

Obsessed CEO Throws Himself at Me

Chapter 1076

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Chapter 1076 To Maxwell University

As if it had been orchestrated, a notification popped up on the screen.

Arielle gave it a cursory glance but did a double-take when a name caught her attention. It was a message from Donovan.

“Donovan?”

Recalling Trisha’s stiff expression, Arielle reached for the phone.

Trisha was still fast asleep. Knowing that there was no time to waste, Arielle seized her chance and unlocked the phone.

All of Donovan’s messages to Trisha were on full display.

Donovan: Where are you, Trisha? We’re all gathered at the school gates, and you’re the only one left.

Trisha: Mr. Baxter, I forgot to tell you I’ll be heading over with Arielle. I’ll meet you on the plane.

Donovan: Arielle? Why are you with her? She’s not even taking the test! People of her kind are bad influences; she’ll lead you astray. I order you to come to the school right now!

Trisha: I’m sorry, Mr. Baxter, but I’m already on my way to the airport. I can’t make it to school in time.

Donovan: Is that so? Then forget about joining our interview training! Just go to that beloved Maxwell University graduate of yours for any advice!

There was no reply from Trisha’s end after that. This message was probably the reason for Trisha’s frown earlier.

The latest message read: Don’t contact me after you reach Lightspring. From now onwards, you’re not my student!

Arielle narrowed her eyes.

Students are already on edge when exams roll around, yet Donovan keeps aggravating Trisha with his harsh words. Is this really how a teacher should behave?

Arielle had been annoyed at Donovan since the charity event at the auditorium, and she had made it known to him.

However, she never inflicted any substantial harm on the man because he was simply not worth the effort.

But now, she could not just sit back and watch Donovan tyrannize her friend. She was going to unleash her wrath, and this time, there was no holding back.

Thinning her lips, Arielle deleted the latest message in one swift motion.

Jared, who had been observing Arielle's actions, tossed her a quizzical glance.

"Donovan," Arielle mouthed.

Jared understood instantly. He felt a surge of sympathy for the sleeping girl.

Both he and Arielle would never let the likes of Donovan walk all over them, but Trisha was different. On top of being sensitive, Trisha had a history of autism. Any negative stimuli could trigger her condition and force her into hiding again.

"Donovan, you jerk..." Jared muttered under his breath. "Boss, is there anything that I can do for her?"

Arielle shook her head. "Don't worry about it. I'll handle it."

Donovan is going back to Maxwell University to present his thesis defense, isn't he? It's the golden opportunity to get him expelled from the university!

Half an hour later, the car pulled up at the airport.

Coincidentally, Donovan and Wendy had arrived as well.

Terry caught sight of Arielle from far away. "Boss!" he shouted, flailing his arms to get her attention.

Donovan shot him a glare, silencing Terry immediately.

The group showed their boarding passes and filed into the gate.

They were right on time—the gates opened just as they arrived.

Arielle was walking at the very front of the line. Just as she was about to board the aircraft, a blond man approached her.

"Excuse me, are you Ms. San?"

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Chapter 1077 Unrequited Love

Arielle was surprised that the man knew her alias. She paused momentarily before answering, "Yes, I am."

The man's voice was barely above a whisper, but Donovan caught the word "San" from where he stood.

He felt his heart skip a beat. His mentor had once mentioned an alumnus who went by San, though she was more widely known as the Goddess of Study.

It can't be... Arielle can't be San!

A wave of fear crashed into Donovan. He felt like he was suffocating as if he were truly drowning and his lungs had been filled with water.

Although his thesis defense was right around the corner, there was still a chunk missing from his dissertation.

Before leaving for Maxwell University, his mentor had revealed that San would be visiting the campus. Donovan had planned to enlist the help of the outstanding alumni to complete his thesis.

If Arielle really is San, who's going to help me with my thesis? And how am I going to graduate from Maxwell University with an incomplete thesis?

Donovan's mind went blank, his face turning a ghastly white.

At this moment, he heard Wendy comment in a snarky manner, "Arielle sure is an easy one. Look at her, flirting with a forty-year-old man."

Bewildered, Donovan whipped around to stare at her. "Why do you say that? The man doesn't even seem to know her well."

"Doesn't know her well?" Wendy snorted. "The old man just addressed her by her nickname!"

"Nickname?"

"That's right. Arielle's nickname is Sannie. I've heard Mr. Nightshire call her that, and that's also what that man called her."

San... Sannie...

A broad grin spread across Donovan's face as elation replaced worry.

I knew it. There's no way that Arielle is San. San is the Goddess of Study of Maxwell University—a being so incredible that I don't even deserve to grovel at her feet. Arielle is just a pathetic Jadeborough University graduate. She is light-years away from reaching San's level. Why did I even entertain the idea of Arielle being San?

Donovan exhaled heavily as if he were physically expelling his worries from his body.

However, his glee turned into vexation in a split second.

So she'll accept this forty-year-old old fart but reject me?

Donovan's fingers curled into fists, his knuckles turning white from the force.

Wendy pursed her lips in distaste when she noticed his clenched fists.

Does Mr. Baxter still have feelings for Arielle even after getting married? So it is true, after all—men can never let go of their unrequited love. Well, since Mr. Baxter is still so enamored with Arielle, I'll be his wingman this once.

Wendy still had the audio recording of Donovan from last time. Once the exams are over, Mr. Baxter will be of no value to me. That's when I'll take action.

Wendy refused to believe that Arielle could escape unscathed from all of her ploys.

Meanwhile, Arielle was nodding in response to something the man had said. She introduced him to Trisha and Jared, "This is Mr. Vernon Curie from Maxwell University. He told me that the university has chartered a private jet for us, so let's take that instead of flying commercial."

Trisha's eyes widened in astonishment.

"M-Maxwell University?" she repeated, disbelief seeping through her voice.

Jared, on the other hand, was as poised as ever. He thanked Vernon with a gracious smile and turned to tease Arielle, "You never told me that traveling with you came with such great perks, Boss!"

"Let's go," Arielle beckoned them over, and the trio followed Vernon to a different boarding gate.

Donovan snapped back to his senses when Arielle passed by him.

Horror struck him when he realized that the man was not a random person hitting on Arielle, but a lecturer from Maxwell University who was here to escort her!

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Chapter 1078 Utter Humiliation Private Jet

Being one of the most prestigious universities in the world, Maxwell University had an aerospace laboratory of its own. As a matter of fact, the most cutting-edge fighter aircraft that was launched this year had been designed in the said laboratory. Hence, it was only natural that the university had its own private jet.

The question is—why would the university go out of its way to fetch Arielle? Could it be that Arielle is actually an alumna of Maxwell University?

Up until now, Donovan still had trouble believing that Arielle had graduated from Maxwell University. After all, he had not received the graduation certificate himself.

That's right!

Donovan had an epiphany.

Mr. Curie probably isn't here for Arielle. Instead, he's most likely here to show some hospitality to the prospective students of Maxwell University!

With this in mind, Donovan chased after the group.

"Just a minute, Mr. Curie!"

Hearing his name, Vernon turned around with confusion written plainly on his face. "Is there anything I can help you with, sir?" he directed the question to a panting Donovan.

Donovan quickly introduced himself, "Nice to meet you, Mr. Curie. My name is Donovan Baxter, and I'm a Maxwell University graduate. These youngsters with me are the prospective students of the university, and they're heading over for the enrolment interview. May I know if you're here to fetch us?"

Arielle had to fight to suppress her sneer. How highly does he think of himself? Vernon was here to escort her under the vice president's orders.

A peek at Vernon told Arielle that he, too, was taken aback.

Donovan's heart sank when he saw Vernon's expression.

Was I wrong about it?

In the next moment, Vernon replied apologetically, "I'm sorry, but I'm not here for you. However..." His words trailed off as he looked at Arielle for her opinion.

Feeling Vernon's gaze on her, Arielle curved her lips into a smile. "Donovan, I'm afraid you're mistaken. Just imagine how many planes Maxwell University would need to pick up every prospective student."

As she spoke, Arielle glimpsed Terry from the corner of her eye. The boy's expression was one of pure awe, and Arielle felt her heart soften. After a slight pause, she continued, "However, we can fit quite a lot of people on this plane. You're all welcome to join us if you'd like. Except for you two, Donovan and Wendy. You're not allowed on board."

"Arielle, how dare you!" Wendy burst out in anger.

The students' plane tickets were sponsored by the university, so they only got to fly economy class.

Had this been before her downfall, Wendy would have upgraded to a first-class seat immediately. Unfortunately, she did not have that kind of money to splurge anymore.

She had been relatively impassive about the situation when everyone received the same treatment, but now that Arielle had the luxury of flying private, jealousy reared its ugly head.

Wendy quivered with rage.

Next to her, Donovan's face was twisted into a hideous grimace.

He had been so sure that Vernon was there to meet them, so the humiliation of being wrong was too much for him to bear.

Though his face was flushed crimson, ice crept through his veins.

The debilitating shame that seized him had triggered a traumatic memory. Donovan was thrown back to the time he had been exposed in the auditorium, where the fact that he had never received his graduation certificate was revealed to the public.

The two scenes overlapped, and all he could see was Arielle's mocking smirk.

At this moment, a group of men in suits approached them and bowed deeply to Arielle.

“Ms. Moore, we are Mr. Nightshire’s bodyguards. Mr. Nightshire said that he can’t make it in time, but in consideration of your safety, he ordered us to send you to Maxwell University by helicopter.”

Upon hearing that, Donovan and Wendy gaped at the men.

Not only did Maxwell University charter a private plane for Arielle, but Vinson Nightshire also prepared a helicopter for her?

Wendy was utterly stupefied. There was ringing in her ears, which sounded like the high-pitched laugh of a taunter.

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Chapter 1079 Humiliation

Wendy felt both jealous and humiliated. Arielle is definitely mocking me now.

However, she found that the other woman did not even spare her a glance but had fixed her gaze on Terry, who was standing behind her.

“Shall we go together?”

“Sure!” he agreed without hesitation, sticking to Arielle’s side like glue.

The other students had never flown in a private jet before and so voiced their agreement as well.

Just then, Blake and Sasha appeared with luggage in hand.

“Mr. Nightshire sent us here to protect you, Ms. Moore.”

“Okay.” Arielle had grown accustomed to their company, so she readily agreed to it.

She then addressed the other bodyguards, “Please inform Vinson that Maxwell University has sent a lecturer to pick me up, so I won’t be using the helicopter.”

“Understood.” They nodded but made no move to leave. It was obvious that they were waiting for her to board the plane safely before leaving.

Arielle did not stop them. After all, it was out of Vinson's concern for her.

"Let's go," she said to Terry and the others. Without sparing a glance at Wendy and Donovan, she led all three of the students away.

The group left from another boarding gate under the protection of the bodyguards.

Donovan immediately called out to Terry and the others, but they had vanished at the boarding gate as though they did not hear him.

But these are my students! Why are they listening to Arielle and only caring about her?

He stared in the direction where Arielle had left, angered and humiliated.

Beside him, Wendy was going mad with jealousy.

Previously, I was also surrounded by bodyguards. And it's not as though I haven't sat on private jets. But now? I have no choice but to sit in the crowded economy class cabin with Donovan!

Her mind was in a mess at the thought that they were worlds apart. She felt a little unsteady on her feet.

At that moment, the boarding announcement for her flight brought Wendy back to the present. Looking at Donovan, who was also lost in thought, she said, "Mr. Baxter, we should board the plane now."

Donovan regained his composure and remained silent as he boarded the plane.

As soon as they were in their seats, Wendy could no longer contain her curiosity. She asked, "Could Arielle really be a graduate of Maxwell University, Mr. Baxter?"

"Impossible!" Donovan immediately disagreed. "I'm a student of this university, and it is very hard for one to enter this institution, much less graduate. There are only a few Maxwell graduates in Chanaea, and we have a group chat. If she really is one of us, there's no way I don't know her."

"But..." Wendy still had her doubts. She bit her lower lip before asking, "If Arielle wasn't a graduate of Maxwell University, why would the university send a private jet to pick her up?"

"That's because of Vinson!"

"Vinson?"

“Yes, he must’ve bribed his connections to maintain her dignity. Anything and anyone can be bought with enough money. He’s definitely capable of doing such a thing.”

“But if that’s the case, Vinson wouldn’t have sent a helicopter.”

“That’s enough. In any case, it’s still impossible. You should do a few more of the practice questions I gave you. We need to take another flight after this, and it’ll take eight hours before we land in Lightspring. So make full use of this time.”

Donovan used this excuse to stop her from discussing it further.

He did not wish to ponder about those two conflicting issues. Or rather, he did not dare to.

When a person has the resolve to lie to themselves, they will not be able to see the truth, no matter how smart they are.

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Chapter 1080 She Devil

Maxwell University in Lightspring placed great importance on every student enrolment event, as it prides itself on obtaining intellectuals. Hence, all the staff members would make it their utmost priority to ensure that the applicants would not have any worries.

When Arielle and her group landed in Lightspring, Donovan and Wendy were still in transit.

After handing over Henry and the others to the person in charge of picking them up, she went ahead with Vernon to Maxwell University.

“You haven’t been back in ages,” said Vernon happily. “It was all thanks to your remote interception that there was no problem with the institution network during the system hacking a few months ago. The vice president wished to thank you in person, so she has arranged a private dinner. I hope you’ll attend it shortly.”

Arielle recalled the matter. Back then, she had been preparing to return to the country for revenge and setting up smoke bombs to hide her true identity.

The vice president had called her when she was in the countryside in Chanaea.

Arielle nodded slightly in response. "There's no need to thank me for helping my alma mater. You're too kind. Let's forego the private dinner. It's currently the enrolment season, and you must be very busy."

"Not at all. Nothing is more important than this matter. Besides, the researchers in the various labs would also like to thank you personally."

Arielle was perplexed upon hearing that.

"The researchers in the lab?"

She was well aware that besides being an institution, Maxwell University had also established many labs to conduct research on the world's latest technologies.

Those who were researchers in those labs were all internationally renowned scientists or exceptionally gifted geniuses in the research field. Back then, the vice president had also invited Arielle to join them, but she had declined as she wanted to return to Chanaea.

And now they wish to meet me?

Sensing her concern, Vernon explained, "Previously, when the system was hacked, we suspected that an international organization had intended to steal our information. After all, our institution network had nothing else of value. Therefore, they were coming for the data from the various labs. If the data was leaked, we would sustain a huge loss, which is why the researchers would like to thank you in person."

"I see..." Arielle pondered for a moment before nodding her head. "Okay."

Vernon clapped happily upon hearing that.

Arielle is a rare polymath of this university. The researchers have long wanted to meet her.

Half an hour later, the vehicle entered the compound of Maxwell University.

The main gate of the university was carved from white marble, giving it a simple yet magnificent look.

Rather than a university, it looked more like a city. The research and campus areas were separated by a boulevard in the middle that ran through the front and rear gates, covering an area of almost one-tenth of the entire Lightspring.

The university was the main reason Lightspring was known as the most developed city in the world.

Selena, the vice president, was eagerly awaiting Arielle's arrival at the academic building.

Seeing Arielle, she quickly came forward to welcome her.

“San!”

“Ms. Selena.” Arielle gave her a courteous nod. “It’s been a long time.”

“It really has. I was looking forward to this day from the time you told me you were coming over.”

Although she was known as She-Devil, Selena seemed to have turned into an entirely different person as she greeted Arielle amicably.