

Obsessed CEO Throws Himself at Me

Chapter 1031

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Chapter 1031 Unworthy

Arielle arched an eyebrow at him in amusement. "And what if I succeed?"

"If you succeed, I will retire from the AI design field forever," Calvin replied.

Hearing his answer, Arielle sighed in disappointment. "That's it?"

Her attitude angered Calvin so much that it nearly gave him a stroke.

"What more do you want, then?"

Arielle shook her head. "Nothing. I'm not accepting this challenge of yours."

She then had Sasha bring the car around after saying that.

Darn it! I'll never be able to return if she doesn't accept my challenge!

Calvin was so desperate that he resorted to provocation. "You're scared, aren't you? You won't accept my challenge because you're scared!"

Without even batting an eye, Arielle proceeded to send Vinson a text inviting him to dinner at Maureen's Kitchen after work. After that, she placed her phone away and began making her way toward the car.

Calvin tried to grab Arielle by the arm, but Blake was quicker and subdued him with one hand before he could even reach her sleeve.

He then twisted Calvin's wrist and shoved him aside, causing the latter to lose balance and fall face-first onto the ground.

The car was long gone by the time Calvin got back on his feet, much to his frustration.

"Damn it, you b*tch! Get back here!"

At this time, Oliver's lackey appeared behind him and said with an apologetic smile, "Just ignore her, Mr. Zeller. She's nothing but an arrogant brat."

Under normal circumstances, Calvin would have ignored him completely. This time, however, he desperately clung to his sleeve and pleaded, "You've got to help me, Mr. Lyon!"

The mentioned guy gave Calvin a reassuring pat on the back of his hand. "Don't worry, she won't be able to launch the product on time. When that happens, the company will have a new chairman, and this office building will still be yours. Just do as Mr. Moore says and everything will return the way it was."

Calvin was no fool and could tell that Mr. Lyon wanted him to pick a side between Oliver and Jacob.

Be it the former or the latter that would eventually rise to power, Calvin had always maintained a neutral stance to ensure he would reap the benefits, regardless.

However, with the way things were at the moment, he had no choice but to pick a side.

"I'll do whatever Mr. Moore asks of me from now on!" Calvin muttered through clenched teeth.

"Good, very good!" Mr. Lyon was grinning from ear to ear as he patted Calvin on the hand again.

In the meantime, inside the MPV, Blake asked out of curiosity, "Why didn't you accept his challenge, Arielle?"

"Unworthy," Arielle mumbled with her eyes closed.

Upon hearing that, Sasha chuckled in agreement. "You need to make sure both parties are of equal status before accepting a challenge, Blake. That guy was unworthy of challenging Arielle at all."

Blake nodded and could not wait for the product to be launched.

Arielle then headed over to the bank to complete the name change procedures for Southall Group.

With the new business license in hand, Arielle glanced at the distant horizon and slowly closed her eyes.

I've gotten the company back for you, Mom. I know it's in a mess at the moment, but I promise I will restore it to its former glory! You can trust me on that!

Having made up her mind, Arielle clenched her fists and slowly opened her eyes. "Blake, head back to the office and make sure that the workers get the company sign replaced."

"Sure!" Blake then made an "OK" gesture at her before heading off to the office on an e-scooter.

Arielle waited until he was out of sight before turning toward Sasha. "Come on, let's head over to Maureen's Kitchen. Oh, by the way, the ingredients in the trunk are still fresh, right?"

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Chapter 1032 Superstar

"Yes, I've stored them properly," Sasha replied.

"All right, let's go."

Nodding, Sasha got back into the car.

"Why are you going to Maureen's Kitchen now, Ms. Moore? Shouldn't you head back to get that program code done first?" she asked curiously.

Arielle shook her head. "Don't worry, I can make it in time."

She had given herself a timeframe of one day, but she didn't actually need that long to complete the task.

Sasha stopped worrying about it when she saw how calm Arielle was and drove over to Maureen's Kitchen.

As it was still a little early for dinner when they arrived, only a single table was occupied by customers at the time.

Arielle heard one of them proudly introducing the restaurant when she came in through the door. "This is the restaurant I was telling you about! It has got the most delicious food I have ever tasted in my entire life! You guys will know I'm telling the truth when they serve up the food later!"

The other customer didn't seem all that convinced. "Are you sure? This place doesn't seem very well renovated."

"What's the point of spending so much money on renovation? You see that restaurant across the street named Mons Oceanum? I heard they spent over a million on renovations! I went there once when they first opened for business, and it was horrible! The food was expensive but tasted awful as hell! This place, on the other hand, has good food at reasonable prices!"

"Even if it really is as amazing as you described, isn't it a little too early coming here at four for dinner?"

"You don't know this because it's your first time here, but the queue for this place can go all the way to the other side of the street! That's why we have to come earlier and get ourselves a table in advance!"

That's it, I'm going to speed up the process of setting up branches! Arielle thought to herself after hearing what the customer said.

At that moment, the customer who brought his friends over suddenly glanced in her direction and exclaimed in shock, "Wait, isn't that..."

Arielle quickly ran into the kitchen before they could get a clear look at her face.

"What's wrong?" his friend asked.

The guy shook his head. "Nothing. I just thought I saw a superstar or something, but I must've been mistaken. I mean, what would a superstar be doing in a restaurant's kitchen, right?"

"Yeah, that has got to be the case. There's no way a superstar would come to an old restaurant like this! Heck, even the air-conditioners have turned yellowish."

Just like that, the two began arguing all over again.

On the other side, Arielle saw the manager learning a dish from the chef the moment she stepped into the kitchen.

"Like this?"

"No, you've got it all wrong!" The chef, who was almost in his fifties, smacked the manager's hand aside with a spatula in disdain. "You can't even add oil to a freaking pan! I think you should go back to serving customers outside!"

The manager scratched his head awkwardly.

"I was feeling a little bored..."

Arielle began eyeing the chef from head to toe, as it was her first time seeing him.

He had a naturally authoritative look with his bald head, thick eyebrows, and chubby body.

"If you're that free, then help me wipe the grease off the top!" ordered the chef while pointing at some stoves that were not currently in use.

The manager was about to say something in protest when he noticed Arielle standing by the kitchen door.

His eyes lit up instantly, and he quickly went over to greet her.

“Ms. Moore!”

He had been losing a lot of hair a while back, as the restaurant was not doing really well. However, business had been booming ever since Arielle taught him to advertise the restaurant using mobile applications. As such, he regarded her as a hero who could help cure his severe hair loss and was thrilled to see her.

Arielle nodded and glanced at the chef. “Is he the chef?” she asked.

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Chapter 1033 Just Curious

At the same time, the chef was also sizing Arielle up. So, this beauty with facial features as exquisite as a porcelain doll is our new boss? I heard she was able to help boost the business without even being here herself! Damn, her looks form such a huge contrast with this greasy little kitchen! She should be out there starring in films instead of running a restaurant!

“Hello, Boss! My name is Glenn Quigley,” the chef stated after snapping out of his train of thoughts.

“Hello, Chef Quigley. My name is Arielle Moore,” she replied while stepping forward to shake Glenn’s hand.

Glenn instinctively held his hand out, only to realize his hand was still covered in grease from cooking earlier.

Thinking Arielle would be disgusted by it, Glenn was about to pull his hand back when she grabbed hold of it and shook it.

“Your reputation precedes you, Chef Quigley! I have tried a lot of your dishes and I absolutely love them! It’s an honor to finally meet you in person!”

Her humble and casual attitude only made Glenn feel a lot more self-conscious.

He quickly pulled his hand back and handed Arielle some paper towels. “I’m sorry, my hand is really greasy. Here, wipe up.”

Arielle simply waved at him and said, “Those who work in the kitchen aren’t afraid of getting a little grease on them!”

She then shifted her gaze toward the stove. "Is that the new dish you're making?" she questioned. "The beef stroganoff?"

I'm only halfway through preparing the ingredients, and she already knows what I'm going to make?

"You know how to cook?" Glenn asked in surprise.

"You could say that. How about I try making some beef stroganoff and you can give it a taste?" Arielle suggested with a smile.

The look on Glenn's face tensed up instantly upon hearing that.

Being a very traditional chef, he would only accept male apprentices.

He never approved of having women work in the kitchen, even if she was his boss.

Letting out a cough, he voiced with a stern look, "I don't think you belong in the kitchen. You should go work the register with the manager instead."

A businesswoman like her shouldn't be fooling around in the kitchen!

"Ms. Moore, I think you should come with me to the office instead!" The manager then lowered his voice to a whisper. "Chef Quigley is usually a really cool guy, but he gets all cranky when it comes to food. He doesn't want anyone else interfering with his cooking. I mean, you can take me, for example. I thought about helping him heat up the oil in the frying pan earlier because his apprentices weren't back yet, but he gave me one hell of a scolding instead."

Before Arielle could even say anything, Glenn spoke up. "Do you think I'm deaf or something? I heard that!"

The manager could only scratch his head awkwardly in response, as he didn't think the chef would have such good hearing at his age.

"Chef Quigley, will you please just let me give it a try? Think of it as me rewarding you guys for your hard work, okay?" Arielle asked with a smile.

Letting out a cough, Glenn responded, "All right, if you insist. You can try making one portion so you don't waste the ingredients."

There's no way a pretty princess like her could possibly whip up anything decent, anyway! She's probably just curious and will get bored with it after doing it once!

Seeing as Glenn had given her permission, Arielle quickly put on an apron and went off to prepare the ingredients.

Glenn then stood beside her with his hands behind his back, a gloomy expression on his face.

“You see, Chef Quigley. Ms. Moore really does look like a chef with an apron on!” exclaimed the manager.

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Chapter 1034 Knife Skills

Glenn looked up and saw Arielle standing before the food cabinet. She was a sight to behold. Though her apron was old and stained, she acted gracefully as though she was clad in an expensive gown instead of an old apron.

Arielle might be pretty, but she didn't look like she belonged in the kitchen.

After hearing the manager's words, Glenn's expression fell.

He scoffed. “She looks like a tyrant who is putting up an act. Just wait and see. She'll soon cry after the oil pops and splatters on her! This is why I don't like female apprentices. Women can't stand hardships! A kitchen is a place full of hardships.” His tone was dripping with disdain.

Right after he spoke, Arielle looked in their direction as though she had heard him.

She had always been gorgeous in an aggressive way. When she wasn't smiling, her clear eyes looked like they were glinting icily.

Glenn fell silent for a few seconds before swallowing hard.

His apprentices feared him when he gave a nonchalant stomp, but the sight of Arielle made him slightly uneasy.

Without warning, Arielle flashed a smile and asked in a pleasant tone, “Chef Quigley, do you mind if I use half of your ingredients? I don't think they are of use to you, anyway.”

Glenn frowned. “What do you mean by that?”

Arielle picked up a piece of onion. “Look at this onion. I would've thought you didn't cut it. Also, this mushroom is bigger than the manager's head.”

The manager touched his balding head, feeling offended by her words.

However, Glenn was even more offended.

He had used a knife since he was seven to learn how to cut carrots. Putting his cooking skills aside, he had spent years practicing his knife skills. This was the first time someone had mocked his knife skills.

His initially stern face turned as dark as thunder.

“What do you mean by that?”

The manager jolted in fright and immediately stepped in to resolve their argument.

After all, Glenn was the reason this restaurant became a big hit. If he left in a huff, this restaurant might lose its customers, let alone branch out.

Before he could say anything, Arielle picked up two cleavers and began chopping the mushrooms deftly.

In just a blink of an eye, the mushrooms were sliced into even slices.

It was pretty hard to chop mushrooms into even slices, for their shapes were unique. However, Arielle made it seem easy.

After slicing the mushrooms, Arielle arranged them on the plate and began chopping the beef.

With one hand pressing down on the beef, she used her other hand to chop it swiftly. Thirty seconds later, the block of beef turned into thin slivers of beef.

She then went on to prepare other ingredients. Glenn, who was originally about to fly into a fit of rage, fell silent. He studied her actions carefully, as though he were her student.

To prepare the sauce, one had to get the mixture right so it wouldn't be too salty or too light. Arielle knew that well.

After making sure the sauce was well-mixed, she chopped some parsley up. With a sprinkle of parmesan cheese and parsley, a plate of beef stroganoff was done.

Putting on a pair of gloves, she took the plate and offered it to Glenn. With a polite smile, she said, “Chef Quigley, have a taste!”

Glenn couldn't stop himself from gulping. He put on a nonchalant expression and ate a mouthful of pasta before chewing on it carefully.

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Chapter 1035 My Mentor

At once, a unique but delicious taste spread all over his mouth.

The beef stroganoff was authentic but better than those restaurants that specialized in it.

Glenn couldn't help but taste the sauce again.

Compared to his previous nonchalance, he was serious this time.

It was just a bowl of noodles, but it tasted creamy but fresh at the same time. Every ingredient had come together as one, creating a very unique taste.

"How is it, Chef Quigley?" Arielle flashed a grin as she waited for Glenn's answer.

Glenn said nothing for a while before he picked up the plate and started gobbling the noodles down in big mouthfuls.

Soon, he had emptied the plate. Not a speck of sauce was left behind.

Actions spoke louder than silence. Glenn's appetite had proved everything.

The manager stomped his feet impatiently. "Chef Quigley, why didn't you leave some for me?"

Glancing at him, Glenn answered, "Don't worry. You'll get to eat it every day."

The manager halted in surprise, failing to comprehend Glenn's words. Without warning, Glenn bowed before Arielle.

"Ms. Moore, please take me as your apprentice!" he implored earnestly.

The manager was utterly baffled.

Glenn's apprentices who had just returned from their shopping trip were confused, too.

What the hell is going on?

His action was within Arielle's expectations. Calmly, she said, "I can only cook a few dishes. I still need to learn from you. Instead of becoming my apprentice, why don't we collaborate to open one hundred branches of Maureen's Kitchen?"

"One hundred..." Glenn gulped nervously. Tears formed in his eyes as he said, "My mentor died at a young age. Before he left, he told me to make him proud by passing down his culinary skill but I'm too useless..."

"No." Arielle shook her head firmly. "Six months later, I shall open one hundred branches of Maureen's Kitchen!"

The apprentices stepped forward carefully.

"Chef Quigley, who is this?" they inquired curiously.

After calming down, Glenn announced sternly, "This is Ms. Moore, the owner of the restaurant. She'll also be your grandmaster. Please show respect!"

His oldest apprentice was stunned.

"Grandmaster?" But she looks younger than us!

Glenn didn't bother explaining to his apprentices. He turned to Arielle and queried anxiously, "Ms. Moore, when will you teach me how to make beef stroganoff?"

Arielle gave him a brief nod. "I'll tell you the details later. In fact, I have prepared some ravioli today. I was thinking of making it our first branch's specialty to attract the passers-by. Why don't you have a try."

"Sure!" Glenn bobbed his head.

He dared not look down on Arielle anymore.

Hearing that, Sasha brought out the ravioli.

The ravioli was placed in an icebox full of ice packs.

Arielle swiftly cooked the ravioli and prepared the sauce.

Once she was done, Glenn and the manager rushed forward to get their portions.

Glenn wanted a taste of Arielle's cooking, while the manager was just plain curious. How delicious is her cooking to make Chef Quigley bow to her, begging to be her apprentice?

Almost simultaneously, they got a plate of ravioli each.