

Obsessed CEO Throws Himself at Me Chapter 1353

"It's up to you whether you want to eat it or not." Arielle was furious. She was already being nice by delivering the food to Aaron. She couldn't believe that he even wanted her to feed him. He's really pushing his luck!

"Arielle... Ari..." Aaron pleaded pitifully.

Arielle was infuriated by his behavior. Immediately, she turned around, picked up the bowl, and made a gesture as if she was going to throw it into the trash can.

"You don't want to eat it, right? If you don't want to eat it, then I'll just get rid of it. It's annoying for me to bring it here and there."

Aaron's expression fell immediately. When he saw that Arielle was serious about dumping out the soup, he quickly stopped her. "No, don't! I'll eat. I'll eat it on my own."

With that, he snatched the bowl from her and started digging in.

However, after taking one mouthful, his actions came to a stop.

"Ari, it's a little hot," Aaron said pitifully.

Arielle rolled her eyes in annoyance. "Are you an idiot? Don't you know how to blow on it?"

Aaron stared at her without saying anything. In the end, he had no choice but to blow on it on his own.

Despite that, he purposely dawdled just to make Arielle stay in his room for a little longer.

It took him about twenty minutes to finish that bowl of pumpkin soup.

Massaging the arm that was sore from cooking the soup, Arielle stood up and said, "Get some rest. Call out for your assistant if you need anything."

Aaron was feeling satisfied after having Arielle keep him company while he drank his soup. Thus, he responded happily. Seeing his behavior, Arielle turned around and rolled her eyes exasperatedly.

Aaron took about a week to recover from the surgery. Meanwhile, the cruise ship had been repaired on the second day of his recovery. Despite that, he gave out the orders, saying it was not done repairing, and asked everyone on the ship to keep their lips sealed.

Since he was the one with the most authority there, everyone could only obey his words.

During that week, he did his best to torture Arielle, demanding all kinds of food and making her so angry that she had the urge to harden her heart and not cook for him.

On the day that he was completely recovered, he immediately went looking for Arielle, who felt a sudden headache at the sight of him.

"Ari, I've recovered. I'm craving spicy fish stew, braised pork, spicy soup, and—"

Hearing him order all kinds of dishes excitedly, Arielle rolled her eyes and cut him off. "Aaron, now that you've recovered, you should go to the cafeteria to order whatever you want to eat. I'm not the chef you hired. By the way, address me as Arielle or Ms. Moore. Who gave you the right to call me Ari? What relationship do we have that allows you to use that name?"

"I just really want to have your cooking. Ari, I haven't eaten good food in ages," Aaron said, pouting. Ever since he could get off his bed and walk around, he had always been hanging out with Arielle and the Wilhems. Whenever it was

mealtime, he could only have plain soup while watching them indulge in all kinds of delicious cuisines with envy.

"Sure, if you want me to cook, then you need to give me something in exchange," Arielle said slyly.

Aaron eyed her, getting the feeling she was up to no good. However, he still wanted to find out what she wanted. "What do you want in exchange?"

"I can cook for you, but you must not stop me from contacting Vinson," Arielle answered, gazing at him expectantly.

She had not contacted Vinson in a long time. Only heaven knew how much she was missing him. If I knew this was going to happen, I would've worked with Vinson to rescue my adoptive parents, take this rascal hostage, and go to Turlen with him. I've miscalculated. There are too many miscalculations.

"No!" Aaron rejected her right away after hearing her words. I knew she was up to no good.

"Then, leave. There's nothing for you to eat here." Arielle crossed her arms and snorted. Fine. If he wants to end the discussion, so be it. Where there's a will, there's a way, I'll contact Vinson on my own. I don't need his permission for that.

Aaron felt a little upset when he realized Arielle really had no intentions of letting him stay for a meal. He could not help but wonder what was so great about Vinson.

"Will you settle for something else?" He put on a pitiful expression.

After spending time with her for the past few days, he realized his little kitty was someone who would give in to persuasion. No matter what, she would always give in.