

## Obsessed CEO Throws Himself at Me Chapter 1074

Jacob had waited for two whole days. Even though he reassured himself over and over again that Arielle would cave in first, his patience was wearing thin, and he had an ominous feeling that things were not going according to plan.

His subordinate's inquiry ticked him off. Seething with rage, Jacob lit a cigarette and took a big puff.

"Let her be!"

Taking another puff, he reasoned, "She still can't figure out who's pulling the strings. It'll be even better if she stumbles around like a headless chicken! If she doesn't come to me now, it'll be too late for her when she pieces everything together."

The subordinate was convinced by this rationale.

At that moment, a thought flashed across his mind. Lowering his voice, he murmured, "Mr. Campbell, there's something that has been circulating for the past two days. My daughter heard it from her friend's mother, so I can't guarantee its credibility."

"What is it?" Jacob prompted, his eyebrows furrowed.

"My daughter told me that Arielle and Mr. Nightshire are officially together, and it seems like Mrs. Nightshire approves of their relationship."

"What nonsense!" Jacob dismissed it without a second thought. "That's impossible!"

The subordinate appeared uncertain. "The rumors couldn't have come out of nowhere. Even my daughter has heard of it. Besides, didn't Nightshire Group appoint Arielle as the ambassador of Soir Coffee? Why would they pick her, of all people, if there is no connection between her and Mr. Nightshire?"

Jacob snickered. "Have you not seen Arielle Moore? A pretty face on a giant billboard will definitely boost Soir Coffee's publicity."

“But Mrs. Nightshire-”

“That’s simply absurd,” Jacob interrupted. “Everyone knows that Mrs. Nightshire cares about her reputation more than she does her son. Henrick has publicly announced that Arielle is not his biological daughter but rather the illegitimate child of Maureen, and even Arielle attested to it. Do you actually believe that a woman like Mrs. Nightshire would accept a bastard village girl into her family?”

The subordinate processed Jacob’s words before nodding slowly. “That’s true.”

Quirking an eyebrow, Jacob continued to list other reasons to prove that it was a hoax.

“Let’s say Arielle really is in a relationship with Vinson. Why didn’t Southall Group... Wait, no, I suppose it’s Moore Group now. What I’m trying to say is, why didn’t Vinson intervene when Arielle was ostracized and forced to sign the contract?”

“That’s true!” The subordinate nodded vigorously as comprehension dawned on him. “Knowing Vinson, he would never let Arielle suffer if he truly cared for her. In fact, we wouldn’t have a fighting chance against her! Vinson would’ve fired us immediately.”

Jacob scowled. “Nonsense!”

Belatedly realizing that he had crossed his boss, the subordinate slapped himself across the face. He spat on the ground and scrambled to amend his mistake. “I can’t control this mouth of mine! It’ll just say whatever I’m thinking.”

The subordinate froze when the words left his mouth. He had backed himself into a corner with his foolish rambling.

A dark cloud passed over Jacob's face.

"Get lost!"

"Yes!" With that, the subordinate made a hasty exit.

The conversation left Jacob in a sour mood. He paced the office restlessly, a frown set on his face.

At that moment, the phone rang. It was Oliver. He had called to ask for the last bit of money to seal the deal.

Jacob swiftly processed the transaction. Although he had to get a loan, Jacob was confident that it was a wise decision. In due time, Arielle would have to step down, leaving the chairmanship and Moore Group in his hands. When that happened, money would be the least of his worries.

However, the mention of Vinson rattled him.

After some thought, Jacob asked, "Oliver, since you're a Moore, do you know any of Jadeborough's upper echelons?"