

Obsessed CEO Throws Himself at Me Chapter 1451

Chapter 1451 Obsessed

Aaron refilled his pint and took a gulp. He replied to Bernd, "Well, someone doesn't like me. In fact, I think she hates me."

As he spoke, an image of Arielle came to mind, and his heart twisted with pain. I like her so much. So why doesn't she return my feelings one bit? I wish I could lock her up and keep her by my side forever.

After some thought, Bernd uttered, "Maybe her heart already belongs to another. If she's single, she's hardly going to refuse you."

Bernd had never liked a girl in his life, and he could not begin to imagine what that would feel like. When he saw the typically unruffled prince brooding over a woman, he became frightened that he would end up the same in the future. The thought was almost too scary to fathom.

A murderous glint flashed through Aaron's eyes then.

If Vinson's dead, does that mean Arielle will like me? Adrenaline suddenly began to course through his veins.

"Bernd, I have to head out for something. Are you going back, or will you be staying here a little longer?"

Bernd had barely warmed his seat when Aaron mentioned that he was leaving. Resignedly, he mumbled, "I'm going back."

His leg had not recovered, and he could not drink alcohol for the time being. He was only there to accompany Aaron. Now that Aaron was leaving, Bernd did not see a point in staying behind.

"I'll send you home then," Aaron offered. He knew that his sudden departure was rather impolite to his friend, yet he could not tamper down the urgency in his heart when he thought of his brilliant idea to win Arielle's affections. He had to leave and set his plans into motion right away.

Aaron's anxiety spoke volumes about the urgency of his business. Bernd tactfully waved off his friend and said, "My chauffeur's waiting for me outside. You can head off first."

Aaron got up and clapped his friend on the shoulder, saying, "You're a good friend. Once your leg's all better, I'll send you a nice gift."

As he strode out of the bar, he remembered the limited-edition sports car that Bernd had always wanted but could never get his hands on. Aaron was determined to get the car for his friend no matter the price.

Meanwhile, Bernd scratched his head in confusion, clueless to what Aaron planned to do. He slowly wheeled himself out of the bar.

After leaving the bar, Aaron immediately returned to his mansion. He had four visas prepared before summoning the four men who had accompanied him to Chanaea in the past.

“Mr. Aaron, do you have an assignment for us?”

Aaron’s sharp gaze roved over the men as he announced, “These are your visas. Travel to Chanaea immediately and track Vinson Nightshire down. Do anything it takes to end his life.”

“Understood!” They received Aaron’s proffered visas and disappeared into the night.

Aaron’s eyes had begun to take on a crazed look as he muttered, “You’ll belong to me eventually, Ari.”

At the medical school, the students fretted over Arielle’s prolonged absence.

“We haven’t had Dr. Moore’s classes in days. I wonder if she has recovered from her injuries.”

“Her lectures are really thorough. As long as I pay attention in class, I can fully understand the content.”

The Wilhelms came out of the laboratory and overheard the students’ conversation. The couple exchanged a glance between themselves, and Andrea hurriedly whipped out her phone to call Arielle. They had been busy with experiments over the past few days and practically lived in the laboratory. As such, they were unaware of Arielle’s injury.

Thankfully, they had picked up some Turlenese while they were here, or they would not have learned about Arielle’s injury.

Obsessed CEO Throws Himself at Me Chapter 1452

Chapter 1452 A Sweet Morning

The Wilhelms had planned on taking a quick shower before returning to the laboratory. After overhearing the students’ conversation about Arielle’s injury, they decided to rush home to check on their adopted daughter instead.

Back at Paelsford Manor, Arielle had just finished building a Lego structure with Pat when her phone started to ring.

She checked the caller ID, and her eyes crinkled with a smile. "Hey, Mom."

"San, I heard that you were injured. What happened? Is it serious? Where are you now?"

Andrea's barrage of questions caused Arielle's lips to curve with a smile. The older woman's concern warmed her heart.

Arielle assured her, "I'm fine. It's a minor injury to my arm. It'll recover in a couple of days. Don't worry."

"Are you really okay?" Andrea barreled on without awaiting Arielle's reply, "Never mind. Let us know where you are. Your dad and I will come and check on you. Only that'll soothe our nerves."

"I'm at home. Pat says you haven't come home in a few days, and he's upset that you didn't call him about it." Arielle smiled as she looked at the pouting Pat beside her.

Andrea slapped her forehead in response. She exclaimed, "Oh dear! We were so busy that we forgot all about Pat."

The next day, Arielle woke up in Vinson's arms. She had arranged for him to sleep in the neighboring room, yet he had snuck over to her bedroom while the help was sound asleep.

She groggily fumbled for her phone on the nightstand. When she saw the time, she elbowed Vinson lightly in the stomach and whispered, "Vinson, it's almost five. You should go back to your room before anyone sees you."

Arielle's voice was tender and thick with sleep.

Vinson was already awake before Arielle got up. He tightened his arms around his wife and pressed his chin below her ear. With his rich, magnetic baritone, he muttered, "But I don't want to leave."

He was too comfortable on the bed with Arielle in his arms, and he did not wish to leave. Stretching his arm, he took her hand and placed it on his body. Arielle was instantly wide awake, and she retracted her hand as though scalded. Her face flushed as red as a tomato.

"Vinson!" she called out abashedly.

Vinson flipped around and pressed her body beneath his. His dark eyes were brimming with tenderness, and Arielle blushed even more fiercely as she met his gaze.

Her blush was like catnip to him. Vinson could not resist bending down to capture her lips in a voracious kiss.

Arielle moaned involuntarily, which only served to heighten his desire. Deftly, Vinson began to undress her.

Over an hour later, Vinson carried Arielle out of the bathroom and helped her to change. Then, he carefully dried her hair.

Arielle's repeated yawning led Vinson to coax, "You should sleep a little longer."

"Okay." Arielle's reply was muffled as she covered her mouth to yawn.

Vinson smirked and carried her to the bed. After tucking her in, he kissed her lightly on the forehead and left the room.

Thankfully, the housekeepers were bustling around downstairs, so no one paid attention to the bedrooms above.

Once Vinson returned to his room, he took out his phone and called Harvey, instructing the latter to return to Chanaea. Harvey frowned when he received Vinson's call.

He replied, "I think it's better if I wait for you guys here."

Harvey was worried about leaving Arielle and Vinson alone in Turlen. After all, they had not uncovered the identity of Arielle's assailant, and he was worried that they would run into more trouble without any help in sight.

Things would be different if Harvey stayed behind. He had learned Turlenese from Xavier and met his friend Dillon. The three of them hung out frequently and had established an extensive network in the area. Should Arielle and Vinson run into trouble, Harvey could easily leverage his contacts to save them.

Obsessed CEO Throws Himself at Me Chapter 1453

Chapter 1453 Keep Her Happy

Harvey shared his concerns and thoughts with Vinson, who fell silent in thought.

Vinson could not deny the logic in Harvey's words, but he thought it was selfish to keep Harvey in Turlen for their safety.

“But Old Mr. Jupiter—” Vinson barely mentioned the Jupiter family patriarch when Harvey cut in, “Don’t worry about Grandpa. He already knew that I wouldn’t be home so soon when I set off to Turlen. You’re as close as a brother to me, so don’t feel bad about me staying. We came here together, and we’re leaving together.”

“Thank you, Harvey.” Vinson was immensely grateful.

They continued chatting for a while longer before ending the call.

When Harvey found out that Vinson was already staying with Arielle, his heart churned with a mix of emotions. He took a can of beer from the fridge and opened it, downing a few gulps at one go.

Xavier came out of his room to the sight of Harvey’s day drinking. Shocked, he asked, “Why are you drinking in the morning?”

“You want some?” Harvey shook the can in his hands. Xavier shook his head; he disliked having alcohol in the morning.

At Paelsford Manor, Arielle eventually got out of bed at ten. A chauffeur had already sent Pat to school by the time she awoke. Vinson was handling some company matters on her laptop when he heard her opening her door. He closed the laptop before leaving his room.

He arched a brow and looked at her, asking, “Are you hungry?”

Arielle’s stomach rumbled in response. A faint blush tinged her cheeks, and she pretended to be calm as she replied, “I suppose your guess is correct.”

Vinson smirked, enjoying the sight of his wife’s bashful look. He stared at her lovingly and said, “The kitchen kept some breakfast for you.”

“But I want to eat your homemade tomato carbonara,” Arielle muttered, shooting him a pleading gaze.

She did not know why, but she felt a sudden urge to eat his homecooked meals.

Vinson raised his brow at that. Not a problem! As long as my wife wants it, I’ll do everything I can to satisfy her cravings.

“All right. Wait for a bit. I’ll make some for you right now.” With that, he ruffled her hair fondly and went downstairs.

Arielle stared at his back and smiled. She followed him downstairs and settled into the couch to reply to Sam’s text.

Sam had texted her earlier, asking when she would return to Chanaea. They were wrapping up filming in half a month, and the only scenes left to shoot were hers. Arielle scrunched her brows in frustration. It might be too late if I ask him to find a replacement.

After some thought, she texted him back: I'll give you an answer in a week.

On the other hand, Vinson headed straight for the kitchen once he was downstairs. With his dark expression, cold demeanor, and imposing aura, the staff in the kitchen immediately froze in fear upon his arrival.

Their reaction brought a frown to Vinson's face. He wanted to tell them that they could leave the kitchen, yet he could not speak a word of Turlenese. Eventually, he silently focused on cooking for Arielle.

He took two tomatoes and eggs out of the fridge. After dicing the former, he cracked the eggs into a bowl and beat them evenly. Then, he sliced some scallions and switched on the stove before heating some oil in a pan. Once the oil was sufficiently heated, he added the diced tomatoes and scallions and stir-fried them.

The success of his tomato carbonara depended on this step. It was vital for the tomatoes to release their juices and bring the sauce together. He added a bit of salt to encourage the tomatoes to soften.

Once the tomatoes had fully released their juices, he added a bit of water, ketchup, and soy sauce. In a separate pot, he boiled some water and cooked a handful of spaghetti. He then added the eggs to the tomato mixture in the pan and finished the sauce. Finally, Vinson poured the sauce over the cooked spaghetti and served up a steaming, delicious plate of tomato carbonara.

Obsessed CEO Throws Himself at Me Chapter 1454

Chapter 1454 You Are Too Good

Arielle was still frowning in the living room, but after Vinson brought the bowl of pasta to her, her face lit up immediately. Setting down the pasta on the table, he asked, "What happened?"

"Sam texted me to ask when I will go back and finish my parts. He said there's still half a month left until the movie is completed. I told him I will give him an answer in one week," Arielle replied.

Then, she bent down to sniff at the pasta. Instantly, the aroma of the tomato carbonara triggered her appetite. Vinson watched her adoringly as she took the cutlery and started enjoying the savory food.

Seeing that Vinson was looking at Arielle affectionately, the housekeeper widened her eyes in surprise. Suddenly, she felt an icy glare on her. Shuddering, she hurriedly slipped out of the living room.

After the meal, Arielle went out to take a stroll with Vinson following behind. They had been together for a long time, but it was the first time that they had such peaceful days.

Throughout the walk, Vinson's gentle gaze was fixed on his wife, who was in front of him.

Five days soon went by in the blink of an eye. Vinson and Pat learned Turlenese from Arielle. As Vinson was a fast learner, he quickly mastered the language in five days and was able to converse in Turlenese with Arielle. On the other hand, Pat was very envious of Vinson because he was still struggling with it.

"You're too good, bro." Pat looked at Vinson admiringly.

Vinson touched his head gently and smiled. "You will be like me when you grow older. Who knows, you might even be better than me."

Pat widened his eyes in disbelief. "You really think so?"

Vinson nodded. "I never lie, Pat."

Vinson's words left Pat in an excited mood as he marveled at the possibility of him being as good as Vinson or even exceeding him.

Arielle shook her head as she watched the two of them. Guys seemed to be able to befriend each other easily. Two days ago, Pat was still addressing Vinson as "Vin", and now he's calling him "bro".

"Can you keep him company? I'm going to take a nap," Arielle said. She didn't have enough sleep last night because of Vinson, and since Pat didn't have to go to school that day, he woke her up early in the morning to talk to her. Even if it was barely noon time, she was already too tired to keep her eyes open.

Seeing that Arielle was really tired, Vinson nodded. "Go and get some rest. I'll keep him accompanied."

Arielle went back to her bedroom and fell into a deep sleep the moment she lay down on her bed. When she woke up, it was two hours later.

"San, do you want some fruits?" Pat called out from downstairs when he heard Arielle opening the door.

"Yes, save some for me," Arielle replied as she walked down the stairs.

After she sat down between Pat and Vinson, Pat immediately picked up a slice of apple with his fork and gave it to her. Unwilling to be outdone by Pat, Vinson also picked up a strawberry and fed it to Arielle. After she took a bite of the strawberry, Vinson finished the rest of it.

Sybil, who was there to send Arielle fruits on Dylan's orders, happened to see the bodyguard and the princess together intimately. Feeling awkward, he was unsure whether to greet Arielle or leave when the woman noticed him standing in the doorway.

"You're here!" Arielle stood up and walked to the door to welcome Sybil in.

"Here are some freshly imported fruits. His Majesty would like you to try them," Sybil said as he handed the basket of fruits to Arielle.

As Arielle accepted the basket of fruits, she thought of how well Dylan had treated her. For the past few days, he had sent her lots of delicacies and rare items.

Obsessed CEO Throws Himself at Me Chapter 1455

Chapter 1455 Heart Aching For Her

"Help me thank His Majesty," Arielle said.

After Sybil went back, he reported to Dylan about Arielle and Vinson's interaction.

Dylan was silent for a while before he broke into a smile.

"That rascal. He managed to sneak in and stay by Arielle's side."

Sybil widened his eyes in surprise. "What do you mean, Your Majesty? Are you saying that the bodyguard is the Princess' husband?" he asked.

Dylan nodded. Arielle won't be so close to anyone other than Vinson. He has done a good job of concealing his identity.

Meanwhile, Arielle had no idea that Dylan had already discovered Vinson's identity. Frowning, she looked at Vinson and said, "You've seen how concerned he is about me. I think..."

Arielle stopped halfway when she recalled that Dylan said he didn't know who Maureen was. His words had upset her a lot.

"Aren't we going to the medical school tomorrow? Let's get some samples from Aaron. Once the paternity test results are out, you can show His Majesty and he will have nothing to say," Vinson said.

Arielle nodded. It was the only course of action they could take now.

At around five in the afternoon, the Wilhelms came back from the medical school that they had been staying at for the past two weeks. As they knew that Vinson was under disguise, they weren't too surprised to see him.

When Vinson saw them, a smile appeared on his usually stern face. "Is the experiment over?"

"Yes, it's been almost two weeks," Andrea replied. Turning to Arielle, she asked, "How is your injury? Have you recovered fully?"

Arielle took Andrea's arm gently and replied, "The doctors have removed my stitches. I can go back to the school tomorrow."

Despite Arielle saying that she was fine, Andrea was still worried about her. When she rolled up Arielle's sleeve and saw the scar on her arm, her heart ached for her.

"The scar is nothing, Mom. I'll cover it up tomorrow so that you won't see it," Arielle said.

"I'm not worried about the scar! My heart aches to see that you're hurt." Andrea poked Arielle gently on the forehead as she spoke.

Arielle smiled as she continued hugging Andrea's arm. How wonderful it is to be cared for! If my biological mother is still alive, I think she will love me as much as Mrs. Wilhelm does. But it's all right. I still have the Wilhelms as my adoptive parents who love me and care for me as their own.

Arielle had grown into an exceptional young lady not only because of her own talent but also the Wilhelms' efforts in educating her.

"I'm so lucky to have you in my life," Arielle whispered.

Andrea's eyes reddened with tears when she heard what Arielle said. Since young, Arielle had been a sensible and sensitive child. Although she looked as if she was close to her and Hubert, she was in fact slightly distant from them. Despite Arielle's efforts to mask it, she couldn't hide it from Andrea and Hubert.

They tried taking her to therapy sessions but it ended up worse. In the end, they had no choice but to approach her with patience until she warmed up to them. Now that they were a family, Andrea felt contented. Patting Arielle gently on the shoulder, she exchanged grateful glances with Hubert.

With the Wilhelms back, the dinner that night was more sumptuous than usual. After dinner, Arielle asked Hubert and Andrea to rest early in their room.

It must be hard to fall asleep in the lab every night.

The next day, Arielle woke up early to go to medical school. After breakfast, she took her bag and prepared to leave when a book suddenly dropped out of it.