

Obsessed CEO Throws Himself at Me Chapter 1070

Dumbstruck, Hans' and Everett's eyes widened dramatically. Unbridled joy lit their faces at the sight of Arielle.

"My dear mentor!"

"Grandmaster!"

The two men yelled simultaneously, their tones colored with reverence.

The corner of Arielle's lips twitched involuntarily, but she held her tongue.

I can't believe that Susanne's mentor is my apprentice! Does that mean that Susanne is my grand-disciple? What in the world is going on?

Arielle's head throbbed. She fervently wished that the ground would open up and swallow her whole.

Susanne, on the other hand, was thoroughly perplexed when she heard Hans refer to Arielle as his mentor.

She stepped forward to block Hans, who was about to rush toward Arielle. "Mr. Jewell, w-what did you just call her?" she stuttered.

"My mentor, of course."

"No, no, it's all a misunderstanding," Arielle interjected quickly. "We played chess together some time ago, and I won a game using a sly trick. Mr. Jewell was just teasing me."

She shot Hans a look as she spoke.

However, the meaning behind her glare went over Hans' head as he attempted to reiterate that Arielle was indeed his mentor.

Fortunately, Everett was far more perceptive. He caught on quickly and leaned over to whisper in Hans' ear.

Hans' jaw dropped open, his gaze darting between Arielle and Susanne as he finally grasped the situation. "She's right. We made a bet back then that whoever won that game of chess would be known as the 'mentor,' but it's all just fun and games." He chuckled awkwardly.

Susanne was no fool. It was clear as day that the two were trying their best to salvage her dignity.

She was overwhelmed by mortification, but a peculiar sense of pride brewed beneath the shame.

Well, I suppose it'll benefit me if everyone hears about how a legend like Mr. Jewell lost to Arielle at chess. It's just like the bionic arm—now that the elite circles know about Arielle's stellar programming abilities, the major programming companies must be eager to get their hands on her.

At the thought of this, Susanne felt the unease leave her bones.

She plastered a smile on her face and ran with their ruse.

"Oh, is that so? I was just wondering why Arielle went easy on me just now," she quipped good-naturedly.

Turning toward Hans, she remarked, “Your timing is impeccable! Arielle just offered to make me some ravioli. You should try some! She is quite a good cook.”

Hearing that, Arielle took it as her cue to leave. “Please excuse me while I prepare the food,” she announced, casting a meaningful look at Everett.

Instantly understanding her wordless request, Everett gave her a reassuring nod and ushered Hans into the living room.

Hans’ gaze followed Arielle until she disappeared into the kitchen. He then turned to Susanne, his shrewd eyes scrutinizing her. “Are Arielle and Vin together?” he asked blatantly.

Susanne choked upon hearing his words but quickly masked it with a cough. “I haven’t approved of the relationship.”

“What?” Hans exclaimed, springing to his feet. “Why don’t you approve of it? It’s great news!”

Susanne squirmed in her seat as anxiety built up within her. “Mr. Jewell, you don’t understand my dilemma. Arielle comes from a complicated background. It’ll take some time for me to accept her,” she explained with a nervous laugh.

Hans had been keeping his eye on Arielle ever since their second encounter at Haut Monde, so he knew about the mess associated with the Southalls.

Heaving a sigh, he uttered, "Susanne, I know that the Nightshire family imposes strict traditions, but you have to understand that Arielle is a gem that is hard to come by. If her familial background is the only thing hindering this relationship, I can help you out with it. I'll take Arielle as my goddaughter. Surely we Jewells are up to the Nightshires' standard?"