

Obsessed CEO Throws Himself at Me Chapter 1381

Chapter 1381 A Different Kind Of Kidnapping

That is not the point, dude. Isn't the fact that Arielle was kidnapped more shocking?

Oh yeah. Thanks for pointing that out. I totally missed the point.

Oh my gosh, I can't believe she was kidnapped. This is so saddening. It's been so long, and they still haven't rescued her. Have the kidnappers killed her? I think I'm going to cry.

Wait, isn't she married? Where is her husband? Why hasn't he gone to rescue her?

Oh, our sweet little thing leads such a difficult life. No one even realized that she was kidnapped, and the public called her a diva just because she asked for some time off.

Are the police made aware of the kidnapping? If not, let's get them involved right away. The longer she is missing, the more dangerous things are for her. The most incredible bit about that last comment on the internet was the netizen tagged the police station's account to get them involved.

The public's opinion changed drastically, and Joan, who had previously called Arielle a diva, became the target of everybody's hatred.

Once the netizens realized Arielle had been kidnapped, every single one of them felt bad for her and worried about her wellbeing.

"The police are here," informed the butler while knocking on Vinson's door.

Huh? The police officers are here? Why? Vinson frowned and left the study to meet the guests.

By then, the housekeeper had already invited the police officers to take a seat and had served them tea.

Geoffrey discreetly led the housekeeper away. After that, the former sent a message.

"What brings you here, officers?" The two police officers stood up as soon as they saw Vinson. He asked them about the situation before they even said anything.

"The thing is, Mr. Nightshire, we learned about Ms. Moore's kidnapping via the Internet. We realized she is married to you so we came to find out more about the situation," answered one officer right away.

Only then did Vinson know that a kind netizen had lodged a report on his behalf.

The other police officer, a lady, saw how Vinson was staying quiet. She hurriedly added, "Mr. Nightshire, we will do our best to help you, regardless of how difficult the situation is."

Vinson massaged his forehead. He wasn't against the idea of calling the authorities and having the police help him look for Arielle. The police couldn't help. That particular country had closed its doors to every other country and had never participated in any international events. Hence, the police couldn't do anything about issues within that country.

"Thank you for dropping by. Unfortunately, it seemed you guys can't help."

As soon as Vinson finished speaking, the first police officer replied, "What is that supposed to mean? We're the police, so we will surely help bring her back to you. Tell us everything you know and share her schedule from before she was kidnapped. We'll file a report and figure out a plan to rescue her."

Vinson wasn't upset with the police officer's tone because he knew the latter meant well.

Hence, he looked right at the two police officers and replied, "Some things are beyond what the police can do. This is not an ordinary kidnapping, and the local authorities can't rescue her."

"What do you mean by that?" asked the second police officer while frowning.

"She was kidnapped by Turlenians," replied Vinson in an exasperated tone. He didn't want to share that information, but it seemed the police wouldn't back down until they learned the truth.

Both police officers were dumbstruck when they heard the word "Turlenians". He's right. This is beyond our reach.

Most countries had foreign ministers to communicate with others should anything happen. Unfortunately, Turlen was an exception.

Obsessed CEO Throws Himself at Me Chapter 1382

Chapter 1382 A Treat

The country was completely cut off from the world. No foreigner could enter, and that meant the police couldn't communicate with the officials from Turlen. That, in turn, meant they couldn't help Arielle.

Both police officers felt awkward.

If the police were to sneak into Turlen, a simple kidnapping would escalate into an international political war. Those with malicious intentions could take advantage of the situation.

“You don’t need to worry about her. I will find some way to bring her home,” replied Vinson calmly. He saw how troubled the police officers were, so he spoke up to help them out.

“Okay, then. If you need any help at all, please call us,” offered a police officer before leaving the house.

The police hadn’t gone for long when Susanne showed up. She looked worried when she turned to Vinson, who was sitting on the couch at the time. “Geoffrey said the police were here. Is that true? What brought them over?”

“I leaked the news of Sannie’s abduction to the media, so they dropped by to learn more about the situation.”

“Well, are they going to help us?” asked Susanne. She wanted to know more about Vinson’s plans because she didn’t want him to go on a rescue mission on his own.

At Turlen.

Inside the bar, Xavier grinned as he watched Dillon approach. It had been days since the former had canceled on the latter, and he had been thinking about making up for it for days. Unfortunately, too many things happened afterward, so he kept forgetting about it. The second he was free, however, he picked up the phone and asked Dillon out for a drink.

“Eric, my man! It’s so difficult to get you to show up these days,” teased Dillon as he tapped lightly on his friend’s shoulder.

“I’ve been busy lately.”

As soon as the two men sat down, Xavier waved to get the server over. “What would you like to drink? I’ll treat you.”

After they placed their orders, Dillon said seriously, “Let me pay for everything the next time we hang out together. I live here, so let me be a good host to you.”

He treasured their friendship since Xavier had helped him when he was in trouble.

“Okay, if you say so,” replied Xavier while smiling. If paying for my drinks makes him feel better, then I’ll just sit back and let him pick up the tab. At worst, I’ll just buy him some gifts before I leave.

Dillon was as nice as he had ever been. “Eric, you should stay at my place. My parents would welcome you as our guest.”

“Oh, maybe I’ll do that when I’m free.” Xavier didn’t want to risk getting Dillon into trouble. Besides, it was more convenient to stay in a hotel.

“What are you here for, Eric? You can talk to me if you need any help at all. I will do everything I can to help you,” promised Dillon in a sincere tone as he looked right at Xavier.

The Turlenian wouldn’t sit idly if his benefactor—who was practically family—needed help.

Xavier said nothing because the server showed up at that moment.

In the past, Xavier had always thought that Dillon was a kind person. He’s more than just a nice guy. He’s also observant and smart. Good. I don’t have to worry about him getting bullied.

“Thank you for asking. I promise I will turn to you if I need help.” He had always seen Dillon as a younger brother, so he refused to put the guy in danger.

“My family is rather influential, so just tell me if you need any help at all. You don’t need to feel bad or worry about getting us in trouble,” offered Dillon once more.

Obsessed CEO Throws Himself at Me Chapter 1383

Chapter 1383 Not Possible

Xavier thought about it. It’d be difficult to look for a person on my own. I might have a better shot with help from Dillon’s family since they are rather powerful here.

“Okay, then I’ll be counting on you.”

Dillon was delighted and made a joke out of it by replying comically. “Tis my honor to help you, o’ great lord.”

The two men smiled at each other before clinking their mugs and downing their drinks.

After that, Xavier told Dillon he was a private detective and how he was tasked with finding his client’s biological father.

“His father? Did that man leave any clue behind?”

Xavier shook his head. “Things would be much simpler if the guy had done that. I’ve been here for days, but I still can’t figure anything out.”

Oh dear, that makes things so much more challenging.

Dillon thought some more about it before he pointed out, "Your client must've given you something to go on when he hired you. Maybe you can share that with me and I can have my men investigate the matter for you."

Xavier thought about the clue Vinson had provided and frowned deeply. "All I have is a first name."

"A first name?" Dillon was flabbergasted. How the hell are we supposed to locate the guy with so little to go on? We'd have a better shot at locating an actual needle in a haystack!

"Yeah, that's all I have," answered Xavier. If the pay wasn't ridiculously good, he would never have accepted the case. It was virtually impossible to get everything done within the month.

"What is that name? Maybe I can look into it for you," suggested Dillon in a somewhat defeated tone.

"Dylan."

"Dylan?" repeated Dillon as he straightened his back. He had a serious expression when he asked, "Are you sure that's the name?"

Xavier became alert when he saw Dillon reacting this way. "Yes, I am sure. Why are you asking that? Do you know something?"

Dillon shook his head, then nodded, which was confusing to the detective.

"Do you know our king's name?" He looked around and made sure that no one was paying any attention to them before he inched closer to Xavier and whispered, "His name is Dylan, and he is the only one with that first name."

Xavier's eyes bulged in surprise. What the hell? Is Vinson's wife the princess of this country?

"That being said, there is no way he is your client's biological father. My dad told me that the king has always been in the country and had never left Turlen territory before," said Dillon softly.

He would never have secretly divulged the king's personal information if the person sitting in front of him hadn't helped him in the past.

Xavier became quiet after he heard what Dillon said. Could it be that someone snuck out of the country and assumed the king's identity to do something illegal? Perhaps the

culprit did that to discourage anyone from further investigating the issue. Maybe it's a security measure put in place in case someone actually manages to come this far.

"I'm telling you, Eric. There is no way the king is involved," insisted Dillon. After that, he continued speaking in an annoyed tone. "I bet someone stole the king's identity and left the country to con some lady into sleeping with him."

"Gah, f*ck. That means this investigation just got a dozen times more difficult." Xavier ran his hand through his hair in exasperation.

He had cussed in Chanaean, so Dillon simply watched in confusion.

"Thank you for sharing all that with me. I'll try to find some other way to investigate the matter." Dillon immediately offered,

"Okay, I'll help you look into the matter as well."

Xavier returned to his motel room after they parted ways. All he could think about was what he had learned earlier that day. Suddenly, he sprung up.

"Shoot, I forgot to update that stupid Vinson Nightshire." He picked up the phone and called his client immediately.

"Vinson, I got in touch with your wife," Xavier blurted as soon as the line was established.