

Obsessed CEO Throws Himself at Me

Chapter 1641 - 1643

Chapter 1641 Who On Earth Are You

"Who on earth are you, Dr. Moore? How did you know that word about His Majesty's death is being covered up?"

Even though Arielle had once saved his father, Lawrence couldn't help but feel doubtful of her.

Then, he remembered the news he had received early that day. Could she really be a spy from Chanaea, just like what the secretary had said?

Thinking that, the man's gaze darkened as he stared at Arielle.

"I'm his daughter," Arielle declared under his suspicious glance.

Those words sent Lawrence into a state of utter shock. Sonia was no different; she had known Arielle for so long, but never did the latter reveal her status as the king's daughter.

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"You... You're saying you're His Majesty's daughter?" Lawrence asked, still astonished.

Arielle nodded. Had she known she would lose her father so soon, she wouldn't have heeded Sybil's advice on quashing her father's thoughts about announcing her true identity.

At the thought of her father having worked so hard just so he could claim his throne and tell the world about her, the woman's heart ached so much that she nearly couldn't breathe.

She was filled with nothing but regret at this moment.

Lawrence turned to Harvey, who nodded to confirm Arielle's identity.

"You call yourself His Majesty's daughter, but what proof do you have? Why didn't His Majesty ever disclose your identity?"

Despite receiving confirmation from Harvey, Lawrence was still skeptical. After all, Arielle was Chanaean, but Dylan had never left Turlen while he was alive. How, then, could Arielle be the king's daughter?

Aware of Lawrence's doubts, Arielle proceeded to tell him how the king had recognized her after she came to this country.

While speaking, the memories of her time with Dylan surfaced in her mind, and it wasn't long until her eyes brimmed with tears.

"Oh, poor child!"

Kelly had left her room after learning that Lawrence had returned and overheard the five of them talking at the entrance of the house from afar. Upon hearing Arielle reminisce about her time with Dylan, the older woman felt a pang in her heart and walked up to Arielle to give her a hug.

Having lost her usual toughness and feeling Kelly's kindness, Arielle returned the embrace, her heart feeling warmer.

Lawrence took a deep breath after hearing the woman's explanation. It's no wonder Harvey had said all those things back then. It's all because Dr. Moore is His Majesty's daughter. With her, it was no wonder His Majesty had plans to change the laws of the country.

"I had only managed to find out about His Majesty through a gardener who works at the palace," he revealed. The gardener was someone he had helped in the past, and the former was so worried about a coup that he had secretly informed Lawrence about the palace's recent affairs, hoping the latter could be more prepared for any potential crisis.

"Are you still able to reach him?" Arielle asked, letting go of Kelly.

Lawrence shook his head, looking worried. "I tried to call and text him after receiving the news, but there hasn't been a response so far."

I hope he hasn't been caught. Please let him be okay.

Arielle remained silent after leaving the Wynter residence, her mind in complete disarray. She couldn't accept the fact that her father, who had been doing fine all this while, was now gone.

Seeing the woman in such a state, Vinson pulled her into his arms, consoling her silently.

Suddenly, a piercing light flashed in their direction.

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Chapter 1642

Chapter 1642 Exposed

The woman driving their car covered her eyes briefly as a car came speeding their way.

"Look out!" Vinson yelled while holding Arielle tightly.

Hearing that, the woman spun the wheel, but it was no use. The car had lost control.

Even so, she remained calm.

"The car's gone out of control. We have to get out!" With that, the three of them unbuckled their seatbelts, opened the car doors, and hopped out of the vehicle, landing harshly on the ground.

Vinson had shielded Arielle with his arms the whole time, even as his back collided against the floor.

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With a grunt, he helped Arielle up, and a loud explosion sounded nearby as the two rose to their feet. They turned toward the direction of the noise, only to see that the car headed their way before had now crashed into theirs.

"We have to get out of here now," Vinson remarked frostily, gazing at the fire.

There was no way this was purely an accident.

Suddenly, the man tackled Arielle to the ground, and a bullet flew above their heads after the sound of a gunshot.

"I'm their target. I've been exposed!" Arielle cried.

The queen mother must be behind this. She's the only one who'd try to kill me now. I didn't think she'd see through my disguise, though.

By the time she whipped out a gun from her pocket, Vinson had already aimed his at their assailant and pulled the trigger.

He and Arielle both used silencers, and with one shot, their enemy fell to the ground with a thud.

"Are you okay?" Vinson asked in concern, remembering the way he had just pushed Arielle to the ground.

It was now that the woman realized how her back felt as though it were on fire.

"I'm fine. You protected me well." She had noticed how he had gone the extra mile to guard her with his arm.

"Enough chitchat, you two! We have to take cover somewhere. It's not safe here."

Arielle and Vinson turned to the woman who had just spoken. Funny. She looks completely fine, apart from that little scrape on her face. Any regular human being who jumps out of a moving vehicle would normally sustain injuries far worse than that.

"Who are you, Ira? What do you do?" Arielle peered at the woman solemnly.

Cr*p! They're growing suspicious of me. Despite feeling frantic deep down, Ira glanced at the two, looking perplexed. "Why, I'm Ira. I'm just a poor, regular employee."

"I don't care if you're an Ira or Ida, but if you try anything funny with us, we'll make you regret it for the rest of your life," Vinson warned sternly before observing his surroundings and quickly moving forward with Arielle.

Ira watched the two walk in front of her and followed them, but they never looked back.

Three days later, Nancy announced Dylan's death, sending the entire country into an uproar.

His Majesty was always in good health. How could he have passed away so suddenly?

Those on Dylan's side requested that a forensic scientist conducted an autopsy, but Nancy refused.

"There's no need to alert the forensics," the latter stated with a pained expression during a meeting on this day. "I know how Dylan died. He was..."

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Chapter 1643

Chapter 1643 Poisoned

"He was what?" Lawrence prompted.

The queen mother shut her eyes tightly before opening them once again. "He was poisoned!" she announced, looking extremely desolate.

There were tear stains on her cheeks as she uttered those three words.

"What? He was poisoned?" the General of the Right asked skeptically. "Who's the culprit? Has he been caught?"

The queen mother appeared visibly troubled. "The culprit is... Forget it. Let's not pursue this matter any further," she concluded after a long pause.

Lawrence was displeased to hear that. Our king was murdered, for goodness' sake! How are we supposed to just let this go? A doubtful expression formed on his face as he cast a sharp gaze at Nancy.

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"Who did it, Your Majesty? You sound hesitant. Are you trying to defend the culprit?" questioned Lawrence.

"No!" Nancy refuted, raising her voice. "That's not what I'm doing!"

In spite of her objections, Lawrence noticed a hint of guilt in the way she spoke.

"Your Majesty, I know you're aware of who the culprit is. Please tell us who it is," said the earl with knitted brows. "His Majesty was your only son. He won't be able to rest in peace if you don't apprehend his killer!"

"He's right, Your Majesty. You shouldn't protect the culprit."

With everyone agreeing with the earl, Nancy could only glance at everyone and relent.

"The person who killed Dylan... was none other than his own son, Aaron," she declared before closing her eyes in anguish. "He didn't mean it..."

Lawrence certainly hadn't expected the perpetrator to be Aaron. Was it really him? What if it were actually...

He eyed Nancy suspiciously. If it were really her, that would just be pure vicious. To think she'd poison her only son just to stay in power!

"What? You're saying it was Prince Aaron who killed His Majesty?" The earl shook his head in disbelief. "No. That can't be! Why would he do that? What would he gain out of it?"

"You're right. There's no reason for Aaron to murder the king. He'd be next in line to the throne, anyway. He has no need to commit such an act against the king!"

Nancy's heart sank as everyone vouched for Aaron while questioning her announcement, but she maintained her demeanor.

"It was him. I saw it happen with my own eyes," she asserted with grief and frustration. "That's why I decided to lock him up."

It was now that the crowd remembered that Aaron was being held captive. Everyone had been so perturbed by the king's death that they had all forgotten about the prince.

At this moment, they didn't know what to do. His Majesty only has one son. If we seized him, we would lose our next king. But if we released him, it would be a dishonor against His Majesty.

"Aaron is still a child. Don't blame him for this. He must've done it in the spur of a moment, and I'm sure he's filled with extreme regret from his actions," Nancy continued, seemingly having grasped the crowd's thoughts. "He's Dylan's only son and the next king of Turlen, so

we'll incarcerate him for a period of time and release him after that. The country needs its king, after all."

"Can we please see Prince Aaron, Your Majesty?" Lawrence requested, still feeling doubtful. He wanted to speak to Aaron personally.

Hearing that, Nancy narrowed her eyes at him briefly.