

Obsessed CEO Throws Himself at Me Chapter 1386

Andrea was surprised. "Why did he give you an ATM card?"

Arielle replied, "He said it was to thank me for coming here to teach him." With a sigh, she continued, "I told him I'm not taking the money and have him keep it, but he insisted I take it."

Hubert chuckled. "If that's the case, then take it. With your name, it doesn't matter where you teach. They can't employ you if they don't offer you at least a five-figure salary."

The salary Hubert was referring to was on a monthly basis.

Arielle nodded with agreement. "That's true. I'll take it then."

She accepted the money with a good conscience on that note.

"Mom, I have something to tell you," she recalled meeting the detective the other day and whispered something into Andrea's ear.

"Is that true?"

Arielle nodded her head with a wide smile.

She was waiting for the detective to knock on her door. Maybe then I'll have a chance to reach Vinson via the phone. She couldn't help feeling excited at the thought.

"What are you two whispering excitedly over there? It must be good news with that happy look on your faces." Hubert questioned, catching the two women whispering.

Arielle leaned against Andrea and winked at him playfully. "I'll have Mom tell you later at night."

"Cheeky!" Hubert laughed as he shook his head. He returned his attention to the medical book in his hands. With no access to the internet, there was nothing better to do.

"San, do you want me and your dad to accompany you tomorrow?"

"Do you guys want to go?" Arielle couldn't selfishly decide on their behalf.

Before Andrea could reply, Hubert said, "Of course we're going. It's so boring to stay here."

He badly missed his patients, the operating table, and the podium.

"Let's go then. It's the school's honor to have you as their professor," Arielle said proudly.

Morrison arrived at seven in the morning the next day to pick up Arielle and the Wilhelms.

He knew about the Wilhelms' reputation overseas, so he was particularly respectful toward them.

One and a half-hour later, the car stopped at the medical school's entrance. By then, the students were grouped into their majors.

The principal had been waiting for quite some time. When he saw Arielle and the Wilhelms getting out of the car with Morrison's help, he immediately went up to them.

"Kristoff, this is Arielle Morre. Ms. Moore is the lecturer we invited, and these two are her parents, the Wilhelms. They are also lecturers we invited," Morrison introduced Arielle and the Wilhelms to Kristoff.

"I'm the school's principal. You have my utmost gratitude for coming to our school as lecturers."

There was a lack of lecturers in medical schools, so Kristoff was very respectful toward invited lecturers.

After the exchange, Morrison excused himself while Kristoff led the trio to the Medical Research Center.

There were a few domains in the facility. The Wilhelms were the top academics in psychology. Kristoff dropped them off at the Psychology Department, then asked Arielle which field she was interested in teaching.

She contemplated briefly before deciding on three—orthopedics, neurology, and traditional Chanaean medicine.

"She's our future lecturer? Isn't she too young?" After Kristoff and Arielle left for the lecturers' office, the students began to discuss her discreetly.

It wasn't strange for them to be doubtful. After all, those that could teach at medical school weren't ordinary people.

Most with high academic achievements in the medical field were mostly in their middle age. A beautiful young lecturer like Arielle was a rare sight.

"Can she teach? She's so young."

"Yeah, more like an airhead."