

## Obsessed CEO Throws Himself at Me Chapter 1700

### Chapter 1700 The Missing Child

We don't have any equipment for treating children. That means we'll have to send this child to the hospital in order to treat him. But if the hospital... At the thought of how that child's photos had probably spread across the internet, Torsten's brows knitted together tightly. It's easy for anyone to recognize the child if we send him to the hospital.

While his mind was in turmoil, he abruptly directed his deadly gaze toward Arielle. Photos of this child are all over the internet. But why does Dr. Moore not seem to have any reaction when she sees him? Does she really have no idea, or does she actually know everything deep inside?

"Do you know this child, Dr. Moore?" Torsten locked his blue eyes on Arielle intently.

"Isn't that the child who went missing?" Arielle looked at him. "What's wrong?"

Is she questioning me instead? Isn't she curious why a missing child would appear here?

Puzzlement filled Torsten as he stared at Arielle. Who in the right mind wouldn't find it puzzling after seeing the missing child here? Why is she not showing any emotions at all?

"Dr. Moore, aren't you curious why this child would be here?" Norma, who was at one corner, could not hold back her curiosity and threw a question even before Torsten managed to.

What's wrong with this young lady? Why is she reacting so calmly after seeing a missing child here?

"Why should I be curious about why he's here? Isn't he merely an experimental subject?" Upon noticing the two gaping at her, Arielle shot them a look of puzzlement. "Is he not?"

"Yes, you're right!"

"Yes, you're right!"

The two turned to look at each other after answering in unison. So, it turns out this lady we've recruited is so experienced in this aspect, huh?

"Dr. Moore, we don't have any equipment from the pediatrics. Now that this experimental subject is sick, how are we going to send him to the hospital if everyone

there will recognize him?" It was Torsten's true intention to find a solution, but at the same time, he was also trying to sound Arielle out.

Well aware of what was in their minds, Arielle remained very calm in that situation.

She did not mind showing her skills and letting them know how capable she was so that they could place their trust in her.

"Isn't it easy?" With that said, she turned and left the place. When she returned, she had a small bag in her hand. She pulled out the tools from inside, and about ten minutes later, the child in the crib had a change of face.

Since Norma and Torsten were knowledgeable and well-informed persons, their faith and confidence in Arielle's capabilities increased significantly after watching her perform the task.

"You can send him to the hospital now!" Arielle then packed the tools back into the bag.

At that moment, that child was still crying terribly in the crib. When Arielle put her hand over his forehead, she realized he was running a fever.

"Bring him to the hospital now. No one will be able to recognize him," Arielle said to the two as she was worried the fever would trigger other problems if he stayed there any longer.

Since there were only two females—Arielle and Norma—in the entire facility, and they could not trust the newcomer to send the child to the hospital, Norma ultimately had to accompany the child to seek treatment, with Morse in charge of driving the car and sending them to the pediatrics.

When everyone left, Torsten looked at Arielle and said, "Don't tell me this isn't your real face either?"

Suspicious were beginning to grow within him; unfortunately, he had no evidence to support his claims.

"It's my real face. I don't give a d\*mn about using an artificial face," Arielle stated while staring into his eyes.

"Let me ask you a question, Ms. Moore. You have to answer me truthfully," asked Torsten with his eyes on her.

"Go ahead."

“Why did you come here? Your medical skills are amazing. You could’ve earned a good salary at any one of the hospitals; why come here?” Torsten spoke in an icy tone as he glanced at Arielle grimly. In truth, it was difficult for him to trust a stranger that easily.

## Obsessed CEO Throws Himself at Me Chapter 1701

### Chapter 1701 Await Rescue

Arielle knew they would not easily believe her, especially since she had deliberately revealed many talents. However, it was their suspicion she required as that was the only way she could convince them and become one of them.

“The salary is attractive, but I don’t like the work,” Arielle said in a level voice as she gazed at the professor. “I prefer something more challenging. That is why I submitted my resumé without a second thought when I saw that you were hiring. I am especially interested in your research and would like to join you in taking up this challenge.”

“You enjoy research?” Torsten asked, gaping at Arielle.

If she really is an innocent researcher enamored with our work, I might even be able to recruit an apprentice.

“Yes, I especially enjoy research,” Arielle said with a smile. “I have always wanted to know if dogs could survive if their heads were swapped, so I bought two dogs to conduct this experiment at home. To my surprise, both dogs died.” As she spoke, Arielle recalled her competition with Abraham, in which she had forfeited the match as she could not bear to raise a hand in cruelty.

“Do you know what our research is about?” Torsten asked. Arielle shook her head. It was not because she was unclear. But, even if she knew, she could not say it aloud.

“You will know soon.” Torsten picked up the phone on the table and handed it to her. “By the way, you are not allowed to bring your phone when you come to work. There is nothing more to be discussed with you for now. You may retire to your dorm.”

Arielle knew it would not be easy to gain admission into their inner circle. She took the phone and returned to her room. The first thing she did upon returning was sending Vinson a text telling him she was safe.

Vinson had not slept the entire night as he missed Arielle. He unlocked his phone at once at the sound of the alert tone and read the message. Arielle told him everything via text that had occurred to her without a single omission ever since arriving there.

As she had gone into great detail, he was not as worried about her as he should have been.

Vinson wrote: What about the kid? When shall we rescue him?

He wanted to wait until the rest of the children were brought together to rescue all of them at once and catch the people conducting experiments on the children in one fell swoop.

He shared his idea with Arielle, whose lips curled into a smile when she finished reading his text. He is indeed my man to be thinking along the same lines as I am. She, too, had had the same idea. I'm going to think of a way to make the already healthy child appear the opposite. It is only through this way that I could buy some time.

Arielle texted: Tell Lawrence to speak to Aaron and put the people on their guard regarding their children. Have the police and the military take precautions. According to her plan, they would stop Nancy and the others from abducting the children if they could. If they could not, the children would be sent where she was, and she would think of another way to buy them time to await rescue.

At the mention of Aaron, Arielle's head ached with frustration when she recalled that Nancy had not released him from his imprisonment.

She hurriedly sent another text: Ask Lawrence when Nancy will release Aaron. We'll gather the ministers to pressure her if he isn't released in two days.

At that moment, Aaron, who Monisha had released, returned to the chambers occupied by Dylan when he was alive, which had been renovated to Aaron's taste. Upon entry, a subordinate came forth to make a report. The king's expression grew grim as he listened. "D\*mn it!" he cursed as the veins on his arm bulged.

## **Obsessed CEO Throws Himself at Me Chapter 1702**

Chapter 1702 Dead Men Tell No Tales

"When did this happen?" Aaron asked sternly as he shut his eyes forcefully before opening them. "Two to three days ago, Your Majesty."

Aaron lowered his voice. "Keep this to yourself. Do not tell a soul." The servant knew the severity of the matter very well and did not dare reveal it even under the threat of death.

After dismissing his servant, Aaron stood before the window with his hands clenched around the windowsill. He was, at that moment, broiling with rage.

How dare she do something like this before she even got the chance to conceal the photographs that had been previously exposed! As if that wasn't bad enough, I can't believe she would make a move on my future father-in-law. How despicable! She is not

fit to be my grandmother and not worthy of the right to rule Turlen. I vow to drag Nancy down by whatever means necessary.

At that thought, the king placed an outgoing phone call.

“Bernd, it’s me.” Aaron then told Bernd his plan.

Bernd paused for a moment after the other finished speaking. “Will that work? Will it bring you any danger?”

He thought Aaron’s decision was too risky. What would happen if he faced danger upon being found out?

“It’s the only way, Bernd!” Aaron was aware that his way would harm himself almost as much as the enemy, but he had no other choice. He did not know how else he would be able to snatch power back from Nancy.

“Let’s think of another way, Aaron. We’ll mobilize your plans as a last resort.” Bernd was not supportive of Aaron bearing such a considerable risk, and he thought they should think of another plan before using Aaron’s if there was no other way.

Bernd advised Aaron for a long time before the latter agreed to Bernd’s suggestion, though Aaron privately felt they would resort to the method he supplied one way or another.

Arielle, on the other hand, was still unaware that Aaron had wanted to use his method against Nancy because she was, at that moment, staring with shock at the children before her.

“Morse, Professor Hoffmeister, are these the newest experimental subjects?” Arielle did not expect them to successfully procure another three children within two days.

How heinous of them to neglect the lives of children for their experiments.

Despite the anger in her heart, it did not even express itself on her face. Instead, she regarded the children before her with a delighted expression.

Torsten had specially asked Morse to bring Arielle over as he wanted to see her reaction when she saw the children with his own eyes. She did not disappoint me!

He was instantly relieved upon seeing her joy. It was somebody like her he required to be his apprentice.

“That’s right. These are the new experimental subjects. Do you like them?” He smiled at Arielle.

Arielle hated him and wanted nothing more than to cause his demise, but her face portrayed nothing but elation.

“Of course I do! I am thrilled by the thought of being able to use them for all sorts of experiments.” Arielle’s gaze on the children as she expressed immense interest caused Torsten to nod with satisfaction.

Regardless, if she were to show the merest display of sympathy or tenderness toward the children, she would not be able to participate in his experiment; worse yet, she would not be able to leave.

After all, only dead men tell no secrets.

## **Obsessed CEO Throws Himself at Me Chapter 1703**

### Chapter 1703 Childcare

“These children have been examined, Dr. Moore, and some are malnourished. You will care for them for a couple of days. We’ll begin the experiment when all indicators meet the requirements,” Torsten declared to Arielle.

Arielle had been worried that Torsten would immediately begin the experiment upon the arrival of the children and heaved a sigh of relief upon being told to wait until the subjects’ indicators met the requirements.

This would also buy them time. However, this also indicates how important they are to the experiment.

“Sounds good,” Arielle replied as she gazed at the children before her with interest before turning to look at Torsten. “Did you buy them supplements to restore their health?”

Her words jolted Torsten, who suddenly remembered that he had forgotten to have Morse buy the supplements as he was busy delegating the care for those children to Arielle earlier.

“Morse will buy some later. Take them to your dorm first.” Accounting for the time, the children would be awake by now. They must get well acquainted with Dr. Moore.

Arielle had no way of bringing all three children to her dorm at once on her own, so she enlisted Morse’s help to bring the children to her dorm.

Arielle studied the three sleeping children after Morse left.

They looked slightly older than Bella’s child but were malnourished. Could they be children from poor families?

Arielle snapped a picture of the three children and sent it to Vinson while informing him that they were the three children sent over this time so he could keep an eye out for anybody who lost their children, then investigate further. She deleted the text immediately after sending it. No matter who they are, they would have no way of recovering the message.

Half an hour later, the three children awoke one at a time. They began wailing when they saw Arielle, who instantly felt like crying herself.

Are they hungry or are they thirsty?

Arielle was flustered. She had nothing edible in her dorm.

Thankfully, Morse arrived at that moment with some supplements, milk powder, and diapers.

“Help me watch them. I’ll make them some milk.” Arielle delegated the task to Morse before bringing the milk bottles to the kitchen. After sterilizing the three bottles, she boiled some water and, when it reached a suitable temperature, mixed in the milk powder and handed it to the three children.

Visibly starving, the three children cradled the bottles and gulped down their contents. In a matter of minutes, they finished three hundred milliliters of powdered milk.

Morse gazed in slight bewilderment at the fluidity of her sequence of actions.

“How are you so good at caring for kids?”

“I have a younger brother. I cared for him when my parents were at work.”

Arielle smiled as she spoke. Being busy with their careers, the Wilhelms had no time to raise Pat. It was then she began to care for him often. Arielle bathed and dressed him, prepared his milk, and took him to play. She would have been at a loss with the three children if she had not had the experience of caring for him.

Arielle smiled as she spoke, making Morse’s heart skip a beat involuntarily. He hurriedly turned away when she looked at him.

Despite finishing their meal, the three children were unappeased.

“Mama! Mama!”

Arielle’s heart ached with sorrow at their despair as they cried for their mother, yet she could not show Morse. Who could work here and be soft of heart?

“Give them some sleeping pills, Dr. Moore. That would stop their crying.” Morse frowned at the crying children.

## Obsessed CEO Throws Himself at Me Chapter 1704

### Chapter 1704 Begin The Experiment

The children are so young, and you want to feed them sleeping pills just because they are crying? As Arielle was forced to hide her anger, she could not dissipate it.

Instead, she gazed at Morse. “Is there any place around here we could take them to play? They wouldn’t cry after tiring themselves out. On the other hand, sleeping pills will harm their health and make proceeding with the experiment impossible.”

Morse scratched his head before giving it a shake. There aren’t any places for play around here.

“None?” Arielle was slightly disappointed. This dorm is not big enough. Three children wouldn’t be able to stretch out properly.

Morse noticed Arielle’s disappointment. His eyes flashed with sudden inspiration as he recalled somewhere possible.

“There’s a place which might be suitable. Hang on. Let me ask Professor Hoffmeister.” He left without giving her a chance to respond.

Several minutes later, he returned with a smile and declared that the professor had granted her leave to go there before leading Arielle and the three children to the place.

To her surprise, Arielle was brought to a small laboratory. Though it was smaller than the other rooms, it was at least a little larger than her dorms.

However, the equipment within had been stowed away, making it appear like an abandoned laboratory. She knew better than to ask.

With a suitable location for the children to play in at last, Arielle spared no expense in amusing them. They were all around two years of age, and though their energy seemed limitless, they, too, would fall prey to fatigue. The children began to show tiredness at noon, so Arielle and Morse brought them back to the dorm.

She bathed them, and after another meal of powdered milk, they began yawning and whining for bed. The two boys were obedient. As soon as they were tucked in, they fell asleep with a yawn.

Despite being very sleepy, the girl, on the other hand, rubbed her eyes and spread her arms, asking to fall asleep in Arielle’s embrace.



Her demeanor triggered Arielle's maternal instincts. There were no surveillance cameras in the dorm, and Morse had left long ago after she had bathed the children.

In addition, Arielle was not worried that her gesture would make them suspicious. She held the little girl against her bosom and pinched her cheek as she hummed a nursery rhyme to coax her to sleep.

Feeling secure in Arielle's embrace, the little girl soon closed her eyes and fell asleep. Afraid that the child would wake up upon being set down, Arielle held her for another ten minutes before tucking her in.

Her eyes narrowed as she gazed at the three sleeping children. I must protect them and not allow Professor Hoffmeister and the others to take advantage of them.

Morse brought lunch not long after. Arielle ate and rested a little before taking a shower. She had been drenched in sweat after playing with the children and felt sticky and uncomfortable.

Arielle heard a faint knock when she emerged from the bathroom. While toweling her wet hair, she walked over to open the door.

Morse was standing on the other side with a bag of fruit. The tips of his ears grew red instantly when he saw Arielle drying her hair with one hand.

"H-Here are some fruits for you." Morse placed the fruits on the floor and turned to leave as if eager to escape.

Arielle narrowed her eyes. She sensed a difference in how Morse treated her. Is this another way of testing me?

Her gaze darkened as she picked up the bag of fruits and shut the door. Despite initially planning to take a nap, she no longer felt drowsy. Instead, she began thinking of countermeasures.

Two days later, Norma returned with Bella's child and informed Torsten that the child was in good health. Arielle's heart thumped with fear as she heard the news. Does that mean the experiment will commence? How will I stop it?

## **Obsessed CEO Throws Himself at Me Chapter 1705**

### **Chapter 1705 Ulterior Motives**

Despite having used Morse to scout out the surroundings, Arielle still could not guarantee her success in taking away four children in one go. What should I do? She did not even know her actual location, as her imprisonment in the basement did not afford her the opportunity to get outside.

She did try to use Morse to bring her outside, but Morse would ask her what she needed and went out by himself whenever she brought up the matter of going out to shop for the children.

Worried about drawing his notice if she asked too often, Arielle did not dare bring up the matter of going out again. Her helplessness over her predicament plunged her into a stalemate. What should I do? Should I resort to that?

However, she did not dare guarantee that that plan would work. What if something went wrong?

Before she could think of something more foolproof, Norma's arrival with Bella's son in her arms intensified Arielle's anxiety when she saw how demure the boy looked. However, her face displayed only joy.

"This child is a fine specimen. Are we ready to begin the experiment? Can I join in by then?" she asked Norma excitedly, who heaved a sigh of relief at the happiness and interest on Arielle's expression and decided that it looked genuine.

As Dr. Moore is here under my recommendation, I would be the one to blame if she harbored any ulterior motives. It relieves me that she seems pretty interested in the research. I can use her without worry.

"All in good time," Norma replied with a smile.

"Why? I'm not here to babysit children, Professor Norma. I'm here for research." Various doubts arose in Arielle at Norma's cryptic response. Did she mean there is no rush for my participation or that the use of children in research is temporarily halted? She could not decipher the meaning behind Norma's words, so she decided to feign anger.

Arielle's look of impatience made Norma very happy as she enjoyed meeting people capable of drastic means for science.

"Professor Hoffmeister said this child has been ill for days. Though his immune system is strong and his condition has taken a turn for the better, he's been on the drip and has residual drugs in his system. It wouldn't be too late to begin the research when he's completely healed, as the drugs in his body would have been completely absorbed by then. Since this child is the best specimen out of all this batch of children, we have to maximize his potential."

Arielle was relieved at those words. As she gazed at the adorable and obedient child, another idea occurred surreptitiously to her.

"I thought I would have been able to join in on the research as soon as possible. How disappointing!" Arielle huffed with dissatisfaction. "I'm sick of caring for kids over the

past few days. One child isn't a problem, but I can't handle three. I'm tired all the time. Look at what my skin has become."

Norma was overjoyed by the grievance in her voice, though she did not show it.

"It's only a couple of days of work, which will pass very soon. We have waited many years for a test subject." She patted Arielle's arm comfortingly.

Arielle nodded helplessly and stretched out a hand to poke the child in her arms. "Though he's the smallest, he's the most well behaved," she said through pursed lips.

Norma gazed at the child in her arms and nodded in agreement.

The two women exchanged a few more words, with Norma showing no signs of wanting to leave. Arielle sensed that Norma had an ulterior motive, but she could not figure out what it was. Just as she was considering different possibilities, Norma spoke.