

Obsessed CEO Throws Himself at Me Chapter 1448

Chapter 1448 Only Her

Although Dylan believed he could hide the fact that he was the man in the incriminating photograph, he felt safest if the book was in his hands. With that thought in mind, he approached Arielle, planning to take the book away from her while he handed her the cup of coffee. Alas, Arielle placed the book on the couch where she sat. Dylan could only watch the book as though it was a ticking time bomb.

Arielle received the coffee from him and took a sip. Her eyes lit up in delight.

She did not know that the king could brew a mean cup of coffee. The body of this coffee is excellent!

Dylan's eyes appeared to brighten in joy when he noticed her delight. He looked at her and asked, "Is the wound on your arm almost healed?"

Little did he know that Arielle's wound had opened up again thanks to Aaron.

Arielle shook her head and said, "I accidentally knocked into something, and the wound reopened. I guess it'll take a few more days for it to heal completely."

She had barely finished her sentence when Dylan rushed to her and fretted over her. "Why are you so careless? Did you cover it with a fresh dressing?"

"Why do you care so much about me?" Arielle finally voiced the question brewing in her heart when she saw the worried look in his gaze.

Her sudden query shocked Dylan to no end. His heart skipped a beat, and he gently let go of Arielle's arm before retreating backward.

He stared at Arielle's questioning gaze and pondered a suitable response. He eventually explained, "I invited you here to share your medical expertise. That makes you an esteemed guest of my palace. Caring about my guest is part of my duties, is it not?"

Arielle did not believe his words one bit. If he's telling the truth, there are plenty of better doctors in Chanaea. Even if I'm not here, he can easily find a better expert in the country. Why does it have to be me?

"I suppose you know Maureen Moore," Arielle said nonchalantly as she stared at him. She phrased it as a statement instead of a question.

The mention of Maureen's name caused something inexplicable to flash through Dylan's eyes. She's mine and Maureen's daughter. Why do I feel such a strong urge to acknowledge our relationship once she mentions her mother's name?

Still, in consideration of his current situation, Dylan shook his head gently in denial.

He asked, "I don't know who she is. Why would I know her?"

After that, he stared at Arielle with his heart in his throat. Our daughter is too intelligent. I was just a bit kinder to her, and she almost discovered our relationship. Thank God I reacted quickly, or I would've fallen for her trap.

"You really don't know her?" Arielle challenged, shooting him a dark stare. She did not know why he denied any knowledge of her mother.

"I really don't know who she is." Dylan pretended as though he was utterly clueless about Maureen. He looked at Arielle and added, "Who is she? And I assume she's a woman? Where is she now?"

"If you don't know her, then it's fine." Arielle got to her feet and hugged the book to her chest. She continued, "Anyway, I have other matters on hand, so I won't continue to take up your time."

Since Arielle claimed to be busy, Dylan could hardly keep her in the palace. He accompanied her downstairs and instructed Sybil to arrange for a chauffeur to send her to the hospital.

Arielle furrowed her brows and piped up, "I don't want to go to the hospital. I want to return to Paelsford Manor."

Her words immediately brought a frown to Dylan's face. He argued, "You can't. You haven't recovered from your injuries, so you should stay in the hospital for a few more days. You can return to the manor once they've taken out the stitches."

Arielle shook her head and replied, "I'm a doctor myself. This injury hardly necessitates a stay in the hospital. I don't want to waste their resources. If I don't feel well, I can treat myself at home."

She had not been to medical school or Paelsford Manor for many days. The Wilhelms' prolonged silence was worrying, and she wondered if they were in trouble.

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Chapter 1449 Jealousy

Faced with Arielle's insistence, Dylan stopped pressuring her to go to the hospital.

Still, he cautioned, "Then, monitor yourself carefully when you're resting at home. Apart from that, you shouldn't go to medical school for the time being. When your wound eventually recovers, get it checked one last time at the hospital. There is plenty of staff in Paelsford Manor. Feel free to instruct them to help you around the manor. Don't try to do everything alone and risk injuring yourself further."

His incessant nagging caused Arielle's gaze to darken.

She replied lightly, "I know. Don't worry."

The chauffeur had brought the car over in the meantime. He got out and opened the front passenger door for Arielle. She exchanged a glance with Vinson before settling in the backseat with him. After bidding Dylan farewell, she ordered the chauffeur to drive off.

Having noticed Arielle sitting with her alleged bodyguard in the backseat, Dylan frowned and asked, "Sybil, don't you think the princess is exceptionally kind to her bodyguard?"

His words piqued Sybil's suspicions as well.

"You're right. She even argued with Her Majesty so that he could enter the palace," Sybil muttered.

Dylan's eyes dimmed in response.

Meanwhile, out of the chauffeur's sight, Vinson reached beside him and held Arielle's hand tightly.

Arielle shot him a glance and drew circles in his palm. The ghost of a smile appeared on his face, and he tightened his grip on her hand.

Forty minutes later, the car pulled into Paelsford Manor. Arielle led Vinson into the manor.

During her stay, she maintained a good relationship with the help. When they saw her return with a new bandage around her arm, all of them rushed forward to fawn over her.

"I'm fine. It's just a minor injury," Arielle reassured them with a smile.

The chef piped up, "Would you like to eat anything? I'll prepare it for you right away. Go upstairs and get some rest in the meantime."

"I miss your fish chowder."

"One fish chowder, coming right up."

The chef happily strolled into the kitchen to prepare Arielle's requested dish, while the rest of the help dispersed to perform their own tasks.

Arielle led Vinson upstairs and pointed at a nearby room, explaining, "This is my bedroom. The other one is my parents', and Pat stays in his own room over there."

At the mention of Pat, Arielle raised her brows meaningfully and added, "He seems to like you a lot."

"What's wrong with that? Don't you like me a lot too?" Vinson whispered beside her ear. He had wrapped his arms around her from behind and tucked his chin on her shoulder.

His sudden hug came as a surprise. Arielle elbowed his stomach and hissed, "There are many housekeepers here. I don't want to give our secret away."

In response, Vinson lifted her and turned around. He opened her room door and walked inside.

"Sannie, I didn't like the way you looked at Aaron." With Arielle in his arms, Vinson recalled how she had looked at the prince, and displeasure brimmed in his gaze.

"Vinson, I—"

Before Arielle could say anything more, Vinson had covered her lips with his. He only released her just as she thought she was about to pass out from lack of oxygen. He stared at her swollen, red lips as a subtle hint of darkness flashed through his gaze.

Arielle lifted her eyes and stared at Vinson. She muttered, "Vinson, Aaron could be my younger brother."

"What did you discover?" Vinson asked as he stared intently at her.

Arielle explained her discovery in the study and how it tied in with Vinson's earlier theory.

"But when I asked the king if he knew my mother, he said he didn't," Arielle said with a frown.

Vinson could tell from her words that she already had a new plan in mind. He asked, "What's your next step?"

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Chapter 1450 Paternity Test

Arielle's brows were tightly furrowed in displeasure as she replied to Vinson, "I was planning on doing a paternity test with him, but it could be challenging to get a sample."

There were several methods of conducting paternity tests, though each was difficult to carry out under Arielle's circumstances.

Vinson suggested, "If you can't get anything from the king, what about Aaron?"

Now that he knew Aaron was possibly Arielle's younger brother, his animosity toward the man had reduced significantly.

"Aren't you unhappy about my interactions with him?" Arielle looked at her husband and continued, "You got jealous when I spare him even a single glance." Subconsciously, Arielle's hand traced her swollen lips.

Vinson smirked. Well, things are different now.

He did not know that Aaron was potentially her younger brother. Now that their familial relationship was a distinct possibility, Vinson was open to the idea of changing his jealous behavior toward the man. I mean, I still don't like him, but I'm no longer as averse to him as before.

"So, will you follow my suggestion?"

"Vinson, if the king is truly my biological father..." Arielle trailed off hesitantly. She lowered her eyes in indecision.

Sensing her turmoil, Vinson wrapped her in a hug and advised tenderly, "Let's not worry so far ahead. We should confirm if he's truly your birth father first. We can think about the rest later."

She leaned into his embrace and nodded.

Arielle felt as though she was becoming more dependent on Vinson. In the past, she would have dealt with every problem that came her way alone, regardless of its complexity. However, ever since she met Vinson and started a relationship with him, she was always a little reliant on him when she ran into trouble.

She could not tell if her dependence on him was a bad thing. After all, having someone trustworthy to rely on was a happy and fortunate thing in life.

While Arielle and Vinson happily embraced each other at Paelsford Manor, Aaron was stewing in jealousy in the corner of a bar.

“Would you like a drink, mister?” A woman that was dressed revealingly came over with a drink in hand when she saw Aaron brooding silently in a corner. His cold and haughty demeanor intrigued her.

She bent down and practically put her assets in full view of Aaron. Then, she looked at him with her large, doe eyes and enchanting gaze. Her voice was soft and seductive.

Aaron looked at her and spat, “Get lost!”

She had not expected him to be this hostile, yet it only boosted her interest in him. No man had ever escaped her charms alive.

“Playing hard to get, I see.” The woman arched a brow and teased, “I like that!”

After that, she moved to face Aaron directly and placed a hand on his seat, intending to lean into him. To her dismay, Aaron pushed her away and glared daggers at her. He threatened, “Get lost. Don’t make me repeat myself.”

His frosty tone left no room for misinterpretation. The woman finally realized what was going on. He’s not playing hard to get. He just doesn’t like women!

She dared not test her luck further and scrambled off in search of her next target.

“What’s wrong? Isn’t she totally your type?” Bernd wheeled himself over to Aaron, stunned after witnessing his friend’s fierce dismissal of the woman.

Aaron vehemently downed the remaining pint of his beer and said, “That was in the past!”

“Bad mood?” Bernd arched a brow questioningly.

Aaron placed his empty mug on the table and looked at his friend. He asked, “Bernd, how would you make a woman fall in love with you?”

At the moment, he looked as lost as a child.

Bernd returned his stare and deadpanned, “You’re the prince, for God’s sake! Which woman wouldn’t be dying to marry you? Why waste your mind on such a useless concern?”