

Obsessed CEO Throws Himself at Me

Chapter 931

/ Obsessed CEO Throws Himself at Me
Chapter 931

Unfortunately, the ingredients were insufficient, and Arielle had no choice but to ask for the help of Sasha and Blake.

The three of them, together with a few other bodyguards, toiled the night away until they had made enough ravioli for one hundred people.

"All right, that'll do," Arielle mumbled as she stretched her limbs. With everything stored in the freezer, she turned toward Sasha and Blake. "I'm going off to bed now. Why don't you two do the same? There are so many people on guard duty anyway. Besides, I'd still need your help tomorrow."

"Okay!" Blake exclaimed in joy. He might not have tasted the ravioli, but after seeing Arielle prepare the ingredients, he was already salivating for it.

I'm sure they'll taste divine!

Arielle returned to her room, and after washing up, she decided to light the therapeutic candles that the Wilhelms had gifted her.

Before long, she fell into a deep sleep.

Unbeknownst to her, a tall figure had suddenly appeared at the entrance of Maple Mansion.

Despite Arielle's instructions, Sasha had stubbornly insisted on standing guard while she got Blake to retire for the night.

In the end, her guard duty had barely started when an unexpected visitor came by.

Sasha's eyes lit up at the familiar face in front of her. "Boss?"

Surprised but happy, she quickly went up to welcome Vinson with two bodyguards in tow.

She didn't believe the other bodyguards earlier when they reported that Vinson might have returned. But now that she had seen him with her own eyes, there was no mistake about it.

It was Vinson Nightshire in the flesh.

Even though it rained heavily in Horington, Jadeborough's skies were clear and dotted with stars.

And if it weren't for the thunderstorm delaying his flight, Vinson would've made it home an hour earlier.

He acknowledged his staff with a nod before looking up toward Arielle's room.

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Her room's all dark and quiet. I guess she's sound asleep.

Knowing what Vinson was looking at, Sasha spoke up. "Ms. Moore has just fallen asleep. Shall I wake her up?"

"No," Vinson quickly answered. "I just wanted to see her. I'll be leaving in a while."

Sasha's eyes widened in shock.

"You came all the way back to see Ms. Moore?"

"Yes. Otherwise, I won't be at ease. By the way, nobody is to tell her that I came back. I don't want her scolding me for it."

"Um... Understood!" Sasha replied, not quite knowing what to make of the situation.

All she knew was that if there ever were a competition for the world's best husband, Vinson would be right at

the top.

"I'm going up to take a look. Carry on with your guard duty."

"Yes!"

With that, Vinson strode into the mansion and went up the stairs toward Arielle's room.

He quietly entered the room and saw Arielle's peaceful sleeping face framed by the soft glow of the moonlight.

After removing his windbreaker, Vinson sat on the floor beside Arielle and gazed fondly at her.

In her dream, Arielle had shed her cold and strong willed self and was once again a carefree and innocent child.

Vinson had long caught the whiff of the therapeutic

candles even before he entered the room. Emboldened by the knowledge that Arielle wouldn't be so easily awakened, he became even bolder with his actions.

He caressed her face and ran his finger down to her lips.

Her lips are so moist and soft. I bet it'll feel even better if I kiss them.

Vinson's eyes deepened as he leaned in and planted a kiss on Arielle's lips.

Alas, he lost control, and his light kisses became even more passionate.

All of a sudden, Arielle let out a moan.

The sound was so sensual that it set off a ripple of excitement within Vinson, causing his arousal level to jump tenfold.

Vinson cursed under his breath, knowing full well that his body had reacted to the arousal.

Obsessed CEO Throws Himself at Me Chapter 932

[/ Obsessed CEO Throws Himself at Me](#)
Chapter 932

Tasting his sweetness in his mouth, he could feel his desires raging uncontrollably within him.

It was incredibly challenging for Vinson to restrain himself.

To prevent things from getting out of hand, he tore himself away reluctantly from Arielle's lips.

Gazing at her furrowed brows, he stroked them to ease the crease.

This woman can influence my thoughts and feelings effortlessly, even when she is asleep.

The man heaved a sigh, dared not to touch her anymore. After taking a few deep breaths to regulate his breathing, he crept onto the bed, draped his arm around her waist, and closed his eyes to sleep by her side.

There were still another four hours before the flight, so he could sleep together with her for three hours, which was exactly the reason he flew overnight back to Jadeborough, despite the torrential downpour in Horington.

Vinson sighed in contentment. Pulling the woman closer, he dozed off beside her.

Time slipped away in the twinkling of an eye, and it was soon the next day.

The alarm woke Arielle up. Opening her eyes, she instinctively turned to look at the spot next to her.

However, she was bewildered at the sight of the empty space.

What the hell? I actually dreamed of Vinson coming back. We even had a passionate, long kiss. It was so palpable that I can still recall how I felt during the kiss. Even my lips are...

She touched her lips and found them a little red and swollen.

Perhaps I have bitten my lips unintentionally in my dream. That was why I had such a dream.

“My goodness! I guess I miss him so much that I’m going nuts.”

That was the first time in her life she had an erotic dream, which was what they called a wet dream in Chanaea.

Frustrated, she pinched her own cheeks and got out of the bed.

There is still so much to do. Susanne gave me only three months to prove myself, and there is still no progress with Cindy. Yet, here I am, having a wet dream. How embarrassing!

The woman let out a few helpless sighs. The dream slowly slipped her mind when she was done washing up.

As she went down the stairs, Sasha was coming up.

The latter smiled at her. "Good morning, Ms. Moore. I was about to wake you up."

After yesterday's incident, Arielle had become the lady of the house in Sasha's eyes.

The woman whom Vinson cherished and cared for the most would certainly be the only lady of the house.

But Arielle did not notice that Sasha was a lot friendlier than before. Nodding her head, she said, "I'm not taking the ravioli along now, lest the filling becomes stale."

Sasha nodded politely. "Sure, I'll send it to school to you in time."

"Thanks. Please go to the market and get some disposable tableware and tools to prepare ravioli..." Arielle grabbed a piece of paper and listed down the items she needed in school.

After making sure she left nothing out, the woman set off for school.

Today was the day when the result would be announced. There was a charity event. Therefore, the school would be unusually merry today.

When Arielle was eating in the car, the dream popped into her mind again.

Her cheeks heated right away. In the end, she couldn't help but send Vinson a text: I saw the weather forecast today. It was raining on your end. Is everything alright?

Nevertheless, she received no reply after a long time.

Is he still in bed?

Glancing at her watch, she realized it was still early, so she did not send him any more text.

Vinson must be tired. I'd better let him sleep in.

Meanwhile, the man was still on the plane.

The plane was equipped with Wi-Fi, but Vinson did not get her message because it was a text.

Obsessed CEO Throws Himself at Me

Chapter 933

[/ Obsessed CEO Throws Himself at Me](#)
Chapter 933

On the other hand, Cecilia hailed a cab and arrived at the Nightshire Manor early in the morning.

Knowing that the woman was coming, Susanne got up early and prepared baking ingredients.

For the sake of Vinson's collaboration in Horington, she decided to humble herself to please the Greens, although Cecilia told her she needed not to prepare anything

It had been years since she last brown-nosed someone. Never had she thought she would grovel to the Greens.

If I had known things were going to turn out this way, I would never have gotten in touch with the Greens and brought about the engagement between Vinson and Wendy. The Greens wouldn't have become so rapacious if I had not been adamant.

"It's all my fault. I've opened the door and let the wolf in!"

Being involved in the entire incident, Geoffrey comforted the remorseful woman. "Back then, you knew nothing about the Greens' greed and ambition. They were so easygoing at that time, but now the family is so overbearing, pretending to be thoughtful. One played the good cop while the other, the bad cop. Meanwhile, Ms. Greene acted all pitiful. If they had put their cards on the table, you would never have let Ms. Greene marry into our family."

"Let her marry into the family?" Susanne snorted.

"Before the Greens came, I had great hopes in Wendy. Because of the ruckus they caused, I've made up my mind to ignore them right after Vin's collaboration is accomplished."

During the Greenes' visit, I've found out their true colors. Though Arielle is no match for Wendy, she is much more sensible and obedient. I just hope that her result will not be so bad that it brings me embarrassment. Otherwise, Cecilia will probably insinuate that I'm wrong-headed and have mistaken a fool for a genius.

Susanne was filled with remorse that she promised the Greenes to go to Jadeborough University when it struck her that Arielle might get a terribly low score.

At that thought, Susanne clasped her hands and prayed. "God help me, please! I hope Arielle's result is not the worst among all."

Next to her stood Geoffrey, who then consoled her. "Don't worry, Mrs. Nightshire. I'm sure the woman that Mr. Vinson loves is not that weak. At least, she won't be the worst."

"Yeah, I know... But she's from the countryside. You know full well about the level of education there. It's alright. I'll leave it all to fate," she replied with a sigh.

Right then, a security guard came to inform them about Cecilia's arrival.

"I got it." Susanne pulled herself together. "Let her in."

Soon, Cecilia came with some baking ingredients, but she only brought a small amount of them.

She obviously knew Susanne would be well prepared.

"Hi, Susanne." Cecilia flashed her a smile. "I'm sorry for causing you trouble early in the morning, but I have no choice. I just found out that those desserts will not be used as gifts, but they will be sold for charity purposes. Hence, I'm planning to make at least two hundred of them. I'm afraid you'll have to work together with me."

Having lived a life of luxury for a long time, Susanne nodded her head reluctantly with a stiff smile. "Sure... I'm interested in this as well. Let's get started."

"Alright, let's get down to business. The result should be out. I wonder how well Wendy can score, but I guess she's certainly going to come in the first place. The only thing I'm concerned about is how far is she away from full marks."

Obsessed CEO Throws Himself at Me Chapter 934

Cecilia rambled on. "Wendy has always been outstanding since young. I've always worried that she might wear herself out. Yesterday, she even studied till late night..."

Susanne couldn't do anything but plaster on a smile and play along, hoping to get through this in no time.

Susanne took a deep, steadying breath. Her fingernails sunk into her palms in vexation.

Wendy could not sleep a wink last night, as she was worried whether she could get the first place.

Therefore, she got out of bed early and went to Jadeborough University.

The woman was surprised to see the students from preparatory class had arrived early as well.

After getting out of the car, she wanted to wave at a classmate of hers, but the latter averted her gaze and strode into the campus.

"Damn it!" Her hands balled up, and her lips were pressed into a hard line.

Let's see if they'll still disregard me when I get enrolled into Maxwell University after the result was released.

Wendy snorted in annoyance and marched toward the bulletin board, where the result would be pasted on.

Several other preparatory class students would also

make their way to the bulletin board first after they had arrived at school.

However, when Wendy was there, she found the result was still not on the bulletin board.

Am I too early? It looks like I still have to wait for a moment.

Right when she was about to return to the classroom, a few preparatory class students were sauntering out of the classroom in disappointment.

Just then, those students suddenly flocked in the same direction with eager faces.

“Arielle!”

“My goddess!”

Their voices stopped Wendy in her tracks. Turning to look in their direction, she spotted Arielle in a pink shirt and a white pleated skirt.

A pink and white outfit would usually make people look tanned and chubby.

That was the color combination she would avoid by all

means.

Yet, Arielle neither looked tanned nor chubby, but the outfit accentuated her beauty and hourglass figure.

Annoyed, Wendy bit her lower lip.

Why is she so blessed? She looks gorgeous no matter what she wears.

Without a word, the few preparatory class students rushed over to Arielle and bowed to her three times as though she was a god.

What is going on?

Shocked by their action, Arielle asked in a panic, “What are you guys doing?”

The three students grinned bashfully. “Congratulations, Arielle! Since you have good grades, we might get lucky and score better after bowing to you.”

“That’s right! We had prayed to God yesterday. Now that we’ve bowed to you, our result will be even better.”

Arielle gave them a helpless smile and asked, “Isn’t the result supposed to be announced on the bulletin board? Is it not released yet?”

“Yeah. Maybe it’s still too early now. I’m sure it’ll be out at noon.”

“By the way, goddess, are you going to take part in the flea market?”

“Let’s attend the charity event together tonight!”

The students chattered enthusiastically with Arielle, unlike the way they treated Wendy earlier.

The latter was fuming with rage, clenching her fists so hard that her knuckles had turned white.

What are they doing? Are they out of their minds? Instead of worshipping Arielle, they should be coming to me, the one who is certainly going to be number one. She missed the exam for one of the subjects. How can she get the first place then? What a joke!

Wendy was so infuriated that she refused to be around for one more second, turning around and striding toward the classroom.

I can't wait for the result to be released already. As soon as the results are out, it will be a slap in the face for everyone. I'll show them with my capability that I am the real ace student!

Obsessed CEO Throws Himself at Me Chapter 935

[/ Obsessed CEO Throws Himself at Me](#)
Chapter 935

The school bell rang for the commencement of class in short order.

As all the morning classes scheduled were taught by the characteristically punctual Donovan, his continued absence had the class' students in a state of ardent speculation.

"It's already a dozen minutes past, so what's up with Mr. Baxter? There's no reason why he should be this late, even if he's a newly-wed."

"I don't think he'd take it that far, surely? Could he be on medical leave?"

They had no idea that Donovan was not actually late at all. Rather, he was at the lead of a collective of lecturers who had stormed up to Marcus' office.

"Mr. Brown!" said Donovan the moment he pushed through the doors. "There's a problem with the grades for this round of exams. Hence, I would like for your help in pulling up the class' surveillance footage so that we may launch an investigation into it!"

Marcus got himself quite a fright and adjusted his hyperopic glasses before he stood up on his feet. "What's going on, Mr. Baxter? Hmm? What brought all of you here as well, Professor Sleight? What's wrong with the results???"

"Mr. Brown." Arthur took a step forward and regarded him quite grimly. "There's absolutely nothing wrong with the results, but Mr. Baxter insisted that there was

and demanded that we come to see you."

That left Marcus even more confounded, but he responded rather cheerfully, "Let's not get too worked up here. Why don't I make us some tea so that we may talk this over calmly."

"I don't take tea," Donovan replied humorlessly. "Surely you must know what's at stake for this round of examinations, Mr. Brown. We cannot afford to have things go awry here, especially not with acts of cheating!"

"Cheating?" The stunned Marcus then began to inquire of Arthur in earnest. "You're the more level-headed one here, Professor Sleight. Why don't you explain the situation to me."

Arthur met Donovan's cold eyes with his own frosty gaze before he turned his attention back to Marcus.

"It's like this, Mr. Brown. The issue isn't with the results, but with this one particular student doing exceptionally well. Mr. Baxter took exception with her scoring full marks for the four main classes and insisted that she cheated. Hence, he is compelling all of us here to have you look into the surveillance footage."

"W-What? Full marks?" Marcus' eyes widened. Scarcely believing what he heard, he even thought he ought to have his ears checked, being this close to the age of retirement and all.

"You've heard it right. Full scores for four classes,"

Arthur affirmed with a nod and seemingly with a little pride attached.

Never mind that Donovan did not feel honored at having such a brilliant student hail from his own class, Arthur could not fathom how the former would venture to think that his own student's accomplishment was achieved through fraud.

As these papers were authored between themselves, there were no solutions to them available online.

The only set of answers available had been locked away in the safety deposit box, where no one could possibly have access.

On the other end, a visibly shaken Marcus asked, "Who? Who was it who aced the four classes?"

"It's Arielle Moore," Arthur said while he regarded Marcus. "As you're the one who brought her in yourself,

I assume that you should remember her well? She even helped us with the translation of Maxwell University's lesson plan on one occasion."

"I remember her. I most certainly do!" Marcus' eyes lit up while he repeatedly nodded in the affirmative.

"Mr. Brown!" Donovan twitched his lips. His inflection elevated a notch as he conveyed a solemn caution. "Do not let yourself get too carried away here. Just think about this. How could someone like her, who had gotten herself enrolled through her connections, have managed to ace the papers the way she did? I'd be able to understand if it had been Wendy, the most consistently

excellent student in our class. But Arielle? Impossible!"

"Donovan!" Arthur retorted in displeasure, "You really seem to have it in for Arielle. I always thought she was extraordinarily gifted, so how is it not possible for her to attain such results? You'd do well to remember that while the few of us amongst the faculty struggled to translate Maxwell University's lesson plan for advanced mathematics, she managed to do so quickly and with extreme ease. Isn't that sufficient proof of her remarkable talents?"

Obsessed CEO Throws Himself at Me Chapter 936

[/ Obsessed CEO Throws Himself at Me](#)
Chapter 936

Marcus found himself nodding along in agreement as he listened.

Arielle entered their school at the behest of Vinson Nightshire, and what sort of man was he?

Apart from being the heir apparent to Nightshire Group, few people knew that the man was an absolute genius who not only managed to get himself into Maxwell University at the age of sixteen but also graduated ahead of schedule within the span of two years.

It's Maxwell University we're talking about here!

Over the years, no more than a hundred Chanaeans managed to be accepted and also attain a graduation certificate from said school.

How could anyone who came at the strong recommendation of Vinson be of modest capability?

The laboratory building that Vinson could donate was not Marcus' sole point of consideration. It was also his own belief in Arielle's exceptional potential that led him to his prompt consent.

However, Donovan was having none of it.

A translation could have been automated. As he was not present back then, how could he be certain if Arielle could not have employed some unorthodox means by which to complete her translation?

The scoffing Donovan snorted, "Remarkable talents? At

cheating, more like! As her homeroom teacher, I should know best what she's capable of, so I daresay that Arielle could never have attained these results purely on her own merit."

That drew a frown from Marcus. "How would you like to handle this then? Shall we have Arielle summoned here for questioning in person?"

"That won't be necessary. Everything would become clear once we scrutinized the surveillance footage," Donovan replied with disdain. "Seeing how conniving she is, there's no guarantee that she'd fess up even if we brought her in."

Arthur did not much fancy what he heard.

"As an educator, do you think this to be the appropriate sort of tone you should be adopting when speaking about your students, Donovan? Personally, I do not believe that Arielle cheated to attain full marks, but

granted, you shouldn't be describing your own student as conniving even if she did."

"What's wrong with that? I'm merely calling a spade a spade."

"Donovan Baxter, you..."

Unable to contain himself, Marcus slammed his hands upon the desk. "That's enough!"

That took the two of them by surprise and left them with an awful expression on their faces as they held

their silence.

Marcus closed his eyes and took a few deep breaths in an effort to recollect himself before he continued, "The results of this exam are critical as they would determine which students we will send for the admissions test for Maxwell University. Even though I am not in the belief that Arielle cheated to get the maximum possible score either, we shall look into the footage from the surveillance cameras since there are some amongst you who have your doubts about it."

"Very well," Arthur nodded in agreement. "Since Mr. Baxter remained skeptical of the results, let us go ascertain the truth and find out if Arielle truly merited the results she got. But, Mr. Brown... As an educator, I feel that we should always try to give our students the benefit of the doubt and not accuse them of fraud without justification, and so..."

"So what?" Donovan regarded Arthur icily.

He genuinely could not understand Arthur's overt protectiveness over Arielle. Could it be that the man, too, had been smitten by her looks?

Could not be bothered with Donovan, Arthur turned to Marcus instead. "If we are not able to find evidence of Arielle's alleged fraud, I hope to have Mr. Baxter issue a public apology to her over this matter at the charitable auction tonight."

"Why should I?" spat Donovan. "Why should I, a lecturer, make any apologies over a matter concerning a Student?"

Obsessed CEO Throws Himself at Me Chapter 937

[/ Obsessed CEO Throws Himself at Me](#)
Chapter 937

It was incomprehensible to Donovan how an Education graduate from Maxwell University like himself could be held in less esteem than a mere student in the eyes of this teaching peer of his.

"Why should you not? Wouldn't apologizing for falsely accusing someone else of wrongdoing be the proper thing to do even if you weren't a lecturer?" came Arthur's dour response.

"Mr. Brown..." Donovan looked to Marcus in the hope that the latter would speak up on his behalf.

In place of Marcus' usual amiable demeanor was a look of sternness. "Had Professor Sleight not brought this up, I'd have clean forgotten about it. To date, you've yet to make an apology to Arielle at the assembly as you've promised before."

"I..."

"It's just as well," Marcus said, cutting Donovan short. "If you're maligning Arielle this time without proof like you did of Arielle fighting outside of school and for the incident at the freshman party, see to it that you pay all of your dues for all three of them simultaneously."

"Mr. Brown!" Donovan sounded seriously aggrieved. "Do you really want me to make an apology at the charitable event? As many parents would be expected to be in attendance, this would be an embarrassment to the faculty members of Jadeborough University. Is the dignity of a lecturer less important than that of a student?"

"Like payment for a debt, it's only right to make reparations for one's own mistakes. This has been the way since antiquity," the furrowing Marcus replied. "Also, you might have been mistaken about one thing. It's the students, not the teachers, who are the most vital elements of the school. Thus you, as a teacher, ought to take ownership of your mistakes like a good role model to the students should. There are simply no two ways about it."

Donovan bit down on his lip. "Fine! If nothing turned up in the footage establishing Arielle's guilt, then I shall publicly apologize to her. However, if she had indeed cheated, you should expel her immediately!"

Marcus assented with a nod. "Very well. Cheating has always been regarded as a serious matter, especially during such an important exam. If her guilt is established, then I shall see to her expulsion in accordance to the school rules."

Hearing the word expulsion made Donovan feel somewhat better.

"Then it's agreed. I hope that you'd not let her off again this time on account of Vinson Nightshire, Mr. Brown."

Marcus' brows creased into a furrow. "Do be mindful of what you say. Not once have I cut Arielle any slack because of Vinson, for all along, she had not been in the wrong. Conversely, it was you kept erring."

An awful expression flickered across Donovan's face, but he clenched his fists and quickly reasserted himself.

"Now then, let us go review the footage."

"Let's!" Marcus then strode ahead with Arthur tailing close behind.

Having borne testament to Arielle's gifts, the latter was certain that the ability she has demonstrated so far to be merely the tip of the iceberg.

Thus he, too, wanted to go along and see her vindicated so that he could affirm her genius.

Curiosity drove the other lecturers to follow, as they were also keen to know the outcome.

The sullen-faced Donovan, who propped up the rear, remained convinced of Arielle's guilt and was certain that today would be the day she got expelled.

Ever since the incident surrounding Queenie, he had felt an indescribable sense of shame whenever he saw Arielle. With her exit, that sentiment would be something that he would no longer have to contend with.

Finally, this will all be over.

Obsessed CEO Throws Himself at Me Chapter 938

[/ Obsessed CEO Throws Himself at Me](#)
Chapter 938

The sight of the group strutting into the control room made the security guy inside jump up from his seat.

"W-What's going on, Mr. Brown?"

Why would so many lecturers be here if it wasn't something major?

The thought of that had him all tensed up.

"Relax. It's not that big of a deal. We just want to review the security footage to ascertain some facts, that's all."

"The security footage..." answered the security guard between stutters. "But the school's surveillance system underwent an upgrading these past few days. I'm afraid a review won't be possible as we don't have the footage from last week anymore."

"What? A systems upgrade?" Donovan's inflection raised a notch.

This matter also slipped Marcus' mind until he had been reminded of it just then.

"It would seem that we've hit a dead-end," Marcus said. "In that case, you can all have her resit the papers after the charity event has concluded."

"How could that do?" Donovan protested. "Having already done them once, with a good memory, it would not be difficult for her to ace the papers again. I'd say that Arielle must have known about the upgrading

Chapter 938

works for the surveillance system during this period and had thus taken the opportunity to cheat, so why don't you just expel her outright..."

"No way!" replied Marcus, cutting him off. "There's no way that I'd expel any student on a whim, especially given the lack of proof. What would people think of Jadeborough University if we handle things so irresponsibly?"

Arthur nodded profusely as he concurred. "In my esteem, Arielle was not guilty of cheating, to begin with. Didn't you also help with the invigilation yourself during the exams back then, Mr. Brown? With two lecturers supervising the examination proceedings, even cheating just a little couldn't possibly lead to full marks."

Marcus' eyes suddenly lit up. "Speaking of the invigilation, it actually reminded me of something. Didn't you say that the paper for advanced mathematics was exceedingly difficult? I didn't get the sense that Arielle felt that way when I watched her work on it. That goes to show that she was indeed quite gifted."

"No," Donovan dismissed it flatly. "That actually proved that she did cheat. For something that challenging, even I could not have scored maximum points in my first attempt. Unless you mean to suggest that a student could be more learned than a teacher like me? Something's definitely off about this!"

That drew a taut frown from Marcus. "Then, what do you suggest should be done? We can't review the

Chapter 938

footage now, and I cannot approve of an immediate expulsion either.”

Donovan’s chin perked up slightly. “At the charity event tonight, I shall issue an apology to Arielle for the two prior incidents. However, we must have a resolution pertaining to the matter of cheating at hand.”

“Perhaps you should go ahead and share your thoughts about it.”

Donovan took in a deep drawl. “I’ve decided that I’d publicly question Arielle in full witness of everyone present at the charity event.”

“Question her?” Arthur asked in skepticism. “Whatever do you mean to say by that?”

“It’s quite elementary. In order to increase the level of difficulty of the papers, I had purposefully added some content related to quantum mechanics when I was formulating the examination questions. The fact that Arielle was able to score full marks meant that she understood quantum mechanics. Hence, I shall pose to her two questions related to the subject matter. If she’s able to furnish the correct answers to them, that would be proof that she, indeed, had not committed fraud.”

Arthur frowned in disapproval. “But that’d become obvious to both the students and their parents that we’re suspecting her of cheating.”

“Hehe,” Donovan laughed. “Aren’t you positive that she did not, Professor Sleight, so why are you so worried

Chapter 938

now? If you didn’t have your own suspicions, you needn’t be at all concerned for her. Besides, she would be vindicated if she’s able to answer.”

Obsessed CEO Throws Himself at Me

Chapter 939

[/ Obsessed CEO Throws Himself at Me](#)
Chapter 939

“Quantum mechanics isn’t within their scope of studies, to begin with, so it wouldn’t be surprising if she’s unable to deliver the right answers to your questions,” said Arthur, who did his best to remonstrate on her behalf.

Donovan raised a questioning eyebrow. "If that's the case, how would you explain away her ability to answer those questions in the papers then?"

"I..." Arthur was stumped momentarily there and could only look pleadingly to Marcus. "Mr. Brown..."

Marcus, on the other end, nodded in affirmation. "So be it. This would seem to be the only way to establish whether she cheated. If she was able to answer the questions pertaining to quantum mechanics on Mr. Baxter's paper, then she should likewise be able to respond accordingly when queried on it."

The thrilled Donovan then turned to regard Arthur. "Since the principal himself has put it that way, what other objections do you have, Professor Sleight?"

"I've no objections. However, the questions to be posed must not be harder than those presented in the paper,"

Arthur replied under gritted teeth.

"Rest assured that I've got a handle on it."

"Alright then. We can move ahead with this."

Arthur left it at that, as facts trumps rhetoric.

"Since there are no further objections, that settles it."

You've already expended enough of your lesson time, Mr. Baxter, so you should head on back to class. Seeing that you've no classes scheduled in the afternoon, Professor Sleight, kindly help to put the results up on the bulletin board."

Arthur nodded before he hesitated to ask, "About Arielle's results..."

"You should put them up first as the results slip would only be displayed for one day. Otherwise, wouldn't she lose this chance to demonstrate her capability even if she was able to prove that she earned it through her own merits afterward? The mission of our school has always been to discover and showcase the best of our students."

"Yes, I understand," Arthur affirmed. He then bumped Donovan on the way out.

The latter's brows knotted while he rubbed his own shoulder. "Don't you think Professor Sleight's showing a little too much favor toward Arielle, Mr. Brown?"

Marcus then regarded Donovan staidly. "I feel as he

does. If Arielle had indeed attained full marks for all four subjects by her own efforts, then it's Jadeborough University's great privilege to have a student like her. We should therefore be paying more attention to her accordingly. Rather, it's you who seemed to harbor some serious biases toward her which I hope you'd endeavor to keep in check."

Donovan gnashed his teeth, upset with himself for having misspoken.

"I'm going back to class." He said no more and went on to make his way out.

On the other hand, it was the security guard who appeared to be quite bamboozled.

"What's really going on here, Mr. Brown?"

Marcus brushed him off. "It's nothing. You should get back to work."

The security guard scratched his head, mystified by the group that arrived and then variously departed in a huff.

Elsewhere, Wendy, in her position as the class representative who saw Arielle step in with more than half the period gone, was about to go look for Donovan when Donovan himself walked in.

He glanced over to Arielle's desk and saw that the regular truant had shown up, in spite of the fact she was hunched over the table, fast asleep.

Pursing his lips, that inexplicable feeling he had sprouted forth like a seedling.

He forced that matter regarding Queenie out of his mind and spoke in a bristled mood. "I'm sorry for coming in late as I was caught up in a meeting with the principal in his office. Right now, I have something that I wish to share with all of you."

Obsessed CEO Throws Himself at Me Chapter 940

[/ Obsessed CEO Throws Himself at Me](#)
Chapter 940

All the students in the preparatory class were unnerved by the severity of Donovan's expression, so much so that even Arielle roused groggily upon sensing the unusual nature of the atmosphere around her.

She thought she ought to look into her own supplementary needs, considering how easily she dozed off after her arrival.

"I've stressed prior to the commencement of this examination how important it is. However, I've avoided going into the specifics before as I was wary of how it might affect your frame of mind going in. Now that the exams are over, it's time to let all of you in on it," Donovan explained.

"What's this about, Mr. Baxter?" the student who shared tables with Wendy could not help but ask.

Donovan acknowledged that with a nod before he cut to the chase. "Although you've been told that this exam is our monthly test, it is, in fact, an exercise for early recruitment initiated by Maxwell University. There are six places made available to students from our school, with five of them allotted to the preparatory class and one going to the normal classes. The principal and I were unanimous that the places should be awarded to the students who come in ranking in the top five during this round of examinations. Consequently, whoever comes out ahead will have the opportunity to undertake the admissions test for Maxwell University at the end of the month."

That drew a collective gasp from the students.

Chapter 940

"I would have spent more time doing my revision had I known earlier."

"Me too. I felt that I haven't been at my best this time."

"You can't put it that way. Had Mr. Baxter told us about this before, I might have been so nervous that I wouldn't be able to concentrate on the papers at all."

"It looks like I won't be getting myself a ticket to Maxwell University's admissions test this time."

Wendy's lips curled up wryly when she heard the remarks made amidst those discussions.

As she was the only one in class who received a heads up from Donovan, it proved that even Donovan himself thought that she was the most outstanding student with the best character profile.

"Ahem!"

Donovan cleared his throat, which had the immediate effect of quieting down the class.

He waited until everyone had settled before he continued, "It's okay if you didn't manage to earn any of the slots this time around, as Maxwell University will be giving all of you another opportunity to try again in the second half of the year. However, that would be an examination

conducted on a worldwide scale. The content that you'll be tested on would also be much broader, and what I'll be covering in class will be tailored toward that accordingly. You don't have to be

Chapter 940

too worried as all of you will get a crack at it. For those who managed to receive a slot this time, make the most of your time to prepare for the upcoming test. Come by my office after school today and get the material I've specially prepared in advance for you."

The students then exhaled in unison. Some out of nervousness, some out of lamentation, but most were in anticipation.

Their goal for joining the preparatory class was to get themselves into Maxwell University, for failure to do so would see them transferred to the normal classes in the coming year.

"Alright, that's all we have for the side topics. Coming up, we'll begin to go over the content of this past paper. So have your own copies at the ready, all of you," said Donovan as he went into his lesson proper.

At the same time, Arthur also had the results put up on the bulletin board where it drew the curious gazes of passing students who were not from the preparatory class and stopped to look.

"I heard that the papers for the preparatory class were extremely tough!"

"Of course! They were handpicked from amongst the best, the crème de la crème. But us students from the normal classes are also able to sign up for the night exams, or so it was said."

"Night exams? The hell's that?"

Chapter 940

"Don't you know that Maxwell University will be allotting six advanced places to participate in their admissions test this time? The normal classes will only be receiving one slot. If you register now, you'd be able to take part in the exams to compete for that slot in the evening.

"Oh, it's Maxwell University. I'm majoring in arts, so the admissions to Maxwell University doesn't really concern us."

While the students chatted amongst themselves, they began to flock toward the bulletin board as they were eager to see which were the five lucky enough to be headed for exposure at Maxwell University.

