

Obsessed CEO Throws Himself at Me

Chapter 849

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"You want to get into Maxwell University through the normal class!" Henry blurted out. "That way, you wouldn't count as Donovan's student."

Jared nodded solemnly.

"Initially, I did tell myself to put up with him since we'll be leaving for Maxwell University soon. But after everything today, enough is enough."

With that explanation, everything finally fell into place for Henry. "Oh! No wonder you said Donovan will come to regret his actions!"

"All right, let's return to the dorm and pack our things," Jared replied. "I'm going home to ask for a transfer to the normal class."

"Good, I'm going with you. I've had it with Donovan! If it weren't for you and Boss, I wouldn't have stayed on in the preparatory class!"

Jared's ears pricked up at the mention of Arielle. Right, I think I'd better let her know about this too.

Meanwhile, Arielle had just finished preparing the medicine for Josee and was about to leave when Jared's call came through.

After listening to him for a couple of seconds, she replied, "Yes, I already knew that about Donovan."

"What? You knew all along, and you still put up with it?" Jared asked incredulously.

"My greatest strength is the tolerance I have for people. For those whom I don't care about, I have no problem putting up with whatever nonsense they throw my way."

"So... Do you want to transfer to the normal class with us?"

"No, thanks," Arielle mumbled as she looked wistfully up into the sky. "I'll be leaving Jadeborough University once I've found what I want, so it doesn't matter which class I'm in. Besides, Trisha is still in the preparatory class. I can't leave her there."

"Very well then, I got to go for now. If you're going back, remember to sit for the exam tomorrow. Slap Donovan in the face for me while you're at it."

Arielle couldn't help but let out a small chuckle. "All right, I'll try my best."

As soon as she hung up the phone, the main door opened, and Vinson walked in.

"Huh? Why are you home so early?"

"How can I concentrate at work knowing my wife is home?" Vinson teased as he removed his jacket.

Then, he pulled Arielle into his embrace and took a deep whiff of her scent. "Mmm, Darling, you smell nice."

"You cheeky thing!" Arielle playfully scolded while pushing him away. "What's gotten into you?"

Vinson broke into a bitter smile and sighed. "Something big."

That afternoon, Vinson had played golf with a client who was the most uxorious husband he had ever met. As the game progressed, the client kept fussing over his wife to make sure she was comfortable and happy.

In the end, he even ended the game early so his wife wouldn't risk getting tanned in the sun.

"I had enough of their public display of affection, so I wanted to get some from you."

Everything sounded so ridiculous that Arielle didn't know whether to laugh or cry.

"Oh, my goodness. How old are you?"

Vinson merely shrugged and mumbled, "Seriously, if you had seen them, you'd be grossed out too."

"Perfect!" Arielle exclaimed as she shoved a thermos flask into his hand. "Since you're free and need a distraction, you can help me deliver this."

Even though Arielle had meant it as a joke, Vinson was more than happy to comply. "Okay, where to?"

Speechless, she could only stare blankly back at him.

When did my backer become my loyal pet?

Eventually, both of them decided to head toward Rocher

Private Hospital together.

Along the way, Vinson got a call from the Specialized Forces and promptly answered it with his Bluetooth earpiece.

"Hello?"

"Captain Nightshire, we have confirmed Cindy's whereabouts."

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Machia."

"Are you able to keep up?"

"We're still looking for a helicopter, but following them so closely would be too obvious. That's why I disguised myself as airport staff and installed a GPS tracker on their helicopter during the flight check."

"Excellent. Update me when you have more news."

"Understood!"

When the call ended, a keenly observant Arielle turned around and asked, "Is it about Cindy? Have you found

her?"

Vinson hesitated before slowly nodding his head. "Yes, you can say that. She has boarded a helicopter, and my men installed a GPS tracker on it. I'm sure we'll be able

to nab her soon."

Arielle heaved a sigh and said, "When we get her this time, we can't let her escape again."

"Don't worry, there won't be a second time," Vinson reassured. "By the way, let's check on Matthias after giving Josee her medicine. Most of his injuries should have healed by now."

Arielle nodded in agreement. "That's what I had in mind too."

My priority now is to have Matthias hand over Cindy's assets. Everything else can wait. Those assets belonged to her mom, anyway. I'm only taking back what's rightfully ours.

Before long, they had arrived at the Rocher Private Hospital.

After making sure Josee finished her medicine, Arielle accompanied Vinson to Matthias' ward.

True enough, Matthias' wounds had more or less healed.

However, after his bout with a high fever from his infected wounds, Arielle could see that he was still weak as a kitten.

Before Matthias could say anything, she had walked up and given him a quick check-up. "It'll take about a week more before you fully recover."

Grateful but dumbfounded, Matthias queried, "Why do you still treat me after all the horrible things I've done to you?"

"No reason," Arielle stated matter-of-factly. "It's just medical ethics."

Upon hearing that, Matthias lowered his head in shame. "I may not be able to get out of bed yet, but signing papers won't be a problem. I'm sure you're here because

you've prepared the asset transfer agreement?"

Arielle froze and gave herself a mental head slap. Damn it, I've forgotten all about that!

Just as she was mulling over it, Vinson suddenly surprised her with two sets of contracts.

Seeing how shocked Arielle was, Vinson winked at her before turning to Matthias. "Our lawyer has drafted up the contract. Here, take a look."

Alas, Matthias barely glanced at the documents before signing his name on them.

He might be physically alive, but inside, he was dead. As such, material possessions were no longer of any importance to him.

Then again, the truth was he had never really cared about the assets. The only reason he had fought so hard for them in the past was because of Cindy, but clearly, there was no need for that now.

With the contracts finally inked, Arielle went through them and realized how much more thorough Vinson had been in investigating all of Cindy's overseas assets.

Everything amounted to a staggering sixteen hundred million, and it was undeniable that Matthias was a whizz when it came to financial management and investments.

Arielle kept the contracts before looking back up at

Matthias. "The hearing for your case will start in a week, but I've already made the necessary arrangements for you. You'll be serving a ten-year sentence in Jadeborough Prison."