

Obsessed CEO Throws Himself at Me Chapter 1073

This was the scene that greeted Trevor when he got home from playing golf. His eyebrows knitted together as he spoke. "This stool is worth thirty thousand. As you are right now, you can't afford to break it."

His words only fueled Cecilia's rage.

"What are you trying to imply? If not for my husband and me, would you be able to afford this stool or this house? Trevor Larson, you're an ungrateful b*stard!"

"Ungrateful b*stard?"

Trevor, too, was enraged.

"If I really am as ungrateful as you claim, I wouldn't even let you stay here, let alone raise Wendy with my money!"

Mentioning Wendy's living expenses was a huge mistake on Trevor's part. Cecilia exploded instantly.

"Trevor Larson! I can't believe you have the audacity to bring up the ten thousand!"

Trevor scoffed in response, but he had calmed down significantly.

Taking a long drag of his cigarette, he threatened, "Cecilia, I suggest you get your head out of the clouds and realize that I have the power to ruin your life. If you anger me again, I'll chase you out of the house and live up to my name as an ungrateful b*stard!"

Cecilia's face turned purple with fury. "Trevor! You-"

"What? Don't you take my words lightly! If Vinson doesn't offer to collaborate with me within the next few days, you and I will both rot and die! So, you best pray that everything goes according to plan, or it'll be the end of it for both of us!"

With that, Trevor snatched his coat and turned to leave. He could not stand being in the house for another second.

“Trevor! Come back and explain it clearly!” Cecilia’s shriek pierced the air, but Trevor paid her no heed.

The door slammed shut, and Trevor disappeared from her sight.

“Ungrateful b*astard! Trevor, you shameless filth!” Cecilia shrielled.

A stool flew across the room, crashing into the door with a loud thump.

The housekeepers scurried away in fear that they would get caught in the line of fire.

After a few minutes of deranged yelling, an eerie calm settled upon Cecilia.

In a trance, she trudged up the stairs to her room. Opening a drawer, she pulled out a bag containing white powder.

The Greenes had no qualms about making dirty money, and that included the sale of illicit substances.

However, neither Cecelia nor Daniel had abused drugs themselves.

Cecilia might not have used it before, but she had witnessed many others take their fix.

Hence, she had a pretty good idea of how to do it despite the lack of hands-on experience.

I know I should steer clear of drugs, but now...

Cecilia poured out a small mound of powder and stared at it. The white powder sat in the middle of her palm, seeming almost innocuous.

She was on the verge of breaking down.

Word on the street was that drugs could erase any pain.

I won't get addicted if I just try it once.

Cecelia needed an escape from reality, even if it was just temporary. She felt like she would go insane if she did not reign in her chaotic thoughts.

A few minutes later, a strange scent wafted out of Cecilia's room.

Two days passed by in a flash. Jacob was still waiting for Arielle to reach out to him.

Two days should be more than enough for Arielle to realize that Jacob was the reason all the factories had rejected the proposals from the technology department.

The contract had explicitly stated that should Arielle fail to produce a fifty percent increase in the technology department's profits within a month, she would have to step down from her position as the chairman.

Whether or not Arielle could accomplish this feat depended on the bionic arm.

If the bionic arm failed to make it to the market, Arielle would have no choice but to resign.

A week had passed since she signed the contract. Jacob was sure that Arielle was under pressure, yet there was nothing but radio silence from her end.

Though Jacob could play the waiting game, his subordinates were becoming unsettled. They bombarded him with variations of the same question. "Mr. Campbell, Madam Chairman should have contacted us by now. Why haven't we heard from her?"