

# Obsessed CEO Throws Himself at Me

## Chapter 401

[/ Obsessed CEO Throws Himself at Me](#)  
Chapter 401

Wendy had no idea what Kelsea was trying to do.

She looked at Kelsea with confusion. The latter was already smiling sweetly. Somehow, that sweet smile looked awkward on her cold and apathetic face.

Kelsea wasn't even looking at Arielle. Instead, she was greeting the man sitting beside Arielle, "Harvey, you're here too?"

Harvey turned around upon hearing her voice and said calmly, "Hey, Kelsea."

Kelsea grabbed Wendy and sat down next to Harvey. She then asked in a sweet tone, "Harvey, do you mind if we join you?"

With how powerful and influential the Jupiters were, it wouldn't make sense if they minded her to join them for a meal.

However, almost right away, Harvey answered with a frown, "I do mind."

Kelsea stiffened at that moment, and she wondered if she had heard him wrongly.

Wendy, who was sitting next to her, felt awkward too.

Kelsea took a deep breath and forced a smile. "Harvey, you're joking, right?"

Without sparing her any mercy, Harvey answered, "Not at all. I'm not the host today. If you wish to join us, you

should ask the host instead."

Kelsea had a bad feeling about this, but she still forced a smile and asked, "May I know who the host is then?"

Arielle stared at Kelsea and Wendy with a neutral expression. "Me."

"Oh, so it's you, Ms. Moore. Well, why don't I pay for the meal instead? It has been a while since I've seen Harvey, and it'd be a great time to catch up," Kelsea said.

Arielle was still expressionless upon hearing that. "There's no need for that. I've already paid for the meal. You can treat him next time. Besides, I don't want to see you. So, please leave now."

Kelsea could no longer force a smile. Her expression darkened. "Arielle, are you this ill-mannered?"

Arielle raised a brow. "Speaking of manners, Ms. Morgan, if you emphasize this much on manners, shouldn't you kneel and call me grandmaster by now?"

Kelsea's cheeks flushed at once.

Damn it! She just had to rub it in my face! How I wish I could just get rid of her right now!

Harvey was curious to hear that. "What grandmaster?"

Arielle gave Kelsea a meaningful look before saying, "It's just something that happened between us. Ms.

Morgan should know what I'm referring to."

Kelsea's face paled with anger.

It seemed like she had to start playing pitiful instead of facing Arielle head-on.

I refuse to believe that Arielle would be more important to Harvey. After all, I'm his best friend's cousin.

Kelsea pinched hard on her thigh, and soon, tears started rolling down her cheeks.

She started playing the victim. "Harvey, don't be fooled by her appearance. In the Haut Monde last time, I used a chess tactic that she came up with, but I didn't know it was hers. She even formed the word 'stupid' on the chessboard. She's nothing but a scheming witch!"

Harvey's eyes narrowed at that. A hint of hostility flashed in his gaze. "Witch?"

Kelsea noticed that Harvey was boiling with rage, and she assumed he was falling for her tricks and hating on Arielle already.

She immediately added, "Yes, she's a witch. She tends to skip classes and argue with the teachers. Not only that, she has a messy private life too. Even after knowing that Vin has a fiancée, she's still keeping an ambiguous relationship with him. And now, she's even having a meal with you. I'm sure you know of her

ulterior motives by now. Isn't it suspicious how she's trying to shoo me away as soon as she saw me? She's

afraid that I'd expose her true colors in front of you!"

## Obsessed CEO Throws Himself at Me

### Chapter 402

[/ Obsessed CEO Throws Himself at Me](#)  
Chapter 402

However, to Kelsea's surprise, Harvey didn't even look at Arielle. Instead, he turned to glare at her.

She felt like she was being frozen on the spot under his glare.

Kelsea was suddenly scared. She leaned back in her seat and stuttered, "H-Harvey, why are you looking at me like this?"

Harvey let out a low laugh. "Kelsea, since you're Carter's cousin, I can forgive you for being rude to Arielle. I don't want to see this happening again. You should leave now! Scram!"

Kelsea was in disbelief. "Harvey, you'd rather believe in her but not me? If she's not guilty of anything, why is she in such a hurry to chase me away when I did nothing at all? Why can't you think about this?"

Arielle raised her chin, and without bothering to conceal her disgust, she spat, "Because I hate you."

Kelsea's face fell upon hearing that. She glared at Arielle. "You hate me? Aren't you afraid of me instead?"

Arielle reacted as if she had just heard a joke. "Why should I be afraid of you?"

"Because I'll be exposing your true colors! Otherwise, why will you even hate me?"

Before Arielle could say something, Jared suddenly

broke his silence. "Harvey, just chase this woman away already."

Kelsea stared blankly at Jared. She had heard of Harvey's younger brother. But with Jared living abroad all this while, she had never seen him in person. It was as if she was suddenly reminded, upon hearing his voice, that this young man was Harvey's younger brother.

She broke into a smile, clearly misunderstanding Jared's words, and said excitedly, "Harvey, did you hear that? Even your brother agrees that Arielle isn't what she seems to be."

"Is there something wrong with your brain?" Jared was helpless. "I was telling you to get lost. You, not Arielle."

Kelsea stiffened up with embarrassment and confusion written all over her face. "Why?"

Jared couldn't be bothered by her question as he turned around to Harvey. "I heard these two women mocking Boss for being some country bumpkin. I hate them too. They're fake and boring. I'm disgusted by their presence."

Jared's criticism included Wendy as well.

Wendy could no longer stay seated anymore. She stood up and walked away without bothering Kelsea.

I must be out of my mind to come here with Kelsea and

let them humiliate me like this! I'm so done with Arielle and that idiot Kelsea!

"Wendy!" Kelsea called out to her, but Wendy had already walked out without looking back. It was as if she didn't want to be associated with Kelsea at all.

Kelsea felt angry and humiliated. She couldn't believe that neither Harvey nor Jared was taking her side. She was supposed to be the one who was closer with the Jupiters.

Arielle glanced at her. "Well? Aren't you leaving?"

She wouldn't bother showing any mercy to people who she didn't like or were not worthy of her attention.

Kelsea wanted to curse at Arielle, but people around them were already scolding her instead.

"What a weird woman. She claims that the pretty lady over there has no manners, but to me, she's the rude one who tries to join the table but not being polite at all."

“Nothing decent ever comes out of her mouth.”

“I’m so sick of people like her. I saw her pinching her thigh earlier before playing the victim. She’s such a pretentious little b\*tch.”

# Obsessed CEO Throws Himself at Me

## Chapter 403

[/ Obsessed CEO Throws Himself at Me](#)  
Chapter 403

Henry also heard what the crowd said. He turned around to Kelsea and asked in disbelief, “Did you pinch your thigh to play the victim? My goodness! You’re despicable.”

Upon hearing that, Kelsea looked even more embarrassed. She hadn’t been humiliated like this ever since Haut Monde.

Tears began welling up in her eyes.

She thought Harvey would be easier to convince when compared to Vinson, yet Harvey had proven to be harsher. At least, Vinson was more subtle in his choice of words to not offend Carter’s feelings.

Kelsea turned around to leave before her genuine tears fell.

She would never drop a tear in front of Arielle as that would only mean a sign of defeat.

Before she could walk any further, a familiar figure appeared by the cafeteria entrance.

Isn’t that... Carter?

Kelsea rubbed her eyes, thinking that she had seen it wrongly. It is Carter!

And he’s walking in my direction.

Kelsea suddenly became excited.

Finally, Carter is here to back me up!

She immediately hurried over to Carter’s direction.

At the cafeteria entrance, Carter was searching for Harvey among the crowd.

He was informed that Harvey was flying home that day. After waiting around for a while, Harvey was still nowhere to be seen.

Carter was worried that Harvey might be in danger, hence he found Harvey's location on the navigation. In the end, it showed that Harvey was at the Jadeborough University cafeteria all this while.

Knowing that Jared was a student here, Carter immediately rushed over.

The cafeteria was crowded with students, but Carter still managed to spot Harvey and Arielle at first glance.

He was just walking in that direction when a hand suddenly grabbed him.

Carter turned to look at that person with displeasure when his expression softened a little upon seeing who it was. "Kelsea."

Kelsea's tone was excited yet upset. "Carter, why are you here? Did you know, someone bullied me just now. Can you help me deal with them?"

Carter wasn't that close with Kelsea, but due to their

family ties, he couldn't refuse her either. "What happened?"

Kelsea immediately replied, "There's a girl in my class who scolded me in public and even chased me away. You have to help me in this."

Carter frowned upon hearing that. "Where is she? How dare she bully one of the Morgans? Bring me to her."

"Sure!" Kelsea nodded and led Carter toward Arielle's direction.

Country bumpkin, you think you're the winner just because you seduced Vinson and Harvey with your appearance, don't you? Just wait and see. Carter isn't someone that superficial. I'm sure you'll reveal your true colors soon!

Picturing the possibility of intimidating Arielle, Kelsea was no longer feeling defeated. Instead, she was exhilarated.

She knew Carter too well. Under his gentleman's disguise was a vicious and cruel heart.

I will ruin you today, Arielle!

With that thought in mind, Kelsea got more and more excited. She straightened her back as she led Carter to them. "That girl is from the countryside. She has a

pretty face, but she's been using that to her advantage and stepping all over me. Carter, promise me you wouldn't get bewitched by her!"

Carter gave Kelsea an incredulous look.

Kelsea then stopped in her tracks.

## Obsessed CEO Throws Himself at Me

### Chapter 404

[/ Obsessed CEO Throws Himself at Me](#)  
Chapter 404

"That's the girl!" Kelsea pointed to a girl sitting by the dining table. With Carter there to back her up, she was fearless. "She's the one bullying me and chasing me away. She's even influencing Harvey to do the same!"

Carter was overprotective of his family, and upon hearing that, he walked toward the girl with an icy expression.

After noticing who it was, Carter gaped in surprise. "Chief?"

"C-Chief?" Kelsea was dumbfounded too. She turned around to look at Carter.

What chief? Who is he calling chief?

Carter's expression darkened as he glared icily at Kelsea. "Is she the one you called country bumpkin? Are you claiming that she bullied you with her pretty face?"

Kelsea was confused at the sudden change in her cousin's attitude. She suddenly got a bad feeling about this, but she still nodded. "Yeah, it's her..."

Carter glanced at Kelsea for a moment before saying coldly, "Leave now, and don't expect me to interfere in you and your family's matters anymore."

Kelsea was shocked. She immediately grabbed his hand. "Carter, why are you saying this? You weren't like this just now..."

"That's because I didn't know who you were referring to." Carter looked at Kelsea as if he was looking at a stranger

He finally got to see Kelsea's true colors that day.

How dare she claims that Arielle bullied her? Why would Arielle do that to a student? Although Arielle herself is a student too, I know for sure she wouldn't do something like this if Kelsea didn't provoke her first.

Carter didn't want to waste any more energy in explaining. "Kelsea, let me give you a piece of advice. You can provoke anyone you want in Jadeborough but Arielle."

Kelsea widened her eyes in shock after hearing that.

She finally understood the sudden change in Carter's attitude.

It's all because of Arielle! That b\*tch! She even managed to seduce Carter! Great. This is just great! I've underestimated her!

"Carter, you'll regret this! Just wait until you see her true colors, and you'll regret doing this!" With that, Kelsea turned around and walked away.

Carter wasn't bothered by that at all. He took a seat next to Harvey and said apologetically to Arielle, "I'm sorry. Her family must have spoiled her too much for her to throw such a tantrum. I hope you won't take offense to whatever she said. If she's still causing you trouble,

please just let me know. I'll help you teach her a lesson."

Harvey said, "There's no need for that. Just come and find me if Kelsea causes you any trouble, or you can find Jared too since you're both in the same class. It's more convenient that way."

Jared was no longer acting all cold and arrogant, as he said cheekily, "Don't worry, guys. I'll take good care of Boss. No one in this university can bully her!"

If anyone dares to bully my future sister-in-law, I swear I'll kill them!

Harvey gave him a look of admiration. "I'll talk to Harrison, our grandfather, about you joining the military."

Jared's eyes lit up at that as he looked at Arielle gratefully.

Arielle chuckled. She had never expected Harvey and Carter to be taking her side this firmly.

This made her heart feel warm. Although she didn't say a thing, she would always remember their kindness.

She would repay them for this some day.



Time ticked by, and it was already getting late. Harvey and Carter were saying goodbye to Arielle.

Carter said, "We still have to investigate that guy, so

we'll take our leave now and let you get back to your studies."

"Sure." Arielle nodded. "Just tell me if you find anything."

"Of course."

Before they left, Arielle reluctantly asked, "Is Vinson busy recently?"

## Obsessed CEO Throws Himself at Me Chapter 405

[/ Obsessed CEO Throws Himself at Me](#)  
Chapter 405

When he heard Arielle mentioning Vinson, Harvey felt an indescribable emotion surging in his heart.

Naturally, he could tell Vinson treated Arielle differently. Yet if there was one thing that best buddies could not share, it was a woman.

"I've just returned to the country and haven't contacted him, so I'm not sure." Harvey averted his eyes as he spoke.

Arielle had no choice but to shift her gaze toward Carter.

Pondering for a few seconds, Carter answered, "I've only returned to the country this morning as well, so I'm not sure about Vin's situation too. Regardless, I believe he has a lot of work to deal with in the company since he was out of the country for two days. What's the matter? Is there anything you want to tell him?"

Upon hearing his answer, Arielle felt very frustrated but still maintained her calm look outwardly. Shaking her head, she replied, "It's nothing too urgent. He received a patient from me yesterday, and I wanted to ask him about her condition. As I'm worried that I might disturb him from working, I decided to ask you guys."

"You're talking about Sasha, right?" Carter put on an assured look before continuing, "Vin gave me a call about this matter. Anyway, I've found the best surgeon in the country for Sasha. Before I set off, the surgeon even called to inform me that her fever has abated. If everything goes well, she can have her stitches removed

and be discharged from the hospital after a week. By the way, the surgeon told me that the stitches on her wound were pretty well done and are even better than his technique. Let me guess. You're the person who stitched the wound. Correct?"

Arielle nodded in response and uttered absentmindedly, "Thank goodness she's fine. You may leave now. I don't want to waste any more of your time."

"We're leaving then. See you." Carter waved his hand and walked toward the school exit.

As for Harvey, he did not leave immediately but took out a small box from his pocket after a moment of deliberation.

Once he saw what Harvey was doing, Jared hurriedly grabbed hold of the gossipy Henry and dragged him away.

"Is this for me?" Arielle questioned after hesitating for a few seconds.

Harvey nodded and replied, "I made it myself. I hope you like it. Goodbye."

He pushed the box into Arielle's hands promptly as if she would reject his gift and left hastily.

Soon after Harvey disappeared from her sight, Arielle opened the box and was stunned to see what was inside.

It was a necklace. Due to the disproportionate thickness

of the leather strap, Arielle discerned that it was most definitely handmade. She then rubbed the pendant and was shocked by its material. T-This is a shark's tooth!

Thanks to the pendant, she recalled a saying she heard when she spent her time at Epea's seaside.

The saying claimed that a man would hunt for sharks when he was in love with a woman. If he managed to extract a shark's tooth and give it to his loved one, the woman would accept his love for her.

Such a saying was widespread around that area, so much so that even Arielle's adoptive parents knew about it. Thus, it became that any man who went for business trips in that area would give their other half a shark tooth as a souvenir when he returned home to express his love.

Regardless, she had never heard of anyone who genuinely hunted Sharks for that purpose before. Instead, purchasing a shark tooth as a souvenir was the norm. There's no way Harvey captured a shark by himself and plucked out its tooth, right?

However, the necklace did not look like it came from a souvenir shop as the chain's handicraft was very rough. Even a cheap necklace would not look like this.

Tightening her grip on the necklace, Arielle felt uncertainty in her heart.

Nonetheless, she knew she had to make her feelings clear to Harvey at the proper time, regardless of how the

necklace came to be. I'm in no place to be in a relationship with my current situation. Besides, I see Harvey as nothing but a friend.

While she was pondering how to explain it to Harvey, her phone suddenly chimed.

## Obsessed CEO Throws Himself at Me

### Chapter 406

[/ Obsessed CEO Throws Himself at Me](#)  
Chapter 406

Arielle straightened her back and took out her phone from her pocket at lightning speed. Is it a message from Vinson? Did he finally have the time to reply to my message?

There was a mixture of anger and happiness in her heart at the moment.

To her dismay, it was a message from her classmates' chat group, not Vinson. Everyone has to return to class before six. Taking leave or skipping class is strictly forbidden.

It was pretty apparent that the last sentence was taking shots at troublemakers like Jared and herself.

Seeing that the message was not from Vinson, Arielle felt an ineffable feeling of disappointment and frustration.

She then let out a deep sigh before placing her phone back into her pocket.

After telling herself not to overthink things, she headed to the lecture hall.

As the sun had begun to set, the sky looked magnificent with its iridescent light.

A few moments later, Arielle arrived in the classroom with the beautiful light accentuating her beauty. Her appearance had mesmerized her classmates to the point that they held their breaths.

“I feel like an angel has descended from heaven as soon as she walked in. The sky looks gorgeous right now, but it’s no match to her beauty!” one of the students uttered in a low voice.

“Even though this is not the first time I’ve seen her, I still think her beauty is out of this world!”

“I couldn’t agree more. Say, what is she doing here in the preparatory class? With her beauty, she should enroll in the film academy.”

“You have to consider the bigger picture, dude. There are too many moronic celebrities these days. It will be a tremendous advantage for her to educate herself before entering the entertainment industry.”

“I have to take this opportunity to take photos with her and get her autograph then!”

Following that student’s words, they took action swiftly by surrounding Arielle’s seat.

Meanwhile, Wendy felt disgusted when she listened to her classmates’ praises for Arielle. These people are nuts! How can they treat a country bumpkin like an angel while neglecting a socialite like me? What a freaking joke! Do they not realize that my words alone can help them secure jobs that most people can only dream of? Conversely, Arielle’s photo is not even worth a penny!

Upon those thoughts, Wendy could not help but look toward Kelsea’s usual seat, only to discover that she was

absent.

She had not seen Kelsea ever since she left the cafeteria earlier. Is she feeling too embarrassed to show herself? Regardless, confronting Arielle without Kelsea by my side is not a wise choice.

During that moment, Donovan entered the classroom and witnessed the students surrounding Arielle’s seat, wanting her to either take pictures with them or sign her autograph. As a result, the classroom had turned into something like a chaotic meet-and-greet event.

Sure enough, Donovan's countenance fell in an instant.

"Mr. Baxter's here!" The students surrounding Arielle fled to their respective seats as soon as they heard that shout.

Shortly afterward, Donovan stood in front of the podium with a stern look and shot a piercing glance at the students. The classroom was in pin-drop silence.

Compared to Donovan losing his temper, the students thought his silence before the storm was even more terrifying

With everyone holding their breaths in nervousness, Donovan finally spoke to the class. "I believe you're aware of what type of class this is. Yes, some students are fundamentally poor in studying and do not belong to this class. I can understand why such students have no motivation to learn. However, how can those I invited personally have the same attitude? Inconceivable!"

When they heard that indicting remark, the students hung their heads in fear, not wanting to have eye contact with Donovan.

Despite not naming names, it was clear as daylight who that "fundamentally poor in studying and do not belong to the class" student mentioned by Donovan was – Arielle.

Arielle frowned in displeasure and cast a glare at Donovan.

## Obsessed CEO Throws Himself at Me Chapter 407

[/ Obsessed CEO Throws Himself at Me](#)  
Chapter 407

Arielle stood out from the rest who kept their head low since she was the only one who didn't.

Donovan noticed her instantly and gave her a stony look.

Arielle reciprocated with a stern glance that shook him slightly. Her stare was so hostile that it sent shivers down his spine.

The way those eyes pierced through him felt familiar. He'd experienced something similar when a high-octane professor from overseas was in a rage.

It was apparent that Arielle's stare was so much more intimidating that he lost his train of thoughts.

“Mr. Baxter, why isn’t someone like you, who received the best education in the nation, doing something more constructive?” Jared asked languorously.

Donovan was vexed by the remarks. “How could you say something—”

“Something like what?” Jared talked back. “The moment you got in here, you started pouring oblique accusations on a poor girl. What’s wrong with people asking for her autograph? What does that have to do with her? What made you think she lacks the fundamental knowledge to join this class? Doesn’t it take time to assess if someone’s suitable for a certain role? As a lecturer, it’s too much of you to say things like that, isn’t it?”

Jared was never a chatty one, but this time he bombarded Donovan with a string of questions and points to ponder. The latter was embarrassed.

Someone in the class couldn’t hold it in anymore and stood up. “Mr. Baxter, this has nothing to do with Arielle. I thought she looked pretty and wanted a photo with her. If you’re talking about interrupting studies, I was the one who interrupted her studies.”

“Mr. Baxter, she’s right. It was me who went up to Arielle too. Since there was still some time before you arrived, I don’t see anything wrong with it.”

One by one, the students stood up and expressed their discontentment.

“Mr. Baxter, aren’t you being too strict on Arielle?”

“She has nothing to do with this.”

More and more students stood up for Arielle. Donovan was the *crème de la crème* in his industry and was highly sought after by prestigious schools around the country. He’d never bathed in such humiliation in his life.

He tried to suppress his seething fury and finally spoke. “Enough! This case is closed! Now, let me talk about something more important.”

“Hold on a second. Who are you to decide whether we should stop talking about this?” a student questioned firmly.

Donovan looked toward the source and saw it was none other than Arielle herself.

He frowned. “What else do you want?”

“An apology.” Arielle looked deep into Donovan’s eyes.

“What did you just say? An apology? I’m your lecturer!”

Unbelievable! It makes no sense for a lecturer to say sorry to his students.

Arielle sneered, “Oh, so it’s okay for a lecturer to scold students as he pleases? This attitude of yours is a disgrace to this honorable profession! What you’ve just done abused my human rights. Is it so hard to say sorry?”

“Exactly. What you’re saying is that you can scold your students anytime you see fit. Does that mean you should be pardoned for murdering someone too?” Henry interfered.

Donovan’s face turned sour at being taken down a peg or two.

It was apparent that no one was on his side.

At this critical juncture, Wendy stood up and turned to Arielle. “Arielle, don’t you think you’ve gone a bit too far? Is it right for a student to reprimand her lecturer?”

## Obsessed CEO Throws Himself at Me Chapter 408

[/ Obsessed CEO Throws Himself at Me](#)  
Chapter 408

Arielle leaned back in her chair and gave Wendy an enigmatic gaze.

“I didn’t do anything wrong in the first place, and all I wanted was a simple ‘sorry’. So, Ms. Wendy Greene, where did I go overboard? Anyway, this has nothing to do with you, does it? Also, Mr. Baxter didn’t even get a chance to say anything, and I’m not sure if it’s appropriate for you to put an oar in at this point in time. I’m only asking him to apologize. The way you put it was as if I’m asking him to beg for forgiveness on his knees or something.”

Henry snapped his fingers and pointed at Wendy. “Precisely! Who are you to speak for him?”

“Y-You... No! I’m trying to—” Wendy flushed, and her face turned as red as a tomato.

“Enough!” Donovan bawled. “Wendy, you have nothing to do with this. Please sit down.”

Showered in embarrassment, she pursed her lips and unwillingly took her seat.

Donovan took a deep breath and looked at Arielle. “Arielle, my apologies for scolding you before having a clear picture of what was going on.”

Arielle raised her brow and replied, "Apology accepted. Now you may talk about that important something."

Donovan pulled a long face. Being under someone's command was disconcerting for him.

He somehow managed to calm himself down with a few deep inhales and exhales.

A few seconds later, he spoke again, "The purpose of gathering all of you here was to see if anyone of you could perform at tomorrow's school opening ceremony. Each department is required to have two students perform. As for us, we aren't under any of the departments, but the school wants us to come up with two performances. Any volunteers?"

The students dropped their heads in unison, with their chins almost touching their chests.

They were mostly nerds, and even a simple self introduction would throw them into a tizzy. Performing in front of the whole school would've squeezed their poor souls out of them.

Donovan wasn't surprised.

He didn't select these elites to perform in a talent show, and he did try talking to the principal about that. However, the principal held on to Jadeborough University's tradition and insisted that someone had to go up the stage, even if it was to do a poem recitation.

Right when everyone was evading Donovan's gaze, someone from the second row raised her hand.

"Wendy? Are you interested in performing in the talent show?"

Wendy nodded. "I do play the piano. Maybe I could

play that tomorrow."

"Great! One more to go. Anyone else? A poem recitation would also do the trick."

Poem recitation? Goodness! That unlucky person will no doubt be the joke of the whole campus! It's not happening! The students tensed further.

Seeing that, Donovan sighed and stated, "Well, since no one is willing to offer their talent, let's draw lots. Everyone, except Wendy, please come forward."



He tore some papers into pieces and drew a star on one snippet.

“The person who gets the star will perform at the opening ceremony. Any objections?”

The students shook their heads.

Their chances of getting the star were one out of forty three, and they thought that was fair.

Very soon, the students formed a beeline and started showing the papers they’d drawn to Donovan.

When it was Arielle’s turn, he intentionally pushed one of the folded strips toward her.

Not noticing his furtive action due to the angle of the podium, she picked up the one closest to her and unfolded it.

# Obsessed CEO Throws Himself at Me

## Chapter 409

[/ Obsessed CEO Throws Himself at Me](#)  
Chapter 409

It was a blank piece of paper.

Arielle put the paper back on the podium and went back to her seat.

Donovan was befuddled.

He remembered clearly that that was the paper with the star. Did he make a mistake?

He didn’t want his elites to waste time on the talent show, and that was why he tried to set Arielle up since she wasn’t interested in learning. Unfortunately, it was a blunder.

Ugh. Guess she’s lucky, Donovan thought to himself.

After Arielle, a chubby girl walked up to the podium and, with her trembling hands, drew her destiny.

She unfolded the piece of paper, and the star that came into her sight made her blood run cold.

W-What? Me? The odds of getting the star...

This young lady was painfully shy. Talking to a stranger would easily make her blush, what more performing in front of hundreds? She'd die of the embarrassment.

"M-Mr. B-B-Baxter, can someone p-perform in my stead? I really h-have zero talent." She managed to muster some courage to say that.

"As long as someone is willing to," Donovan coldly

responded.

She froze. And who's gonna do that? We're all scared of performing!

She had no choice but to accept her fate with bloodshot eyes.

Donovan showed no sympathy and started flipping through his lecture papers. "Right, everything's set for the freshman party. So the two of you, hand me a brief about your performances by tomorrow noon. I need to show them to the committee. Moving on, we're going to work on Ustranasion. Do give me your full attention and take notes as I've included some exam questions from Maxwell University."

Including Arielle, everyone opened their books.

For someone who grew up overseas, these textbooks were like children's books, and that completely doused

Arielle's enthusiasm. She mimicked Henry and Jared by catching forty winks.

Seeing them affixing their cheeks to the desks with their eyes tightly shut, Donovan could only knit his brows and shake his head.

With this kind of attitude, it'd be a miracle for them to last more than a month here. Maybe it's a blessing since they're the thorns among my roses.

He let them be and continued, "You have to memorize these root verbs..."

During class, Wendy peeked at Arielle only to find her sleeping. She stared at the latter with total contempt.

I heard that if she failed to get into the top twenty in a month, she'd have to pack her bags. I'm so going to see that happen!

She then turned back and focused on the lesson.

There was one thing different about Jadeborough University. All freshmen, sophomores, and juniors were required to attend morning and evening self-study sessions.

These sessions were generally pretty relaxed. All the students had to do was some revision and perhaps prepare for upcoming lessons, all at their own pace. However, for the preparatory class, self-study sessions were lectures.

Donovan had been giving lectures the whole evening, and it was starting to take a toll on his throat.

Ring! The bell finally rang, causing him to let out a sigh of relief. He realized that there was no way for him to sail through the term all by himself. He needed help from other lecturers, at least for a few classes, while he focused on advanced mathematics and other major subjects.

Jadeborough University prided itself on advanced mathematics and was more lenient on other subjects.

Donovan took a sip of water and wrapped the lesson up.

"We're done for the day. Go through your lesson notes again and if you come across anything that needs more clarification, text me anytime. Here's my number."

He wrote down his number on the board, and by the time he finished writing and turned around, the three students who were sleeping were already gone.

## Obsessed CEO Throws Himself at Me

### Chapter 410

[/ Obsessed CEO Throws Himself at Me](#)  
Chapter 410

Catching Jared's hint through his glance, Henry trotted toward Arielle and halted her. "Boss, we'll be heading out to have supper. Are you coming with us?"

Arielle shook her head as she rejected, "I'm not going. I need to head back to my dorm, unpack my luggage and arrange my stuff."

"All right then." Henry lifted his phone and suggested, "Let's exchange our numbers. If anyone dares bully you, you can ask us for help."

Jared nodded silently

Arielle smiled politely and said, "Don't worry. No one will lay a hand on us. Conversely, you two should take care of yourselves. If anyone bullies you, you can give me a call."

She took out her phone and exchanged it with Henry. After entering her contact number, she returned his phone.

Only then did Arielle excuse herself and return to her dorm.

As she was first to arrive at her double room dorm, she had yet to meet her roommate. If she did plan to stay here for some time to hopefully regain some memories, befriending her roommate would be necessary.

Her dorm was situated quite far away from the lecture hall. Not in a hurry, Arielle enjoyed the night view of her campus leisurely as she ambled her way back.

Suddenly, a tall figure blocked her.

"Hey!"

Arielle stopped and raised her eyes, only to see a man with a red armband with "student council" printed on it.

Puzzled, she queried, "How can I help you?"

The man introduced himself, "I'm Christopher Grey, the president of the student council here. You're Arielle Moore, right?"

She nodded. Thinking that he might be inviting her to join the student council, she refused before he could utter another word, "Sorry, I don't plan to join the student council."

"No. That's not my intention." Christopher gulped and continued, "I'm here to warn you about something. Is there a girl named Kelsea Morgan in your class?"

Arielle nodded. "Yes, there is. Why?"

Christopher explained, "When I was leaving the cafeteria just now, I overheard Kelsea on the phone, requesting for someone to teach you a lesson. After that, I ran to your class during recess. However, your classmates told me that you had left. I thought you might be on your way back to your dorm, so I came here to look for you."

Upon hearing his reasonings, Arielle scowled. "She wanted to teach me a lesson?"

Christopher nodded and reminded, "Yeah. Therefore, you should not walk alone at night. Unlike the day, there's no one nearby. You need to be wary of your surroundings. Also, I overheard her requesting to leave a scar on your face. So, you need to be cautious, all right?"

Arielle nodded indifferently and thanked him, "Thank you for alerting me. I understand the situation now."

"Great. Why did you have to choose this path? It's usually very secluded. Anyway, since I need to head to the male dorm next to yours, I'll accompany you back to your dorm now," Christopher proposed. With that, he turned and walked in front of her, safeguarding her.

Since Wendy and Kelsea were ignoring his authority, he would not let them have their way. If he caught them breaking the rules, he would definitely report them to the school.

Arielle did not refuse his offer. In truth, she was not afraid of Kelsea. Instead, she was worried that she might accidentally incapacitate the people Kelsea sent after her. If that happened, the school would never allow her to continue pursuing her studies. Her plan to retrieve memories of her mother would be ruined.

They walked wordlessly back to the female dorm.

Christopher stopped and turned toward Arielle. He opened his mouth, intending to warn her again. However, under the bright lights outside the doors, he could clearly see her enchanting appearance. Enamored,

he froze and stared intently for a moment.

What an appealing lady she is! No wonder the girls were jealous of her. Sadly, this beauty is way out of my league.

"Thank you." Arielle's gratitude pulled him back to his senses.

Embarrassed, he cracked an awkward smile. "Then, I'll go first. Take care of yourself. If anything happens, find anyone with red armbands the same as mine and they'll gladly help you. I'll inform them later, so don't worry."

"All right. I understand. Thanks."

"No problem." Christopher waved his hand as he proceeded to the male dormitory.

Watching his silhouette disappear from sight, Arielle finally turned, intending to go back to her dorm. To her surprise, a familiar girl walked toward her.

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**#**

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