

Obsessed CEO Throws Himself at Me Chapter 1067 Read online

Of course the reason Vinson did that was to make a deterrence

After this, no one would ever dare to stop Arielle in her tracks again.

As for the people present around the front desk, they were all stunned as they watched both of them get into the elevator. They were even more shocked to see the receptionist getting fired on the spot. Well, it seems like we have to address the ambassador of Soir Coffee as Mrs. Nightshire from now on

Meanwhile, in the elevator, Vinson pointed at a sign that read "For CEO Only," and said, "Next time you're here, you dont need to go through the front desk anymore. Just go up using this elevator."

"Got it Anelle nodded, feeling a warmth in her heart. Shortly after that, they both arrived at the top floor.

The atmosphere in the office was unlike the one she felt at the front desk. Rayson was there as well, and he was chatting with the employees there. Basically, everyone was friendly and welcoming. Rayson had probably already told all of them about the relationship between her and Vinson. Hence, all of them greeted her politely when she walked past them.

However, Arielle felt embarrassed by their good manners toward her. As a result, she shied away from them and hid behind Vinson.

Vinson, on the other hand, was eager to gloat. Wrapping his arm around her in front of everybody, he announced, "My wife is just here to fetch me. No biggie. Get back to work, everyone."

Arielle was blushing uncontrollably. She could not help but pinch Vinson's arm lightly, indicating for him to stop embarrassing her.

Despite that, Vinson's attitude remained the same until he brought her into his office.

To Arielle's surprise, there were two lines of people standing inside. All of them had stacks of documents on them.

The moment she stepped into the office, all of them turned and looked at her.

Apparently, Vinson was in the middle of something when Arielle called him on the phone earlier.

At first, she was stumped by what Vinson did for her, but soon after, she felt touched and grateful at the same time, knowing that Vinson would prioritize her. Luckily, I didn't leave when I dealt with the receptionist. Otherwise, I wouldn't even be here. What now, though? There are a lot of people here. Should I just pass him his dinner in front of these people?

At that moment, when Arielle could not decide what to do, Vinson came to her rescue. "Will you wait for me for a while? I have some work to deal with first."

"Sure, no problem!" Arielle nodded. "I'll go wait outside."

"There's no need for that." Vinson put both his hands on her shoulders and led her toward the couch. "Just sit here. I'll be right back." He then turned around and walked toward his desk.

"Let's continue." Vinson's tone immediately turned icy cold when he spoke to people other than Arielle. It was as if he became a different person when he went back to his desk.

"Yes!" The two lines of people stood upright in a serious manner.

"Your proposals..." Vinson continued from where he left off.

Vinson was cold and harsh with his words toward his employees. Since it was the first time Arielle had seen him lecturing his employees, she could not help but glance at them out of curiosity.

As she was looking over at them, Vinson was seated facing against the beams of sunlight. Somehow, it revealed his amazingly well-proportioned face structure.

Every action of his was played in slow-motion in Arielle's head. Starting from when he flipped through the documents, to him tapping the table while he lectured the employees. Arielle was definitely feasting on him with her eyes. So, it's true what they say. Men do actually look the most attractive when they're focused at work

Finally, Vinson was done lecturing. The employees bowed respectfully and were about to leave. At that precise moment, Vinson suddenly asked, "Darling, where's my dinner that you've brought for me?"

Obviously, Vinson timed that impeccably well. He was showing off to his employees that his wife had brought him food.

True enough, the employees all stopped in their tracks abruptly upon hearing that and turned toward Arielle.

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That was when they saw the food she was carrying.

Everyone then understood their boss' hidden meaning behind his words.

"That's so sweet of you, Mrs. Nightshire."

"I'm so envious of Mr. Nightshire!"

Arielle knew for sure Vinson did that on purpose to get those reactions out of his employees, so she just responded with an awkward smile.

Vinson was a proud man after hearing all the praises and comments. Only then he was satisfied. After the employees exited the office, he rubbed his hands and walked toward Arielle. "What are we having for dinner?"

"Can you stop embarrassing me!" Arielle exclaimed as she playfully hit Vinson's head.

However, one of the employees had left behind a document in Vinson's office.

When he witnessed the scene, his eyes rounded, and he quickly ran out of the room in shock.

"Vinson!" Arielle clenched her teeth in anger. "This is all your fault!"

Vinson just reacted playfully and laughed. "Uh—oh, now everyone's gonna know you're a controlling wife!"

True enough, his wish came true. Soon after, the words spread. Everyone in the company knew what happened and viewed Arielle as a controlling wife.

In general, most men would feel humiliated by such comments, but not Vinson. Instead, he was quite proud of it.

Arielle was so embarrassed that she could not stand being in the office for another second. Both she and Vinson left for the Southall residence right after that.

When Arielle got back to the manor, Susanne was playing chess with Alan. The kind of chess that Arielle was superb at.

When Arielle saw them, Susanne had just won the game.

Walking toward them, Arielle asked with a smile, "Susanne, you're playing chess?"

Susanne was flustered upon seeing Arielle. Releasing an awkward cough, Susanne replied, "Besides Poker, I love chess as well. I have people coming over later, and one of them is a legend in the chess community. Hence, I thought maybe I should sharpen up my skills a little bit before he arrives, but Alan's terrible at it! I can't get much of a challenge out of him."

Raising her eyebrows, Arielle suggested, "Maybe I can help you with that?"

"Are you any good?"

"Sort of." Arielle nodded.

Those who knew Arielle well would know what she meant by “sort of.”

Obviously, Susanne would not have known that. All of a sudden, she was craving some ravioli. However, that would be something weird to bring up out of the blue. Instead, she gave it some thought and asked, “Since you know how to play, why don’t we have a game?”

“Sure.” Arielle responded with a nod. Alan then quickly got up and gave his seat to her.

“Okay, let’s make it more interesting. If you win, I’ll let you organize my birthday party next month. However, if I win, you have to make me ravioli for a whole month,” Susanne suggested as she set up the chessboard.

Anelle was faced with a dilemma. Birthday party? She’ll definitely take the opportunity to tell everyone about my relationship with Vinson, but I can’t win either because Susanne will not be happy with it, considering her temperament. What should I do?

Before Arielle could make up her mind, Susanne was done setting up.

“Let’s start,” Susanne uttered.

“You can have the white pieces. You go first.” One of the rules in chess was that the player with the white pieces would move

first. Generally, white pieces were said to have an advantage over black pieces. With this, Susanne had just given the first-move privilege to Arielle.

She did that because she believed it was impossible for Arielle to win against her. It's good enough for a country bumpkin like you k now how to play, but there's no way you're winning against me.

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It's definitely a huge advantage to move first. Susanne was extremely confident of herself.

Taking a deep breath, Arielle made her first move. By then, she had already resolved her dilemma.

This time around, Arielle didn't go by any strategy. Instead, she was just playing casually.

Susanne's confidence grew upon seeing Arielle's first move. She's doing it by the book. Seems like she's just a beginner. Her lips then curled into a smile and made her first move as well.

Just when she thought she could defeat Arielle within twenty moves and have her craving satisfied, she was now on her fortieth move.

She was surprised by how hard it was to defeat Arielle Only that did she realize Arielle had not yet made an offensive move on her throughout the game.

While it took almost thirty seconds for Susanne to make every single move, Arielle only needed two.

Not only that, Arielle's defense was so good that she managed to pull off a miraculous escape time after time.

The game dragged on, and Susanne still could not defeat Arielle. Something's not right here. She's letting me win!

Thinking Arielle was toying her around, Susanne clenched her teeth in frustration. Suddenly, Arielle conceded when it was her turn to move.

Beaming an innocent smile, Arielle commented, "Susanne, you're too good at this. I have no choice but to concede."

Arielle was half telling the truth. Susanne was good, indeed. It was just that she was no match for Arielle. If Susanne were to play against anybody else, she could have won easily.

Susanne had never been one to hold back on her opinions. With a frown, she asked directly, "You were letting me win all along, right?"

"No, no." Arielle waved her hands in denial. "I'm just actually in the mood to make some ravioli."

Susanne was stunned by what she heard. Suddenly, her anger disappeared when she thought about those delicious ravioli. Arielle's response was music to her ears.

Pursing her lips, Susanne muttered, "When we finish eating ravioli , we'll give it another go, but you must promise me you wouldn't h old back anymore."

"I really didn't. I-"

"Enough," Susanne interrupted. "I'm not an idiot. Just promise me "

Arielle had no choice but to nod. "Okay, I promise."

Right then, Alan came running over. "Mrs. Nightshire, your guests have arrived," he reported.

Upon receiving the report, Susanne's eyes lit up immediately as she got to her feet. "The legend I told you about is here. Since you're not too bad yourself, why don't you have a friendly duel with him later ?" Susanne suggested

"Sure," Arielle agreed.

At that moment, an old man's voice sounded. "My apprentice, Susanne!"

"Oh, my mentor! How are you?" Susanne greeted politely.

Raising her eyes toward the legend Susanne had claimed, Arielle was dumbfounded. Isn't that Hans, my apprentice? And that's Eve

rett, my grand disciple! Did Susanne just address Hans as her mentor? What's going

on here?

After Susanne greeted Hans, she turned, and her eyes landed on Arielle. When she noted how Arielle was still in her seat, her eyebrows furrowed. "Arielle, what are you doing still sitting there? Come say hi to my mentor!"

Hearing Arielle's name, both Hans and Everett gazed at her in shock.

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Dumbstruck, Hans' and Everett's eyes widened dramatically. Unbridled joy fit their faces at the sight of Arielle.

"My dear mentor!"

"Grandmaster!"

The two men yelled simultaneously, their tones colored with reverence.

The corner of Arielle's lips twitched involuntarily, but she held her tongue.

I can't believe that Susanne's mentor is my apprentice! Does that mean that Susanne is my grand-disciple? What in the world is going on?

Arielle's head throbbed. She fervently wished that the ground would open up and swallow her whole.

Susanne, on the other hand, was thoroughly perplexed when she heard Hans refer to Arielle as his mentor,

She stepped forward to block Hans, who was about to rush toward Arielle. "Mr. Jewell, w-what did you just call her?" she stuttered.

"My mentor, of course."

"No, no, it's all a misunderstanding," Arielle interjected quickly. "We played chess together some time ago, and I won a game using a sly trick. Mr. Jewell was just teasing me."

She shot Hans a look as she spoke.

However, the meaning behind her glare went over Hans' head as he attempted to reiterate that Arielle was indeed his mentor.

Fortunately, Everett was far more perceptive. He caught on quickly and leaned over to whisper in Hans' ear.

Hans' jaw dropped open, his gaze darting between Arielle and Susanne as he finally grasped the situation. "She's right. We made a bet back then that whoever won that game of chess would be known as the 'mentor but it's all just fun and games." He chuckled awkwardly

Susanne was no fool. It was clear as day that the two were trying their best to salvage her dignity.

She was overwhelmed by mortification, but a peculiar sense of pride brewed beneath the shame.

Well, I suppose it'll benefit me if everyone hears about how a legend like Mr. Jewell lost to Arielle at chess. It's just like the bionic arm—now that the elite circles know about Arielle's stellar programming abilities, the major programming companies must be eager to get their hands on her.

At the thought of this, Susanne felt the unease leave her bones.

She plastered a smile on her face and ran with their ruse.

"Oh, is that so? I was just wondering why Arielle went easy on me just now," she quipped good-naturedly.

Turning toward Hans, she remarked, "Your timing is impeccable! Arielle just offered to make me some ravioli. You should try some! She is quite a good cook."

Hearing that, Arielle took it as her cue to leave. "Please excuse me while I prepare the food," she announced, casting a meaningful look at Everett.

Instantly understanding her wordless request, Everett gave her a reassuring nod and ushered Hans into the living room.

Hans' gaze followed Arielle until she disappeared into the kitchen. He then turned to Susanne, his shrewd eyes scrutinizing her. "Are Arielle and Vin together?" he asked blatantly.

Susanne choked upon hearing his words but quickly masked it with a cough. "I haven't approved of the relationship"

"What?" Hans exclaimed, springing to his feet. "Why don't you approve of it? It's great news!"

Susanne squirmed in her seat as anxiety built up within her. "Mr. Jewell, you don't understand my dilemma. Anelle comes from a complicated background. It'll take some time for me to accept her," she explained with a nervous laugh.

Hans had been keeping his eye on Arielle ever since their second encounter at Haut Monde, so he knew about the mess associated with the Southalls.

Heaving a sigh, he uttered, "Susanne, I know that the Nightshire family imposes strict traditions, but you have to understand that Arielle is a gem that is hard to come by. If her familial background is the only thing hindering this relationship, I can help you out with it

. I'll take Arielle as my goddaughter. Surely we Jewells a up to the
Nightshires' standard?"