

Obsessed CEO Throws Himself at Me

Chapter 1100

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Chapter 1100 Go Out For Wool And Come Home Shorn

“What reasonable reason do they have? They willingly tipped me. I never forced them! I won’t return the money!”

Hearing that, Wendy felt her rage build, and her originally sweet voice became shrill and hoarse.

“Ms. Greene, since I’m contacting you now, it means they do have reasonable reasons. Some of them are minors, and some of them reported that your live streaming content is fake.”

“My content is fake? I was live-streaming the environment of Maxwell University, and I’m indeed at Maxwell University now. Which part of it is fake?”

“In the live streaming, you acquiesced that you’re a student of Maxwell University, but this isn’t true. After the platform reviewed the matter, we decided that it was reasonable for them to withdraw their tip. If you don’t agree to return them their money, then you’ll have to meet them in court. We’re only communicating with you on their behalf. If you refuse to cooperate, we can only assist them in filing a lawsuit.”

The staff of the platform sounded calm and collected. On the contrary, Wendy’s forehead was beaded with cold sweat.

My reputation in Chanaea is already bad because of Dad’s company. If the viewers sue me, I’ll be hated by everyone.

After much deliberation, she decided to compromise.

“Okay. I’ll return the money!”

Even though she was dissatisfied, she had no other choice.

“Okay, Ms. Greene. After the refund, you would have to pay for the tax. It’s estimated to be around four thousand. Please get ready a sufficient amount to pay for it.”

“What? Why should I pay the tax? I’ve already refunded the money!”

“It’s written in the agreement. Didn’t you read the rules and regulations of the platform carefully before you live stream?”

Wendy quickly opened the software to read the rules. Soon, she found out that if the streamer needed to refund the tips, they had to pay for the tax.

“Shit! Darn it!”

Wendy kept cursing, but the staff directly hung up the phone and sent her a bill.

In addition to the refund, she had to pay an additional four thousand.

I only have four thousand left, and now I’ve to spend them all. I’m, as the saying goes, go out for wool and come home shorn. I’ve really become a penniless pauper.

“F*ck!”

Enraged, she lost her sanity and smashed everything on the ground.

After more than ten minutes, she gradually recollected herself and picked up the phone that was on the ground to call her uncle.

However, the phone rang twice and was hung up.

I can’t believe he just hung up on me!

Left with no choice, she could only call Cecilia. Although Cecilia did answer the call, her voice was low. “Hello? Wendy?”

“Mom!” At first, Wendy did not realize that something was amiss. She kept talking about what happened and that her uncle did not answer her calls.

“Don’t worry, Wendy. Vinson will come and beg us for help soon.”

Taken aback by Cecilia’s words, Wendy quickly asked, “Why would he come and beg us? What do you mean?”

However, Cecilia only responded in a muffled voice, “He’ll beg us soon. Very soon.”

Finally, Wendy sensed that something was wrong. Knitting her brows, she questioned, “Mom, are you drunk?”

“No, I’m not. I’m just a little sleepy. I’ll go to bed now.”

With that said, Cecilia ended the call.

Beside her hand was some fine powder, and a strange scent was wafting out of her room.

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Chapter 1101 Could Not Afford It

The smell roused the scruples of a passing housekeeper. Setting aside the broom in her hand, she felt the urge to discuss it with a co-worker with whom she was close.

"I noticed it yesterday... I supposed it was perfume, but the scent was much too strong for that, so much so that I was starting to think it less like perfume and more like poison..."

Horrified by the implications of their own conjecture, the pair exchanged grim looks as they fell into a synchronous silence.

Meanwhile, without rhyme or reason, Wendy stared at her phone and felt the impetus to make another call.

Only that this time, she was greeted with a reminder from a female machine voice about her unpaid bills.

Things had gotten so bad at present that she could not even afford to pay for her own phone usage.

Never in her life had Wendy ever been this hard up before. Her only hope was for Cecilia to snap out of her stupor, initiate contact, and then settle this problem for her in a timely manner.

Elsewhere, Donovan was in an inexorable mood.

He kicked himself for not getting a grasp of the situation before he lobbied Selena, for the latter did dole out the punishment except that it was against Wendy.

As much as he did give up on Wendy, he nevertheless felt the pinch from it. As among the few of them, Wendy had been the most consistently excellent one in terms of individual academic performance or otherwise.

With one of his graduating criteria being to successfully guide at least three students into Maxwell University, the loss of Wendy was tantamount to an inability to lock in one of those slots. How could he possibly not be bummed about this?

However, there was no undoing what was done. It was pointless to rue over it.

Just then, a call came through from Noah.

“Hello, Mr. Noah...”

“I’ve great news. San has just arrived at school. Ms. Selena told me that she’ll be making inquiries on my behalf and will furnish us with San’s contact details if she’s amenable to helping you.”

Donovan’s eyes spontaneously brightened up.

“Do you really mean it?”

“Why would I lie to you? I heard that San’s quite generous with her time and so I fully expect that she’d meet with us in short order, barring any unforeseen circumstances. You’d best prepare yourself well and decide on a restaurant in advance.”

“Got it. No worries. I’ll see to it right away!”

Donovan did a little cavort when he hung up. With the cloud he had over him before lifted, he enthusiastically went about looking into the finest dining spots in the vicinity.

Though there were many eateries within Maxwell University itself, San was no ordinary guest. Hence, after being gripped by a brief sequence of indecision, Donovan lined up his options according to pricing and settled for the most extravagant revolving restaurant available.

That extremely classy diner that sat at the roost of the highest building in Lightspring boasted spectacular views all around and mandated a minimum spending of eight thousand per pax.

Now that reservations had been made, Donovan went back in front of his computer to refine the parts of his thesis that he could complete on his own.

Once that was sorted out, all that was left for him to do was to put on the finishing touches by illustrating his points using solutions for elementary mathematics and further mathematics problems.

There in, his thesis would be made perfect.

The part that made him feel conflicted was that both of the examples cited within the dissertation he authored himself actually did not originate with him.

One of them was based on a solution Arielle had penned during the opening exams, and the other was conceived by her inside the auditorium.

The fact that both of those examples were proposed by Arielle made him inexplicably self-conscious.

Donovan tried hard to suppress the shame he felt while he notified his students to convene at his dorm for lessons in half an hour via the chat group.

Factoring in the addition of an interview segment, I've to figure out a way to dramatically improve my students' presentation skills in the shortest time possible.

Of course, Trisha had long been ousted from this group, but Wendy was still in it.

Although Donovan knew Wendy was out of contention and had lost every chance to undertake the exams, he had to keep up the charade. Allowing Wendy to come back to class and pretending that she was still in with a shout was his way of avoiding having her kick up a fuss.

When all the students arrived, Donovan discovered that Terry, now the most promising in the group with Wendy gone, was conspicuously absent.

"Where's Terry?" Donovan asked with a frown.

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Chapter 1102 Unworthy

Under Donovan's cold stares and heavy duress, Terry's dorm mate had to fess up. "Terry's gone to look for Boss... I mean Arielle."

Donovan's furrow just got impossibly tauter in that instant.

First Trisha, then Wendy; both of them have been denied their eligibility to undertake the examinations one after the other because of Arielle. Now even Terry seemed to have been cajoled by her too. What exactly is she up to? Is she that determined to see to it that I won't be able to graduate? Am I really such a fixation for her, or is she having a go at me because she wants to get my attention?

"Mr. Baxter? Mr. Baxter?"

Donovan was lost in his own fantasies. It took the students yelling for him to jolt back to reality.

"Ahem..." Donovan coughed. "Per my last instructions, listen to the local broadcast and jot down as much of it as you can. I'm going to try to get in touch with Terry."

When he finished, he walked out of the dorm and rang up his missing student, only to have the latter hang up on him outright the moment the call connected.

At this moment, Terry was seated across from the trio of Arielle, Trisha, and Jared in one of the cafeterias within Maxwell University.

When he saw that the call came from Donovan, he did not even have to think twice before he dropped it.

The identity of the caller on the phone display was picked up by Arielle's keen eyes.

"Why didn't you answer?" she asked.

"Based on what I saw from that incident outside the doors of the shopping mall, that man isn't fit to be a lecturer!" replied a disgruntled Terry.

What he had witnessed back then convinced him that not only was Donovan shielding Wendy, the former was willing to bring Arielle down and sacrifice Trisha to that end.

How could someone who forsakes his own student be fit to consider himself an educator? He's not even qualified enough to be considered human!

Arielle shook her head. "No matter what, he's still a lecturer at Jadeborough University. You still need to at least keep things civil between him and yourself."

"I refuse to!" Terry declared his resolve between gritted teeth. "I've made up my mind that I'll pass up on taking the exams in order to deny him his academic certificate!"

"No!" Arielle's expression grew abruptly severe.

Jared, too, expressed his disapproval. "Don't ruin your own future for someone like that. He's not worth it."

Being the less eloquent one, Trisha could only contribute by earnestly nodding along.

Though Donovan had clearly quit on her, Terry was not in the same situation. He could jolly well carry on as though nothing had happened, or at least until the examinations were over.

"But... should he manage to attain the academic certificate, it would only bring harm to even more students at his hands."

"You don't have to worry about that." Arielle cast Terry a reassuring look. "I won't allow him to graduate so long as I'm around."

“Why do you say that?” replied Terry doubtfully. “Donovan will be able to secure his graduation so long as he manages to get three students in.”

“Do you know who’s responsible for the thesis defense for the students who have deferred their graduation?” Arielle asked smilingly.

Since Terry was slow to catch up, Jared beside him responded first. “Don’t tell me that it’s you, Boss?”

“Bingo.” Arielle affirmed with a nod.

The other three gawped in concert, especially Terry, whose eyeballs nearly popped.

“You... Seriously?”

“When have I ever deceived you guys?” Arielle retorted breezily.

Terry became stupefied for a moment there.

I always knew that Boss is a badass, but this is just over the top ridiculous. What right have I to be in the same class as her? I’m unworthy of this!

A powerful tingle crept up the trio’s entire being.

Terry could not help but gloat, “To think that the one who would decide the fate would be one of the students who joined his preparatory class in the most glamorous manner possible, on top of being the one he least fancied. Bet Donovan never saw this one coming.”

Jared narrowed his eyes at Terry.

What exactly are you insinuating?

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Chapter 1103 In Her Debt

“That’s why I say,” said Arielle as she pushed the bowl of soup in front of Terry, “nourish yourself and get back to Donovan’s class. Although not that spectacular, he still made it through the early admissions process. He ought to be someone who’s well suited to guide the students in this respect.”

Terry silently sat down in a slump. At Arielle's insistence, he had no choice but to return to receive Donovan's tutelage.

After his departure, Arielle received an unexpected call from Selena.

Could it be that there are leads on that man in the photograph?

Arielle shot up to her feet. With a solemn look about her, she walked toward the outside of the cafeteria to answer.

Jared regarded Arielle from the rear and could not refrain from his impetus to air his concerns with Trisha. "I keep having the feeling that Boss is here with reasons beyond wanting to keep us company through the examinations. I wonder if she's in some sort of trouble, seeing how serious she looked..."

However, Trisha seemed ambivalent toward the various hypotheses Jared rattled off the tip of his tongue.

He arched his neck over to check on Trisha, only to discover that she had fallen asleep with the spoon between her teeth.

Fancy falling asleep even when eating... Sheesh...

Jared found his own gaze invariably drawn to Trisha's face, which he went on to study intently.

Although mildly pudgy in a way that's completely contrary to the more contemporary sort of fair, slim, and doe-like aesthetics that were highly sought after, Trisha's features are honestly quite delightful. Delicate, exquisite, and adorned by those long, luscious lashes... It's not difficult to foresee that she could become a real beauty with a little help on the weight management front. Besides, she is in fairly decent shape at present and already quite the babe if one isn't too particular about skinniness.

"What are you looking at?" Arielle's voice suddenly rang out.

Jared's heart jumped, and he immediately and sheepishly rescinded his own gaze. Clearing his throat, he tried to play it cool. "I was just wondering how Trisha could fall asleep even in the middle of a meal."

"Isn't that just adorable?" said Arielle with a wink.

That put a massive blush on Jared's face, and he scratched his head nervously. "Come on, Boss. Don't tease me like that..."

Arielle responded with a genial shrug. "All right, enough of that. It isn't entirely on her because ever since she got hurt, I have been putting her on some medication: a herb with a sedative quality. It's pretty impressive that she's been

able to stave off her drowsiness till now, but I have to trouble you to lend a hand in helping her back to the dorm.”

“To the dorm, you say?” Jared’s brows knitted. “Who knows what else would Wendy do to her...”

“Not to her previous dorm, but to mine. After I graduated, the school had set aside a single room to facilitate my convenience whenever I return. Help me get her over there. She’ll be staying with me during this stretch.”

That helped to set Jared’s mind at ease. He did not need Arielle’s help at all either, managing to sweep Trisha up in a princess carry and jog with her all the way over to Arielle’s dorm.

Though housekeeping had not been carried out actively, the place remained very much in living condition.

Arielle made a call to Vernon to make arrangements for Trisha’s things to be moved in. She was about to start tidying up when she was interrupted by Jared.

“Boss.”

Arielle paused in her movements and regarded Jared quizzically.

As hesitant as Jared was, he still went on to ask, “What exactly is the purpose of your trip here to Maxwell University this time, Boss? I noticed that you were pretty serious on the phone back in the cafeteria just now... Not that I mean to pry, but it’s like I said, if you have any need of the Jupiters, we’ll surely do our utmost!”

This gesture was not made purely in consideration of his friendship with Arielle but also as a measure of his gratitude toward her for saving Harvey’s life.

No matter what the future held for Harvey and Arielle, the Jupiters would always be in her debt.

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Chapter 1104 Go Bust

Arielle was profoundly moved by the sincerity that was palpable upon Jared’s face.

She pursed her lips briefly before she replied, "Indeed, I do have another purpose for being here. I need to locate one specific individual."

"You're trying to find someone?"

Arielle affirmed that with a nod. "I can't tell you any more than that, as it could be somewhat dangerous. But rest assured that I will not hesitate to approach if there's anything that you may be able to help with."

Jared nodded in acknowledgment, but he still seemed apprehensive. "Does that have anything to do with that call you just made?"

It might have been better if he did not mention it. The fact that he did elicited a chuckle from Arielle.

"No, it doesn't," said Arielle with a subtle smile. "Would you be keen to accompany me to a free meal tomorrow, though?"

"A free meal?"

"You heard that right. Not only is it completely free, but it'll also give us both who came in undeservedly through our connections a chance to get even. Are you in?" said Arielle with an enigmatic smirk.

"Hell yeah, I'm in!" Jared agreed in a heartbeat.

"Good. Then I'll let them know that we're coming."

With that, Arielle sent Selena a message, short and sweet, to inform her of her own willingness to extend her aid.

Selena could immediately read between the lines. She did not reveal Arielle's identity to Noah and merely passed the former's contact details along.

Across the shores in Horington.

In order to monopolize the supply chain in Horington and put pressure on Vinson, Trevor's company had accumulated for themselves a large stockpile of building materials.

A week had passed since, yet they still had not heard anything from the representatives on Vinson's end.

In the beginning, Trevor was of the opinion that Vinson was just holding back out of pride and believed that it might take the latter a couple of days to respond. After grinding from dawn to dusk, day in, day out, coupled with the grief Cecilia had given him, he was terribly worn out. There were several days on the trot when he elected to put up at a hotel rather than go home.

Although he was willing to wait, his company could not afford to.

Turnaround for the construction supply company had always been slow, and this was only made worse with this maneuver to sever Vinson's supply chain. Not only had the company's cash flow been adversely compromised, but it had also led them to take on loans that landed them heavily in debt.

If its financial woes were not addressed soon, the company could find itself on the brink of insolvency.

"Mr. Larson," the company's chief financial officer said with his brow slick with sweat. "The latest financial report released showed that the company cannot stay afloat for more than a couple of days. You have to come up with something, or the other projects are going to be affected as well. If this is to persist, the company's going to go bust!"

"You think I don't know that?" Trevor took a huge puff of tobacco and replied through the swirling spirals of smoke. "Go over the accounts carefully again and make sure you get every single figure right. I need to know exactly how long the company can hold out."

"Understood!" The chief financial officer then exited with a considerable stack of charts in hand.

The unbearably flustered Trevor paced back and forth inside the office.

Past this many days since the commencement of the project, the existing batch of building materials in Luke's company should be close to running out. They ought to be looking to make new acquisitions by now, so how is it then that they haven't realized that I've already bought up all the available materials in Horington?

Going through one cigarette after another, Trevor had the entire interior of the office saturated with its effluvium.

An inopportune rapping then came upon his door.

"Enter."

In came his assistant, Derek Sully, with some apparent glee. "We've received word that Vinson Nightshire has arrived in Horington, Mr. Larson!"

Trevor's face lit up. "Really?"

"Yes. He's just left the airport and should be on his way to the branch office. If my estimations are correct, he must have discovered that you've monopolized the supply chain in Horington and therefore rushed down here to attend to it personally."

“Splendid! This is just fantastic news! Our earlier effort has not gone to waste, after all.” Trevor was shaking with exhilaration. “See to it that we’ve booked a table at the finest restaurant. Vinson will soon come calling.”

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Chapter 1105 A Guest

“Understood!” replied Derek. “Shall I make a courtesy call to Mr. Nightshire and have some gifts sent along so that he may be able to ease his own dignity?”

“Of course! The gift is a must!” Trevor smacked hard on the table in approval. “It’s imperative for him to be able to save face because he’s that kind of character. Allowing him to bow out in grace is akin to facilitating a step up for us, so good suggestion on your part. However, I can’t be the one doing the gifting myself, or that’ll be quite embarrassing for me!”

“Yes! Yes! Certainly!” Derek nodded heartily. “I’ll go take care of it, but what should we offer him?”

That did stump Trevor and got him thinking.

He did not have any more money to spare, but it was not as though Vinson would be receptive to accepting any from him either.

After some deliberation, Trevor said, “Prep the car. I’m going to make a trip home.”

“Understood.”

Half an hour later, the car rolled to a halt outside the Larson residence.

Ever since Trevor and Cecilia’s parents perished in a plane crash en route to a leisurely trip during the siblings’ formative years, the house was left with just the two of them.

While Trevor stood at the entryway, he sighed at the thought of how challenging it had been for Cecilia before he strode through those doors.

This was the first time he had reentered the house after that last huge bust-up they had, and the housekeeper came up quickly to greet him.

“Mr. Larson.”

Trevor acknowledged her with a slight nod. He surveyed the entirety of the living room but did not see Cecilia there.

"Where is she?" Trevor asked.

"Mrs. Greene's resting upstairs."

"Resting? At this time of the day?"

Word of the overpowering scent that constantly emanated from Cecilia's room had been going around among the housekeepers.

"Shall I go fetch her?" the housekeeper asked with apprehension.

Trevor shook his head. "There's no need to. I'm just here to pick up a few things. I'll be coming back later tonight, so ask her to wait up and tell her that I'd like for us to have a proper chat."

"Understood."

Trevor nodded and went on to the study, where he retrieved the prized antique vase that he had held in storage for a very long time.

Apart from the estate itself, this vase is the singularly most valuable item in our possession. Though not exactly the rarest of rarities in any sense, it should still be something that would catch the eye of someone like Vinson.

Trevor carefully packaged the vase himself before he returned to the car and passed it along to Derek.

"Go place this in Vinson's hands right away. Remember that there isn't a need to explain too much. Vinson will get the message."

"Understood!" the assistant responded in the affirmative and rode another car quickly toward Nightshire Group's branch office in Horington.

Inside the branch office of Nightshire Group, Vinson was sitting across from Luke while the latter furnished him with updates on the progress of a project.

"The foundations have been laid and I've already placed all hands on deck for this project. Currently, we're just awaiting the arrival of those building materials from Epea to begin construction. Once we kickstart the process, it should take an estimated three months to complete."

Vinson nodded agreeably. "Being able to fast-track a roughly five-month project to within three months' time is quite impressive. Good work."

"Nah, it's nothing." Luke waved him off. "Do you know when we might expect the materials to arrive?"

“Today.”

Luke perked up. “Today?”

“Yes.” Vinson nodded. “I’m here specifically to inspect and sign off on this shipment personally. Around eight tonight, the ship will be due to arrive at Horington First Wharf. I need you to prepare ahead of time as the transportation of this amount of materials will be extremely challenging, considering that I don’t have enough people here in Horington.”

“I’ve nothing else save manpower. Rest assured that I’ll have them over at the First Wharf by seven-thirty. We’ll see you there.”

“Excellent.” Vinson stood on his feet. “You should go on ahead with your preparations. I’m still expecting a guest.”

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