

Obsessed CEO Throws Himself at Me Chapter 1427

Chapter 1427 Planned

And once Arielle persuaded him to stay, the plan would be a success.

As though he had made a tough decision, Vinson turned to Dylan and Arielle and nodded. "Since Ms. Moore has said so, I guess I have no other choice but to agree."

Arielle curled her lips into a smirk. What a waste that he isn't an actor! On the other hand, Dylan was delighted upon hearing his words.

After all, it was the first request Arielle had asked of him. If he failed to do it, it would be embarrassing for him. He did not want Arielle to recall this matter in the future when they acknowledged each other and thought that he was an incapable father who could not even hire a bodyguard.

Therefore, he was elated to learn that Vinson had agreed to be Arielle's bodyguard. That would only not provide ample protection for Arielle but also save his pride.

Nonetheless, he believed that one bodyguard was not enough. I still have no idea who the mastermind is. I should enlist more bodyguards. At that thought, he turned to Arielle and said, "For your safety, I've decided to send more men to follow you."

She furrowed her brows. "Thank you for the offer, Your Majesty. It's just that I don't like too many people following me around."

She did not see the need to have more bodyguards with Vinson's presence.

Dylan waved his hand dismissively, gesturing to Arielle that there was no need to persuade him. She's my daughter; how can I allow anything to happen to her again?

"Ms. Moore, I know you don't like many people following you, but this is an entirely different situation. No one will be able to imagine the consequences if someone attacks you again."

Yet, his kind intention had put Arielle in a difficult spot.

Watching Dylan's behavior from one side, Vinson instinctively scrunched his brows tightly. He thought the former was giving off a strange vibe. Though Arielle is the doctor the country invited over, isn't his concern a little too excessive?

I finally escaped being spied on and made Vinson my bodyguard. Yet now, he wants to add more bodyguards around me. That's going to get in the way. Arielle's eyes glowed as she thought.

Suddenly, an idea came into her mind. Looking at Dylan, she remarked, "If that is so, I shall thank you in advance then, Your Majesty. It's just that..."

Arielle pretended to look as if a little hesitant to speak. Seeing her unconvinced look, Dylan said, "Go ahead and say anything on your mind. I'll try my best to fulfill them as long as they're within my capabilities."

That was what she had been waiting to hear from him!

Averting her gazes to Dylan, she frowned as she explained, "Having so many people protect me will surely attract attention and cause suspicions."

Convinced that Arielle made a lot of sense, Dylan fell into deep pondering.

Since someone has tried to assassinate Arielle, who knows when comes the next ambush? I've only thought of increasing security personnel but failed to consider how too many people around her will attract even more attention. By doing that, it's equivalent to telling everyone that she's an important person the country highly protects. It seems like there's a need to think of a perfect countermeasure.

Guessing what was going through Dylan's mind, Vinson suggested, "It's fine to add more bodyguards to safeguard Ms. Moore's safety. If you're afraid it's too eye-catching, a good option will be for them to follow in the dark."

Dylan was instantly enlightened by Vinson's suggestion.

"That's a fair point. We shall do that, then. Fortify protection in the dark. Avoid affecting Ms. Moore's daily life and arousing the attention of others."

Dylan was a fast learner. Vinson only proposed a viable idea, and he would follow quickly.

As much as it seemed like a suggestion from Vinson, it was, in truth, pre-planned by the man.

Luckily His Majesty isn't suspicious at all and follows whatever I say.

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Chapter 1428 A Search

"All right! We shall proceed with your commands. Since you're now Ms. Moore's personal bodyguard, you'll be fully in charge of the rest of the matters. As for the other bodyguards, Morrison will bring you to select them after Ms. Moore's discharge from the hospital."

“Sure.” Vinson nodded in acknowledgment. Of course, he had to put in extra hard work at the selection of bodyguards for Arielle.

After, Dylan sat down and engaged in a small talk with Arielle for a while longer.

He was like a father as he asked her if she needed anything, wished to eat anything or do anything, and what interests she had.

In any case, he had thrown a lot of questions for a really long time.

Arielle could not get used to Dylan’s enthusiasm. However, at the thought that he was the leader of the nation yet had once lowered his status to be her tour guide, she reckoned it was not a good idea to brush him off, so she eventually shared with him her interests truthfully. When Dylan received the answers he wanted, he left joyfully.

He had made such a hasty visit this round mainly because he wanted to check on Arielle himself. Having verified that she had sustained only minor injuries and was not in a life-threatening condition, he could finally be at ease.

About half an hour later, various types and sizes of fruit baskets filled the entire ward. Someone claiming to be Dylan’s personal chef also paid his visit, explaining that he would be entirely in charge of Arielle’s meals during her stay in the hospital.

Arielle and Vinson exchanged glances. What does that supposed to mean?

The man picked up a tropical fruit in his hand, with puzzlement written across his face. “Don’t you think His Majesty behaves rather odd toward you?”

Arielle nodded firmly. “Yes, indeed!”

She shared the same sentiments—that Dylan had viewed her with high importance.

“Do you think he knows something about your father?” Vinson finally popped the question after staying silent for a long moment.

Arielle cocked an eyebrow and looked at him. “Why would you say that?”

She could not even bear to think of that!

“It’s none other than his attitude toward you that raises my suspicions,” Vinson solemnly said as he gazed into her eyes. “The fact that he can use His Majesty’s name to study abroad at Chanaea implies that this person has a good relationship with His Majesty. Even if he gets exposed that he’s not the real Dylan, he won’t be held accountable for the consequences.”

The more he analyzed, the more he thought he made sense.

Arielle was dumbstruck by Vinson's words. Could it be like what Vinson says?

However, on second thought, she reckoned that scenario was impossible. If His Majesty is acquainted with my father, why didn't he tell me anything while I'm here for so long?

"Vinson, your analysis sounds so logical I almost believe you. But I don't think that's truly the case. If he has news about my father, why didn't he tell me about it despite my time here?" Arielle raised a brow and stared at the man as she spoke. That inevitably made him doubtful of whether he had indeed analyzed it wrongly.

Standing up, Vinson peeled an apple and passed it to Arielle. "Well, that makes sense too. Let's change our direction and continue searching, then."

Arielle bobbed her head since she had coincidentally thought the same way.

"Following my original plan, I'm thinking of investigating in secret. But I don't think this method works anymore since his name is fake. Our only lead is his photo." She paused slightly before adding, "Let's do a high-profile search. Print copies of his photos and paste them along the streets. I'm sure he'll contact us if he sees it."

She believed that was the only way out at that point.

Conversely, Vinson frowned, an obvious sign that he was against her idea.

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Chapter 1429 Putting Her In Danger

Maureen's death was related to the people of Turlen. The fact that those people have grudges against her and killed her must have something to do with Arielle's father. If we search for him so openly, that will undoubtedly attract the attention of those culprits who killed Maureen. Wouldn't that put Arielle in an even risky position? No way. I can't put her in danger.

"Sannie, that's not a good idea. It'll only expose your identity." Vinson was very serious as he rejected Arielle's suggestion.

She knew he was worried that those people would come after her. Despite so, she believed there was no better way to do it than the method she proposed.

"Tell me what I should do then. His name is fake. What else can I do other than pasting his photo everywhere so that he knows we're looking for him?" Frustration was building up within Arielle so much that it became apparent on her face. She could not wrap her head around why her father had used someone else's name, which resulted in the great difficulty for her looking for him.

Unable to come up with a good idea in such a short time, Vinson comforted, "Let me think of something else. If we really can't think of anything, it's not entirely a no to using this method. It's just that we can't let Harvey return for the time being."

While Arielle and Vinson were brainstorming for ideas to find her father, on the other side of things, Dylan had made a surprising revelation. He had his brows knitted into one line as he recalled how he had conversed in Ustranasion with the young man who saved Arielle earlier at the hospital.

How did he know Ustranasion? Could it be that he has once gone abroad too?

Dylan presumed he was absolutely precise with his conjecture. Howbeit, he had no intention of pursuing the matter of the young man sneaking overseas. After all, he had always yearned for the world outside. If not for the laws restraining him, his relationship with Maureen would not have suffered such a fate.

But it's good that the man knows Ustranasion. At least it's easier for us to communicate. Besides, if someone overhears our conversation, they won't know what we're talking about either. Great!

Back at the hospital, Arielle was on the brink of falling asleep after the drip. Vinson carried and shifted her slightly inward, making space for himself to lie beside her so that he could hug her. In the man's warm embrace, she felt an insurmountable sense of security.

"Aren't you afraid of getting noticed?" she deliberately asked.

Tightening his arms, Vinson whispered in a deep voice beside her ears, "Is your husband that useless? Do you think I'll get caught that easily?"

Arielle flashed a slight smirk and proceeded to close her eyes. Shortly after, Vinson could hear light and steady breathing coming from her. Gently lifting his body, he stole a peek at her, and upon seeing that she was sound asleep, he tenderly left a peck on her cheek before closing his eyes.

The next day, news of Arielle running into thugs and being hospitalized spread throughout the school. Unbothered about attending his classes, Aaron instead reached for his phone to call Arielle to ask for the hospital's address.

Arielle had turned on the speaker mode then, and upon learning that he was asking for the address, she rejected it without hesitation.

"It's merely a minor injury. You don't have to make your way here." Since she had decided to keep a distance from him, she did not see the point in allowing him to visit her. Furthermore, Vinson was around. I have to give this jealous man ample security.

Hearing that, Aaron turned grim and immediately hung up the phone. Does she think I won't be able to find her if she refuses to give me the address?

Without hesitation, he made a phone call to Sybil to ask for the hospital's address, intending to head over after that. Little did he expect that someone would stop him before he could do so.

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Chapter 1430 He Will Get Jealous

Staring straight into the person's eyes right before him, he wrinkled his brows in displeasure. Why is she here?

"Aaron, let's visit Ms. Moore together," Sonia said with her gazes fixed on him.

She had wanted to visit Arielle since learning about the latter's situation. But she happened to see Aaron making a call with a scowl at the school's main gate. Vaguely, she overheard him mentioning Arielle's name. The quick-witted her could instantly surmise what that man was up to, and hence, she decided to hurry over to him and say those words.

The truth was, she could have gone on her own. But recalling Arielle's tip about seizing one's own happiness, she thought it was the perfect opportunity to ask Aaron along for the hospital visit. Well, I shall give it a try now. At least I won't live in regret even if we don't end up together since I've given my all.

Unfortunately, Aaron's gazes were full of hostility. He did not like anyone to have a good relationship with Arielle—both male and female. But thinking about it further, he figured that it was not a bad idea for Sonia to tag along. If Arielle sees Sonia around, she can't possibly throw all of us out.

With that thought in mind, he showed his rare gentleness as he muttered, "Let's go."

In truth, Sonia had mentally prepared herself for rejections. Hence, when she heard Aaron's answer, she was initially stumped before she regained her senses and quickly followed behind the man.

At the hospital, Vinson flashed an ambiguous smile at Arielle.

"Why are you looking at me this way?" she said crankily. Didn't I already reject Aaron from visiting?

Blessed with an excellent memory, Vinson knew the caller's identity based on his voice alone. And unquestionably, he was irked and upset about that.

Indeed. He was pretty sure no man could tolerate and pretend to be happy to hear the voice of their beloved woman's suitor.

"He called you Ari," Vinson uttered as he stared hard at Arielle. His voice had an undetectable tinge of grievance in it.

I knew he'll get jealous!

Narrowing her eyes, she planted a sloppy kiss on his lips.

She tried to pull a composed look despite her slightly blushing red face. "Are you happy now?" That was exclusive to Vinson, and no one else could get the same treatment.

Needless to say, Arielle's method worked wonders. Vinson felt so much better at once.

"Nope!" he exclaimed. And in the next second, he raised his hand, pulled Arielle's head toward him, and kissed her passionately.

"Um... Uh..."

Vinson did not let her go until the intense kiss had gotten her breathless. Looking at her slightly red and swollen lip, he lifted his lips into a satisfied grin.

At the sight of his appearance, Arielle purposely claimed, "At that look of yours, it somehow makes me feel like I'm having an affair."

Hearing those words, Vinson ran his fingers over his face and turned to Arielle with a somber expression. "So what do you think I should do? Should I throw this face away and use my own face instead?"

In fact, he felt rather uncomfortable even without Arielle mentioning it. After all, he was making out with his wife while using someone else's appearance. How could he not find it strange?

"Of course not!" Arielle raised her chin slightly and firmly declared her stance.

Does he not care that others might think he's an illegal migrant with his Chanaean face here?

Vinson chuckled at her reaction. I can't believe she takes it so seriously when I'm just joking with her.

"I know. I'm just teasing you." His grin grew wider than before.

Rendered speechless by the man's reply, disgruntlement flashed in her beautiful eyes as she gawked at him.

Is this that fun to play a prank on me?

Just as she was about to speak, she heard a knock on the ward door. Vinson stood up and walked over to open the door.

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Chapter 1431 Fatal Moves

Appearing within Vinson's line of vision as soon as he opened the door was none other than Aaron. At once, the former's gazes took a drastic change. Similarly, Aaron frowned as he shifted his gazes to the man before him. Who is this man? Why did I not see him before?

"Hello, we're here to visit Ms. Moore."

Sonia broke the silence while the two men were still glaring and trying to sound each other out through their gazes. Her voice pulled Vinson back to reality, and upon recalling that he was merely a bodyguard now, he hastily staggered a few steps backward to make way for the two visitors.

When Arielle heard Sonia's voice, she tried to get off the bed. Nevertheless, the latter, who caught sight of her action, quickly stopped her from doing so.

"Ms. Moore, you're injured. Why are you still getting off the bed? Lie down on the bed and have more rest." Sonia strode toward Arielle and expressed her concerns.

"It's nothing major."

"How did you get hurt? Don't you have bodyguards with you?" Following behind Sonia, Aaron felt his heart ached when he caught a glimpse of Arielle's bandaged arm.

Even though he had learned about Arielle's injury, he did not know how she landed herself in that predicament.

Upon hearing Aaron's voice, Arielle averted her gazes to Vinson. Her brows unwittingly drew together when she saw the man's stoic expression. This guy must be jealous again. How am I supposed to coax him again later?

Aaron had his eyes glued to Arielle since his arrival. When he spotted her red and swollen lips, his gaze gleamed. Why does it look so much like she just got kissed? But Vinson isn't around; who dares to kiss her?

While he could not get his head around the sight in front of his eyes, Sonia seemed to have noticed Arielle's lips. Being the innocent and naive lady she was, she did not overthink the situation and advised, "You need to have more light and healthy food for

the next couple of days, Ms. Moore. Judging from your swollen lips, you'll get ill if you don't do that."

At that, Arielle answered with a nod, "You're right. I should have something light from now on."

She had deliberately emphasized the word "light" as she spoke. But since Vinson could not understand Turlenese, her words were nothing but a wasted effort. On the other hand, her words immediately dispelled Aaron of his suspicions. Arielle only has Vinson in her mind. Since that guy isn't here, I guess Sonia is correct.

Staring intently at Arielle, he once again questioned, "Don't you have bodyguards following you? Why did you still get hurt?" Are those bodyguards a bunch of good-for-nothings? They can't even protect a woman well!

"It seems like someone wants me dead. The moves they served were acutely fatal. Even the bodyguards have sustained severe injuries, and they're recuperating in the wards next to mine," Arielle explained while looking at Aaron.

"What?" He widened his eyes in shock upon hearing those words. "Do you have any idea who did that?"

Arielle stared at him as though she was looking at an idiot. If I have an idea who the culprit is, wouldn't I have long sent that person to hell?

Judging from her expression, Aaron knew his questions were a little pointless.

"What about your injuries? Are they serious?" Concern filled his gaze. It had never crossed his mind that trouble would befall Arielle while she was in his territory.

"I'm fine. It's just a minor injury and will recover in a few days," Arielle assured, then turned to Sonia and asked, "Don't you have classes? Why did you tag along?"

"After learning that you're injured, I immediately applied for a leave of absence since I was so worried. I happened to run into Aaron along my way, so we came together," Sonia quickly answered.

At this point, the temptation to learn the foreign language grew within her. She was overwhelmed with an awful feeling while listening to Aaron and Arielle converse, yet she understood nothing. It almost felt like she was a fool who got left out by the others.