

Obsessed CEO Throws Himself at Me

Chapter 1111

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Chapter 1111

Who Are You To Kick Me Out

While everyone at the First Wharf was up to their ears at work, the Larson residence was just as chaotic. "Who are you to kick me out?"

Cecilia stared at the housekeeper with her bloodshot eyes. Her disheveled hair made her look like a ghost.

The housekeeper gave her an apologetic smile. "I'm sorry, Mrs. Greene. Mr. Larson said the Larsons will not take in any member of the Greene family. You should return to the Greene residence if you need a place to stay. Even though Mr. Greene is now in trouble, I'm sure there are relatives who could take care of you."

A vortex of anger swirled inside Cecilia, and she could not stop shaking. "I have nothing to do with the Greens. I belong to the Larson family!"

The housekeeper responded with another smile. "Perhaps you should tell this to Mr. Larson yourself. We only did what we're told, so please don't put me in a tight spot."

Instead of wasting time with Cecilia, the housekeeper turned around and shut the door.

Cecilia ran up and knocked on the door repeatedly. "Open the door! I'll get Trevor to come and teach you a lesson if you don't open the door right now!"

Suddenly, Trevor's voice emerged from behind. "Stop shouting. I'll get them to open the door."

Cecilia stopped in her tracks immediately. She turned around and was pleased to see Trevor coming down from his car.

She ran up to him and cried, "Trevor! They kicked me out of the house and said that I'm a Greene. But I'm your biological sister! You must fire them for mistreating me!"

Trevor snorted and said, "They didn't mistreat you. They only acted on my order."

Cecilia's expression changed, and she asked in disbelief, "What did you say? But you said you're going to open the door for me!"

"I said I'll open the door but not for you," Trevor said through gritted teeth. "My partnership with Vinson is over. I can't even afford to hire a housekeeper anymore. You should get lost too!"

"What?" Cecilia widened her eyes in shock. "That's impossible! Vinson can only go to you to buy the material for his project since you've bought it from all the suppliers in Horington. You must have made a fortune, no? What do you mean by your partnership with Vinson is over?"

Trevor gave her a sullen glare. "It's all because of you, idiot! Did you know Vinson had never thought of using the construction material from Horington? You told me to threaten him with the material so that your daughter could marry into the Nightshire family. Now I'm in deep shit because of you!"

"W-What do you mean?" Cecilia asked.

"Ever since they started the project, Vinson has struck a deal with his counterpart in Epea. In other words, Vinson has imported all the high-quality material from Epea! Now my company is going to go bankrupt all because of you! How dare you act as if you're not aware of it?"

The color drained out of Cecilia's face. "H-How is that possible?"

All of a sudden, she recalled Susanne's attitude change.

No wonder Vinson was not afraid of our threat. He didn't plan to use the material from Horington in the first place!

"So that's the reason..."

Trevor grabbed Cecilia's collar and yelled, "Get out of my sight right now! I will not let you off easily if I see you again!"

"Trevor, I—"

"Get lost!" Trevor kicked her abdomen, sending her flying a few feet away.

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Chapter 1112 Chased Out Of The Family

Cecilia vomited a mouthful of blood and held her abdomen with her hands. "Trevor Larson! How dare you kick me? I'm your sister!"

Trevor gave her the cold shoulder and entered the mansion.

When Cecilia was about to barge into the house, Trevor's bodyguard pulled her away.

"I'm sorry, Mrs. Greene. Mr. Larson said he doesn't want to see you when he comes out of the house later. So please leave before we drag you away with a more drastic approach."

Cecilia had no choice but to leave.

She tried to approach a few members of the Greene family, but they all turned her away.

In the end, she had to put up a night temporarily at the walkway of a subway station.

Suddenly, she received a call from overseas. She hesitated for a moment before answering it. "Hello?"

"Mom!" Wendy's voice emerged on the other end of the phone.

Cecilia's eyes brightened for a bit, but they dimmed just as quickly.

She cleared her throat and tried to stay calm. "Wendy, how's school over there?"

Wendy replied anxiously, "I've gotten into some trouble here, and I don't even have money to reload my phone. I'm actually calling you using the hostel warden's phone. Please top up my phone as fast as possible. I'm gonna go now. Bye!"

Wendy then ended the call.

Cecilia did not have the time to tell Wendy that Trevor had kicked her out of the house.

She clenched her teeth, took out the only two hundred bill, and walked to a nearby twenty-four top-up centres.

Wendy could finally call Cecilia on her phone. "Mom, I tried calling Uncle Trevor, but he didn't pick up my call. Could you ask him to bank some money into my account? I don't even have money to buy myself a meal now. I—"

"Wendy!" Cecilia interrupted. "Your uncle..."

It was difficult for her to tell Wendy the truth.

"What's wrong with him?" Wendy asked.

Cecilia bit her lip and decided not to tell Wendy the complete story, as she did not want Wendy to worry. "Your uncle's company is going through some financial problems. One of his projects didn't do well. He might not be able to give you money."

"But I don't need a lot. I just need some money to help me survive this exam period."

"I understand, but I don't think he can help at this point. Wendy, your exam is three days away, right? I guess you can find a part-time job to support yourself for the time being. Once you get into Maxwell University, I'm sure things will start to look up," Cecilia advised.

"Part-time job? Are you mad, Mom? I study from morning till late evening every single day. Do you know how exhausted I am?" Wendy lamented.

Cecilia clenched her teeth and recalled a karaoke bar she had passed by. "You wait. I'll try to get you some money by tomorrow."

Wendy stopped complaining and hung up on her.

Cecilia clenched her jaw and headed back to the karaoke bar.

A few minutes later, the karaoke bar manager put on a baffling smile and said, "Well, well, well. Isn't this Mrs. Greene? Are you sure you want to become a hostess?"

"Yes."

The manager studied Cecilia from head to toe. Even though she was already in her forties, years of skincare had retained her youthful look.

"All right, then!" the manager agreed.

The next day, Wendy received eight hundred from Cecilia.

"Eight hundred only? Am I a beggar to you?" Wendy was hopping mad. She ended the call after venting her frustration since international calls were expensive. She then continued with her revision.

On this very day, Larson Group had declared bankrupt.

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Meanwhile, at Lightspring, Arielle was about to meet Donovan in the evening.

She knew Trisha was afraid of Donovan, so she had invited Jared to come along.

Donovan and Noah were eagerly waiting at the revolving restaurant on the top floor of Times Square.

Half an hour had passed, but Arielle still had not appeared.

Donovan began to lose patience. He turned to Noah and asked, "Are you sure San has agreed to meet us here?"

"Of course. Otherwise, she wouldn't have given Selena the permission to give me her number," Noah said, then patted Donovan's shoulder. "Just relax, okay? San might not want to help you if she noticed how worried you are. Got it?"

Donovan took a deep breath and nodded. "Thanks for the reminder."

Noah waved his hand in the air. "Sit. Let's wait patiently."

When Donovan was about to take his seat, they heard footsteps outside the private room.

Noah stood up. "They're here."

Donovan immediately went up and opened the door.

"San..." Donovan was stunned.

The woman standing at the door was someone he hated to the core—Arielle Moore.

Arielle stood in front of him with a white suit and a hand in her pocket. Even Donovan could feel her dominating aura.

Donovan came to his senses and asked with a grim expression, "What are you doing here?"

He also noticed that she had brought Jared along.

Upon seeing Arielle, Noah frowned and asked, "Is everything all right?"

Donovan nodded and replied, "Yes. Everything's fine." He then gave Arielle a sullen glare. "I don't know why you are here, but you need to get out of here right now!"

I'll not allow Arielle to ruin my meeting with San! If she dares to be funny, I'll not let her off easily!

Arielle responded with a grin. She took a glance at the private room to make sure only Donovan and Noah were in it. "Are you sure you want me to get lost? I thought you were keen to meet me."

Donovan frowned. "What do you mean?"

Arielle chuckled. "I should ask you that question. You tried so hard to reach me through Selena, yet now you give me this kind of attitude?"

Donovan widened his eyes, but his pupils dilated.

He was so flabbergasted that he did not know what else to say.

Noah, on the other hand, was more steady than Donovan was, but he still asked in disbelief, "You're San?"

Arielle nodded. "That's right. That's me."

"How is that possible?" Donovan exclaimed. "How can you be San? Stop lying!"

I'll become a laughingstock if Arielle really is San!

No! No way!

Impossible!

"Calm down!" Noah reprimanded Donovan. He then gently shook his phone and said to Arielle, "Can I verify your identity?"

Arielle raised her brows. "Sure."

After obtaining Arielle's permission, Noah called the number Selena had given him. Arielle's phone rang right away.

Upon hearing the ringtone from Arielle's phone, Noah exclaimed ecstatically, "It's really you! You're San!"

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After confirming that Arielle was San, Noah went up to her and said in delight, "San, we've been looking all over for you. I didn't expect you to be younger than rumored."

The corners of Arielle's lips quirked into a smile, but there were no sparkles of joy in her eyes.

Noah looked over his shoulder at Donovan and urged, "What are you still standing there? Come and welcome your senior, San."

At the mention of Arielle being his senior, the latter's expression darkened further.

The person I have been searching for and waiting for so long actually turned out to be Arielle!

That thought did come to his mind the first time Noah brought up San, but he firmly brushed off the possibility.

Never in his wildest dreams did he expect reality to prove him otherwise.

Everything he deemed unusual made sense at that moment, such as Maxwell University sending a private jet to pick Arielle up from the airport, the look Selena gave her, and him seeing her in the cafeteria exclusive to the professors of Maxwell University.

So the truth had been right in front of me all this while. I was the one who refused to think deeper about it. I was too afraid to do so.

Cold sweat broke out on Donovan's forehead as he reeled at the revelation.

San's the only hope for my thesis, but Arielle will never help me after everything I've done to her. I-I am doomed!

Seeing that he was still spacing out, Noah frowned in displeasure. "Donovan, why are you still standing there? Come over here and greet her."

With a half-smile, Arielle remarked, "Yeah. Didn't you say you've been searching for me for so long? Why aren't you greeting me? Aren't you going to apologize for your earlier discourtesy?"

Donovan gritted his teeth, trying to curb his temper. The veins on his temple bulged from his effort.

"Mr. Noah, it's fine. I will think of another way." He clenched his fists as he spoke.

A skeptical expression took over Noah's face at Donovan's rejection. Then, realization dawned upon him when he recalled the dispute between Donovan and Arielle at the mall entrance.

After going over to Donovan's side, he whispered, "Yesterday's matter isn't a big deal. Just apologize to her sincerely. Since she's willing to come all the way here, I'm sure there's room for you two to make amends. Go and apologize to her, and I'll help you out."

"I can't, Mr. Noah." Donovan balled his fists again and explained, "The grudge between us goes beyond yesterday's incident."

If I hadn't done those things to Arielle before this and persistently shunned her at Jadeborough University, there might have been a chance for her to help me out. However, there's no way I can change the past. I... I have put the final nail in the coffin myself. Since it's pointless to regret what I've done, I might as well retain my pride.

Looking at Arielle coldly, he said, "We've got the wrong person. The person I'm searching for isn't you, and it isn't San. You can leave now."

Noah called out frantically, "Donovan! What's wrong with you?"

Arielle had gone over that day merely to laugh at Donovan. She did not mind that he ostracized her, but he should not have bullied her friend. Naturally, there was no way she would let him off so easily.

Judging from his expression, she knew she had gotten her payback.

If that's the case, I don't want to linger around and see his ugly mug anymore.

"All right then. I'll be taking my leave now."

Arielle arched a brow at Jared and said, "It looks like there's no free dinner tonight. I'll bring you somewhere else."

"Sure." Jared cast a mocking look at Donovan, then turned on his heels and left with Arielle.

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Chapter 1115 A New Glimmer Of Hope

Once the two left, a hush descended over the room.

Noah got up to chase after them but was stopped by Donovan's outstretched arm.

"Donovan, are you out of your mind? We have been searching for her for so long for your thesis. Now that we're finally able to meet her, how could you just let her leave because of yesterday's minor incident? You could've resolved the conflict you have with her. It's not like you did anything heinous to her anyway."

A wry smile touched Donovan's lips. "Mr. Noah, you've hit the mark. I've indeed done some unforgivable things to her."

Noah's expression froze, and he hastened to ask, "What have you done to San?"

Donovan kept quiet. I did something that almost ruined her innocence, but I can't tell him that. Otherwise, not only would I fail to graduate, but I might also be expelled from Maxwell University. After all, the university values its students' character as well as their talents the most. My outcome is predictable if I reveal the misdeed I've done.

At that thought, he gritted his teeth and spoke. "She studied at Jadeborough University before and was my student. I... I didn't know her identity and thought she enrolled with her connections, so I a-always singled her out."

"You..." Noah began but could not manage to say a word. In the end, he stomped his foot in frustration. "You're too reckless! Since the first day you entered the Institute of Education, I have told you to treat every student equally. Why didn't you listen to me?"

Donovan hung his head in remorse.

"I'm sorry, Mr. Noah."

"You should also feel sorry toward others aside from me." Noah suppressed his anger and declared, "I can't and won't help you with your thesis anymore. You're on your own. I'm not going to accompany you the rest of the way."

Donovan was stunned by the finality of his tone and immediately grabbed his sleeve in desperation.

"Mr. Noah, without your help, how can I—"

"I don't care," Noah said chillingly. "It's fine if your talent is below par, but you can never forget your identity as a teacher. Since you can't treat every student equally, I have lost hope for you. Figure something out yourself."

He then flung Donovan's hand off of him and strode away.

"Mr. Noah!" Donovan chased after him, but Noah left without sparing him another glance.

With a confused and terrified look in his eyes, he stood motionlessly at the same spot until the waiter came into the room.

"Sir, has your friend arrived? Are you ready to order now?" the waiter asked.

Donovan returned to his senses and waved his hand in rejection. "There's no need. I'm not eating anymore."

With that said, he left the restaurant listlessly under the bewildered gaze of the waiter.

After walking all the way back to his dorm, he caught sight of the papers on his desk. Those were the questions he had made for Terry and the others.

In a split second, an idea occurred to him.

Arielle would usually use the methods of elementary mathematics to solve further mathematics questions. His thesis was based on that and was only missing one last example.

There's still a glimmer of hope for my thesis as long as I find a question Arielle has done before.

Donovan's eyes lit up, and he hurriedly booked the earliest flight to Jadeborough.

I need to search for the papers Arielle had done before. I only need to copy one of her answers on the paper, and my thesis will be completed. Even if Arielle is San, she's a graduate and can't participate in the thesis defense. And I'm the only person who has seen the questions she has done. No one else will ever find out. That's right! That's what I'm going to do! This is the best solution!

Without missing a beat, he packed his things and departed for the airport in Lightspring.