

# Obsessed CEO Throws Himself at Me

## Chapter 1137

[/ Obsessed CEO Throws Himself at Me](#)  
Chapter 1137 Cecilia Is Dead

The police officer's brows drew together. "I can understand your feelings. You can't accept your daughter's death, but it is the truth—"

"Nonsense!" Cecilia stepped on the ash forcefully and declared, "Tell Arielle that she'd never get in my head! Wendy is alive and well and is taking her exams at Maxwell University. Why would she jump off a building? Don't take me for a fool!"

Initially, the police officer could empathize with her. However, when he saw her step on her daughter's ash, he lost his patience and stuffed the documents into her hands. "Read the documents yourself if you don't trust me. They are your daughter's autopsy report and the case file prepared by the Lightspring police. As there is an official stamp on the file, it isn't fake."

Cecilia scanned the contents of the documents hastily. Soon, her gaze landed on a photo in the case file.

It was a photo of Wendy's body pierced by the iron fence with blood splattered everywhere.

Seeing that, Cecilia froze. It seemed like something within her had been torn into shreds.

The police officer noticed her reaction and sighed. "My condolences. Maxwell University has contacted the police department of Horington, and they will send a representative here a few days later to discuss the compensation."

Although Wendy had committed suicide, the incident had happened at Maxwell University. Besides, the iron fence on the campus had pierced her heart, so they had to more or less bear responsibility for that.

"No! That's impossible! This can't be real!" Cecilia hollered with all her might.

She then ran out of the room in a state of frenzy.

I have to go to Lightspring! I must head to Maxwell University and see it for myself! My Wendy must still be alive!

The stunned police officer went after her a beat later.

"Get her! Don't let her get away!"

The rehab facility erupted into chaos.

The next day, when the patrol officer went to take a look at Cecilia, the latter was found lying in a pool of blood with a toothbrush in her chest.

“Cecilia’s dead.”

Vinson informed Arielle about the news right away. “She committed suicide by stabbing a toothbrush into her heart. When people at the rehab facility discovered her body, it was already stiff. I gather she killed herself, as Wendy’s death was too much for her to bear.”

Arielle was shocked into silence. After a long while, she whispered, “I can’t believe it...”

The Greene family used to be extremely influential in Horington, but they had fallen apart. One was locked up in jail, and the rest were dead.

Shockingly, it only took one month for all that to happen.

Vinson patted her shoulder. “They brought it upon themselves.”

A sigh slipped past her lips. “One wrong choice leads to another. Sometimes, it’s hard to be a human. I believe Wendy’s envious of me, but I’m also envious of her. At least her parents loved her.”

Pulling her in for a tight embrace, he said, “You have me.”

Arielle chuckled and returned his hug.

Yes, I don’t have parents, but I have Vinson. He’s the best and will face everything with me. That’s enough.

Despite not blaming herself for both Cecilia’s and Wendy’s death, Arielle’s mood was a little affected by the news.

However, she did not waste time dwelling on their deaths, for the renovation of Maureen’s Kitchen’s new branch had come to an end. It was going to open for business soon.

It meant a lot to Arielle to open Maureen’s Kitchen’s first branch.

## Obsessed CEO Throws Himself at Me Chapter 1138

[/ Obsessed CEO Throws Himself at Me](#)  
Chapter 1138 As Pretty As You

Arielle woke up early in the morning and assumed that Vinson was still sleeping at that hour. Thus, seeing him standing at the doorway in a trance when she opened the door gave her a fright. Although she had no idea how long he had been standing there, she did notice the cigarette butts on the ground.

It took her a second to return to her senses. "Why are you here? When did you arrive?"

"Five," came his answer as he offered her a bouquet out of nowhere.

Arielle glanced at the bouquet and realized it did not contain flowers. Instead, it was a bouquet of wheat stalks.

The golden wheat stalks symbolized that her restaurant would prosper.

After giving her the bouquet, Vinson planted a kiss on her forehead and congratulated her. "Mrs. Nightshire, congratulations on the opening of your new restaurant. I hope your business will flourish."

She accepted the wheat stalks happily as tears welled up in her eyes.

Feeling emotional, she choked out, "You... Well..."

The man chuckled. "What about me?"

"You're a fool! Even if you want to give me flowers, there's no need to wait outside early in the morning."

Vinson shook his head. "If I don't wait here earlier than usual, I'm afraid you won't wake me up and head to the restaurant without informing me."

Hearing that, Arielle covered her nose and coughed lightly.

He was right; she was not planning on waking him up.

After all, Vinson had taken time out of his busy schedule to visit her in Lightspring. Last night, he only finished working in the wee hours. Thus, she could not bring herself to disturb his rest.

After a few seconds of silence, she flung her arms around him.

"Thank you..."

She might think of Vinson as a fool, but it did not stop her from feeling like the happiest girl in the world.

There was nothing to complain about a man who waited outside her door before sunrise just to give her a bouquet and congratulate her on the opening of her restaurant.

Vinson's gaze softened as he hugged her back.

Arielle felt his body temperature warming up her body through the thin fabric of their clothes.

Initially, she was nervous that her restaurant would not do well after the opening, but Vinson's hug provided invisible energy that calmed her heart down.

"I'm afraid I can't keep you company today," he said apologetically. "I have a last-minute meeting at Wildefield."

Wildefield was four hours away from Jadeborough by car. His meeting was one in the afternoon, and he had a lunch meeting scheduled before that.

Arielle gave an understanding nod. "It's okay. I managed to establish Sann Group, so managing the opening of a branch is nothing to me."

Vinson replied, "All right. I'll leave Rayson with you. If you need anything, just let him know. He'll be of help."

"Got it. When will you depart?"

"Half an hour later." He then winked and asked, "Ms. Moore, can I have the honor of inviting you to enjoy a local breakfast with me?"

That evoked a giggle from her. "Your wish is granted."

"Thank you!" Vinson gave a polite bow.

A few minutes later, the black MPV rolled to a stop before an alley.

At the entrance of it was an old breakfast stall.

Though it was only six in the morning, the seats were all taken.

A table happened to be vacated the moment Arielle and Vinson went over to the stall.

While clearing the table, the owner greeted Vinson, "Hello! You're not alone today."

The latter nodded. "Yes, I'm here with my wife."

Glancing at Arielle in surprise, the owner praised, "Oh, you're lucky! Your wife is as pretty as you."

Arielle was initially embarrassed, but she covered her lips and giggled at the owner's words.

# Obsessed CEO Throws Himself at Me

## Chapter 1139

[/ Obsessed CEO Throws Himself at Me](#)  
Chapter 1139 A Sweet Morning

Vinson froze for a split second but immediately shook it off and said, "I'll get two servings of my usual order. Oh, I'd like a glass of soy milk too."

"Got it!" The owner left to prepare their order.

Looking at the surroundings, Arielle commented, "This is surprising."

"Are you surprised that I'm a down-to-earth person?"

"Yes." She gazed at him and added, "You don't look like you eat here often. I thought you'd have breakfast at five-star hotels."

Shrugging, Vinson answered, "I used to do that, but I grew sick of it. Once, I came here for breakfast out of curiosity and became a frequent customer afterward. I believe you'll like the food here."

Arielle bobbed her head, feeling expectant.

Soon, their breakfast was served.

The first dish served was the famous Jadeborough soy milk.

Alas, she nearly retched after taking just one sip.

"That's... The taste is really strange," she spluttered.

Vinson burst out laughing. "I can't take that too. If you don't like it, let's try something else."

Soon, the local Jadeborough buns were served.

After taking a bite of the bun, Arielle was fascinated by how the rich and flavorful taste spread across her mouth.

The rest of the dishes were delectable too. With every mouthful she took, her eyes sparkled in delight.

"What do you think?" Vinson asked.

Arielle gave a pleased nod. "I can't believe this breakfast stall serves such delicious food. I'm getting a lot of inspiration here. However, some food tastes really familiar... Perhaps my mom brought me here when I was young."

Her gaze dimmed at the thought of Maureen.

Nevertheless, her face broke into a smile soon enough, and she declared, "Today's a good day, so I won't think about unhappy things. Hurry, eat up. You need to leave soon."

With a nod, Vinson resumed eating.

Even if he was gulping down his food, he still looked like a noble gentleman.

On the other hand, Arielle seemed relaxed.

As she was not brought up strictly like a socialite, she did not pay much attention to her table manners.

However, Vinson was of the opinion that the way Arielle enjoyed her food boosted his appetite.

He munched on his food and enjoyed the beautiful scenery before him. Ah, what a great morning. I hope I can spend my mornings peacefully like this for the rest of my life.

Sadly, it was soon time for them to part ways. Rayson braced himself, stepping forward and reminding, "Mr. Nightshire, it's time to depart."

Arielle placed her fork down and said, "Remember to take a rest on the way there. Don't work during the journey as it will tire out your eyes. You can leave without me. I'll pay for the food."

She got up and clicked into her e-wallet to make the payment.

Vinson caught up to her and waved his phone before the owner.

"I'll pay for breakfast." They spoke at the same time.

The owner was taken aback but quickly regained his composure and held the payment terminal toward Arielle's phone. With a grin, he said, "You're a couple, so your wife will have all your salary sooner or later. It's time for you to get used to having your wife making payments."

After snapping out of his initial shock, Vinson beamed at Arielle. "Right. What's mine is hers."

A blush suffused her cheeks, and she glared at him before urging him to get into his car.

Happiness imbued Vinson as he entered his car.

Only when his car disappeared from sight did she retract her gaze and have Rayson drive her to the branch.

# Obsessed CEO Throws Himself at Me

## Chapter 1140

[/ Obsessed CEO Throws Himself at Me](#)  
Chapter 1140 Overconfident

Around half an hour later, Arielle arrived at the branch.

It was located in a restaurant district that had a long history.

When she arrived, it was only half-past seven. Most of the restaurants still had their blinds down.

Maureen's Kitchen was the only restaurant that was bustling.

Seeing her, Glenn and the manager came forward to welcome her.

"Ms. Moore!"

Glenn twiddled his thumbs nervously and reported, "You're here! The preparations are almost done, and all that's left is the ingredients. As per your command, we ordered ten times the usual amount. The refrigerator is too full to put our ravioli inside, so I told someone to get the refrigerator from the old store."

"Good job," Arielle responded with a nod.

"It's nothing." He waved his hands and said excitedly, "You agreed to give me some shares, so I won't feel tired even if I have to work for three days straight."

On the contrary, the manager wore a hesitant look on his face.

That had her cast him a puzzled look. "What is it? Do you have something to tell me?"

The manager balled his fists as he said, "Ms. Moore, I don't know whether I should say this..."

"Just say it!"

Nodding, the manager answered, "We usually buy the ingredients we need every morning to get the freshest ones. Today is the first day the branch is open for

business, but you told us to buy ten times the portion of ingredients that we usually need. I think that's a waste, especially the soy products that will definitely spoil the next day."

As the manager mentioned the ingredients, Glenn chimed in carefully, "Ms. Moore, I do think that buying ten times than usual is too much... Should we go with five times first? This store is only twice as big as our old store. If there aren't many customers, we wouldn't be able to finish using the ingredients. That will be a waste. Should we ask the buyer to purchase fewer ingredients?"

Arielle was silent for a few seconds before explaining, "I understand your concerns, but I still think that buying ten times the ingredients we usually need is vital. I believe we can get more customers by offering food samples at the door. We should be able to finish the ingredients."

As she seemed confident, Glenn and the manager could not object anymore. "Why don't you head in and take a look around? You haven't been here since the renovation was completed."

Arielle bobbed her head and entered the restaurant.

The manager could not resist the urge to whisper to Glen. "Do you think she's overconfident? Our food might be delicious, but today's a weekday. There will be fewer customers than usual. Besides, we specialize in local cuisine, so our customers will usually come during lunch and dinner."

The latter nodded in acknowledgment. "Indeed, she seems a little overconfident. Never mind if we were to waste the ingredients; I'm only afraid her confidence will be shattered. After all, she's a young lady. If she loses her confidence, will she shut the restaurant?"

Ever since he received the shares of the new restaurant, he had been throwing himself into the renovation of the shop lot, supervising the renovation after hours and buying the stuff needed for the interior design personally.

His heart would break if the restaurant were to close down after all the hard work he had put in.

## Obsessed CEO Throws Himself at Me Chapter 1141

[/ Obsessed CEO Throws Himself at Me](#)  
Chapter 1141 Doubt

The two men shared a look and exhaled loudly.

Meanwhile, Arielle glanced at the sampling booth at the entrance and made sure it was fine before entering the restaurant.

The interior design resembled the old restaurant's. It was furnished with antiquated furniture.

"Here." Arielle pointed at the entrance. "Remove the plants and replace them with plastic chairs. The customers will get to sit down and wait for their turns. Also, prepare some sticky notes for the customers so that they can know when it is their turn."

"Got it." The waiter went to work immediately.

That sight gave the manager and Glenn a headache.

She is really confident. Will she be devastated if our restaurant doesn't do well?

They let out a collective sigh before getting back to work.

It would take some time to get the preparations done. After all the acquired ingredients were sent over, they had to wash and prep them. By then, it was already eleven in the morning.

The refrigerator from the old restaurant had also arrived.

They had ten times their usual ingredients, so all the refrigerators were filled to the brim despite having an extra.

The ingredients that could last longer were removed and placed aside.

Glenn pointed at those ingredients and said, "Ms. Moore, these ingredients won't go bad soon, but the weather is hot today. If we don't use them by noon, they'll go bad by evening."

"Don't worry." Arielle gave him a reassuring pat on the shoulder. "We'll finish using them before noon."

Glenn's lips quivered, but he only managed to force out a wry smile.

"Get back to work. I'll take care of the finishing touches," she said and returned to the hall for a final check.

After making sure everything was ready, she sat down, tagged her location, and sent out a tweet: My restaurant's branch is opening for business today. Everyone is welcome!

Without bothering to read the replies, she went into the kitchen to help with the preparation.

She had no idea that the tweet had garnered a lot of replies.

You're opening a restaurant instead of entering the entertainment industry?  
What a waste of your good looks...

I agree. Isn't it great to earn money with your looks? Arielle doesn't look like she can cook. I'm worried about the taste. Would the food there be edible?

Is it a trend for influencers to start their own businesses? Never mind if they sell clothes and stuff, yet this influencer is opening a restaurant? Does she know how many celebs close their restaurants less than six months after the opening?

Another reply popped up: I've been to her restaurant! This is the branch, and the old one is at Fourthbridge. Previously, my friend told me Arielle was the owner, so I got curious and went there as my house was nearby. Now, I eat there every day! Ah, my money!

A flood of messages emerged under that particular reply.

Really? Is this a paid posting?

Be honest and tell us how much you get paid for a comment. I want to join you too!

Annoyed, the original poster uploaded a few photos of him eating in Maureen's Kitchen.

He had only ordered three dishes—two meat dishes and one vegetable dish—but they looked delectable.

## Obsessed CEO Throws Himself at Me Chapter 1142

[/ Obsessed CEO Throws Himself at Me](#)  
Chapter 1142 Taking Advantage Of Vinson

After the photos were uploaded, a barrage of replies showed up.

Seriously? Does Arielle's restaurant serve these dishes? They look scrumptious!

I can vouch for the netizen. That wasn't a paid comment! I wanted to see for myself if Arielle was indeed pretty, so I went to her restaurant. The food is really yummy!

Thus, many netizens in Jadeborough declared that they would head to the restaurant personally to see if that review was true.

With that, a big group marched toward the restaurant. Someone even started a live stream.

"Hello, friends! We're on the way to Maureen's Kitchen's branch. It's two stations away. Let's see if Arielle will be humiliated. I'm not her fan, and I'm doing this to test her food out for everyone."

Some netizens who had nothing to do clicked into the live stream.

Those who doubted Arielle had formed a group, let alone her fans.

They immediately requested to visit her restaurant as a big party.

Today's the opening! Our goddess will be there. I'm going to depart soon. Does anyone want to join me? I can't order a lot of dishes alone.

Me! I'm in Jadeborough too. Shall we meet at the subway station?

Let's go! My boyfriend and I are on the way!

The netizens promptly made their way to the restaurant. At that moment, it was already half-past eleven.

As lunch hour was approaching, the foot traffic on the street began to grow.

Since the restaurant was new, it would naturally attract a lot of curious customers. Soon, a few tables were occupied.

"Welcome the customers." As it was almost time, Arielle left the manager in charge and went out.

"Boil the water," she said to Glenn's apprentice at the entrance. "Prepare the ravioli and offer five pieces of ravioli to everyone who walks past our restaurant. Remember, five pieces for each person."

"Got it, Ms. Moore!"

After trying out her ravioli a while ago, the apprentice was impressed by her capabilities.

It was hard to make a delicious dish using the simplest ingredients, but she had made that happen.

After the water started boiling, Arielle summoned Rayson, who was busy serving the dishes.

Due to his position as Vinson's assistant, even the directors of major companies had to show him respect. No one could have expected him to work as a waiter.

Rayson had never worked as a waiter before that, but he had experience preparing drinks for Vinson. Thus, he could serve the dishes to the customers smoothly.

Hearing Arielle's voice, he gave the dish he was holding to another waiter. "Serve this to table two."

With that said, he strode out and gave Arielle a polite nod. "Ms. Moore, do you need my help with anything?"

"Get a few bodyguards. It's almost lunch hour, so we might need someone to help maintain order."

Surprised, Rayson blurted, "We need bodyguards?"

It's just a restaurant's opening. When Soir Coffee opened for business, at most, we only summoned a few regional managers there to help out.

The manager happened to walk out and overheard Arielle's order. With a nervous chuckle, he said, "Ms. Moore, we've spent a lot of money on the ingredients, not to mention that they might go to waste. There aren't many customers now, and some tables are still empty. Isn't it too much to hire bodyguards? Besides, we have to pay them for their services."

They might cost more than hiring waiters!

"We do," Arielle replied firmly. Flashing him a grin, she assured him by saying, "Don't worry. The restaurant won't have to foot the bodyguard's pay."

After all, she could take advantage of Vinson.