

# Obsessed CEO Throws Himself at Me Chapter 1438

Since their first encounter in Chanaea, Vinson had been itching to hit Aaron but refrained from doing so for Arielle's sake. This time, he was not going to relinquish the opportunity so readily provided to him.

Vinson leaned back out of reach when the incoming fist was inches from his jaw. At the same time, he dragged Aaron up by the collar and took a few swings of his own at the prince's face before dropping him like a sack of bricks.

Aaron wiped the blood from his cracked lips with his thumb and stared at Vinson with murderous hatred. Clenching his hands into fists, he made another lunge at Vinson.

Vinson continued to tilt his head to dodge the onslaught. Aaron turned around to launch a renewed barrage against Vinson when the latter's foot kicked at his stomach and found its mark with a sickening thud. As he crumpled to the ground, Vinson capitalized on his advantage by aiming a few more kicks at the same spot.

The bodyguard summoned by Aaron yelled for backup at the sight of their liege's defeat. As he hurried forward to help Aaron to his feet, the rest dashed toward Vinson in a swarm.

"Stop! Stop fighting!" Arielle cried.

Though she knew that Vinson was skilled enough to avoid sustaining injuries, she could not help fearing for his safety.

Unfortunately, her voice was drowned in the commotion of the fight. Losing her temper at last, she joined in the brawl by pummeling the bodyguards with all the might her tiny fists could muster.

Having learned of their assignment at the hospital on the way there, the bodyguards were conflicted when Arielle got herself involved.

Aaron was both jealous and worried for her safety when he saw her dive in to assist Vinson in staving off his own men.

"Stop!" The brawl ceased abruptly at his order.

"Your wound is bleeding, Ari," he continued. "I'll have the nurse change the dressing for you." Aaron's eyes were filled with distress.

Arielle could hardly spare a glance at her wound as she was fussing over the bruises on Vinson's face. "If you've come here to make me angry," she said to Aaron without looking at him, "Congratulations. Mission accomplished."

If I knew this was going to happen, I wouldn't have cooked for him and fed him on the ship.

"Ari..." Aaron did not expect his plan to backfire. To his frustration, his original intention of assigning a bodyguard to her had proved to be his undoing.

"Don't call me again," Arielle said coldly as she pointed to the door of the ward. "Please leave. I'm afraid we can't afford to be graced by your presence."

"I'll leave right now. Just don't get too worked up. Remember to have your dressing changed and re-bandaged."

Aaron felt extremely insulted being subjected to such treatment by somebody beneath his station, even more so in his own country. With a deep, meaningful gaze at Arielle, he gestured at his bodyguards in the wake of his departure.

"I'm sorry for not protecting you well enough, Vinson," Arielle whispered as she stroked Vinson's bruises tenderly.

Though she knew that Vinson was a formidable fighter, her heart still ached for the bruises he had endured for her.

A warm feeling surged in Vinson's chest when she said those words. This silly girl has an injury on her arm, and she talks of protecting me.

His eyes were filled with distress at the sight of her arm. "Come, let's get your dressing changed."

Arielle nodded, and the couple went to the surgical department to get her soiled dressing changed before having it firmly rebandaged.

Vinson had a gloomy expression on his face after returning to the ward, fretting about how he should have beaten Aaron harder. Arielle was supposed to have her stitches removed two days later before being discharged from the hospital, but her wound had split open and swelled up to an alarming degree when Aaron grabbed it earlier.