

Obsessed CEO Throws Himself at Me Chapter 1343

Indeed, Aaron's taste buds were on point. The spicy beef stew Arielle cooked was definitely better than the one served at Maureen's Kitchen. It was mainly due to the ingredients available, as they were all premium goods. Hence, the outcome would always be better when compared to Maureen's Kitchen. However, Maureen's Kitchen still had the best food compared to the other restaurants.

Arielle noticed that although Aaron was eating hastily, he still seemed very elegant. He must be someone of status. Otherwise, he wouldn't be so conscious about dining etiquette. In that case, it's even better for me. If he's an influential person, he can help me find my biological father with ease.

When they were done with the meal, Andrea helped Arielle clean up. Aaron had already left because someone came looking for him prior to that. By the time Arielle and the others were done cleaning up, the cruise ship was still stopped at the same spot.

"Dad, does your phone have reception yet?" Arielle was eager to get ahold of Vinson. She was anxious because she didn't see him waking up personally.

Hubert knew Arielle was trying to contact Vinson. He shook his head and answered, "No. There's no reception, and I still can't make a call."

Arielle's heart sank when she heard that. However, she tried to cheer herself up. Since I was the one who did the surgery on him, I'm sure he'll be fine. Despite what she thought, she was still worried about him.

Meanwhile, at Turlen, a man in a plaid shirt and a white suit was walking down the street with a suitcase. That man was none other than the detective Vinson spent hundreds of millions to employ—Xavier. At that point, Xavier had already spent more than half a month learning Turlenese. At last, he'd gotten into the country along with a friend of his.

"Dillon, I'm going to find a hotel to stay in. Do contact me if there's anything, okay?" Xavier said to a gentle-looking man that was on the short side. Dillon was a friend he made at the border.

As a detective, Xavier's capabilities were unquestionable. Not only did he have incredible deduction abilities, but he was also very observant. He met Dillon when he was approaching the border.

When Xavier saw him, he looked disheveled while sitting by the roadside. At first glance, Xavier could tell that he wasn't just an average Joe. With the idea of how convenient it would be if he had a friend around, Xavier went up to him and inquired about his situation. What Xavier found out was that Dillon was mugged, and he had lost his wallet. Not only did he lose his identification documents, but he also had no money on him. Upon hearing that, Xavier whipped out a stack of cash and handed it to him.

Dillon was like a naive twenty-year-old man, and it seemed like that was the first time he had ventured out on his own. Hence, he was incredibly grateful for the help Xavier had given him. He told Xavier everything that had happened to him and became friends with him.

"Eric, don't stay at the hotel here. Come and stay at my house, okay? My house is huge, so it'll be fine." Dillon invited Xavier to stay over at his house enthusiastically. After all, Xavier was the first friend he made abroad.

Xavier was tempted, but after thinking it through, he turned Dillon down. Although he looks innocent, the same might not apply to his family members. Things will get tricky if my cover is compromised.

"I appreciate your kindness, but I could never get used to staying over at somebody else's home. I hope you don't take it the wrong way." Xavier smiled.

"Oh, okay, then. Anyway, my house is located in the most prosperous part of this street. If you need anything, just ring me up," Dillon scratched his head and uttered.

"Sure! Thank you!" Xavier answered with a smile.

After parting ways with Dillon, Xavier dragged his suitcase along and went to look for a hotel. He eventually found one that looked seemingly pleasant on the outside and walked in.