

Obsessed CEO Throws Himself at Me

Chapter 1451

Chapter 1451 Obsessed

Aaron refilled his pint and took a gulp. He replied to Bernd, "Well, someone doesn't like me. In fact, I think she hates me."

As he spoke, an image of Arielle came to mind, and his heart twisted with pain. I like her so much. So why doesn't she return my feelings one bit? I wish I could lock her up and keep her by my side forever.

After some thought, Bernd uttered, "Maybe her heart already belongs to another. If she's single, she's hardly going to refuse you."

Bernd had never liked a girl in his life, and he could not begin to imagine what that would feel like. When he saw the typically unruffled prince brooding over a woman, he became frightened that he would end up the same in the future. The thought was almost too scary to fathom.

A murderous glint flashed through Aaron's eyes then.

If Vinson's dead, does that mean Arielle will like me? Adrenaline suddenly began to course through his veins.

"Bernd, I have to head out for something. Are you going back, or will you be staying here a little longer?"

Bernd had barely warmed his seat when Aaron mentioned that he was leaving. Resignedly, he mumbled, "I'm going back."

His leg had not recovered, and he could not drink alcohol for the time being. He was only there to accompany Aaron. Now that Aaron was leaving, Bernd did not see a point in staying behind.

"I'll send you home then," Aaron offered. He knew that his sudden departure was rather impolite to his friend, yet he could not tamper down the urgency in his heart when he thought of his brilliant idea to win Arielle's affections. He had to leave and set his plans into motion right away.

Aaron's anxiety spoke volumes about the urgency of his business. Bernd tactfully waved off his friend and said, "My chauffeur's waiting for me outside. You can head off first."

Aaron got up and clapped his friend on the shoulder, saying, "You're a good friend. Once your leg's all better, I'll send you a nice gift."

As he strode out of the bar, he remembered the limited-edition sports car that Bernd had always wanted but could never get his hands on. Aaron was determined to get the car for his friend no matter the price.

Meanwhile, Bernd scratched his head in confusion, clueless to what Aaron planned to do. He slowly wheeled himself out of the bar.

After leaving the bar, Aaron immediately returned to his mansion. He had four visas prepared before summoning the four men who had accompanied him to Chanaea in the past.

"Mr. Aaron, do you have an assignment for us?"

Aaron's sharp gaze roved over the men as he announced, "These are your visas. Travel to Chanaea immediately and track Vinson Nightshire down. Do anything it takes to end his life."

"Understood!" They received Aaron's proffered visas and disappeared into the night.

Aaron's eyes had begun to take on a crazed look as he muttered, "You'll belong to me eventually, Ari."

At the medical school, the students fretted over Arielle's prolonged absence.

"We haven't had Dr. Moore's classes in days. I wonder if she has recovered from her injuries."

“Her lectures are really thorough. As long as I pay attention in class, I can fully understand the content.”

The Wilhelms came out of the laboratory and overheard the students’ conversation. The couple exchanged a glance between themselves, and Andrea hurriedly whipped out her phone to call Arielle. They had been busy with experiments over the past few days and practically lived in the laboratory. As such, they were unaware of Arielle’s injury.

Thankfully, they had picked up some Turlenese while they were here, or they would not have learned about Arielle’s injury.