

# Obsessed CEO Throws Himself at Me

## Chapter 411

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The girl was wearing an enthralling white dress, looking like a white lotus as it fluttered in the gentle breeze.

Judging from the ostentatious appearance, Arielle reckoned it was Wendy.

She decided to ignore her and marched toward her dorm.

Unfortunately, Wendy scuttered forward and reached out her hand to stop Arielle.

The latter stared icily at the former and questioned, "What do you want to say this time?"

Her apathy irked Wendy. The latter gnashed her teeth as she took out her phone, which was recording their conversation. She looked at Arielle in disdain and sneered, "Arielle, sometimes I'm truly impressed by your shamelessness. You're acting virtuously now? What for? Seducing Vinson and Harvey was not enough for you, so you're laying your eyes on the president of the student council now? How do you retain this much energy to flirt around? Are you collecting standby lovers? What's your next goal? Turning all men in the world into your backup boyfriends?"

As she finished her sarcasm, Wendy glanced at Arielle, anticipating the latter to rebuke her in vexation. To her surprise, Arielle's expression remained as indifferent as before.

Bewildered, Wendy's mouth dropped open slightly.

What's happening? Why isn't she having any reaction?

Unaffected, Arielle inquired with a cold voice, "Are you done? I'm heading in if you're done."

With no intention to squander time on Wendy, Arielle instantly walked past the former and strode inside the building

Wendy's frustrated shouts blared behind her. "Arielle! You wait and see! I'll definitely expose your ugly side one day!"

Unmoved, Arielle rubbed her ears without slowing her pace and continued marching back to her room, leaving the enraged Wendy staring intensely as she impatiently stopped her recording.

Even such unpleasant words can't provoke her? What should I do to expose her now?

Arielle walked back to her room, which was number 201.

Right before she opened the door, she could hear sobbing coming vaguely from within, as though someone was deliberately concealing their despair.

For a moment, she thought she got the wrong room.

Hence, she took a step back and confirmed the room number again. 201. It was indeed her room. Only then did she open the door and enter.

She walked in carefully, only to see a chubby girl crouching down at her bedside, burrowing her head into both her arms while whimpering.

Worried, Arielle gently asked, "Are you okay?"

Hearing her voice, the girl immediately stopped sobbing. Embarrassed, she hastily wiped her tears and shook her head as she replied, "I'm fine. Um, do you need to use the bathroom? If not, I'll be taking a

shower."

Arielle put on a tender smile and said, "Go ahead. I need to arrange my stuff."

"All right. I'll take a shower then." The girl grabbed a pair of pajamas and hurried to the bathroom.

Arielle watched her nervously scurry away. Upon seeing the bathroom door close, she retracted her gaze.

She recognized the girl as the one who drew the unlucky lot to perform on stage.

Arielle sauntered toward her loft bed, where a study desk sat directly under it.

She turned and looked around, finally realizing that the room was neat as a pin. When she came back earlier to change her clothes, it was chaotic, with rubbish scattered everywhere.

Undoubtedly, her roommate must have tidied it up.

She unzipped her luggage and unloaded her belongings, then stood silently at the entrance of the bathroom, awaiting the girl.

As the latter cleaned the room, she intended to repay her kindness.

A few minutes later, the door opened.

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The girl emerged from the bathroom, clearly surprised to find Arielle standing right in front of the door. Having mild social anxiety, her face reddened with embarrassment instantly.

"I... You..." she stuttered.

Sensing that she was having trouble speaking, Arielle started, "I'm waiting for you. Were you crying because you got picked to perform on stage?"

The girl nodded silently. The motion caused her tears to leak out, startling even herself. She then rubbed her palms hurriedly across her face. "I'm sorry..." she apologized awkwardly.

"There's nothing to be sorry about." Arielle's voice was noticeably softer. "Do you have any talents? If you're too embarrassed to sing or dance, you could play an instrument."

The girl shook her head. "I don't know how to play any... but I can draw and write calligraphies."

"Drawing and calligraphy..." Arielle repeated softly. All of a sudden, her eyes lit up. "How about drawing something on stage?"

"I can't... My mind goes blank whenever there's a lot of people staring at me," the girl admitted.

"In that case..." Arielle shrugged her shoulders. "I'll perform on behalf of you."

The surprise offer rendered the girl speechless for a few seconds. Then, she stared at Arielle in disbelief as she confirmed once more, "Will you?"

Arielle nodded. "Yes, I'm not bluffing you here. But, if you'd like, we could always perform together."

"Together?" The girl considered her proposal seriously. "Never mind. I think it's best I don't... I'll only hold you back."

"Just listen to me for a second..." Arielle proceeded to convince her.

That little prep talk managed to convince the girl as the latter nodded her head enthusiastically. "Okay, let's do it together! And, as repayment for your help, I'll take charge of cleaning our room in the future. I'm really good at it!" she proclaimed proudly.

Arielle laughed. "I can tell. I'll let you handle this week's cleaning. We'll take turns afterward."

"All right!" The girl's eyes lit up. "I've always thought it would be hard to converse with a pretty lady such as yourself. But..." she trailed off.

"But? Looks aren't everything you know. Even a pretty lady farts and shit like everyone else. Besides, you're pretty adorable yourself."

Being complimented for the first time, the girl's face reddened, making her look much like a ripe apple.

Seeing that made Arielle find her even more adorable. "Oh, right. We haven't introduced ourselves yet. What's your name?"

"Trisha Hughes."

"Even your name's cute. Can I call you Trish?"

Trisha nodded shyly. "Yes..."

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"So that settles it. Just inform Donovan we'll be performing together."

"Got it!"

"I'll go shower now. In the meantime, wipe away those tears. I hate seeing cute girls like you cry."

"I won't cry anymore! I promise."

Only then did Arielle feel reassured enough to head inside the bathroom.

By the time she finished, it was past lights out. Since the dormitory lights automatically turned off at ten, it was dark out there. Just as Arielle was about to feel her way to bed, Trisha turned on the flashlight from her phone, lighting up the path to her bed.

“Thank you.” Arielle smiled gratefully.

The night went on.

Arielle went under her sheets, switching on her phone.

There were still no signs of any incoming calls or messages, except for two advertisement messages that she deleted.

She could not help feeling a void in her chest.

Amidst the pin-drop silence of the night, Arielle found her thoughts running wild. She recalled the first time she had met Vinson, the first time they made ravioli together... All those memories stirred something within her, making her feel too restless to sleep. She got out of bed and lit up the therapeutic candles Andrea had gifted her.

The candles proved to be effective, as she felt her eyelids getting heavier by the minute. It was specifically designed for Arielle and would not affect Trisha the slightest bit.

Just as she was about to fall asleep, her phone rang.

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Her eyes snapped open as she started fumbling for her phone. The caller ID revealed it to be a call from Henry.

Why’s he calling me at this hour?

Afraid that she might wake Trisha up, Arielle headed to the bathroom to pick up the call.

“Henry, why’re you...”

“Boss! Save me!” Henry’s panicked voice crackled through the speaker.

His desperate plea was very quickly followed by the sound of fighting

Arielle's expression turned grim. "Where are you?" she asked firmly.

"At the supper stand behind school!"

"I'll be right there!" She hung up the phone and bolted straight to the door.

Right then, she heard ruffling noises coming from her roommate. Trisha had sat up and was looking at her. "Arielle, where are you going this late at night?"

"I'm heading to the food stand behind the school! My friend's in trouble."

"The dormitory should be locked by now. I'll come down with you. The lady warden's my relative, so I can get her to open the gates for you."

"All right. Sorry for the trouble." Arielle nodded.

"No worries. I'm glad I could repay you for your help." While saying this, Trisha got out of bed swiftly.

With Trisha's help, Arielle managed to get out of the dorm past the restricted hours smoothly.

Though the former volunteered to accompany her, Arielle flat-out refused for fear of her safety. "It's not a big deal, Trish. Go back to sleep. Oh yeah, help me apply for leave if I'm not back by tomorrow morning."

Afraid that her presence would pose a hindrance, Trisha did not insist any further. "All right. Come back safe."

At the supper stand, a group of masked men was chasing after a pair of boys.

The food place was a complete wreck, with broken alcohol bottles and overturned tables scattered everywhere. Amidst the commotion, all the customers had fled the scene except for the store owner, who was hiding in one corner.

Just as he was about to dial for the police, one of the masked men smashed his phone against the floor. "We'll pay you for your losses! But, if you dare call the police..." The man left his threat hanging, leaving the poor store owner to his imagination.

And that did the trick as the latter cowered in fear. "I-I

won't call the police!" he promised.

The masked man released an unfeeling laugh before continuing his chase with two of his companions.

Inside the store, Henry had just ended his call with Arielle when he noticed a beer bottle flying fast toward him. With no time to react, he braced himself for the impact, only to see someone had deflected its course in mid-air with a kick.

The sound of glass breaking filled the room.

"Henry, what the hell are you doing?" Jared glared at him.

Only an idiot would use a phone in the middle of a fight!

"Since you didn't want me getting help from your family or mine, I called Boss! We at least need more backup, don't we?"

Jared's stare almost bore a hole right through him. "Help? Do you really think Boss will make a difference here? You idiot! No matter how great her hacking skills are, she's still a girl. You better pray she doesn't come!" He felt that her presence would only give them one more liability.

Besides, the duo had already defeated half of their dozen over captors. With only a few of them left, it was nothing they could not handle.

Jared was reluctant to call the Jupiters as he did not want them to think he was physically weak, lest they

forced him to study again.

Meanwhile, his words had struck a chord within Henry. It was then the latter realized how stupid he was, calling a girl into a fistfight.

Just as he was about to call Arielle not to come, the remaining captors walked into the store.

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"Don't bother calling her again! We just need to settle this before Arielle arrives," Jared instructed while charging toward their captors with a broom.

Henry, too, picked up a frying pan lying nearby and charged at them. It was two against six as the messy battle ensued.

Approximately ten minutes later, the duo had defeated all their enemies, except for one. "Come if you dare!" Jared challenged, with one foot still pressing against one of the unconscious masked men.

The last guy retreated a few steps and, with his fingers, whistled loudly.

Right then, Jared heard the sound of footsteps approaching

Both Henry and him stared in disbelief as they saw a dozen men appear from an alley, heading toward them.

Their number was not the biggest issue here. It was the bulky metal rods they were carrying that posed a problem.

"T-They've got backup! Shouldn't we get help?" Henry choked out. The duo had only just defeated a batch of them; handling another wave now would be pushing it.

A single blow from those weapons was enough to kill someone.

Assessing that their depleted bodies stood no chance

against their enemies, Jared caved in. "I'll block while you make the call."

"Who do I call?"

"Harvey!"

"Okay, all right!" Henry started scrolling through his contacts frantically.

Meanwhile, Jared was already engaged in a fight with the front few men.

It was the sound of his broom being split into two by the enemy's metal rod.

Jared retreated a few steps, using a table as cover. Then, he turned toward Henry, "Are you done yet? Hurry up!" he shouted anxiously.

Feeling pressured, Henry's hands trembled even harder while searching for the phone number.

Just as he managed to spot Harvey's contact, a metal rod came flying in his direction, which he instinctively evaded.

After a series of loud noises, Henry looked down and was horrified to see that his phone had been smashed into pieces.

"My phone!" He looked at Jared helplessly. "What are we going to do? Your phone's outside and mine's broken!"

"What else? We fight till the end!" Jared stated coldly. Without any external help, they only had themselves to rely on.

Resigned to their fate, Henry picked up the frying pan once more and joined his friend in the battle. But, before he could even strike any of them with his pan, the enemy had hit it away.

To make matters worse, the frying pan rebounded against the wall and landed on the back of his head. "Ahhh!" he screamed in pain. Then, he saw a blotch of black and fainted.

"Henry!" Jared shouted while running toward his friend. "Hey, Henry! Are you okay? Wake up!" he yelled repeatedly.

Yet, Henry remained unresponsive.

"You assholes!" Jared turned and glared viscously at the

group of men. His voice was unfeeling and cold when he questioned, "Who sent you here? Do you know who we are?"

Putting aside the Jupiters, Henry's background alone should be enough to make them turn tail and run away. After all, he was the only son of the highest-ranking official in the city.

The enemy laughed coldly. "We're only doing what we were paid to do. I don't care who you are. Even if you're the son of a royal family, we're still going to beat you up today. Guys, get them!"

Upon command, the dozen over men started running toward them.

Right then, a female voice shouted from behind the group of men, "Wait!"

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Jared turned his head to the voice subconsciously and was utterly stunned to see Arielle.

Why is Arielle here? She shouldn't be here!

Meanwhile, the group of men instinctively turned around too.

The customers who were having supper there earlier were all scared off. As such, they wondered who would be daring enough to come again.

Everyone there stared at Arielle, who was standing upright in her pajamas and two different shoes, with their mouths agape.

Her hair was unruly, yet everyone could not take their eyes off her, as she still looked gorgeous with her fair skin and perfect features.

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The leader of the gang fixed his gaze on Arielle intently and subconsciously gentled his tone as he murmured, "Hey, little lady, this isn't someplace you should be wandering around in."

"Shut up!" she responded blandly. "Leave now, or I will make you guys leave myself!"

Hearing her cold and arrogant tone, all of them could not help but feel slightly intimidated by Arielle's voice.

The leader was stunned by her bold response. He sneered, "It's a good thing to stand up for injustice. However, you should evaluate the situation before

deciding to be a hero. Any one of us can easily break your bones. I'll count to three. If you're too stubborn to leave, don't blame me for what happens next."

As he spoke, his gaze trailed across her form lecherously.

His lustful look caused Arielle to frown in distaste. As she was about to dash forward to make a move, Jared interjected, "Arielle, leave now! You shouldn't be here!"

Arielle landed her gaze on Jared, only to see Henry lying behind him. Right away, her face darkened and filled with rage.

She then looked away and stared sternly at that group of men in front of her.

All of them were armed with metal rods or even machetes.

Before this, Arielle had participated in a bigger fight overseas when she attempted to rescue Harvey.

Hence, fighting these men was a piece of cake to her.

Upon hearing what Jared said, the armed men realized that Arielle was not attempting to be a hero. Instead, she was there because of Jared. Straight away, all of them burst into laughter.

“Hahahaha! Are you guys being serious? How embarrassing is it to get help from a girl? I’ll give her one more chance to get lost. Or else, we’re going to do

something bad to her.”

One of the leader’s lackeys went up to him and whispered, “If I didn’t hear wrongly, that girl’s name is Arielle. Isn’t she one of our targets too?”

The leader was taken aback and stared disbelievingly at Arielle. “You’re Arielle Moore?”

Arielle’s eyes were full of disgust as she responded, “You don’t deserve to say my name.”

The leader smirked lightly. “What a coincidence for everyone to gather here. Since you don’t want to leave, then I have no choice but to do things my way.” He turned to his men and ordered, “Go get her and disfigure her pretty face!”

“What a pity to do that though...” he mumbled to himself regretfully.

If it were not for the huge amount of money, he would not think about going after a gorgeous girl like Arielle.

At the leader’s command, two men strode in Arielle’s direction.

Seeing that, Jared wanted to rush over, but one of the men instantly whacked him in the stomach with his metal rod.

With a grunt, Jared coughed out a mouthful of blood.

Before Jared could come back to his senses, his limbs

were grabbed by the men forcefully.

"Let me go! She's not my friend! She's merely my classmate. Do whatever you want to me, just don't hurt her, please!"

The leader chuckled softly. "Sorry, I can't do that. My customer wants all three of you."

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With that said, the leader urged the two lackeys who were still making their way to Arielle, "What are you guys doing? Quickly get it over with. Otherwise, we'll be attracting the police! Be fast!"

The two men then hastened their pace as ordered.

"Wait!" Arielle voiced out of the blue.

"Are you finally afraid? It's too late now." The leader smirked.

Arielle pursed her lips and voiced, "Get all of them to come at me all at once. I'm in a rush. My warden is waiting for me to lock the door."

The leader glanced at her with a quizzical look as he could not believe his ears.

Nevertheless, he knew that Arielle was not joking around when he saw the stern expression on her face.

Jared yelled worriedly, "Arielle, run! Someone hired them to do this! You can't fight them alone!"

"Stop talking." Ignoring Jared, Arielle shifted her attention to the leader and said, "Are you deaf? Ask your men to come at me all at once!"

Feeling his pride being threatened by a girl, the leader gritted his teeth furiously,

With that, he cried out, "You brought this upon yourself! Get her, guys!"

Arielle was merely a pretty and vulnerable girl in the men's eyes. Taking their leader's order, all of them rushed forward to attack her.

Meanwhile, one of them tried to take advantage of

Arielle by aiming right at her breasts.

As he was about to touch her chest, he noticed that Arielle still stood rooted to the ground.

He scoffed as he thought, Haha! I must have scared her out of her wits to the extent that she's unable to move an inch! What a perfect time to take advantage of her!

The man felt an immense excitement surging through him as he quickened his footsteps. His hand was so close to reaching Arielle's chest, but Arielle abruptly disappeared.

Baffled, he immediately reversed and subsequently tripped on something. He lost his balance with that and fell flat on the ground face-first.

It was at that moment the man realized that Arielle had tricked him. Instantly, rage pulsed through his veins.

As he attempted to climb to his feet to get his revenge, he felt a force on his back. It was Arielle's foot stomping him right in the middle of his spine.

A wave of pain pierced through the man from his back

just before he passed out.

With that, Arielle clapped her hands with a satisfied look and swiftly retracted her foot.

She had utilized her knowledge by stepping on the acupuncture point on his back, which would cause severe pain to a person.

With that, she turned her sharp gaze on the other men. "What are all of you waiting for? Come on!"

Arielle was smart enough to avoid making the first move. That way, if she was caught by the authorities, she could claim that she was merely acting in self defense.

Meeting her cold gaze, all of them took a step backward

in fear.

They had witnessed Arielle's extraordinary speed when she fought the man a while ago. It was quick as lightning

In the meantime, Jared's eyes widened in disbelief after witnessing everything.

Besides being good at gaming and hacking, Arielle is also good at fighting! How is that humanly possible?

Unknowingly, Jared started to wonder if Harvey was out of Arielle's league.

She's really something else. Of all the people I know, I

think Vin's probably the only one worthy of her.

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The leader was stunned. He did not expect the young lady, who seemed so frail, to be this capable at fighting.

Nevertheless, he quickly regained his senses.

She's just quick. If we attack together, she's no match for us!

"What are you waiting for? Take her down!" the man shouted at his subordinates.

His face fell right after he finished the sentence as he realized it was what Arielle had just said. Feeling frustrated, he yelled, "Are you guys afraid of a girl? If others ever find out about this, don't mention you're my subordinates! Move! I want her dead today!"

He was completely infuriated by Arielle.

It didn't take long before everyone else came around.

They could not believe they were taken aback and fearful of a girl. As such, they convinced themselves she merely had quick reflexes. It would be utterly shameful if word got out about this. No matter what, they had to earn their dignity back today.

With that, they charged forward all at once.

Bending backward, Arielle avoided the metal rod they swung at her. Shortly after, she planted one hand against the floor and pushed herself upright again, her leg swinging out in a wide kick.

She had not held back. All of those who got kicked fell to the ground and were unable to get up again.

The rest of them were startled to see that.

Before they could react, Arielle punched them on the acupuncture point in their chests.

All Jared saw was a shadow moving around swiftly.

Suddenly, the men surrounding Arielle fell to the ground with a few thuds.

Nobody saw how Arielle did it, except Jared.

It was a one-sided slaughter where one party crushed the other.

Her movements had been so graceful and swift that it looked more like she was doing a performance than engaging in a battle.

Arielle then dusted her hands as if she had touched something dirty.

Looking up at the only man left standing, which was the leader, she asked, "So are you going to make a move?"

His face fell immediately.

It was already shocking for him to see her knock out the very first man, not to mention she even defeated a bunch of men by herself.

This girl is terrifying!

However, the man's ego had come to play at her provocation.

He refused to believe that he would be defeated by a mere slip of a girl like his subordinates.

Ignoring Jared, he rushed at Arielle while yelling, "Your time's up, b\*tch!"

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The mission he received was to disfigure Arielle's face, so he did not have any intention to kill her at first. However, Arielle had defeated too many of his subordinates. If word got out, it would be too humiliating for him. He might even lose his job because of this.

"I'm going to kill you!" He swung his machete at Arielle's chest, aiming right for the heart.

Jared was so scared that he closed his eyes.

That's a machete! Even if Arielle's good, there's no way she won't bleed when stabbed with that sharp blade!

On the other hand, Arielle seemed unbelievably calm.

She did not budge as she looked at the machete that was coming her way. Just when the weapon was about to pierce into her chest, she took a step to the side. Before the man could react, she struck him on the arm.

"Ahhh!" the leader howled in pain before the machete

dropped from his hand.

Before it could fall to the floor, Arielle swiftly kicked it up, and with another kick, sent it flying toward the man.

The man widened his eyes in shock as he saw that.

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The fear the man was feeling at the moment was overwhelming

Just when he thought his time had come, a slender hand reached out and grabbed the machete by the handle. The tip of the machete stopped right in front of the man.

Bringing the machete to the man's neck, Arielle asked indifferently, "Whose time did you was up?"

The man was trembling in fear. His face was as pale as death. "M-My own... No, please. I'm sorry! Please spare my life!"

Jared, who had just opened his eyes, was looking confused.

What? Can somebody tell me what just happened?

She patted the man's trembling shoulder with the back of the machete. "Good boy. Now, tell me who sent you to come after us?"

He swallowed. "I-I don't know. I-I'm just doing my job!"

Arielle raised her eyebrows. "Are you sure? I'm giving you one last chance to think harder. Who is it that sent

you?"

He was taken aback by Arielle's cold gaze.

Even though what had happened might not seem to be something remarkable, he was someone who earned

money by fighting. He could tell from how Arielle

controlled her speed and strength that he was no match for her.

Moreover, Arielle seemed to have some medical skills too. When she attacked his subordinates, she had hit the same place. It must be some acupuncture point.

Gritting his teeth, he said, "All right! I'll tell you!"

He then whipped out a note that looked like a mission card from his pocket and gave it to her warily. "I have no idea who she is. These are the number and account she used to contact us. We're an underground organization specializing in taking orders for beating people up. Sometimes, just sometimes, we also help to kill people."

Arielle read the header and saw "Black Manor" written on it.

"This is the forum. You can go have a look. On the forum, you can accept missions or place orders. Everything is anonymous, so we'll only get the contact number and will never know who that person is," he

explained.

"Okay. I got it." Arielle nodded, then turned to see the men that were on the floor and continued, "Bring them away. Also, leave all the cash you have as compensation for the stall owner."

The man let out a long breath and bent over to creep past the machete Arielle was still holding. He then

pulled up the subordinate that was closest to him, and the rest of them climbed to their feet shakily. Within two minutes, they left a stack of cash and ran for their lives.

Jared limped toward Arielle with a funny look on his face. He was more than shocked at what he had just seen.

"Boss, a-are you okay?" he stuttered.

Arielle shrugged. "Do I look like I'm not?"

He shook his head.

Not at all!

Pausing briefly, he then asked, "Those people... You're just letting them go like that?"

Raising her eyebrows, she said, "It's too late. If I call the police, it'll just waste my precious sleeping time. I'll take care of this matter once I find out who is it that's behind this."

Jared was once again flabbergasted.

Wasting her precious sleeping time? What is she talking about?

Just then, Henry woke up.

Arielle and Jared walked over at the same time.

As soon as Henry opened his eyes, he saw Arielle. "Boss, run!" he shouted.

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Arielle's gaze turned soft as she said, "Don't worry. They're gone."

"Gone?" Henry turned to look around, and all he saw was the stall owner cleaning up the mess.

"W-What happened?" he asked quizzically.

Just when Jared was about to say that it was Arielle who chased them away, she spoke first. "Jared's good. He'd already defeated all of them when I got here."

Henry immediately turned to look at Jared with admiration. "Oh my gosh, Jared. They had machetes! No wonder you're one of the Jupiters. I'll tell your grandfather about this tomorrow. You're totally born for the military!"

Jared turned away with mixed feelings.

I won't ever say that I'm good at fighting and that I'm made for the military ever again. Maybe I'm just not talented. Maybe I should listen to Harvey and Granpa and focus on my studies instead.

Not knowing what Jared was thinking about, Henry kept complimenting him.

Arielle interrupted Henry, who was talking non-stop, "It's late. Let's go back to campus before the school finds out we had a fight outside."

Henry nodded eagerly. "Yes, especially Donovan. If he finds out about this, it's for sure you'll be in huge

trouble. He has always been targeting you."

Arielle gave him a faint smile. Then, they helped Henry up and went back to campus.

The campus was quiet, but Jared felt at ease.

At the same time, he felt ridiculous. He had promised Harvey that he would protect Arielle at all costs, but the truth was, Henry and himself were the ones that ended up getting protected by Arielle.

Soon, they arrived at the dorms.

Arielle waved goodbye at both of them. "I'm going to sleep now. Remember to bring Henry to the hospital tomorrow. You don't want him to have any internal bleeding or anything," she said.

However, she knew that was not likely to happen because she had secretly read their pulses earlier. They were fine

Jared opened his mouth as if he wanted to say something, but nothing left his lips.

Seeing that, she pulled him to the side and asked, "What's wrong?"

"Why did you say it was me who chased them away?" Jared said awkwardly.

Arielle chuckled. "It'd be too troublesome to explain."

"Okay." He scratched his head and continued, "What are you going to do about this matter?"

Arielle thought for a while before she replied, "Don't tell anyone about this first. I'll take care of this. All you have to do is not mention this to anyone."

He immediately nodded. "Okay! Go back and take a rest. We should head back, too."

He had witnessed Arielle's capability and had decided to do whatever she told him to do.

She nodded as a response and watched the two of them leave toward the male dorm.

Trisha was asleep by the time Arielle returned to their room.

She tiptoed her way to her bed, trying her best not to wake Trisha. Before she lay down, she checked her phone.

There were no missed calls or texts.

Arielle's gaze dimmed as she convinced herself not to think about it anymore.

This is for the best. I don't want Vinson to mess with my feelings any further.

Soon, she was fast asleep with the help of the therapeutic candles.

"Arielle, Arielle..."

The next day, Arielle woke up to the voice of Trisha.

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### Chapter 420

Arielle rubbed her eyes and sat up. "What time is it?" she asked.

Trisha replied hurriedly, "It's almost time for class. Get up quickly! I've already wakened you up before I went to shower so I thought you've already got up. I didn't expect you to still be in bed even after I finished my shower and bought breakfast."

"I'm up now." Arielle pressed her temple before quickly getting out of the bed to take a shower.

Even so, the two were still late to the class, and the bell had already rung.

The classroom was full, and Donovan was already there. His expression turned solemn when he saw Trisha but didn't say anything. He just reminded her, "Get up early next time so you won't enter the class after the bell

rang."

Trisha's face turned red in an instant and she answered him carelessly before hurrying to her seat.

Arielle felt apologetic and planned to tell Trisha to not wait for her from now on.

She was different from Trisha, as the latter was really here to study. Arielle, on the other hand, was here to recover her memory. Hence, she didn't want to interfere with Trisha's studies.

After Arielle went to her seat, she glanced around and found that Jared and Henry weren't there.

It was within her expectations.

But Arielle soon noticed Kelsea, who wasn't there during the self-study session last night, sitting properly upright. When she sat down, Kelsea turned to look and she appeared surprised.

Although it was only in an instant, Arielle caught her shocked expression.

She pretended she didn't see it and turned around to look at the podium. But a cold glint appeared deep in her eyes.

She had suspected that the thing last night had something to do with Kelsea, but she was not completely sure about it. Judging by the look in Kelsea's eyes just now, however, she knew that her guess was right

Kelsea actually hired people to attack them on the forum. What a girl.

Meanwhile, on the podium, Donovan reported his name first. His face showed a hint of disgust when he called out Jared and Henry's names.

But he didn't make any comment and instead just cleared his throat. "Our class will start today. As it will be too much of a pressure teaching all of your subjects by myself, I've invited several equally excellent teachers for some subjects. You will know them when they come to teach their subject. Now, turn to the first page of Advanced Mathematics."

Arielle opened her book casually before putting one hand under the table to send a message to a subordinate who had some hacking skills.

"Track this account and find the person. Do it as quickly as you can."

Her subordinate swiftly replied, "Got it."

Donovan spoke again at this moment. "Oh, yes, there's one more thing. My class will be twice as fast as the progress of the other normal class, so our monthly test will be earlier than theirs. Our monthly test will be held in two weeks."

He glanced at Arielle rather intentionally as he said this, but she acted as if she didn't hear him. She proceeded to put her head on top of the two books she found on the table to take a nap.

Donovan gritted his teeth in annoyance.

Arielle was not a genius and even if she was, it would be strange if she was able to be ranked in the top twenty in the monthly test when all she did was sleep in class!

Donovan ignored Arielle, who was sleeping. He didn't need to waste any more time on a student who would be gone in two weeks.

The students all sighed when they heard the later part of Donovan's announcement.

Isn't this kind of teaching too intense?

But no one dared to protest.

They had seen Donovan's temper, so no one dared to make him angry.

Kelsea didn't hear what Donovan said at all, as she was filled with anxiety.

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