

Obsessed CEO Throws Himself at Me

Chapter 996

[/ Obsessed CEO Throws Himself at Me](#)
Chapter 996 Shocked

Arielle understood Marcus' concern. Thus, as much as she wanted to clarify things with Aaron, she hesitated and went to Vinson instead. "Let him go first, Vinson. You shouldn't do this in a school, no matter what."

Eyes flashing with hostility, Vinson looked as if he had completely lost control.

Having no other choice, Arielle could only pretend that she was injured. Drawing in a deep breath, she groaned, "Ouch! That hurts..."

His spine stiffening, Vinson finally loosened his grip on Aaron and turned over to hold her. "Where were you injured?"

Arielle immediately grasped his hands, shaking her head. "I wasn't hurt, but please pull yourself together, Vinson. We're in a school."

Hearing that, Vinson clenched his teeth unwittingly. He could not believe he had just been carried away by his concern for her and had gotten fooled instead.

By the time he turned back toward Aaron, the latter had already moved almost ten meters away from him but was just as unwilling to back down.

"I've heard a lot about you, Vinson Nightshire. Now that we've finally met, then let's show each other what we've got!"

"Mr. Aaron!" His subordinate immediately hurried forward, whispering into his ear, "Vinson's not just any other man. We can't go head-to-head with him lest he discover our true identity. Think about the big picture! Since we've already done what we came here to do, then let's get out of here now."

Aaron was truly reluctant to do that.

It had not been easy grabbing hold of Arielle this time. He had even been thinking of bringing her straight back to Turlen with him.

He absolutely refused to leave just like that!

"Please, Mr. Aaron!" His subordinate's eyes were red with desperation as he went on urgently, "We really have to leave now. Don't forget that you still have another task!"

Hearing that, Aaron had no choice but to grit his teeth. He then waved his hand, signaling for them to leave.

However, Vinson stopped them from leaving.

“Stop them! Bring them back to the Specialized Forces!” came Vinson’s command suddenly.

The men from the Specialized Forces immediately charged forward to surround Aaron and his men.

However, in the same instant, Aaron retrieved an unknown object from his pocket and tossed it on the ground. A thick, yellow gas immediately rose from the ground and filled the air.

“Cover your noses!” Arielle called out at once, and those present instantly heeded her advice.

However, by the time the yellow gas dissipated, Aaron and his men were already nowhere to be seen.

Even Vinson, who was standing beside Arielle just a moment ago, had vanished as well.

Despite that, Arielle knew he was not abducted but had gone after Aaron instead, as she had heard his footsteps hurrying after them earlier.

Marcus was utterly stupefied.

“What on earth just happened? Is someone shooting a film here?”

“It was a smoke grenade. Not the type typically used by the military but custom-made in Manchernius,” Arielle explained.

“Will it cause any side effects?”

Arielle shook her head. “No. It’s just a colorless and odorless gas. It could cause weak hands and feet if too much is inhaled, but the effects should go away soon.”

Hearing that, Marcus hurriedly ordered everyone to open the windows backstage.

“This student... I can’t let him stay here anymore. I should make a police report. Yes, that’s what I should do!” he muttered as he pushed a window open.

“Don’t worry. I don’t think he’ll ever appear here again. Besides, there’s no need to go to the police. The Specialized Forces are already here,” Arielle responded.

Marcus froze for a moment and then scratched his head, somewhat embarrassed. “Gee, look at me.”

"This isn't the time to worry about that chap, Mr. Brown. We should be reassuring the others instead," Arielle reminded.

Only then did Marcus realize most of the students backstage had just been frightened out of their wits by what had just happened.

Students nowadays were mostly raised in protective bubbles. How many could possibly have experienced such a terrifying event before?

Even Wendy was still slumped limply on the floor next to her mother, unable to overcome the shock.

In fact, it was hardly a shortcoming on her part. After all, Vinson's and Aaron's auras were indeed exceedingly powerful and perhaps too much for ordinary people to handle.

Obsessed CEO Throws Himself at Me Chapter 997

[/ Obsessed CEO Throws Himself at Me](#)
Chapter 997 Penniless Wendy

Marcus hurried off to comfort the students.

As for the Specialized Forces, some of them had gone after the vanished men after the gas cleared, while others stayed back to protect Arielle.

Under the guidance of Arielle, the remaining squad members began helping to reassure the students as well.

Even though the incident that just happened was indeed frightening, it was, after all, not a gunfight or actual combat. Thus, with the combined efforts of Marcus and the Specialized Forces, the students' and their parents' emotions soon began to stabilize.

The atmosphere backstage eventually returned to normal. After giving a stern warning, the members of the Specialized Forces classified the recent incident. Thus, no information about it was leaked to the outside world.

Once the order was restored, Arielle suddenly remembered the reason she had headed backstage and went to make her payment.

After she made the payment of fifteen million, she approached Marcus, carrying the vase in her hands.

"I'm returning this to you, Mr. Brown."

"Didn't you just win this at the auction?" Marcus asked, bewildered.

Arielle shook her head. "I just wanted to contribute to the charity event. You and I both know that the Southalls are to blame for the state of that village. Even though I'm not technically a member of the Southall family, I still hope to do something to make up for it."

Nodding, Marcus accepted the vase and praised, "I was right about you, Arielle. I made the right call back then when I decided to let you attend our school."

Before Arielle could respond, Wendy's voice rang out. "Oh, cut the pretense!"

Arielle turned toward her with narrowed eyes and intentionally rubbed salt into her wounds. "What was that? Did your mother get her tooth fixed already?"

"Y-You!" Burning with rage, Wendy gnashed her teeth so hard she nearly crushed a few.

Just then, Cecilia could be heard mumbling, "How is that possible? Are you sure it's not your problem? It's impossible this card couldn't be used."

Surprised, Wendy gave up mocking Arielle and strode toward her mother instead. "What's wrong, Mom?"

Cecilia frowned. "They said this card isn't working."

After having been disgraced so grievously just now, she was merely hoping to regain some dignity by making a huge payment with her card.

Never had she expected the attendant to inform her that her card was unusable.

"How could that be?" Wendy was just as puzzled. "Isn't this Dad's secondary card?"

"Maybe there's not enough balance in it?" the attendant asked instinctively.

"That's impossible!" Cecilia denied it outright. "Unless Greene Corporation has gone bankrupt, this card would never run out of credit!"

The attendant spread her hands before her. "Well, in that case, I have no idea what went wrong, then. I swiped it many times, but the payment just wouldn't go through. Do you have another card?"

Gritting her teeth slightly, Cecilia fished another card out of her purse and placed it on the desk.

"There! Use this!"

That was her own card. It contained a significant amount as well, but Daniel had no idea it existed.

"I'm sorry, but this card can't be used either."

"Huh? How could that be possible?" roared Cecilia, glaring at him, wide-eyed. "Are you deliberately sabotaging me?"

In his perturbation, Cecilia almost let slip on her Horington accent.

However, her outburst instantly attracted the attention of those around her, and heads swiveled toward her at once.

The attendant caught on to her insinuation, and his expression darkened as well. "Why would I want to sabotage you? The card just doesn't work. Look for yourself!"

He held the machine toward them, and Cecilia and Wendy both leaned forward to look at it, only to find that the attendant was speaking the truth.

"No way! This can't be right!" Cecilia was practically jumping in rage as she spoke.

Sneering, the onlookers began murmuring among themselves.

"Haha! Wendy and her mom just bid against our goddess for that sculpture, but now they don't have enough money to pay for it. I swear, I'm gonna die laughing!"

Obsessed CEO Throws Himself at Me

Chapter 998

[/ Obsessed CEO Throws Himself at Me](#)
Chapter 998 Shut Up

"My God! What an embarrassment!"

"Do you guys remember how Wendy was just jeering at Arielle for bidding for something she couldn't afford? Well, I just saw our goddess paying fifteen million without batting an eye! Looks like Wendy's the one who's really feigning affluence after all!"

The students from the preparatory class shook their heads in disdain.

"Tsk! Tsk! Our goddess just spent fifteen million on a vase for the sake of charity, unlike that mother-and-daughter duo, who cared only about challenging our goddess despite not having any money! What a disgrace indeed!"

Sharp-eared, Cecilia had no trouble overhearing those gossips and immediately bellowed in anger, "Shut up, all of you!"

"There's no way our family can't afford fifteen million," Wendy stated coolly as well. "This machine's definitely broken."

The attendant shook his head. "No, I'm sure it's fine. Arielle just made a payment of fifteen million a moment ago. Don't you have another card?"

Arielle again!

Her fist clenched tightly, Wendy reached into her purse and whipped out her own card.

"Dad's probably contracted a few big projects this month and used up all the credit limits. Here, Mom, use mine instead."

Cecilia nodded in agreement, unable to find a better explanation for what was going on. "All right. Let's use yours for now."

Thus, Wendy nodded and confidently extended her card to the attendant. "There you go."

The attendant reached for it expressionlessly. After performing a series of actions on the card machine, he returned it to Wendy again.

"I'm sorry, but your card was the same."

"W-What?" Wendy's face became dark as thunder, and her voice turned cold. "Are you sure you didn't make a mistake? How could my card not work as well?"

She knew for a fact that there was more than a hundred million in that card.

The attendant shrugged. "I don't have the answer for that, but I did try that card twice with the same result. Do either of you have a spare card?"

Wendy's jaw tensed as a wave of panic surged in her chest.

She had a sudden premonition that something had gone wrong with their family business.

However, she brushed that thought aside as quickly as it came.

After all, Greene Corporation was considered one of the most accomplished businesses in Horington. What trouble could they possibly face all of a sudden?

"No, my card is definitely fine. Besides, I haven't even been spending much this month, so there's no way it's hit the credit limit. Please try it again."

However, the attendant was already fed up with it.

"I just told you. I tried twice, and it still didn't work. If neither of you has another card, then why don't you step aside and give your bank a call to find out what went wrong? At least others could make their payments while you're at it."

Wendy had never been embarrassed because of money in her life before.

She glanced at her mother peevishly. "What's going on, Mom?"

It was then that Arielle stepped in. "Why don't you swipe my card? Then we'd know if it's the machine's problem."

Wendy loathed Arielle with a passion. The thought of accepting her money was revolting to her.

However, she did want to find out if the machine was indeed being faulty.

Thus, the mother and daughter merely exchanged a glance, silently agreeing with Arielle's suggestion.

A pleasant smile came upon the attendant's face when he saw that it was Arielle. "Sure. Let's try Arielle's card, then."

With that, he quickly ran through the same series of actions on the card machine again.

Seconds later, a long beep sounded from the machine, and the payment went through at once.

"Looks like the card machine works fine." Arielle turned to Wendy with a half-smirk. "Now you owe me fifteen million, Wendy Greene. Don't forget to pay me back, all right?"

She had not offered her help out of kindness. Far from it, she had done so with the sole intention to disgust Wendy.

That mother-and-daughter duo simply did not know how to watch their mouths, and it had finally gotten on her nerves.

Just as she had expected, the moment those words were uttered from her mouth, a look of plain disgust washed over Wendy's face at once.

Seeing that, Arielle felt her mood instantly lifted.

Obsessed CEO Throws Himself at Me Chapter 999

[/ Obsessed CEO Throws Himself at Me](#)

Chapter 999 She Did It To Disgust Her

Stomping her feet angrily, Wendy pointed at Arielle's face, reprimanding her, "How dare you! You were deliberately doing that to disgust me, weren't you?"

"Of course," Arielle admitted openly. "It was your own fault for not having any money in your card, or I wouldn't have had the opportunity to do so."

"You!" Wendy was so mad she could barely catch her breath.

Thoughts flashed through her mind—how Arielle had slapped her mother and caused her to lose a tooth, how she herself had been forced to submit to Arielle time and time again, how she had been nicknamed a "nutcase" because of Arielle, and how Arielle was taunting her in front of everybody right now.

There was so much rage built-up in her that she simply could not suppress it anymore. Taking a large stride forward, she raised her palm and swung it toward Arielle's cheek.

However, Arielle caught her hand mid-air.

Wendy merely stared at her, utterly stunned. She knew how much force she had used, and Arielle should not have been able to seize her wrist so easily.

Nevertheless, it just happened.

She immediately struggled to break free from Arielle's grasp, but she soon realized her efforts were completely futile under Arielle's powerful grip.

"Trying to hit me?" Arielle sneered.

Narrowing her eyes, she swiftly raised her other hand and landed a tight slap on Wendy's face instead.

Not only was she already a woman with incredible physical strength, but she deliberately put her might into that blow as well. With that, Wendy's cheek immediately swelled up with redness before everybody's eyes.

"How dare—" Wendy immediately started to scream, but before she could get another word out, Arielle had landed another hard smack on her cheek.

Caught unawares, Wendy accidentally bit down on the insides of her cheek, and blood began dripping down the corner of her mouth at once.

Seeing that, Cecilia immediately hurried toward her.

However, she had barely taken two steps when two men from the Specialized Forces stepped forward to stop her, holding her back by the arms on both sides.

"Now, listen carefully!" Arielle swept her gaze across Cecilia and then turned back to Wendy, going on frostily, "I used to put up with your sh*t only because there was a reason to do so, but that reason no longer exists now. So, if you ever dare to disrespect me again, I will slap you over and over again until you stop. Do you understand?"

"Y-You—"

Arielle immediately cut her off with another smack. "I asked, do you understand?"

"I—"

Slap!

Another brutal slap hit her face.

"Don't talk. Just nod."

Wendy was unable to break free, nor was she able to strike back.

Face burning with pain and humiliation, she could only nod in submission.

Satisfied, Arielle finally retracted her hand. Shaking out her palm, which was sore from all that slapping, she turned to Marcus innocently. "You saw that I was only defending myself, didn't you, Mr. Brown?"

Marcus decided to take Arielle's side. "Yes, indeed, you were. How could you hit her, Wendy?"

Huh?

Wendy stared at him, flummoxed and speechless.

A smile graced Arielle's lips. Her mood was indeed significantly improved.

Then she approached Marcus, stating earnestly, "Although I was only defending myself, it looks like Wendy's injuries are much more severe than mine. So, to make amends, I'm willing to leave this school on my own account."

Marcus' eyes widened in shock. "L-Leave this school? B-But Arielle, you only struck Wendy in self-defense. There's no need to quit school because of that."

"I've made up my mind, Mr. Brown. I'll come over to sign the paperwork tomorrow."

Marcus stared at her, utterly perplexed. "W-Why are you doing this, Arielle?"

Wendy was just as dumbstruck.

What is she trying to do? Was she just attending this school for fun? She's leaving now that she's had enough of it?

"I only came to this university to experience university life again. Now that I've gotten what I came for, then it's about time for me to quit this place," Arielle responded mildly.

Wendy listened in stupefaction, unable to believe her guess was correct after all.