

Obsessed CEO Throws Himself at Me Chapter 1120

At half-past nine in Lightspring, Donovan brought the hard copies of his thesis to the classroom where the thesis defense would be held.

The one before him was a fat man, who had almost the same grades as him, but his intellect was not as good as his in the intelligence quotient test.

Flashing him a smile, Donovan cheered him on. "Good luck, Kristoff. I know you can do it."

That was what he said, but deep in his heart, all he felt toward Kristoff was disdain.

In his opinion, his thesis was close to perfect. Stealing a glance at the latter's thesis, he realized it was the most ordinary of all. It was neither interesting nor eye-catching.

In comparison, his thesis would make anyone's eyes lit up in joy.

In a way, he was in luck to have Kristoff present his thesis before him. With the latter as his comparison, he would definitely be the one to pass the thesis defense.

"Thank you! Good luck to you too, Donovan!" Kristoff replied with a grateful smile.

He was an honest and simple man. Aware that he was not intelligent, he studied diligently and got into Maxwell University.

Unfortunately, as the final exams were too difficult for his intellect, he ended up delaying his graduation.

At that, Donovan sneered internally. What an idiot!

Right then, someone inside called out Kristoff's name.

"It's my turn now, so I'm going to go in. You should get ready too!"

After patting Donovan's shoulders, Kristoff entered with the copies of his thesis.

The automated door opened and closed. In the two seconds it was opened, Donovan glimpsed a familiar figure inside.

Wait... That figure looks a lot like Arielle.

Instantly, he broke out in a cold sweat.

If Arielle's here, others will find out that the three examples in my thesis came from her! No, no way. There's no way it's her. Even if Arielle's San, the genius student everyone talks about,

she's a graduate. A mere graduate has no right to enter the thesis defense room. It's not like she's one of the university's administrators. After all, only the best professors and highest-ranking university administrators can join our thesis defense.

Clenching his teeth, Donovan then moved over, hoping to lean near the door to confirm his suspicion.

Just as he was about to reach the doorway, the professor outside cautioned, "Don't stand too close to the door. You'll disturb the student who's doing their thesis defense inside."

Thus, Donovan had no choice but to return to the corridor.

The whole time he stood in wait, he was ridden with anxiousness. For some reason, Kristoff's thesis defense session was exceptionally long. Half an hour had passed when the door to the classroom finally opened.

The moment it did, Kristoff stepped out of the room with a glow of delight.

As Donovan studied the look on his face, he asked in disbelief, "Kristoff, did you pass?"

"I did!" Kristoff excitedly rubbed his hands. "The professors said that although my thesis isn't particularly outstanding, they could see I have a good attitude. The prettiest professor there even said that what's most important in thesis defense is the student's attitude. She saw how serious I was, so she gave me a pass!"

Hearing that, Donovan frowned. "A pretty professor?"

All the professors in last year's thesis defense were older than forty. Who could the pretty professor be? Could it be...

At that point, his mind blanked out. He dared not dwell on that thought for far too long.

"All right; I've finally realized one of my dreams. I'm going back now to make up for my students' missed lessons and prepare them for the early admission tests. Good luck!"

Kristoff then patted Donovan's shoulders and left, humming a tune on his way down the path.

Staring at his retreating figure, Donovan took a deep breath to compose himself.

If Kristoff can pass with his ordinary thesis, surely I wouldn't face a problem with mine!