

Obsessed CEO Throws Himself at Me Chapter 1373

Aaron was about to burst from rage. How is Vinson better than me? She keeps talking about him. I'm the Prince of Turlen!

"I'll let you know I'm a thousand times better than Vinson!" Aaron tossed the bouquet of roses into her lap angrily and plopped into the couch.

Arielle grabbed the bouquet subconsciously. Finding his furious expression adorable, she went up to him and ruffled his hair. "All right. Don't be angry. I should be the one getting angry."

"What? No one's angry. I'm not angry," Aaron insisted stubbornly.

Hey! How could she touch my head? Doesn't she know how much I hate others touching my head? His eyes darted around. Arielle might've touched his head, but he didn't find it repulsive. In fact, it gave him an affectionate feeling.

"All right, you're not mad." Arielle threw the roses back to him. "I'm going to the medical school the day after tomorrow. When are you going to teach me Turlenese? It's hard to communicate with my students if I don't know how to speak Turlenese."

Aaron straightened his back and handed the roses to the housekeeper. He told the housekeeper to deal with the roses before turning back to Arielle.

"I'll start teaching you now."

Aaron spent the entire afternoon teaching Arielle Turlenese in Paelsford Manor. He was usually snobbish, but right then, he was a serious and strict teacher.

"I know you have photographic memory, but I had no idea you're a genius in language," Aaron commented in surprise.

Arielle snorted and shot him a smirk. "Young man, I'm amazing, right?"

"You'll have to thank me for being a good teacher," Aaron huffed. She might be older than me, but there's no reason for her to call me "young man."

"You're right." Arielle rested her chin on her palm and gazed at him. She then reached out to pinch his cheek. "Thanks! You're a great teacher. Keep it up!"

Aaron had seen her pinch Pat countless times, but he didn't know she'd also pinch him. His ears turned red as he said hastily, "I need to go. I just remembered that I have something else to do." With that, he fled the scene.

The next day, in a hospital in Chanaea.

"How are you? Do you feel unwell?" Susanne asked the minute Vinson opened his eyes.

Vinson shook his head weakly and took in the antiseptic smell wafting in the air. Frowning, he asked, "Mom, why are you here? When did you come to Lightspring?"

Lightspring?

Susanne was instantly overwhelmed with anxiety. Is my son ill?

She gazed at Vinson and told him, "You're in a hospital in Chanaea."

Hospital? Why am I in a hospital?

Susanne shot him a worried look. "Don't you remember anything?"

Vinson shook his head helplessly, for he seemed to have forgotten what happened.

"You received Blake's call and flew back from Lightspring. After questioning Geoffrey, you wanted to head to Turlen to look for Sannie," Susanne reminded him.

Hearing that, Vinson finally regained snippets of his memory.

Susanne was worried sick when she recalled how he fainted at the door. "Vinson, are you really all right?" she asked.

"I'm fine. I guess I didn't get enough rest after the surgery and got muddled. Don't worry. It's nothing serious," Vinson comforted her while massaging his temples.

Despite hearing him say so, Susanne didn't relax. His memory is muddled up. How could I not worry about him? Not wanting Vinson to worry about her, she didn't show her concern on her face.

"Mm. I'm glad you're fine. If you feel unwell, remember to tell me or the doctor," Susanne reminded him.