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# Obsessed CEO Throws Himself at Me

## Chapter 1372 - 1373

Chapter 1372 Confession

"How did you find out those who kidnapped Geoffrey's family are Turlenians?"

"Geoffrey described the person's face. We ran a search but didn't find this person in the global face database. Turlen is the only country not in the database," Vinson revealed calmly. After a pause, he added, "Besides, someone saw Sannie in Turlen."

"Someone saw Sannie?" Susanne was confused. "But isn't Turlen closed to outsiders? How did you know someone spotted her there?"

"Previously, I hired an investigator and told him to sneak into Turlen to find out something. I didn't know he'll see Sannie there," Vinson explained patiently.

Susanne was at a loss for words.

Seeing her reaction, Vinson belatedly recalled she used to be against their relationship because of Turlen. He massaged his temples and assured her, "Mom, don't worry about Turlen. I'll bring Sannie back safely."

"You're going there personally?" Susanne was concerned.

"Mm. You know how difficult it is for outsiders to enter Turlen. I can't leave this to someone else. Our efforts will go down the drain if we alert the enemies."

He's right. But as a mother, I can't watch my son risking his life to save Arielle. He's already wounded!

"You should rest and head there after you recover." She tried to persuade him to delay his departure.

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Vinson shook his head. He refused to wait any longer. In fact, he wanted to bring Arielle back right that instant.

"Mom, don't worry. I'm fine. Sannie's more important now," Vinson told her. He got to his feet to head out.

Suddenly, Susanne's eyes widened. She ran to the door and yelled, "Vinson..."

At that moment, back in Turlen.

Aaron arrived at Paelsford Manor with a bouquet of lush roses.

"Arielle, this is for you!" He flashed a devilishly handsome smile and offered the bouquet to Arielle. From today onward, I shall court Arielle and make her forget about Vinson.

"Are you crazy?" Arielle rolled her eyes irritably.

Hearing that, Aaron brightened up. "How do you know I'm crazy? Yes, I miss you like crazy!" he declared.

"You're a lunatic!"

"Ms. Moore, I've decided to court you. No matter what you say, I won't take it to heart," Aaron announced cheerfully, ignoring her comment.

"Thanks for that, but I won't accept it. I'm already married to the man I love," Arielle snorted.

Aaron was upset to hear that Vinson was the man Arielle loved from her lips. "So what if you're married? You can get a divorce anytime."

"Yes, you're right. I can get a divorce."

"Yes, you shall get a divorce then!" A triumphant smile hung on Aaron's lips.

Arielle gazed at him as though he had gone mad. "Why would I divorce him? We love each other deeply. There's no way we'll get a divorce."

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Aaron was speechless.

"I'm better than Vinson," he argued.

"But I only love Vinson," Arielle replied calmly.

Aaron felt his heart break into a million pieces. "I'll make sure you fall in love with me."

Arielle shot him a look and shook her head. "Perhaps the next lifetime. You don't stand a chance this lifetime."

"Why?" Aaron managed between gritted teeth.

"Because Vinson is the only man I love in this lifetime," Arielle repeated. Is he a fool? Haven't I made myself clear?

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### Chapter 1373

Chapter 1373 Worried

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.

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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?"

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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.

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