

## Obsessed CEO Throws Himself at Me Chapter 1072

“No matter what, you should have told me the truth when we first met,” Susanne reprimanded with feigned anger.

Although her tone was harsh, she could not blame Arielle for hiding her identity.

It was obvious that Arielle had returned to avenge her deceased mother.

Susanne shared the same sentiment, but her status prevented her from intervening. After Maureen’s death, the thought of revenge niggled at her mind. With resentment for injustice plaguing her, Susanne had tried to covertly collect damning evidence, but to no avail.

Now that the instigators had gotten what they deserved, she felt like a burden had been lifted off her shoulders.

“I’m having a birthday party of sorts next month. If they’re not too busy, I would love it if your parents could come,” Susanne invited after some contemplation.

A smile bloomed across Arielle’s face as she nodded. “All right, I’ll pass the message on.”

The truth was, Arielle had planned to set up a traditional Chanaean medicine hospital in Chanaea once Maureen’s Kitchen and Moore Group found their footing. She hoped that her adoptive parents would move to Chanaea and run the hospital.

Both the psychologists admired ancient Chanaean medicine, so there was no doubt that they would agree to it.

“While you’re at it, remember to ask them about being my goddaughter,” Hans reminded urgently.

While it might seem a tad bit disrespectful to take his mentor as his goddaughter, Hans could not pass up on the chance to build a stronger bond with the brilliant woman.

“All right. I’ll be visiting Lightspring next week, so I’ll be sure to ask them then,” Arielle promised.

“Lightspring? Are you going back to visit your parents?” Susanne questioned.

Arielle shook her head no. “I plan to visit Maxwell University.”

“Maxwell University!”

A memory resurfaced in Susanne’s mind. Back at the auditorium, Arielle had told her she had graduated from Maxwell University.

At that time, Susanne was shocked to hear it, albeit pleasantly so, but she assumed Arielle had fabricated the story to provoke Donovan.

Does this mean that she didn’t lie out of pure spite?

Susanne unwittingly voiced her inner thoughts, to which Arielle replied with a wry smile, “Why would I lie about this?”

Susanne was shaken to the core.

She was beginning to realize what she had rejected in favor of Wendy.

A priceless treasure, that's what! Mr. Jewell was right; I would have let a gem slip right through my fingers if I turned down Arielle! There is no one more suited for Vinson than her.

"All right, then. Enjoy your trip! Let me know if you ever need anything," Susanne offered. "Also, I lost the chess game to you, fair and square. Since you've won the bet, you're in charge of my birthday party!" she added as an afterthought.

The underlying notion was that Susanne finally approved of Arielle.

Relief coursed through Arielle's veins. "Sure!" she agreed decisively.

That night, word about Arielle's impressive skills spread among the socialites like wildfire, with Susanne being the source of it all. She boasted about Arielle's ingenuity that allowed her to excel in programming and chess, making sure to highlight how the young woman had gained the title of "Hans Jewell's mentor" after beating him in a round of chess.

Naturally, she did not disclose any information about Arielle's relation to the Wilhelms.

News of that magnitude would be best delivered by the protagonists themselves, and her birthday party would be the perfect event to do so.

The socialites were bored women whose sole purpose was to gossip. It would take mere days for Arielle's capabilities to be made known to the entire elite circle of Chanaea.

In the elite circle, recruiting talents was the best way to secure their high status, and it was evident that Arielle was a highly sought-after talent.

As expected, news traveled quickly. Even Cecilia, who resided in Horington, had caught wind of it.

"Arielle..." she growled through gritted teeth.

The glory should have belonged to Wendy, but the Greenes had fallen from grace. Cecilia was not even aware that she had been excluded from the socialite meetings until Trevor told her.

"Darn it, darn it!" Cecilia kicked a stool over in a fit.