

Obsessed CEO Throws Himself at Me

Chapter 1156

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Chapter 1156 Unexpected Turn Of Events

Jason's tone started out fine but subconsciously developed a hint of arrogance toward the end. He made it sound as though he was doing her a favor.

"I don't need it." Arielle rejected him without a second thought. "I'm happy with the customer traffic I have now and don't need you to promote it for me. Nonetheless, I appreciate the offer. Bye!"

Before Jason could reply, she ended the call at once.

"Let me do it." Upon returning to her station, she scooped out the cooked ravioli.

Once the last bowls were served, she went into the restaurant to help the wait staff, not bothering to take a break.

In the alley, Jason scowled as he watched Arielle return to the restaurant after ending their call.

"Da*n!"

Just as he cursed, the cameraman ran toward him excitedly while waving the empty bowl in his hand. "Mr. Sleight, the ravioli was truly amazing. In fact, I felt like tearing up after eating them!"

Jason raised his brows. "Can you stop rubbing it in?"

Considering how long the line was and what the female fan said earlier, he obviously knew that the food was good.

Having been snarled at for no reason, the cameraman asked curiously, "Mr. Sleight, what happened?"

"Nothing! Let's go!" After putting his mask back on, Jason stormed back to where they came from.

Puzzled, the cameraman inquired, "Don't you want to film this restaurant anymore?"

Jason snapped, "No, I don't!"

Tch! There's no way I'm going to do it after how she treated me.

Soon, both of them returned to the crew.

The director immediately approached and asked, "How was it? Did you manage to find a suitable restaurant for filming?"

"No!" Jason's expression could not be more sullen.

Baffled, the director pulled the cameraman aside and asked, "What happened? Who got on Jason's nerves?"

The cameraman was young and did not know the relationship history between Jason and Arielle, so he shook his head to express his ignorance. "I don't know either... Everything started out fine, then he got upset."

Glancing at Jason, who had gone to rest in his MPV, the director felt even more curious.

"Give me the camera."

The cameraman brought out the video camera from his bag and handed it over.

A few minutes later, Gracie brought them a message.

"Mr. Graham, Jason says that he's not feeling well, so he's not going to film the show today."

The director, James Graham, widened in eyes in shock. "What? He's not filming today? But this show will be broadcasted every week. Furthermore, Jason needs to attend an award ceremony over the next few days. If he doesn't film it today, when will he have time to do it?"

Gracie suggested helplessly, "Perhaps, we can film it three days later and get the post-production team to work overtime?"

James' expression grew solemn. "Three days later? We need one day to film and another day to edit. Even if the post-production team work round the clock, they still won't make it in time."

Gracie naturally knew that, but she was also aware of how stubborn Jason could be.

At that moment, James suddenly thought about the recording he had just watched.

His eyes lit up when an idea occurred to him.

"I understand." Nodding at Gracie, he added, "In that case, we'll skip filming for this week's episode, as I already have the content."

Gracie asked inquisitively, "I thought we hadn't filmed it yet? Where did you get the content?"

James did not intend to explain. Hence, he merely answered, "You'll find out soon enough."

Even though Gracie had her suspicions, she did not question him further because Jason was already calling for her. Hence, she turned around and got on the MPV.

James' face broke into a wide grin as he held the video camera.

Perhaps, this unexpected turn of events might boost our ratings even further.

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Chapter 1157

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Chapter 1157 Losing Confidence

While James had decided to use the secretly filmed content, Jason was staring at the call history on his phone with a glum expression.

Even though the call lasted less than a minute, it infuriated him and negatively affected his mood.

Can it be that she isn't playing hard to get and really doesn't have feelings for me?

"Gracie," he asked, "how many fans do I have now?"

"Around eighty million. Why?"

After a brief hesitation, Jason continued, "Do you think girls generally like me?"

Even though Gracie did not know why he asked her such a question, she replied honestly, "All the girls that I know are your fans. All my relatives, from my mom to my niece in kindergarten, are also your fans."

Having heard her words, Jason finally regained his confidence.

"Perhaps, I was just overthinking."

Gracie sensed that something was amiss, so she asked curiously, "What's wrong? You're a megastar, so why do you doubt your own charm?"

A wry smile touched his lips. "Would you believe me if I told you that I have lost my confidence?"

Looking at Jason's expression, she racked her brains and inquired, "Are you in a relationship? Or is it one-sided?"

Jason reclined his chair with a darkening expression and covered his face with a sleep mask. Evidently, he was no longer in the mood to talk.

The company doesn't bar him from having a relationship. All he's required to do is report it ahead of time. However, why does it seem like Jason has not successfully pursued this girl?

Just when Gracie was tempted to delve deeper into the matter, she bit her tongue after sensing that he was in a bad mood.

Back at Maureen's kitchen, the line had not shortened in any way, even though they were approaching closing time.

"Should we extend the operating hours?" Glenn asked Arielle.

She waved the bills she was holding. "We have made enough for today, so we will not extend our operating hours, and neither will we do so in the future."

In response, Glenn heaved a sigh of relief.

This old body of mine is already aching all over.

If it were any other employer, they would definitely insist on extending the business hours to rake in more money. Consequently, Glenn counted his blessings that Arielle was the one in charge.

After sending Rayson to tell those waiting in line to return the next day, Arielle pulled Glenn aside and remarked, "Chef Quigley, as you can see for yourself, business today was decent."

Glenn nodded repeatedly. "Definitely beyond decent. Even though I've been working as a chef for years, I have never seen a restaurant as busy as ours before."

Even the restaurants that were wildly popular online paled in comparison.

After grunting in acknowledgment, Arielle added, "If word of mouth about the restaurant continues to spread, I'm sure business will continue to pick up. Well, I was wondering if you want to stop working in the kitchen."

Stunned, he asked, "What do you mean by that? Are you firing me?"

The woman chuckled and explained, "How can that be? My intention is for you to step down from cooking so that you can focus on training more chefs. Or else we won't have enough hands in the kitchen at all. Furthermore, I'm aiming to open more branches and certainly won't be stopping at just one. Who knows, we might

actually get to a hundred branches. As a result, I want you to groom more chefs in line with our planned expansion.”

After a momentary silence, Glenn nodded in agreement. “Sure!”

Just when they finished their discussion, Vinson’s voice rang out from behind.

“Mrs. Nightshire, is the kitchen still open?”

Arielle turned around in delight and was greeted by the sight of Vinson holding a large cake. Given how exhausted he looked, it was apparent that he had rushed over from the airport.

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Chapter 1158 Only Him

Arielle could not keep herself from smiling.

“Why didn’t you send a text to inform me that you’re back?”

After placing the cake on the table, Vinson replied, “Rayson told me you were busy, so I decided to come right over. How was it? Are you tired?”

She replied candidly, “A little.”

It was the truth, as the long day of work had her feeling utterly drained.

“I’ll bring you for a massage later.” After tousling her hair, he turned toward Glenn and exclaimed, “Happy birthday, Chef Quigley!”

Glenn widened his eyes in surprise. “H-How did you...”

Arielle, too, was taken aback.

Today’s Chef Quigley’s birthday?

Before she could say a word, Vinson added, “Arielle told me about it and even reminded me to bring a cake.”

A dozen of question marks appeared in her mind as she stiffened up.

After all, she did not even know it was Glenn’s birthday, let alone instruct Vinson to get a cake.

Nonetheless, it quickly dawned upon her what Vinson was trying to do.

He was trying to help her build a good rapport with Glenn.

Nevertheless, she was surprised by how attentive he was, to the extent of learning about her employee's birthday.

Since he had painstakingly prepared everything, she obviously would not expose the truth.

In the event that the restaurant grew in popularity, there would naturally be many jealous competitors who would try to poach her staff away from her. As it was impossible for her to stay in the restaurant the whole time, Glenn would be the bedrock of the business. If he were to be headhunted by someone else, Maureen's Kitchen would definitely not survive for long.

Even though she had given him a stake in the restaurant, there was always a risk of the competitors offering him more.

As a result, other than offering monetary incentives, she had to build a good relationship with her subordinates.

It was not considered Machiavellian; it was just how a businessperson should think.

That just went to show how much business acumen Vinson had.

Holding that thought, Arielle flashed a smile at Glenn. "Chef Quigley, happy birthday, and may all your wishes come true!"

Glenn was moved to tears.

While rubbing his hands in joy and embarrassment, he replied, "Thank you, both of you."

When all the customers left an hour later, all the chefs, staff, and even the bodyguards celebrated Glenn's birthday for him.

After Glenn had blown out the candles on his cake and was urged by the younger staff to make a wish, he could not help but tear up again.

"Even my son doesn't remember my birthday, but all of you did... Thank you. I'm really touched."

"Come on! We're all family here," Arielle replied. "Anyway, go ahead and cut the cake!"

With that, Glenn cut the cake into even portions.

Since the cake was big, everyone managed to get a slice.

When Vinson was not paying attention, Arielle dipped her fingers into her slice of cake and mischievously spread the cream on his face.

The man was briefly stunned before taking revenge on her the very next second.

After messing around for a while, everyone packed up and went home.

Inside the car, Arielle had drifted into a slumber from exhaustion.

By the time she opened her eyes, she was already lying on a bed.

However, she soon realized that she was in Vinson's room and not her own.

Puzzled, she rubbed her eyes and quickly sat up after confirming that she was not mistaken.

The moment she did, she heard the sound of running water from the bathroom.

Vinson was clearly bathing inside.

He's bathing...

Arielle could not help but blush.

Since their marriage was official, it was just a matter of time before they took their relationship to the next step.

Even though she wanted to use the opportunity to leave, she did not know why her legs stopped moving.

After hemming and hawing for a while, she gritted her teeth and lay back down on the bed.

Forget it! This is it! After all, I have chosen him as the man of my life.

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Chapter 1159

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Chapter 1159 Are You Shy

Having made up her mind, Arielle lay on the bed with her eyes wide open.

Despite feeling nervous, she was also filled with anticipation.

Finally, the bathroom door opened with a creak.

Even though it was soft, she heard it at once due to how quiet the room was.

For some unknown reason, she quickly closed her eyes and continued pretending to be asleep.

Somehow, her sense of hearing was sharper that way.

She could clearly hear Vinson's every footstep as he approached the bed.

At that moment, Arielle's heart began to race. Though she was still pretending to be asleep, her palms were all sweaty from the nervousness she felt.

However, the sound of footsteps stopped by her bed. No other movements came from Vinson, as if he had just disappeared.

The bewildered Arielle continued to listen intently with her eyes closed. Yet, she still did not hear a thing.

Two minutes later, she gradually opened her eyes as her curiosity got the better of her.

The moment she did, she saw Vinson standing by the bed. He was looking at her while trying to hold back a smile as though he had been waiting for her to open her eyes the whole time.

Arielle's heart skipped a beat.

"You..."

Averting her gaze, she grumbled, "Why are you trying to scare me by standing there?"

Her angry yet shy expression tugged at Vinson's heartstrings, and he could no longer maintain his composure.

With a slight quirk of his lips, he asked, "You're awake?"

Arielle's cheeks turned into a darker shade of red.

Why is he asking me that question when he obviously knows I was pretending to be asleep?

"Yes, I'm awake!"

Sitting up grumpily, she declared, "I'm going back to my room!"

Just when her feet touched the ground, Vinson scooped her up and placed her on his lap, putting her legs on each side of his waist.

“W-What are you doing?” By then, her face was as red as a tomato.

The man leaned over to press his body against hers and whispered to her ear, “Sannie, isn’t it time to do what couples do since we’ve been married for so long?”

At that moment, all of Arielle’s earlier established courage fled her mind.

Vinson’s words had caused her heart to flutter uncontrollably.

“W-We haven’t held our wedding yet, and your mom hasn’t accepted me too.”

Since their marriage certificates were obtained as a tactic, they were not actually married in the essence of the word.

“Oh?” He chuckled. “Are you angry at me for not preparing for our wedding? I didn’t realize you were looking forward to it that much. If that was the case, why didn’t you tell me earlier?”

“I’m not!” As Arielle averted her gaze, she could even feel her ears burning.

Vinson refused to let go of the chance to tease her. Tilting his head to regain eye contact with her, he asked cheekily, “Are you shy, or are you scared?”

“I-I’m not scared at all!”

His smile broadened further.

“Really? Why is your hand shaking then?”

Stunned, Arielle clenched her fist at once.

Out of nowhere, she managed to muster the strength to push him away.

Nevertheless, Vinson’s eyes were filled with adoration.

Since Arielle was unwilling, he would continue to keep his urges in check, even though it was torturous to do so.

He then sat up by supporting himself with one hand. Just when he thought Arielle was not ready to give herself to him, she turned around and gave his shoulders a shove.