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# Obsessed CEO Throws Himself at Me

## Chapter 1321 - 1323

Chapter 1321 Are You Unwell

Arielle shook her head as she did not know how long it would take to rescue her parents.

"I'll be back as soon as I can, Mr. Sleight." She was beginning to regret her participation in the movie as it had severely restricted her other obligations.

Despite his reluctance to grant her leave, Sam eventually gave in upon seeing Arielle's desperation. "We'll shoot your scenes toward the end. Take care of your personal matters quickly and come back soon, won't you?"

"Thank you, Mr. Sleight." After saying goodbye to Sam, Arielle left the studio with Sasha and Coco to the Nightshire residence. She exchanged contact information with Coco before having the chauffeur send the latter home. By the time she finally arrived home, Arielle did not have much of an appetite as a result of worrying about her parents. After a quick shower, she tucked herself into bed without having dinner.

I wouldn't be here today if it weren't for the sacrifices they made. How could I sleep knowing that they'd been kidnapped because of me? If only I didn't have to worry about Vinson tagging along, I would have gone by now instead of enduring the torture of waiting in vain.

Vinson arrived home from the office at eight that night. Knowing that Arielle had gone to bed without dinner, he headed up to the bedroom with a frown, only to find it in pitch-black darkness. He was about to turn on the lights when the click of the nightstand lamp switch preceded a dazzling brightness that temporarily blinded him.

"You're back, Vin," Arielle said as she poked her head out of the quilt.

"Why didn't you have dinner before going to bed? Are you unwell?" Vinson demanded as he strode swiftly toward her and felt her forehead before she could react. "That's strange. You're not unusually warm."

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"I'm fine. I just don't feel like eating," Arielle replied as she pushed his hand aside. "What about you? I could cook you something if you like."

"I've had dinner before coming home." Vinson smiled, touched by her concern. "You, on the other hand, need to eat. You must be tired and hungry from shooting all afternoon. Give me a few minutes, and I'll whip up some pasta for you."

"You? Cook?" Surprised, Arielle gaped at Vinson, who appeared deeply offended. "What's wrong with that?" he answered defensively.

"Nothing," she said at once with a reconciliatory smile. "I can't wait!" It's rare enough that he volunteers to cook. I must remember not to tease him about it.

Vinson was aware that she was skeptical of his culinary skills. "Just you wait," he promised as he stroked the tip of her nose playfully before disappearing down the stairs.

Twenty minutes later, he returned with a plate in his hands. Nudged into action by the smell, Arielle quickly got out of bed and sat down at the table.

"It looks delicious!" she remarked appreciatively before twirling some pasta with her fork without waiting for an invitation. Her eyes lit up the moment the pasta came into contact with her tongue. "It's amazing," she gushed with an enthusiastic thumbs-up.

"Told you so!"

"It really is. Well done, Vin!"

"Thank you, Darling," Vinson replied, his eyes twinkling with content at the improvement of her mood.

Arielle did not originally intend to have dinner. However, the smell of Vinson's cooking changed her mind. To her surprise, she suddenly found herself with a voracious appetite as she attacked the plate with a fork with Vinson watching her indulgently.

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## Chapter 1322

Chapter 1322 Right Back At You

Vinson brought the bowl back downstairs when Arielle was done while she brushed her teeth. By the time he came back up, she was already slumped on the couch, browsing social media on her phone.

“Vinson, I’m going to Lightspring tomorrow for filming.”

Arielle had been plagued for a long time to come up with a valid reason to go abroad without drawing attention to her true motives. When Vinson came out of the shower, the words tumbled out of her lips. She was afraid that she might not have the courage to utter them again if she did not grab hold of the opportunity.

“Lightspring?” Vinson repeated with a frown. Not keen to be apart from her for an extended period of time, he began expounding on the social unrest in the city and how he feared for her safety. As much as he would like to tell her not to go, it was not Vinson’s place to stop her from doing her job. After a moment’s thought, he suggested, “Let me come with you. Since there is nothing to do at work of late, it can be a vacation for me.”

Arielle was astounded by his ability to change tacts at the speed of light.

The man explicitly said that I am not allowed to tell Vinson or anybody about this. How am I going to refuse his company without arousing suspicion?

“It may be a vacation for you,” Arielle said huffily in mock outrage, “but I take my job very seriously. How is it fair that you get to enjoy yourself while I work?”

Vinson walked up to her and wrapped his arms around her waist. “I’ll sit in the studio with you while you work. When you’re done, we can tour the city before coming back if you have time to spare.”

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“Forget it,” Arielle said flatly. “I’m not going to be able to concentrate when I know you’re watching. Besides, what if something happens in the company that requires your attention? I’d better go myself.” Arielle was becoming increasingly panicked at his insistence to come along. What if the man sees Vinson and kills them on the spot? I can’t gamble with their lives.

“Are you keeping something from me, Sannie? Why can’t I come with you?” Vinson was under the impression that Arielle was only refusing to let him join her because she was worried that a company crisis that only he could solve would arise in his absence.

Arielle made a mental note to pace herself as she was dangerously close to arousing his suspicions. “All right,” she relented at last. “But on the condition that the two of us travel slightly apart from each other to avoid being photographed by the media.”

Vinson agreed reluctantly. Since Arielle is now an artist, the media would definitely have a slew of slanderous headlines ready if I am photographed next to her. As much as I’d like to sit next to her on the plane, I would bring her nothing but trouble by doing so.

As Arielle did not expect that Vinson would be coming with her, she had not packed his luggage. Disentangling herself from his strong arms, she proceeded to pack his things in a carry-on for him.

Vinson watched Arielle adoringly as the corners of his lips curled with contentment. It used to be my assistant who did these things for me. Now I have a wife who does it out of love. This kind of happiness is what some people spend a lifetime searching for but never finding.

Overwhelmed with gratitude, Vinson hugged her from behind and buried his face in the nape of her neck. “I appreciate your existence in my life, Darling.”

“Right back at you.” Arielle lay the last folded shirt carefully into the suitcase. After zipping the suitcase up, she turned around and placed her hands around his neck, reciprocating his smile. I used to face everything on my own, but having Vinson in my life means that I never have to do that anymore. He is so worried for my safety, even when I’m only shooting a scene, that he insists on coming along. This must be what being in love feels like.

Her smile made his heart skip a beat. Lifting her chin with a finger, he bent down and kissed her lips.

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## Chapter 1323

Chapter 1323 Love And Be Loved

Arielle tiptoed to reciprocate his passionate kiss.

It feels good to love and be loved.

Vinson made to unbutton her top, but she stopped him.

"We can't," she gasped, recollecting herself with some difficulty from the sweet torment of his lips. "I have to be up early tomorrow." Despite the wave of desire nearly consuming her, Arielle remembered that she was supposed to go to Lightspring tomorrow.

Vinson was at that point aroused beyond reason. "Just this once."

"Are you sure?" Arielle asked meekly.

He affirmed, "Yes, I promise."

Without another word, he lifted her up, placed her on the bed, and claimed the prize he had been denied.

Soon, Arielle submitted herself to the gentle sway of his powerful hips. The last thing she remembered before falling asleep was the indignant thought of how misleading his promise was for "just this once" to last twice as long as he usually did.

The room was still warm with the breath of the lovers when the first rays of sunlight streamed through the blinds the following morning.

Vinson was the one who awoke first. Content to just watch her, he gazed at her with adoration and felt his heart swell with happiness.

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Meanwhile, Arielle smiled in her sleep. Unable to bear how lovely she looked, Vinson pressed his lips against hers and startled the latter awake with the threat of suffocation. With her eyes wide open, she found his handsome face so close to hers that their eyelashes fluttered against each other.

"Vinson, what time is it?" she whispered.

"It's already eight o'clock," he answered with a chuckle. "Our flight is at twenty past ten if you recall. We're going to miss our flight if you don't get a move on."

The news acted as a stimulant for Arielle. Jumping out of bed, she made a dash for the bathroom. By the time she had finished washing up, Vinson was already dressed smartly. "Why didn't you wake me up earlier? You know how anxious I get with flights."

"We're going to make it." Vinson was charmed by her cheeks which were pink from exertion.

"We will if you hurry up! Remember, you have to stay away from me." As Arielle reached for the suitcase, Vinson beat her to it. "My wife shouldn't have to lift a finger," he explained in response to her look of confusion.

"My husband is right." Arielle grinned. "The lady of the house shouldn't have to exert herself."

For some reason, hearing Arielle call him her husband aroused Vinson to no end. With one arm toting the suitcase, he pushed Arielle against the wall with the other. "Call me that again."

"What?" Arielle asked in feigned ignorance.

"What did you say?" Vinson gritted his teeth in mock irritation.

"I don't know what you mean." Arielle kept up her charade. I shouldn't have said that! It's just going to sound awkward now.

Vinson leaned in to exhale softly in her ear. "If you don't, I will kiss you again."

He knows that the back of my ears is my weak spot!

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“Scoundrel!”

Vinson smirked at Arielle, who was breathless with anticipation. “I respectfully disagree. If you don’t do as I say, I can’t guarantee what will happen after I kiss you.”

He just wants to be called my husband, doesn’t he? Let’s just get this over with! Arielle cleared her throat and shouted continuously, “Husband, husband, husband! You’re my husband! Are you happy now?”

Gazing up at Vinson, she looked pleased with herself. “Don’t hold your breath waiting for a chance to kiss me!”

I won’t be fooled that easily!

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