

# Obsessed CEO Throws Himself at Me

## Chapter 1108

### Chapter 1108

#### Sycophant

Vinson's lips curled into a smile. "Bring him over." Rayson went on to lead Trevor before Vinson in short order. Trevor had an awful expression on his face in response to Luke's presence, but that sentiment was subdued compared to what he actually felt inside.

If not for Luke Yeager, I wouldn't have lost the opportunity to work with Nightshire Group!

But with the way the situation had developed, he could only stomach it in view of making profit his priority.

Trevor broke off eye contact and smiled obsequiously. "I'm really sorry about what happened last time, Mr. Nightshire. Had it not been a matter of exceptional urgency, I wouldn't have dared stand you up!"

"What matter of exceptional urgency might that be, Mr. Larson? Based on my understanding, you were actually busy playing golf..." Vinson spoke with an ambiguous expression about him.

Trevor's face stiffened. How did he know that?

As Trevor was considering how to explain himself, Vinson continued, "Am I right to presume that the director of Greene Corporation is your sister?"

Trevor's mind was in a vacuum, but he braced himself and answered anyway. "Yes. She's indeed my sister, but we aren't exactly on the best of terms."

"Is that so?" Vinson noted with a raised brow. "Then why is it that you had her ferry home as soon as Greene Corporation was in trouble?"

The color drained from Trevor's face.

How is Vinson able to find out about something that I arranged in secret? How many pairs of eyes has he all over Horington?

Trevor wiped the clamminess off his own brow. "The situation's like this. Even though we aren't getting along, she's still my sister... There's no way I would allow her to languish on the streets. But if this isn't to your liking, I can always have her thrown out of my house right away!"

Vinson said nothing and merely regarded Trevor intently as the latter gritted his teeth and picked up his phone to dial up the landline at his home.

“Pass down the word. See to it that she’s thrown out of the house immediately!”

He further added a few more instructions before he was done. Then he regarded Vinson fawningly. “Everything has been done according to your will, Mr. Nightshire. She’s already a married woman and has nothing more to do with me. Rest assured that I shan’t have any further contact with her either!”

“I didn’t tell you to do anything. This is what you’ve decided upon all on your own,” Vinson said with a scowl.

“Yes! Yes! Of course it is!” Trevor nodded his head vigorously. “You didn’t say anything, and this isn’t what you demanded. It is I who had her thrown out on my own accord.”

Vinson pursed his lips, and it sufficed as a response.

Trevor fell into a prolonged silence before he exhaled. “About that... May I know if you asked to meet to discuss the matter of our collaboration, Mr. Nightshire?”

Unexpectedly, Vinson reacted to him with a look of bafflement. “Collaboration? What collaboration? Aren’t I already collaborating with Yeager Group?”

Trevor’s expression dimmed. He could not tell whether Vinson was trying to let off some steam by being spiteful, or he was genuinely not planning to work with him.

The wheels inside his head started spinning and in the end, he decidedly laughed along. “You’re surely jesting with me, Mr. Nightshire. Didn’t you ask me to come over for the purpose of discussing the matter of our business? I’ve plenty of building materials stocked up right here.”

As he spoke, Trevor waved his hand. “Bring them in!”

With that, several large trucks loaded with building materials drove into view.

“These are samples, all of them of top quality, for your consideration.”

When Vinson and Luke exchanged looks, Luke could hardly repress a grin.

At this moment...

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## Chapter 1109

### Playing Games

The horn of a ship suddenly blasted and when Vinson turned in its direction, a massive vessel with its deck loaded with containers was spotted leaning in toward the shore. In response to it, Luke remarked, "I'm afraid those trucks that I've brought along aren't quite going to be enough for the job. I may have to go borrow a couple more."

Trevor was still under the impression that it was his goods that the former was talking about. "You won't have to trouble yourself. My company has trucks, lots of them. Just let us know when you need them, and I'll have every bit of material sent over to you directly."

"That'll be too much trouble to ask of you. But we can't wait, you see, as we'll be needing those trucks right away," Luke said with a laugh.

Trevor's eyes fogged over. "Would your construction site be operating overnight? Are your workers going to work at this hour as well?"

Once more, Luke let out a boisterous hoot. "You seem to have misunderstood, Mr. Larson."

"Whatever do you mean? Aren't we going to transport my building materials to your worksite?" asked a befuddled Trevor.

"Not exactly." Luke purposefully beat about the bush as he pointed toward the large shipping vessel that docked just in front of them. "You're right to assume that we'd need your help with the logistics, but the materials that we'll be transporting aren't yours. It's those over there."

When Trevor lifted his eyes to look, he saw that it was an ocean liner emblazoned with the name of an Epean construction company that was coming in to dock.

"T-This..."

Having had his fun, Luke finally decided to drop the bomb on his counterpart. "Don't take me for a fool, Trevor Larson! You've intentionally bought out the stockpiles and construction materials producers to prevent me from completing my project. Bet you didn't expect that Mr. Nightshire had no intentions to source materials locally right from the start. Hence, we've already had materials created with the most cutting-edge technology shipped from Epea. Not only are they turbulent-proof and flood-resistant, but they are also of excellent quality as well as affordable. As for you, expect to sink with your hoard!"

"W-What?"

The thunderstruck Trevor's face turned pallid.

Luke felt a rush of tremendous gratification inside and continued to rub it into Trevor's face. "Didn't you say you wanted to lend us some trucks, Mr. Larson? Now you can. Lunch's on me next time, eh?" he said while he patted Trevor on the back.

In shock and outrage, Trevor swatted Luke's hand out of the way and strode right for Vinson. But before he could get close enough, he found himself intercepted by Vinson's bodyguards.

Unable to advance any further, he could only holler at the top of his lungs. "Vinson Nightshire! Are you going to pull this on me after you've accepted my gift? You're toying with me on purpose, aren't you?"

At this moment, Trevor had completely forgotten about how much he actually dreaded Vinson. His head was in flux as though he had been buzzing in his ear.

Vinson met Trevor's eyes with his own frigid gaze. All he saw in the latter was the fruitless struggle of a roach.

"You?"

He repeated what Trevor said until he lowered his gaze into a cackle.

"It's kind of refreshing to learn how every Tom, Dick, and Harry now seem to believe that they could dictate terms to me."

He tilted his chin, and his discerning bodyguard went on to kick Trevor's shin with force.

Trevor yelped in pain, and his legs gave way underneath, causing him to fall to his knees before Vinson.

Vinson strode forward and loomed over him.

"Standing me up and trying to play games with me? Do you think that the Greenses still run Horington? Wouldn't you like to know what kind of hellhole Mr. Greene is in right now?"

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## Obsessed CEO Throws Himself at Me Chapter 1110

Chapter 1110

No Match For Vinson

"You..." Before Trevor could complete his sentence, a bodyguard swung his hand across his cheek. "Listen to Mr. Nightshire when he's talking!"

Trevor's face instantly turned numb.

The resentment on his face was instantly replaced by a sudden surge of overwhelming fear.

He wiped away sweat droplets and bowed before Vinson.

"It's all my fault, Mr. Nightshire. I shouldn't have tricked you. It was the Greenes who forced me to do this in the first place. You should know that no one in Horington dared to challenge them in the past. Had I not followed their instructions, I would have had a hard time surviving in this city." Trevor came clean and begged for forgiveness.

There was no point hiding the truth from Vinson, as he knew Vinson was aware of it. Admitting his mistake might be his only chance of survival.

Yet, Vinson remained silent and did not react to the things he said.

Instead, Rayson let out a cold snort and said, "And you thought you could survive after offending our CEO?"

"I'm sorry. It's all my fault!" Trevor bowed. "Please forgive me. I promise I'll not succumb to threats and play tricks on you anymore!"

Vinson raised his brows. "And?"

"And..." Trevor swallowed the saliva lodged in his throat. "I'll sell you the materials in my warehouse below the market price. What do you think?"

At this point, Trevor knew he had to do this to beg Vinson to let him off instead of extorting money from him.

Vinson lowered his eyes and responded with a faint smile.

After taking a glance at the cruise that was approaching, he said, "I would have given you a chance had you made your offer earlier. But it's too late now."

Trevor's pupil constricted.

Is he trying to get rid of me?

"You can't do this to me, Mr. Nightshire! How can I survive if you don't buy my material? My company will be in deep trouble! Please, I beg you. I'll do anything if you buy my material!" Trevor pleaded. "You can kick me and punch me if you're mad at me. I can capture my sister and torture her too! She's the mastermind. You can't put the blame on me alone!"

Vinson scoffed, "You're blaming your sister now? I've thought too highly of you, Trevor. You're nothing but a piece of trash."

"No, Mr. Nightshire. I—"

Vinson rubbed his ear. "I can't stand his voice anymore. Take him away."

"Yes, Sir!" The bodyguards dragged Trevor away from the wharf.

Trevor shrieked like a lunatic as they dragged him away from Vinson.

He finally realized how stupid he was.

Oh, God. What have I done? Why did I go against Vinson just because of those benefits?

Vinson is an influential figure in Chanaea and is also the captain of the Specialized Forces. Who am I to challenge him?

It's clear that I'm no match for Vinson! It's all over. I'm doomed!

Luke could help but shake his head as he watched the bodyguards take Trevor away.

Sometimes, making a grave mistake can destroy a person's life, and not everyone deserves a second chance to start afresh.

"Why are you in a daze?" Vinson looked at Luke. "Get moving!"

"All right!" Luke came to his senses and immediately instructed his subordinate to activate the crane.

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