

Obsessed CEO Throws Himself at Me

Chapter 808

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Even though Donovan looked stubborn on the surface, it was merely an act of bravado.

He was aware that if he left Jadeborough University, he had no place to go.

It was impossible for him to go to another university and cultivate three other students who were eligible to enter Maxwell University

Besides, Maxwell University's first-time international enrollment was about to come, and he would not have sufficient time to do so.

Nonetheless, he did not wish to have a student like Aaron to be in his class, because he knew he would be unable to control him.

He believed that between him and Aaron, Marcus would choose him over the latter.

To his surprise, however, Marcus did not start panicking as expected. Instead, his face darkened.

Donovan's heart skipped a beat, and he had a bad feeling about it.

The next second, Marcus spat out indifferently, "Mr. Baxter, you have done a lot of bad things

but I never blame you or held you accountable. How dare you question me for merely placing a student into your class? Excuse me, but am I still the principal of Jadeborough University?"

Hearing that, Donovan widened his eyes at Marcus in disbelief.

"Mr. Brown?"

Marcus continued coldly, "Since you chose not to stay in our university, you can leave now. It just so happens that we are recruiting new lecturers recently, and the number of applicants has exceeded one thousand. So, if you don't want to stay, it will just open up one more place for them. Feel free to think about it."

Donovan felt like he was struck by lightning.

What the hell just happened? I'm a graduate of the Institute of Education from Maxwell University. How could Marcus choose a student over me?

"Mr. Brown, are you serious? I..."

Ignoring him, Marcus turned toward Aaron and said, "Aaron, from now on, you will be in this preparatory class. If you have any needs, do inform me."

Aaron couldn't be bothered about the ongoing drama. He simply said, "Sure. May I ask where Arielle

is?"

"Arielle?" Marcus shifted his gaze toward Donovan and asked, "Is Arielle in the class?"

With a complex expression, Donovan replied, "Arielle has applied for leave these two days. So, she is not present."

"Oh, I see..." Aaron pondered for a moment and smiled smugly. "All right then. I'll wait for her."

After all, I've regained my freedom. I've got nothing but time.

Marcus then asked with a smile on his face, "So, you know Arielle? She is also one of the top students in our university."

"You can say that." With that, Aaron's smile widened. He stroked the hair around his ears, revealing his

black diamond earrings.

Marcus nodded and asked the student council, Christopher, to come over. "Christopher, please take Aaron on a tour around campus and check which dormitory is empty."

Under Aaron's gaze, Christopher walked out from the crowd. Cold sweat started forming in his palms.

For some reason, he felt uneasy in front of Aaron.

Forget about it...

He gritted his teeth and scratched his head. "Mr. Brown, my Ustranasion is not good enough. Why don't you ask other students to show Aaron around the campus?"

"Then..." Marcus shot a glance at the crowd and locked his gaze on Wendy.

No matter how outstanding Aaron is, he is still a student. It will be inappropriate to ask a lecturer to bring him around the campus. Hmm, I'll let Wendy handle the task then.

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"Wendy Greene," said Marcus. "You're proficient enough in Ustranasion, so why don't you go on and show Aaron around the campus?"

"Who? Me?" Wendy pointed to herself in a mixture of surprise and delight as she asked.

"Yes. You."

It must have slipped the mind of the scattered-brain Marcus how Wendy's hiccup with her translation work the last time nearly cost the school the contract to Maxwell University's advanced mathematics lesson plan.

For some inexplicable reason, Wendy started to get butterflies in her stomach. She clasped her hands tightly and made her way over to Aaron amidst the envious looks cast her way by her female peers.

She did feel a sliver of discontent against Aaron when she heard him mention Arielle, but it did not matter in the end as she enjoyed basking in the attention and envy of others.

Wendy stopped in front of Aaron wearing the most punctilious smile possible before she addressed him genially. "Well, Aaron, please follow me."

"After you then, beautiful," replied Aaron as he arched his head back to instruct his bodyguard to take the helicopter off the grounds.

The language in which he spoke was one which Wendy had never encountered before and that prompted her inquisitiveness. "Where are you from, Aaron?"

"That doesn't seem to be any of your concern now, does it?" answered Aaron with a wry smile.

The cold glint that flashed across his eyes as he spoke made Wendy jump. "I'm sorry for being nosy."

"No worries. Please lead the way." In an instant, Aaron reverted to his sensual, charming self, and that caused Wendy to believe that she might have been mistaken.

The two of them then walked off into the distance and away from the longing eyes in the crowd.

One of the girls in the class muttered, "Isn't Wendy a little too lucky? It wasn't that long ago that Jason slipped her a name card. Now, she's tasked to show the new transfer student around..."

The other students did not know the actual reason why Jason passed his card along to Wendy and did not catch Aaron's mentioning of Arielle either. Hence, they simply assumed that Wendy had Venus' smile upon her.

With Aaron's departure, the discussions that revolved around him wound to a close, and the students dispersed afterward.

Marcus was prepared to leave for the day as well as he wanted to head home and celebrate the addition of this new gymnasium that day over some beer and small bites.

Seeing that the principal was about to depart, Donovan immediately caught up with him.

"Mr. Brown!"

Marcus stopped in his tracks and looked to be in a significantly less buoyant mood than what he started with on a dime.

"Why? Have you decided to quit after all?" asked Marcus blandly.

"No. It's nothing like that." Donovan gritted his teeth, unable to contain his own bewilderment. "I don't

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understand this, Mr. Brown. Back then, it was you who offered me a generous remuneration package to teach here. Why are you trying to drive me off now?"

With his hands held behind his own back, Marcus regarded the man sternly. "Let me clarify this for you. I wasn't the one who's driving you off. It's you who wanted to leave. Also, when I made the offer before, I was under the impression that I would be hiring Donovan Baxter, the outstanding graduate from Maxwell University's Institute of Education, and not you, the diploma holder who hasn't even been awarded the graduation certificate you supposedly got from there."

Donovan's face fell.

"You've already known? Who was the one who told you that? Was it Arielle? It has to be her because she has never shown any fondness for me!"

He hated Arielle to the core inside but Marcus merely shook his own head in disappointment.

"You've mistaken. No one came to me about this. It was after that fiasco involving Queenie and yourself that I went through your file and found out about it on my own."

Donovan was stumped and briefly found himself at a loss for words.

Marcus continued, "I've put up with your deception of the school because I know that there's an off chance you might still be able to earn your paper qualifications. However, you've repeatedly made one mistake after the other, demonstrated your inability to treat the studies fairly, and even threatened me just now. Truly, I find all of that to be extremely lamentable. Go on and leave if you want to, Donovan. On the account of your parents, I will not expose the fact that you did not even receive your teaching credentials."

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"No, Mr. Brown..." Donovan was in panic mode. He was well aware that he could not actually leave

Jadeborough University as that would ruin his teaching career.

Although he could nonetheless take his identity as a graduate student from Maxwell University's Institute of Education to other schools, the students from the preparatory class were the finest ones he had handpicked from all across the country himself. These were the ones with the greatest potential of making it into Maxwell University.

Were he to head elsewhere, never mind the time constraint, the quality of the students would definitely not be on par with those he currently had.

At that moment, Donovan started to regret not exercising greater restraint by accepting Aaron just now.

He hastened to grab Marcus by the hand and did away with his own haughtiness from before.

"I've realized the error of my ways, Mr. Brown. I'll accept the addition of Aaron in to my class, so please don't ask me to leave!"

Sigh. The softhearted Marcus exhaled.

"Wouldn't it have been great if you've just agreed to this right from the start?"

Seeing that Marcus had been persuaded, Donovan went on to express his profuse gratitude.

"Thank you, Mr. Brown. I'll definitely groom three students that are good enough for Maxwell University."

Marcus acknowledged that with a nod. "Hopefully, you'll be able to deliver as you promised. The selection process for Maxwell University will be commencing soon, so I'd like for you to set aside those personal grudges of yours and focus your attention on guiding the students."

"I certainly will!" affirmed Donovan.

"Oh, yeah. There's just one more thing." Marcus then regarded Donovan intently. "Although I'm not sure of the reasons behind your prejudice against Arielle, she's a massive talent. That's why I hope you'll be able to treat her with greater impartiality."

Donovan gritted his teeth and appeared to be compliant.

"Yes, Mr. Brown. I will."

"Good. In that case, you should extend an open apology to Arielle at next week's assembly. No more excuses. You've been notably absent the past two weeks, but don't think that I've forgotten about this."

There was an awful expression on Donovan's face, for he considered publicly apologizing to Arielle akin to a slap on his own face.

However, it seemed that he had no other choice under the current circumstances.

"I understand, Mr. Brown. I'll be sure to follow through on that."

"All right then. Get it together. I'm going to head back first," Marcus said. He patted Donovan on the back before turning to leave.

With his back turned, he failed to notice the humility and sincerity vanished from Donovan's face. In its place was an encompassing gloominess.

He's asking me to nurture Arielle?

There's no way I'll be able to transform a pile of rot into a work of art! She's unsalvageable!

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He was not going to expend any effort toward nurturing Arielle as he considered it to be a waste of his time

Meanwhile, elsewhere.

The helicopter did not elude Arielle, who cast a chary eye briefly in the direction where it landed before she rescinded her gaze.

As the purpose of her returning that day was to look up information about the man in the same group photograph as her mother in the archive, she was in no mood for distractions.

With her eyes to the fore, she began to make her way toward her destination.

That was when a masked man suddenly appeared with arms spread wide before her, obstructing her advancement. "Haha, I've finally found you, Arielle!"

She got quite a fright and reflexively thrust out a fist that smacked the man squarely in the face.

When her blow connected, two other individuals sprung out from the bushes to the side. They then

rushed up and started to pummel the man.

As she looked closer, Arielle discovered that they were none other than Sasha and Blake.

"Stand back, Ms. Moore. Let us handle this."

Sasha motioned for her to back off when in the next second, Blake let out a surprised yelp.

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"Ah... Sasha... He's a celebrity."

Sasha eyed the battered and bruised man in circumspect. Not one for popular culture, she failed to recognize him.

"Hmph!" snorted Sasha. "So what if he is? Our job is to protect Ms. Moore. Never mind a star, even the gods themselves will have to answer to us if they try to pick on her."

"Right on! Now, watch how I bash his head in!"

Blake raised his fist and wound it up in anticipation of hammering it down upon the disoriented Jason.

"Wait!" Arielle immediately rushed forward to hold Blake back. "Don't be rash. Let's try to find out what's going on first."

"Understood," replied Blake who continued to regard the man with wary eyes and his fists ready.

Arielle let out a sigh before she approached the wounded man. "Are you all right?"

Wrought with pain, the grimacing Jason sounded rather cranky. "The hell's wrong with you? Why did your friends jump me?"

Hearing that voice jolted Arielle's memories.

"Aren't you that weirdo who intercepted me at the supermarket?"

"Yes! That's me!" In the next second, Jason was seen stomping his foot. "Whatever do you mean by weirdo? How am I weird at all?"

Arielle looked down at the mask and shades left on the ground in the aftermath of the walloping Blake handed out and nodded her head in earnest. "You are kind of strange, you know. Why are you all covered up like that on such a hot day?"

"That's because I'm too famous and afraid that I'll be recognized by my fans! How was I to know that you and your friends would decide to hit me on sight? Is my face okay?"

Jason frantically pulled out a mirror from his bag and became hysterical once more after he inspected his badly bruised face in it.

That reminded Arielle of how Jason got swamped for photos after he showed his face at the supermarket the last time.

"Although I shouldn't have hit you, it's you who spooked me first, so you can't blame it all on us. That being said, I'm willing to cover your medical expenses."

Jason scrutinized his own visage carefully for any potential signs of disfigurement. He seemed to have calmed down slightly afterward before he regarded Arielle. "I don't want your money."

"Then what is it that you want?"

"Your contact number."

"Huh?" Arielle asked warily, "What do you want that for?"

Jason's back stiffened and he hastened to explain himself. "Don't be mistaken! I'm not trying to hit on you. Actually, I've been asked to approach you by a director for a production that I'm currently involved in."

Jason fished out a file from his bag as he spoke and proudly extended it to Arielle. "Here's the script Go on and have a look at it."

Arielle did not accept the document from him but recognized the name of the director written on the cover. It was Sam Sleight.

"So, it was Mr. Sleight who asked you to come to me." Arielle exhaled before she continued, "I've

already turned him down before. Haven't he found anyone else to play the female lead?"

"Nope. I'm currently the male lead for this film. Aren't you a fan of mine? Now, you can seriously reconsider this offer."

Arielle was flabbergasted. "Since when was I a fan of yours?"

"Oh, stop pretending. Playing hard to get isn't going to work twice," said Jason while he shoved his name card into her hands. "My number's in there, so call me whenever you've decided. Chances like this aren't going to come by again, so I'm going to give you three days to think about it. Give me an answer before then."

Jason picked up the mask and shades and put them back before he bounded off, giving Arielle no time whatsoever to respond.

"Hey! Wait!"

She wanted to give chase but Jason had already scooted out of sight.

Blake was intrigued when he came up alongside her. "So, Arielle. You're a fan of his?"