

# Obsessed CEO Throws Himself at Me

## Chapter 1688

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Chapter 1688 Look For More Doctors

"Norma! How did this child get a fever while under your care?" Torsten questioned in a displeased tone while turning around with furrowed brows.



Hearing that the child was unwell, Norma immediately put her phone down and reached for his forehead. He does have a fever—a pretty high one at that.

Yet, she glanced at the boy. "Is he intellectually challenged? Why is he still sitting here and playing when he's got such a high fever? He never even cried," she commented with a frown.

The professor's face clouded over as he heard that. Intellectually challenged? The kid's just fine! I ran tests on him myself. He's healthy and will be the perfect experimental subject, but I'm going to get skewed results if I conduct the experiments on him now.

"He's perfectly normal," Torsten huffed. "Quick, go get some medication that will lower his fever."

The child's fever was so high that there were no other suitable methods to reduce his body temperature.

Moreover, since they didn't have any medication for children here, they would have to buy some at a pharmacy.

Norma looked visibly upset. How dare he talk to me like that? Am I not a professor too? Despite her indignation, the woman did as told. Nothing else could be done, given that they were the only ones here.

After returning from the pharmacy and giving the boy his medication, she turned to Torsten and suggested, "There's only the two of us here. We can't manage everything on our own. How about we hire a few more doctors?"

"Hire more doctors?" The man frowned. "That won't do. What if—"

"But we're going to need more subjects. How will we cope when we bring in more kids?" Norma emphasized.

Sure, I can conduct the experiments, but looking after children? No way. Besides, not every kid is as quiet and obedient as this one here. We don't just need more doctors. We need young doctors who have the energy to deal with children. An old lady like me just isn't fit for the job.

Yet, the professor remained firm on his decision.

These experiments are supposed to be top-secret. What if someone we hire ends up exposing our plans? If that happens, not even Turlen's lawyers will be able to save us.

"We can't hire more help, Norma," he reiterated. "We're screwed if word about what we're doing gets out. Don't forget that people are still out there looking for this kid."

"We can just hire those who are willing to take part in these experiments. I'm sure those who'd do it are just as interested. If they try anything funny, we'll make them our next test subjects."

With that, Torsten had nothing to say in objection.

"Do what you want," he snapped before leaving to continue working on his experiments.

Seeing that, Norma gleefully took out her laptop, opened the dark web, and began posting some job openings.

Back in her apartment, Arielle had been keeping a close eye on all the job postings available on the dark web. After coming across the latest one, she spent some time looking into it before confirming her target.

Then, she submitted her own specially-made resume and got William Heaton, a young doctor she had recruited, to do the same.

After William was done, the two of them began awaiting a response.

However, Arielle soon grew anxious after not receiving any feedback in the following two days.

## Chapter 1689 Hired

Did we not get the job? Are they that stringent? Just as the woman contemplated what else she could do, her phone rang briefly.



She then hastily checked the e-mail she had just received. "Vinson! I got the job!" Arielle squealed with delight.

Thinking he hadn't heard her, she dashed into the kitchen where he was. "I got the job, Vinson! Now I can save that kid!" While she was thrilled, the man remained silent as he made dinner.

Although he had decided to give Arielle his support, he couldn't help but worry about her safety, especially since he couldn't be with her.

Noticing Vinson's dismay, the woman wrapped her arms around his waist from behind and pressed her face against his back.

"Don't worry about me, Vinson. Think of this as a way to build good karma for our future child."

Vinson turned off the stove, removed Arielle's hands on his waist, and turned around to look at her. "I don't need you to build karma for anyone. No one matters to me more than you do."

He didn't care if it was their child or someone else's; no one was more important to him than Arielle. In fact, he would willingly take her place in anything she wanted to do.

Hearing that, Arielle threw herself into his arms. This man always caught her by surprise with his sudden proclamations of love.

"I know you're worried about me, but I'll take good care of myself."

She didn't know what else to say to him. I have to go no matter what since I'll be killing two birds with one stone. I can save the children and gather more evidence to bring the queen mother down.

"Remember to contact me every day." Aware that he could do nothing to change her mind, Vinson pulled her closer. "Tell me what's going on no matter what it is. I can help you whenever you need me."

It was about time he made use of the people he had brought over.

As Arielle prepared to leave, she grew anxious at the thought of Aaron still being imprisoned and gave Lawrence a call.

"Princess!"

"You don't have to look for the kids, General Lawrence. I'll be handling that. What matters right now is Aaron. The queen mother's holding him captive inside the palace. Could you find a way to get her to release him?"

"I'll figure something out."

After hanging up, Lawrence walked around his study in circles while deep in thought. Then, someone crossed his mind. Matthew's going to be King Aaron's father-in-law. It's perfectly reasonable to get him to talk to the queen mother.

At the thought of that, he quickly dialed Matthew's number and explained the situation.

The latter was shocked to learn that Nancy had imprisoned Aaron, and he narrowed his eyes. What on earth is she up to? Is she doing this because she still wants to be the queen?

Matthew spoke to his wife briefly before heading for the palace.

Nancy was elated to see him and sent all her servants away.

"Matthew! What are you doing here? Have you had lunch?" she exclaimed while reaching for his hand, only for him to avoid her.

He couldn't do anything to hurt his wife again.

"Did you imprison the king, Your Majesty?" the man asked after stepping back and maintaining a one-meter distance from her.

Nancy stared at him with a grim expression. I made sure everyone kept this a secret. How did he find out?

## Chapter 1690 Fallen Out Of Love

"Nico and His Majesty have been engaged for a while now, so I thought of letting them go on a trip together to spend more time with each other, but Nico told me she couldn't reach him.



That's how I came to this assumption," Matthew explained candidly, aware that the woman was wary of him from how she looked at him. Upon hearing that, Nancy kept her doubts away. Still, this was but a small matter not even worth mentioning.

While gazing at Matthew, she recalled how he had refused to be near her again, and that made her feel especially discontented. Seeing how well he treated Melissa filled her with jealousy. I'm supposed to be the one he loves, not some other woman!

"We'll talk about their trip another time," the woman stated coldly, refusing to let Aaron out.

Matthew fell silent as he remembered Lawrence's words.

"You'll lose the public's support if you keep him locked up like that. He's our king."

Nancy's eyes lit up as she heard his response.

"Are you worried about me, Matthew?" she asked, walking toward him.

Not waiting for a reply, she leaped into the man's arms. "I knew it. You still care about me."

There was no way a man who only had eyes for her all these years would simply fall out of love like that.

It's all Arielle's fault. Those photos she released made him jealous, but I'm in the wrong too. He wouldn't have been upset with me if I'd given him just a bit of what he wanted.

A familiar scent wafted into Matthew's nostrils. The woman still smelled the same after all these years, although he was no longer as easily roused as he used to be.

"Don't do this, Your Majesty," he warned while pushing her away gently. "It'd be trouble if anyone were to see us."

She might not care, but the man didn't want his wife at home to be heartbroken anymore.

Whatever had happened previously was the first time—and the last. He couldn't cross the line again.

"I've sent every single one of them away. Nobody will see us."

Nancy assumed that he had pushed her aside just because he didn't want to get caught, so she threw herself into his arms again.

"Why do you keep pushing me away these days, Matthew?" she asked, grabbing onto the hands that tried to shove her and placing one of them over her heart. "It hurts over here. It hurts so much because of you."

Tears trickled down her face onto Matthew's chest.

"Your Majesty—"

"Call me Nancy, Matthew. I like it when you call me that," the woman muttered, kissing him on the neck.

The man immediately tensed up before pushing her and stepping back again.

"Do you really have to push me away like this, Matthew?"

Nancy gazed at him with her eyes full of tears, looking fragile yet headstrong at the same time—just like how she was in her younger days.

"It's best if we stay away from each other, Your Majesty," Matthew asserted despite feeling his heart soften. I only came here to tell her to release the king, not to do this!

How could he not feel anything toward her when seeing her like this?

She was the woman he had loved for decades, after all.

"Do you enjoy seeing me upset? I love you, Matthew. I've fallen for you," Nancy declared, turning away from him in despair. Matthew was instantly heartbroken to see that, and he walked up to pull her into a soft embrace. "Nancy..."

## Chapter 1691 The Target Appears

Unbeknown to him, a smirk played on Nancy's lips. "Matthew..." Turning around, she leaned against his chest, her tears dampening his clothes. The man then let go of her and gently wiped the tears tricking down her face as he saw nothing but his own reflection in her eyes.



Tiptoeing, Nancy snaked her hands around his neck and kissed him on the lips. Matthew tried to shove her again, but instead of letting go, the woman began to kiss him harder.

It wasn't long until he returned the gesture, placing a hand on the back of her head. Then, with their clothes scattered all over the floor and just as Matthew had pinned her to the couch to take the final step, his phone rang.

The man returned to his senses as soon as he glanced at the screen, and he rejected the call before shifting himself away from Nancy. "I have to go," he declared before picking his clothes up and putting them on, only for the woman to cling to him. "Stay with me longer."

Matthew wanted to do as she asked, but he knew he had to leave.

He couldn't do such things with her anymore, given how his wife at home had continued to love him, stay by his side, and bear his children without a second thought—all the while knowing his heart belonged to another woman.

He couldn't hurt her this time.

"No..." Yet, before the man could finish, Nancy stopped in front of him and knelt down, sending him into a wave of shock.

His wife had never done this for him, and yet someone as prideful as the queen mother was doing it.

While relishing in the moment, Matthew couldn't help but feel sorry for her. How badly did she want him that she was willing to go so far as to keep him?

With that, he stopped the woman and carried her to the couch.

Elsewhere, Melissa glanced at her phone in slight helplessness. He doesn't pick up once he gets busy at work.

"Mother, are we still going to Grandmother's place?" Nico asked, not forgetting to tease her mother. "But if you feel bad about leaving Father alone, I can always go see Grandmother on my own."

Melissa felt her cheeks burn. Given that she and Matthew were getting along better these days, it was true that she missed him. Still, she knew she couldn't be with him at all times.

"Let's just get ready." Melissa's mother was unwell and lived a fair distance away from them, so they would have to pack a few days' worth of clothes before heading over to look after her.

As the two were about to leave forty minutes later, Melissa dialed her husband's number again, hoping to tell him that they were going over to her mother's place. This time, he picked up.

"Be safe on the road. Buy your mother whatever she needs," Matthew reminded kindly. Then, his breathing grew erratic as Nancy's hands wandered over his body, and he hung up abruptly.

Back at the apartment, Arielle and Vinson were at a mall shopping for clothes for Sonia's soon-to-be newborn. The former woman was unsure when she would return from her upcoming mission, so she had decided to buy some gifts earlier.

"This one's so pretty! Oh, this one looks so cool!" Arielle exclaimed animatedly while gazing at the children's clothes. "Vinson, let's have two kids someday."



Not too far off, a dainty voice rang out from the dark. "The target has appeared. Get ready."

## Chapter 1692 Two Kids

"Two?" "Yeah! Why? You don't want that?" Vinson pulled her into his arms. "I just don't want you to be in pain."



Having children wasn't an easy feat, considering how much a woman had to go through during pregnancy. He figured that having one child was enough, but if she wanted two, he wouldn't stop her as long as she remained in good health and spirits.

"Like I'd be afraid of a little pain!" the woman insisted while holding up a tiny dress. "Look at how cute this dress is! If we ever have a daughter, I'd let her wear this."

Daddy! An image of a mini version of Arielle in that pretty dress calling out to Vinson surfaced in his head, and his lips couldn't help but curl slightly into a smile.

"Look, Vinson!" Arielle spotted another set of clothing for boys and beamed. "This is such a cool design! Imagine how many girls would swoon over our son if he wore this."

The man's smile widened. They had come to shop for someone else's gifts, and yet, all this woman could think about was their future children. Still, that made him look forward to this dream becoming a reality.

"Let's have kids after we return to Chanaea, Sannie," he murmured into her ear while holding her hand. "I can't wait to be a father."

"Okay! Let's do that once we're home," the woman replied joyously. In fact, she would have already wanted to start having children if Nancy weren't still around.

Truthfully, she even felt a little envious seeing Sonia's large belly.

After window-shopping for a while longer, Arielle walked to the infants' clothing section and started picking some outfits.

The clothes were for a newborn, so every item she had chosen was made of pure cotton so as to not irritate the baby's skin. The woman grabbed a dozen sets of clothes before buying a bunch of little shoes and hats too.

"Wait for me here, Vinson. I'll go get Sonia some postpartum care products." Then, she walked into another store filled with an array of goods to buy Sonia some pajamas, a postpartum belt, and a large box of other gifts.

"All set!"

Arielle returned to Vinson after paying, and the two left the mall with their hands full of shopping bags.

"That's a lot of shopping you did!" Lorraine remarked as she trotted over to them and took the bags from Arielle. Then, they headed to the car, put everything inside the trunk, and hopped into the car.

While glancing at the woman driving in front, Arielle suddenly recalled that she hadn't told the former about her plans.

"Lorraine, I'll soon be away for a mission. As for you—"

"I'll go watch over Ms. Sonia," Lorraine responded meekly before letting Arielle finish. "Consider it my way of making up for what I did in the past."

"That's fine." Arielle nodded in approval. She was worried that Lorraine would feel uneasy staying at the apartment with just Vinson. At least she can take care of Sonia and help look after the baby too. "Then I'll leave Sonia and her baby to you."

"Absolutely. Don't you worry about a single..." Suddenly, Lorraine's eyes narrowed as she gripped the wheel and made a sharp turn. "Hold on tight!"

## Chapter 1693 Another Beauty

Arielle and Vinson exchanged glances before swiftly taking their guns out of their pockets. Ever since what had happened the last time, they both carried guns wherever they went to prevent the same incident from happening again.

Yet, before they could sigh with relief after having just evaded a large van speeding in their direction, another vehicle appeared from behind and began to tail them. From the way Lorraine floored the gas pedal, it was clear that someone was out to kill them.

"Lorraine! Make a left, and we'll jump out!" instructed Arielle. As Lorraine heeded the order, the three then leaped out of the car and landed on a grass field.

"There's an alley up ahead! Let's hide there!"

They made a beeline for the alley in front.

"Help!"

Yet, a woman emerged from the alley out of the blue, and three furious-looking men could be seen chasing after her.

"Stop running, b\*tch!" the men called out while running.

Unable to stand the sight of a woman getting picked on, Lorraine reached out and shielded her before glaring at the three burly men who had also come their way.

"What have we here? Another beauty! It's our lucky day!" one of the men commented with a smirk.

Lorraine despised guys like them the most. "P\*ss off!"

As soon as she responded, she swung her leg in the man's direction, kicking him effectively.

"You b\*tch! How dare you kick me?" he roared before turning to his comrades. "Get them!"

Then, the three of them charged toward Lorraine.

Arielle knew how skilled of a fighter Lorraine was, but she didn't expect the latter to be unable to keep up. With a narrow of her eyes, she then drew two daggers from her waist and walked out of the shadows, joining the fight.

"Wow! Yet another beauty!" With a malicious chuckle, the man headed her way.

It didn't take Arielle long to pierce his arm with one of her knives, although that certainly infuriated him. His movements became more aggressive as he took out his own dagger and swung it at her, creating a slit on her arm.

Arielle began to counterattack as blood trailed down her arm. This time, she was going to beat him up to the point that he could no longer fight back.

"Look out!" the woman hiding behind Lorraine screamed all of a sudden.

Arielle hastily turned around to see Lorraine being kicked to the ground by another man. Seething, she did the same to him before stabbing his thigh with her dagger. Beads of sweat rolled down the man's forehead as he groaned in pain.

"Are you okay?" The unknown woman rushed over to Lorraine's side.

"I'm fine," the latter replied frigidly. "You don't have to be afraid. No one can take you away while we're here."

"Thank you so much!" the woman exclaimed and looked ahead.

Seeing their comrade injured, the two remaining men lunged toward Arielle. Vinson wanted to emerge from the dark to help, but Arielle stopped him and began retaliating at her opponents.

The two men were quickly taken care of.

"Are you—" Just as the woman was about to show her concern, she felt a dagger right over her throat.

"Who sent you?"

Chapter 1694 Who Sent You

"W-What are you talking about?" the woman asked in fear. Arielle continued to glare at her, the knife nearly breaking the latter's skin. "You know exactly what I'm talking about."

Lorraine stilled briefly upon hearing Arielle's words. "Wait, did I just get tricked?" she asked, walking toward them and staring at the unnamed woman. "You're working with these guys?"

"N-No, I'm not." Tears rolled down the woman's ashen cheeks as she gazed at Arielle. "I'm not with these guys! I don't even know them."

Lorraine's expression softened at that. Is this some kind of misunderstanding?

"Could we have gotten things wrong here, Boss?" she asked, turning to Arielle in puzzlement.

"These guys and all the cars coming after us before—they're all with her," the latter expressed frostily.

After glancing at the woman being held at knifepoint, Lorraine felt anger rising within her.

"I even tried to save you, but it turns out you're the one behind the whole disaster?"

While speaking, she wanted to slap this woman so badly but could only suppress her urges to not get in Arielle's way. Still, if looks could kill, who knows how many times this woman would have died by now.

"I'm not. I swear it's not me..." The woman began to weep over the suspicions. "Please let me go. I'm really not working with them."

"There are handcuffs inside the car. Bring them over," Arielle demanded while shooting Lorraine a glance. The latter understood that look and quickly left the alley.

As soon as the sound of Lorraine's footsteps faded completely, the unknown woman's eyes flashed as she grabbed Arielle by the arm and caught the falling dagger.

She then peered at Arielle while fiddling with the weapon.

"When did you find out I'm with these guys?" she asked, her initial frightened expression replaced with confidence and haughtiness.

"No one came chasing after us the moment we came into this alley, and then you happened to show up at that very moment. That's when I began to wonder if you were part of the ploy."

"You're quite the observant one, huh?" The woman couldn't help but frown. It was her first mission, but she had already blown it. I have much to learn.

"So, who sent you?"

Seeing the unnamed individual refuse to answer, Arielle surmised it had to do with the code of practice.

"My mission is to kill you, so I'll answer your question only when you're about to die!" Holding the dagger, the woman began her attack. Arielle swung a foot at her in response, only for her opponent to grab her by the leg and fling her aside. She then picked up a wooden club after barely landing on her feet.

Yet, before she could balance herself, the unknown woman leaped toward her again. This time, Lorraine appeared and kicked the opponent to the ground. It then became a two-against-one battle.

The woman was especially skilled at fighting, thus quickly gaining the upper hand against Arielle and Lorraine. But just as she thought she was finally about to complete her mission, she was suddenly sent flying backward like a ragdoll before crashing to the floor.

## Chapter 1695 Do Not Mess With Me

The woman spewed a mouthful of blood. Before Arielle and the others could get hold of her, a man emerged from the dark, carried her on his back, and ran away. Vinson ran after them and saw the man put her on a motorcycle. They then rode the motorcycle and left the alley.



There was no way anyone could outrun them. Vinson had no choice but to turn around and head back. When Arielle saw him walk in her direction and heard the sound of the bike, she knew they had escaped.

Vinson held Arielle's hand and walked out of the alley while Lorraine followed right behind them.

They noticed all the other cars were gone when they got to the main road. The woman was indeed one of them.

"Let's go to the hospital. You need to get your arm bandaged." It broke Vinson's heart when he realized Arielle was injured again.

Yet, Arielle did not want to make another trip to the hospital. She outright rejected him, "What for? Don't forget I'm a doctor."

Arielle swung her arm as if the wound did not bother her. "It's just a minor injury. Don't waste time going to the hospital."

Vinson was aware that Arielle had made several trips to the hospital, even though she had only been in Turlen for a couple of days. He decided not to force her since he understood she was tired of going to the hospital.

When they got home, Vinson immediately retrieved the medical kit. He then cleaned Arielle's wound, applied medicine to the injury, and bandaged it.

Vinson expressed his dismay because he did not want Arielle to work for the professor. "You're just putting yourself at risk if you work there. What if things go south?"

He was scared that no one could be there to protect her should she encounter any life-threatening emergencies.

"I will carry some drugs with me and use them on anyone trying to take advantage of me. They'll collapse in no time. How about that?" Arielle tried to convince Vinson that she would use the poisons from the Mill family's medical manuscripts. She had to do this because she did not want Vinson to stop her.

Vinson arched his brows and looked into her eyes. "Are you sure about this?"

Deep in his heart, he did not believe Arielle would concoct such a fatal substance. After all, she was not a ruthless person. The poison from the medical manuscripts could take an adult down in seconds.

"I wouldn't resort to this if they did not mess with me. Since those people want to kill me, why should I show them mercy?" Arielle narrowed her eyes and said steadily.

Vinson supported Arielle's decision. "Tell me what you need. I'll buy the ingredients for you. Let's do it now."

Vinson would do things in two shakes of a lamb's tail when Arielle needed his help. He told Arielle to list the ingredients out so that he could purchase them.

"You want to go out to get these ingredients at this hour? Can't you do it tomorrow?" Arielle glanced at her watch and realized it was nine at night.

Vinson shook his head. "I have to do it now. What if they want you to go tomorrow? It's safer to prepare in advance."

Looking at the man who insisted on her giving him the ingredients list so he could buy them that night, Arielle lowered her head and thought of the drugs and poisons she could use to defend herself. She then mentioned all the ingredients she needed for the concoction.

Vinson carefully jotted down all the names.

"You just stay at home and wait. Call Lorrie if you need help," Vinson said to Arielle after noting down all the ingredients. He then grabbed his coat and wallet and left the house.

It was almost midnight by the time he reached home. With Vinson and Lorraine's help, Arielle had successfully concocted the poison. However, something Vinson uttered had come true the next day.