

Obsessed CEO Throws Himself at Me

Chapter 1132

[/ Obsessed CEO Throws Himself at Me](#)
Chapter 1132 Do You Miss Me

Only fifty students would get selected for early admission. A total of five hundred students had taken the exam that time around, but the acceptance rate was a measly ten percent.

Arielle led the students from Jadeborough University to view the admission list.

As the area around the notice board was crowded, it took them a while to squeeze past the students and make their way to the front.

There were only fifty successful candidates, so it was easy to spot their names.

Using his tall height to his advantage, Jared managed to spot Jadeborough University on the list and the names listed behind it: Jared Jupiter, Terry Fuller, Trisha Hughes.

His eyes lit up as he turned to Trisha. "You got in!"

"What?" Trisha could not believe her ears.

She craned her neck to glance at the list herself. Seeing that she was struggling, he put his hands on her waist and hoisted her up.

Utterly shocked, Trisha parted her lips and promptly forgot what she wanted to do.

"Did you see your name?" Jared asked from underneath her.

Snapping back to reality, she blushed crimson and turned to look at the list.

True to Jared's words, her name was on the list with "Department of Arts" behind it.

"Did you see your name?" Jared repeated his question.

Trisha stammered out a reply. "Y-Yes."

As her feet landed on the ground, he beamed and said, "I didn't lie, right? You got accepted."

Before she could say anything, Terry hollered excitedly, "I got accepted! I got accepted!"

He had reacted in a dramatic manner.

Chuckling, Arielle said, "Congratulations to those who got accepted. For those who weren't, please don't be disappointed. Think of it as an experience. You'll know what to improve on before taking the worldwide standardized test later this year."

The rest did not get their hopes high from the start. Despite their disappointment, they plastered smiles on their faces and congratulated Jared, Trisha, and Terry.

The chance to visit Maxwell University was itself an honor to them.

After all, it was not easy to get admitted into Maxwell University. If every applicant were accepted, Maxwell University would not be known as the top university in the world.

"Three out of six got accepted. That's a great achievement. Come on; I'll treat everyone to lunch," Arielle offered.

At her invitation, the students leaped with joy.

Suddenly, a large hand patted Arielle's shoulder.

That had her spin around in shock.

"Vinson?" she blurted out upon meeting Vinson's adoring gaze.

His lips quirked up. "Do you miss me?"

Instead of giving him a reply, Arielle flung her arms around him in front of the students.

I do. I miss you a lot.

Vinson's smile widened as he returned her hug. His arms wrapped around her so tightly as though he wanted to merge their bodies into one.

The tactful Jared immediately piped up, "Let's go, fellas. I'll pay for the meal this time around. We'll ask Boss to treat us after we go home."

The others agreed readily. After casting one last curious look at the couple, they left with Jared.

Vinson then led Arielle away from the crowd.

"You should've told me you were coming over," she whined.

He caught me off guard. I was so anxious to see the results this morning that I left my room after brushing my teeth. I didn't even brush my hair!

The man read her mind and reached out to smoothen her hair. His face broke into a gentle smile, and he reassured, "You're always pretty."

Arielle felt a blush creeping up her cheeks. She parted her lips to speak, but her ringtone sounded before she could say anything.

After fishing out her phone from her pocket, she saw it was a call from Selena.

"Give me a minute," she said and answered the call.

"Hello, Ms. Selena."

Instead of Selena's voice, the president's voice rang out. "San, Selena told me you want to talk to me."

Obsessed CEO Throws Himself at Me

Chapter 1133

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

Chapter 1133 The Man In The Photo

As soon as Arielle heard his voice, she could not contain her excitement and exclaimed, "Mr. Lambert! Are you on campus right now?"

"Yes. I'll be waiting for you in my office."

"All right. I'll head there right now." After hanging up, Arielle spun on her heels and informed Vinson ecstatically, "Let's go meet the president. Ms. Selena said he might know the identity of the man in the photo."

Vinson was happy for her. "I haven't met Mr. Lambert in a long while. Let's visit him together then," he said as he took her hand.

Arielle bobbed her head as uneasiness arose in her heart.

Her sixth sense told her she was near to finding out the truth. However, she could not stop the panic from flaring within her.

Sensing the changes in her emotions, Vinson squeezed her hand. "Don't worry. I'm here with you."

"Mmh," Arielle responded firmly.

Vinson's with me, so I don't have to be afraid.

Indeed, there was no need for her to fear anything.

Soon, they knocked on the president's door.

Selena opened the door for them and was pleased and gratified to see them walking hand in hand.

I'm happy to see my two favorite students together.

After a brief exchange of pleasantries, she said, "The admission list has just been released, so I have many matters to attend to. You two can head in and talk to Mr. Lambert. He's waiting for you. Well, I shall take my leave now."

"Sure. Goodbye!"

The couple watched as Selena walked away before entering the president's office.

The president of Maxwell University, Rasmus Lambert, was in his fifties. He sported white hair and a bushy beard. With his features, he looked like Santa Claus, wise and benevolent.

"Oh, I can't believe my eyes." Rasmus clicked his tongue. "Fate has brought you two together."

Arielle was embarrassed to hear that. Nonetheless, she remembered the main purpose of her trip there and showed the old photo to Rasmus, not bothering to beat around the bush.

"Mr. Lambert, do you know him?" she asked.

Rasmus took the photo from her and put on his thick glasses to study the man in it.

The next second, his eyes widened.

"He..."

Arielle's heart raced as she hastened to question, "Do you know him?"

"Yes." Rasmus nodded. "It's one of my regrets. He graduated from our university and worked here as a professor for a while. However, after heading to Chanaea, he never returned. It was as though he had disappeared into thin air. I even made a police report as I was afraid something had happened to him. Later, I realized he had left deliberately."

He paused before asking, "Why do you have his photo?"

Biting her lip, Arielle pointed at the woman beside the man and explained, "The woman beside him is my mother. You know Mrs. Wilhelm is my foster mother, right? This is my birth mother."

Rasmus was dumbstruck. Staring at the intimate couple in the photo, he asked in surprise, "How... How is he related to your mother?"

Arielle shrugged. "That is what I want to find out. Ten years ago, my mom died in an accident. I suspect it was related to him. However, the photo suggested they weren't enemies. Mr. Lambert, this has bothered me a lot. I need to find him and figure out the truth behind my mom's death. I want to find out the culprit."

And then I'll avenge her!

"He..." Rasmus sighed. "Well, he is a mysterious man. I only have a rough understanding of his true identity after his disappearance."

Obsessed CEO Throws Himself at Me Chapter 1134

[/ Obsessed CEO Throws Himself at Me](#)
Chapter 1134 Turlen

As her nails dug into her palm, Arielle asked anxiously, "Could you tell me about his identity?"

After heaving a sigh, Rasmus said, "Since he wanted to keep it a secret, I shouldn't be the one to reveal it. However, as it is related to your mother's death, I can't keep it to myself any longer."

She then took a deep breath and prepared to listen attentively.

The president glanced out the window, seemingly lost in the memories of his past.

"His name is Dylan, but I'm not sure if that's his real name. After his disappearance, the police informed us that the biodata he provided to the university was mostly made up. We paid a visit to his parents and discovered they weren't actually his parents. The couple didn't even have a son."

Dylan, Arielle muttered inwardly and took note of the name.

Rasmus continued, "Back then, the university had high hopes for him. We didn't mind, even after finding out he had faked his identity. I was his supervisor at that time. As the police failed to find him, I went to his dorm and discovered something that gave me a clue about his identity."

While she bit her lip nervously, he revealed, "I found a few letters in his drawer. Out of concern for his safety, I decided to read his letters. However, the letters were written in a script that I've never set my eyes upon."

Vinson knitted his brows. "A script that you've never set your eyes upon?"

Rasmus was a linguist who had dabbled in a variety of languages, from the earliest form of writing to minority languages. It was practically impossible for him to run into one he had not seen before.

The president nodded. "I perused many books and went to a lot of linguists before coming to a conclusion. Those scripts came from an ancient language. It appeared slightly after the most ancient script in history. There is only one country in the world that uses this language."

"What country is it?" Arielle asked.

"Turlen."

The answer took both her and Vinson by surprise. Mixed emotions crossed their faces as they digested the piece of information.

After a pause, Rasmus added, "Turlen has a closed-door policy. However, according to our investigations, they are very developed, though their medical field falls behind. Dylan had majored in medicine at our university and minored in other languages. Thus, I'm pretty sure he's a citizen of Turlen."

Arielle seemed hesitant as she requested, "Mr. Lambert, can you show me the letters? Do you still have them with you?"

"Yes." Rasmus got to his feet and went to the safety deposit box in his office. He then unlocked it and took two letters out.

While handing the letters to her, he said, "Till this day, we know little about the language, so the exact contents of the letters remain a mystery. However, we managed to decipher one letter from Dylan's mother. She wanted him to return to the country and marry a lady of high status. The other letter was something similar to a pass."

Arielle read the letters. Unsurprisingly, she did not understand a single word.

Vinson chimed in, "The writing resembles the Sylvonican language, but none of the words made sense. Mr. Lambert, can we borrow the letters?"

Rasmus nodded in agreement.

"You can take them with you. I've made a lot of copies to study the language, so I have no use for the originals."

Obsessed CEO Throws Himself at Me

Chapter 1135

[/ Obsessed CEO Throws Himself at Me](#)
Chapter 1135 Sann Group

Arielle beamed gratefully. "Thank you, Mr. Lambert."

"You're welcome." Rasmus waved his hand. "One day, if you're fortunate enough to enter Turlen, please let me know what the country looks like after your return."

"Sure!" The young woman nodded firmly.

By hook or by crook, I shall learn more about Turlen and head there to find out who killed Mom!

After the duo left Rasmus' office, a hush descended over them.

Vinson broke the silence by saying, "It looks like your mom's murderer is a Turlenian. This man named Dylan must be an important person. Otherwise, he wouldn't be sent here to study medicine and... ordered to marry a lady of high status."

Arielle nodded. "That thought had occurred to me when Cindy was brought to Turlen, but I couldn't be sure about it. Now, I'm certain that they were Turlenians."

"Mmh," he concurred, inclining his head. "The top international secret agent I've dispatched is looking for a way now. I reckon I'd be receiving an update a few weeks later."

Arielle bit her lip.

They knew nothing about Turlen. Thus, it would be dangerous to sneak into the country recklessly.

They had no choice but to wait.

Soon, she gathered her thoughts and took a deep breath. "Regardless, my trip to Maxwell University proved to be fruitful. At least I confirmed he is a Turlenian. That's a good start."

Vinson brushed the stray strands of hair on her forehead and gave her a gentle peck.

"I'm not good with words, but I want you to know that I'll be with you no matter what," he promised.

Touched by the proclamation of his love, Arielle embraced him.

A few seconds later, she released her grip on him and asked, "Should we head to my company?"

"Sann Group?"

"Yes."

"It'd be my honor."

An hour later, they arrived at the entrance of Sann Group.

Sann Group had the same standing in that country as Nightshire Group had in Chanaea.

However, Nightshire Group was not its match in the artificial intelligence industry.

Sann Group only focused on a few industries, unlike Nightshire Group, which was involved in almost every industry. The latter was also a leading force in every area of business it was involved in.

The industrial park was full of flowering trees, and the flowers were in full bloom. There was a total of ten skyscrapers and a few buildings with unique styles in the area.

Arielle gave Vinson a tour around the industrial park.

Having heard of her arrival, the higher-ups soon hurried over to welcome her.

"Madam Chairman," they greeted as they dipped their heads.

Arielle responded with a nod and asked, "How is the progress of the bionic arm deal with Chanaea?"

The person in charge immediately answered, "As per your orders, we have sped up the manufacturing process using only the best materials. We will complete the production in less than two days and deliver the products to Chanaea."

"Good. You can get back to work."

After dismissing the crowd, she brought Vinson to her office.

Her office was located on the top floor. The view was great, where one could see the picturesque scene of the setting sun.

Standing before the window, Arielle was enjoying the view when an arm suddenly wrapped around her waist.

Obsessed CEO Throws Himself at Me

Chapter 1136

/ Obsessed CEO Throws Himself at Me
Chapter 1136 Ashes

Before Arielle could react, the owner of the arm rested his chin on her nape and whispered, "My wife is rich. Should I retire and be a man of leisure?"

Feeling his warm breath on her skin and relishing his husky voice, she grinned. "Sure, you can retire and depend on me."

"No." Vinson released her and turned her around to meet her gaze. "You should retire, and I'll take care of you. You don't have to do anything while I earn money to support our family."

That caused her to smirk. "It sounds like a great deal."

"It is, right?" The man arched a brow. "When will we hold our wedding?"

The smile on her face froze. Lowering her gaze, she replied, "When your mom accepts me..."

Vinson tensed up before assuring her, "She will."

Arielle inclined her head. "Mmh. I know she will."

As long as I work hard to gain her approval, I believe the day will come soon.

Soon, the next day arrived.

Cecilia had been locked up in the rehab facility in Chanaea for two days. She had lost all contact with the outside world.

That was not the worst part, for she was tormented every time her drug addiction kicked in.

After enduring another round of withdrawal symptoms, she had barely regained her composure when a police officer came into her room.

He confirmed her identity and announced icily, "Come with me. I need to inform you something."

Cecilia got to her feet, utterly puzzled.

Ever since she was locked up, she had to do everything inside her room. It was the first time she was given a chance to go outside.

“Did someone come to bail me out?” she asked excitedly.

Oh, is Trevor finally here to get me out of this place?

The police officer glanced at her coolly and led her out without a word.

At his reaction, Cecilia felt her heart sink. A sense of foreboding suddenly welled up within her.

She trudged behind the police officer warily, and they soon arrived at an office.

The office was empty save for a black box on the desk.

The box looked eerily like an urn.

At the sight of the urn, Cecilia went as pale as a sheet.

“O-Officer, what is this?” she asked in a trembling voice.

The police officer pushed a stack of documents toward her and announced, “This is your daughter’s urn. She committed suicide overseas by jumping off a building. As Lightspring doesn’t allow corpses to board planes, the local authorities cremated her body...”

Cecilia’s mind went blank after she heard that it was her daughter’s urn.

My... My daughter’s urn?

She stood rooted to the spot and gazed blankly at the urn on the desk.

“Ma’am?”

A few minutes later, the police officer finally realized she was not paying attention to him.

Frowning, he demanded, “Ma’am, listen to me...”

Without warning, Cecilia shoved him out of the way and ran toward the urn. She tossed it to the ground, smashing it into pieces.

“Mrs. Greene, you—”

“You’re lying to me!” She glared at him venomously and declared, “Did that b*tch Arielle send you to upset me? I won’t trust you!”

“Who is Arielle? You’re crazy. Is this a withdrawal symptom? You’ve just broken your daughter’s urn! Look, her ash is all over the ground!”

Cecilia covered her ears and shrieked, "I won't believe you! I refuse to believe your words!"