

## Obsessed CEO Throws Himself at Me Chapter 1766

### Chapter 1766 He Will Come Back Alive

Sasha sent her a photo of a luggage bag with Vinson's and Arielle's ID photos beside it. Upon seeing the photo, Susanne's hand could not stop trembling.

She could not stop her hands from shaking as the fear of the unknown overwhelmed her. Subsequently, she immediately looked for Sasha's number and called her. She had to muster up all her courage to ask this short question, "S-Sasha, any news about them?"

Upon hearing Susanne's broken voice, even Sasha, who was usually indifferent, couldn't help but feel sad. She suppressed her emotions and responded with bloodshot eyes, "We haven't found them yet, Mrs. Nightshire."

Susanne tried to console herself. No news is good news. "Sasha, continue with the search operation. Let me know if you need more money. I'll get Rayson to make the necessary arrangements," Susanne said after steeling herself.

Sasha nodded. "All right, Mrs. Nightshire. I'll call Rayson if I need help." After ending the call, Sasha started looking for the couple again. Meanwhile, Susanne packed her things and made a trip to Nightshire Group.

The moment she stepped into the company, more than ten journalists caught up with her with cameras and asked her questions incessantly, "Hi, Mrs. Nightshire. Now that the company's share price had dipped, and Mr. Nightshire is still missing, would you allow someone capable to take over the chairman's position?"

Another journalist asked, "Another week has passed, yet, there's still no news about Mr. Nightshire. In your opinion, what are the chances of him surviving the tragedy?"

"Mrs. Nightshire, who will become the next chairman of Nightshire Group if Mr. Nightshire is declared dead? Do you have any candidate in mind?" Another question emerged from the crowd.

"Mrs. Nightshire..."

"Mrs. Nightshire..."

While bombarding Susanne with hurtful questions, the journalists kept on snapping her photos.

"Get out of the way!" Rayson immediately came to Susanne's rescue after seeing what the journalists were doing to her.

Susanne knew this would happen. She kept herself composed, not allowing those burning questions to get the better of her. I'll continue to safeguard the company while awaiting Vinson's and Arielle's return.

"Please ask them to quiet down. I'll answer a few questions," Susanne whispered into Rayson's ear.

She knew she had to address the matter to appease the journalists and shut their mouths.

"Are you sure you can do this, Mrs. Nightshire?" Rayson was worried. Susanne gently patted his hand and shook her head. "It's fine. I can handle this. I can't collapse before they return."

Rayson's heart wrenched when she made the remark.

He then helped Susanne up the stairs. When the journalists were about to walk up the stairs, he instructed the security guards to stop them from advancing.

He then glared at the journalists, asking them to remain silent. "Feel free to ask Mrs. Nightshire any questions, but she'll decide what to answer."

The journalists were overjoyed. They had gathered at Nightshire Group today merely to try their luck since Susanne refused to speak to the media in the last couple of days.

"Mrs. Nightshire, if Mr. Nightshire isn't around anymore, which candidate do you think is qualified to take over the chairman's position?" A young male journalist started the session with a sharp question.

"At first, I didn't want to entertain your question, but since all of you are eager to know my thought on this, I'll tell you what I think." Susanne took a sidelong glance at all the journalists before responding with a stern voice, "There are no ifs. Vinson is not dead, and he'll return alive. So I don't have any candidate in mind."

"We don't want bad things to happen to Mr. Nightshire either, but we have yet to receive any news about him for a week now. What are the odds of him surviving the ordeal? Have you not thought of a succession plan at all?"

## Obsessed CEO Throws Himself at Me Chapter 1767

### Chapter 1767 Investment Withdrawal

Hearing the crowd claiming that Vinson was no longer around, Susanne felt a pang of anger blaze within her. Nevertheless, she did not let her emotions get the better of her.

I can't get mad at these reporters. Who knows what kind of story they'll try to fabricate? I mustn't let my actions affect Nightshire Group in any way. "I firmly believe that my son will come back alive. So, I will not be making any useless plans right now." "Mrs. Nightshire..."

Noticing how Susanne tried to hold herself together to answer the reporters' questions despite her pale complexion, Rayson interrupted, "We'll stop here for today. Please be merciful and not come up with untrue stories for your articles."

With that, he held Susanne by the arm and led her into the building. Of course, those reporters were unsatisfied as Susanne had only answered two questions throughout the session. Unwilling to let her leave just like that, they swarmed toward her. Yet, before they could get anywhere near her, the security at the entrance stopped them.

Since those reporters could not get more answers, they could only leave with their cameras and head back to work on their press releases.

Meanwhile, Rayson helped Susanne into the elevator. After heading to her office with her, Rayson instructed the secretary to bring her a glass of warm water. Her raging emotions finally eased after she took a few sips of water.

"What are they up to recently?" Susanne recomposed herself and asked. As the series of recent events crossed Rayson's mind, a ruthless glint flashed across his sharp eyes. "They're scrambling around to buy shares."

"Buying shares?" Susanne's heart skipped a beat. "Did anyone sell their shares?"

Rayson shook his head. "Not at the moment. Those small shareholders might be observing the situation by the sidelines too."

Mr. Nightshire's capabilities are evident. The decisions he made all these years have always helped those shareholders earn hefty profits.

Learning that no one had sold their shares yet, Susanne heaved a sigh of relief. Nonetheless, she still reminded Rayson, "If anyone can't take it anymore and decides to sell their shares, you have to buy it back at once."

Rayson nodded. In truth, he thought the same way too.

Given the company's current situation, we cannot afford to lose any shares to the other shareholders anymore.

The company was facing a ripple effect after experiencing a massive drop in stocks. Many companies would rather breach the contract than continue the collaboration with them.

When he shared the news with Susanne, she scowled at once. They're obviously making things more difficult for us now. But what can I do? After all, everyone has the right to make a choice.

"Get back to work..." Susanne rubbed her forehead.

With a nod, Rayson returned to his office.

Just as he entered his room, the phone on his desk rang. Without hesitation, he answered the call.

In the next second, his face darkened tremendously after hearing the news from the other end of the call.

"Are you sure you want to withdraw the investment? You better think twice. If you withdraw now, Mr. Nightshire will never agree to you joining in again when he returns later," Rayson grimly uttered.

Previously, they had gone to great lengths and established many connections to fund the capital investment for the company. Sadly, the investor had decided to pull out in less than a week.

The company's in a difficult situation right now. How can he decide to withdraw investment so easily? Isn't he adding fuel to the fire?

"Mr. Seet, I know it's not a good idea to withdraw my investment now. But please understand that I have my difficulties too."

As the other party was adamant about withdrawing his investment, Rayson had no choice but to divulge the news to Susanne. Well aware that there was no way to persuade someone who had his mind made up, she agreed to his investment withdrawal without hesitation.

"Mrs. Nightshire, our cash flow will be affected if he withdraws now..."

Rayson tried to dissuade Susanne, yet she stopped him from finishing his sentence. "I still have some savings. You can make use of it."

In actuality, Susanne had already made plans beforehand. She then pulled out a card from her bag and passed it to him.

Chapter 1768 Save Her This Time

Holding onto the card, Rayson felt as if it weighed a ton. Deep down, there was a burning urge in him to ask if Susanne wanted to save the money for the rainy days

ahead. But at the same time, he thought it was not a very appropriate question. That'll sound like I'm cursing Mr. Nightshire.

"I'll save this sum of money as our last resort." Meanwhile, on an island on the other side of the ocean, a fifteen-year-old youth and an almost thirty-year-old woman were making their way back after getting off a boat.

The youth stared at the burly woman before him as he asked softly, "Aunt Sophia, can I return to school after this batch of goods gets delivered?"

Everything here is pretty good, but I love the world outside even more. I don't want to stay here any longer. Hearing his words, Sophia stopped in her tracks and whipped her head around to look at him.

"Do you really wish to go out and study so much?"

At the sight of the youth bobbing his head, Sophia frowned. "Isn't it nice here? From food and drinks to daily necessities—we have the best of everything here."

"Aunt Sophia, it is nice here, but I prefer the world outside." The youth raised his head and directed his sparkly gaze toward her. "I want to be with my classmates and make friends with like-minded people. Also, I want to be able to do whatever I want to do."

Seeing the glimmer in his eyes, Sophia furrowed her brows.

"We'll talk about it again."

Having said that, she turned and continued forward.

"All right," the youth responded before following behind soullessly.

"Ow!" Suddenly, he twisted his ankle and fell to the ground.

Sophia hurriedly turned around and asked, "Are you hurt?"

"I-I..." Before he could finish his sentence, he widened his eyes in shock. "Aunt Sophia, there's a woman here."

At that, Sophia reversed her tracks to where he was, only to spot a woman lying on the ground motionlessly. Her brows squeezed together at once.

"Don't mind her," she casually answered and shifted her attention back to him. "How are you? Are you all right?"

The youth got back on his feet and lightly moved his ankle before shaking his head. "I'm fine," he said.

“Let’s get moving then.” While Sophia strode forward, the youth bent down and placed his fingers near the woman’s nose. Realizing that she was still breathing, his eyes lit up. He raised his voice and shouted, “Aunt Sophia, she’s still alive. Can we bring her back?”

When she heard those words, she immediately stopped him.

“Clyde, don’t be nosy!”

God knows who that woman is! What if we stir troubles for ourselves after bringing her back?

“I want to help her, Aunt Sophia. Let’s bring her back.” Thanks to Sophia’s great upbringing, the fifteen-year-old Clyde had a kind heart.

The determination in his eyes was so intense that Sophia eventually gave in.

At that point, the sky gradually turned dark. Walking up to the woman, Sophia, after taking a few glances, noticed that the woman’s body had swelled up, making her face beyond recognition.

Since Clyde wants to save her, I shall be kind and save her this time then.

With that thought in mind, she agreed to the youth’s request to take the woman back with them. Elated, he quickly bent over and carried her on his back.

After their return, he instructed the servant to help the woman wash up and change into clean clothes. Under his request, they also called a doctor over to examine her.

Three days later, the woman still showed no signs of regaining consciousness. Thus, Clyde whispered, “Miss, wake up. Aunt Sophia is going to throw you out if you don’t.”

Just as he was about to leave, he noticed the woman open her eyes.

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## Obsessed CEO Throws Himself at Me Chapter 1769

### Chapter 1769 Unfamiliar Place

Upon opening her eyes, Arielle saw a brown-haired youth gazing at her in surprise. Without waiting for her to say anything, Clyde joyfully broke the silence. “You’ve finally regained your consciousness.

Did you perhaps wake up because you heard what I said earlier? You woke up just in time. Aunt Sophia is really about to throw you out had you not wake up.”

He lowered his voice as he said the last sentence, almost as if he was worried someone might overhear his words. “W-Where…”

Cough! Cough! Arielle wanted to ask where she was after having listened to his rambling. However, her throat was too dry that she began coughing the moment she spoke.

Clyde immediately poured her a glass of water. Arielle took the glass from him and gulped down the water in a few mouthfuls. "Who are you? What is this place? Are you the one who saved me?" Arielle threw Clyde a barrage of questions.

It was fortunate she had learned many languages before. Otherwise, she would not have understood what Clyde was saying. Little did the youth expect that Arielle would understand the language he spoke. Of course, he was overjoyed.

"Hello, I'm Clyde. We're on an island in Irushea. My aunt and I saved you. You've been lying here for the past three days. Aunt Sophia says she will kick you out if you aren't waking up." As he said that, he scratched his head. "Aunt Sophia is just kidding. With me around, she won't do that to you."

Hearing those words, Arielle curled the corners of her lips into a faint smile. This kid really doesn't have his guard up, isn't he?

"It's been a few days since you stayed in bed. Are you hungry?" Clyde thoughtfully queried.

At the mention of that, she realized she was indeed famished. Regardless, she could not care less about her hunger pangs.

"Clyde, am I the only one you guys saved? What's the date today?" Arielle anxiously asked.

"Aunt Sophia and I only saw you, so you're indeed the only one we saved," the youth explained and walked up to the wall to check the calendar. "Today is the third of May."

Third of May...

Arielle's heart sank at once. It has been a week since we jumped off the cruise ship. How is Vinson right now? Did he get saved by anyone?

Overwhelmed by anxiety, she looked at Clyde and asked, "Do you have a phone? Can you lend me for a moment?"

She had wanted to call Susanne and Aaron. Nevertheless, the youth shook his head.

"Miss, I don't have a phone," Clyde whispered. "Aunt Sophia always takes my phone away from me when we enter the island."

That was also why he had never gotten in touch with his classmates for almost a month since his return to the island.

At this point, Arielle's heart sank further. Where exactly is this place? Why must they confiscate his phone upon entry?

A frown formed between her brows. Deep down, she was overwhelmed by her worry for Vinson and Lorraine, but she still tried to keep her emotions hidden.

“Miss, if you want to make a call, I can help you ask Aunt Sophia when she’s back,” Clyde suggested after noticing Arielle becoming solemn and silent.

“All right. Thank you!”

“Wait here. I’ll get someone to cook you some pumpkin soup. You’ll need something to eat since you just woke up.” Right after he spoke, he stood up and headed out.

About half an hour later, Clyde brought over a bowl of piping hot pumpkin soup. The delicious smell instantly made Arielle’s stomach growl in hunger. Looking at the smiling youth, she could not help but curse inwardly.

## Obsessed CEO Throws Himself at Me Chapter 1770

### Chapter 1770 Slave

“Be patient. The pumpkin soup is still steaming hot. Wait till it cools down before you eat.” said Clyde as he placed the bowl of soup on the nightstand.

Nevertheless, Arielle, who was famished, could not wait any further. As Clyde watched with an astonished expression, she struggled to sit up on the bed, grabbed the bowl of pumpkin soup, and started shoving spoonfuls of soup into her mouth while blowing on it.

Only after downing the entire bowl of soup did Arielle feel a lot better though she was still quite weak and feeble.

“Miss, did you manage to eat your fill? There’s still more in the pot,” Clyde attentively asked while staring at her.

Arielle shook her head. I can’t overeat in one go since I just woke up, but small meals throughout the day sound like a good idea. I wonder if they’ll allow me to cook. Oh well, I shouldn’t say anything even if they don’t. I’m thankful enough that they saved me.

“Clyde, did you hear anything regarding the explosion of a cruise ship a few days ago?” Arielle was trying to pry information out of Clyde.

In response, he bobbed his head. Despite not heading out for the past few days, he had learned about the accident through the news since there was a television on the island.

He initially wanted to ask Arielle why she would ask him that question. Yet, before he did, he recalled how her body was swollen when they saved her. Now that I think of it, she did look like she was soaked in water for a long time.

Lifting his gaze at Arielle, he asked, "Don't tell me you were on board that cruise ship?"

She nodded in acknowledgment. Anticipation filled her as she fixed her eyes on Clyde. "Since you know about the explosion, do you know if they've managed to rescue anyone alive?"

The youth shook his head. "Miss, there are only dead bodies so far. No one's alive."

Upon receiving that piece of news, Arielle's expression turned grim. A turmoil of emotions blazed within her.

Her worry for Vinson and Lorraine's safety only grew stronger. Are they as lucky as me and got rescued by someone?

While she was worrying about them, Vinson and Lorraine, after being rescued by a lackey of the slave market, were put up for sale like goods. Before long, someone bought them.

The one who bought them was the daughter of the ruler of the island, named Anna. In actuality, she only had eyes for Vinson, but when she was about to take him away, Vinson told her that Lorraine was his sworn sister and that if she wanted to buy him, she would also have to buy Lorraine. Otherwise, it would be pointless to bring him back alone.

Anna had chosen Vinson simply because of his looks, but it turned out that she loved his character even more. As such, she hastily decided to fork money to buy Lorraine too.

After taking the two of them back, Anna separated them. Then, she brought Vinson to her mansion and got someone to prepare a few sets of men's clothing before ordering him to shower in the servants' room. When he returned, Anna's eyes lit up at once.

This man is really handsome! He's totally my taste. Oh my gosh. Just one glance at him makes my heart pound wildly.

"What's your name? Why would you be sold to the slave market?" Anna rested her chin on her hands as she stared at him curiously while suppressing her raging emotions.

Vinson had yet to have a complete grasp of Anna's identity and the location he was at, and thus, to answer her question, he readily built a response.

"I'm Maddox. The force from the turbulent waves sent me here after the cruise ship exploded. Those people who saved me then sold me to the slave market for trade," Vinson explained in a deep voice.

I can't believe I'd get sold as a slave one day.

Confoundment struck Anna as she did not expect Vinson to be a passenger on the exploded cruise ship. Well, I have to thank that explosion. Otherwise, I won't get to meet this man.