Corporation is at its end. Your dad must have done his best to get us out. Therefore, what we have to do now is to cut ties with Greene Corporation.”

Hearing that made despair crash into Wendy like a tidal wave.

Cecilia’s words meant that she could no longer be the prestigious Ms. Greene of Greene Corporation.

In fact, her status as that would only bring shame to her.