

Obsessed CEO Throws Himself at Me Chapter 1075

Upon hearing the other man's question, Oliver was puzzled. "I can name a few, but I'm by no means close to them. My wife does play cards with some socialites from prominent families, though. Why do you ask?"

"You don't need to know the details. Just help me find out if Mrs. Nightshire of Nightshire Group has her eyes on anyone to be her daughter-in-law."

"Understood."

Oliver hung up the phone and relayed the question to his wife.

"Oh, that Mrs. Nightshire... I had the honor of meeting her when I visited a friend yesterday. My friend said that Mr. Nightshire initially wanted her son to marry the daughter of the Greenes from Horington, but Susanne never brought it up again ever since the Greenes got into trouble."

Oliver nodded. He had heard of this in passing.

"That means that there are currently no candidates," he concluded.

"As far as I know, no. Word would have gotten out if there was such a person, just like it did with Ms. Greene. Since I haven't heard anything about it, I assume there is no potential daughter-in-law."

Oliver nodded again and immediately called Jacob.

Jacob heaved a sigh of relief upon hearing this information. A sense of peace and serenity washed over him.

I knew it! Mrs. Nightshire of Nightshire Group has two functioning eyes. There's no way she would approve of a bastard village girl! It doesn't matter that that girl's a Maxwell University graduate. She can never live up to Mrs. Nightshire's high expectations!

However, both Oliver and Jacob seemed to have forgotten that Oliver's wife and her friends were only on the sidelines of the socialite group.

With their current status, they would never get the real scoop.

Another week flew by. Susanne often invited Arielle to play chess with her, and they grew much closer as a result.

A day before Arielle departed for Maxwell University, Susanne took it upon herself to pack Arielle's bags.

"It rains a lot in Lightspring, so you must remember to bring an umbrella when you leave the house. Don't trust the weather forecast either! The weather there is unpredictable."

Arielle nodded obediently. "All right, I'll remember to do so!"

Leaning against the doorframe, Vinson quietly watched the interaction between the two women. Something about the night made it exceptionally beautiful in his eyes.

The following day, Arielle met up with Trisha and Jared for breakfast before heading to the airport.

Vinson had wanted to go to Lightspring with Arielle, but the plan fell through because he needed to oversee a project in Horington.

Thankfully, Arielle had her friends to keep her company.

Trisha had started the day in high spirits, but her chubby face scrunched up in dismay when she saw something on her phone.

Noticing her disheartened look, Arielle asked gently, "Trish, what's the matter?"

Jared looked over as well.

Ever since Henry pointed out Trisha's suspicious behavior, Jared had been keeping his distance from her.

The last he had seen her was during the announcement of their results for the regular class.

Trisha hurriedly shoved her phone into her pocket. "It's nothing. I'm fine," she replied unconvincingly while shaking her head.

Alarm bells rang in Arielle's head when she noticed Trisha's demeanor. "Trish, what happened? Jared and I can help you out if you tell us," Arielle urged, her tone glacial.

"Nothing... It's really nothing." Trisha tried to cover her anxiety with a dry laugh. "I'm just a bit nervous."

Arielle fell silent, but her intense gaze seemed to burn holes in Trisha.

Trisha fell asleep on the way to the airport. Unbeknownst to her, her phone had slipped out of her pocket.