

# Obsessed CEO Throws Himself at Me

## Chapter 1116

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Chapter 1116 Planning To Run

In Horington, Vinson was preparing to return to Jadeborough when Rayson reported the latest news of Larson Group to him.

“Trevor has been desperately trying to turn the tide by selling a variety of building materials at a low price, but there’s only a handful of recently developed real estate in Horington, not to mention that they’re different from our projects. They don’t need many materials, and their area is smaller in comparison. I thought I needed to get the word out that anyone who buys his materials would be an enemy of Nightshire Group. I haven’t even made my move yet, and the real estate developers had all rejected his offer.”

“Oh? It’s a good deal for them to buy building materials at a low price. Why did they reject it?”

“Exactly.” Rayson nodded. Smiling, he asked, “Care to make a guess?”

Vinson cast a glance at him, and the latter immediately cut to the chase. “Trevor’s reputation in the industry has always been terrible. The materials he sells are expensive yet poor in quality. That’s why a bridge they built collapsed in less than a year. With Greene Corporation declaring bankruptcy and shutting down permanently, other companies aren’t coerced to buy Trevor’s materials. Thus, they still aren’t willing to acquire his building materials despite the low price. The losses will be even greater if an incident like that bridge happens.”

Nodding in agreement, Vinson replied, “Well, he dug his own grave. I want someone to watch his every movement. His company is bankrupt now, so he must be buried in debt. The Specialized Forces should understand my intention when they receive the vase. They will soon gather evidence, arrest him, and put him in Specialized Forces Prison.”

“Right! I already have someone keeping an eye on him. I guarantee that he won’t be able to escape from your clutches.”

Vinson nodded as he walked toward the airport’s VIP lounge.

Heavy rain fell upon Horington once again, delaying flights hour after hour. Five hours later, the plane finally took off.

When it touched down, Vinson caught a glimpse of a familiar figure at the arrival concourse.

“Donovan?” he muttered, narrowing his eyes.

Shouldn't he be preparing his students for the early admission exams at Maxwell University at this time? Why is he here at Chanaea's airport?

"Rayson."

Rayson stepped forward instantly. "Yes, Mr. Nightshire?"

Vinson lifted his chin in Donovan's direction. "Assign someone to follow him and see what he's up to."

"Understood!" Rayson called a few bodyguards who had been protecting Vinson in the dark and had them follow Donovan.

Simultaneously, he received a call from someone in Horington.

"Mr. Nightshire!" Rayson reported to Vinson urgently, "I just received an update from Horington. Trevor plans to head overseas by boarding an international cruise ship. He's currently heading to the pier."

Vinson had expected Trevor to be unwilling to shoulder the mountain of debt and would try to leave the country secretly.

Thus, he was unfazed as he ordered, "Stop him."

As he spoke, he was already calling the deputy captain of the Specialized Forces. "Head out to arrest Trevor Larson now."

"Roger!" The deputy captain added, "We've just gathered all the evidence for his misdeeds. We're heading out now."

Vinson muttered an acknowledgment before ending the call.

The look in his eyes darkened as he thought, Planning to run? Not on my watch.

Meanwhile, in Horington, Trevor quickly sold off all his sellable properties and discreetly sold his house to a former business partner before taking a cab to the pier.

## Obsessed CEO Throws Himself at Me Chapter 1117

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Chapter 1117 Cecilia Was Arrested

Just as the driver reminded him to take all of his belongings before leaving the car, two police MPVs sped past them and drifted to a stop in front of the cab.

Scared out of his wits, the driver immediately slammed on the brakes. Trevor, who was in the back seat, bumped his face against the back of the passenger seat from the forceful stop.

"Don't you know how to drive?" he roared.

Before he could scold the driver, the car door was opened from the outside.

"Trevor Larson, get off the vehicle."

Trevor lifted his gaze dazedly and saw a man in a police uniform standing outside with a stern expression on his face.

"O-Officer, how may I help you?" he stammered from shock and dread while cowering to the corner of the back seat.

The police officer yanked Trevor out of the vehicle without any notice and flashed the cuff in his hands.

"We received orders from Jadeborough's Specialized Forces to apprehend Trevor Larson at once. You are Trevor Larson, am I correct?"

"The J-Jadeborough Specialized Forces?" Trevor was dumbstruck, but his rationality was still intact. "No, I'm not Trevor Larson. You got the wrong person," he lied through his teeth.

"Is that so?" The officer darted a glance between the photo on his phone and Trevor before sneering. "How dare you lie to us? Bring him away!"

At the wave of his arm, two more police officers came up, held Trevor's arms on each side, and pushed him into the vehicle.

It was eight in the evening in Chanaea when the news broke on the internet.

On the day that Larson Group declares bankruptcy, the chairman, Trevor Larson, has tried to flee the country. Through investigations, it is discovered that Trevor carries a debt of four hundred million. Despite his position in the political arena, he committed bribery whereby he had bribed others with items costing up to forty million. He has broken against multiple laws of our nation, and from today onward, he'll be incarcerated in Specialized Forces Prison!

Cecilia almost fainted when she saw the news on her phone.

Trevor is my only hope of living a peaceful life. What should I do now that he's captured? Do I have to keep being a bar girl at this karaoke bar?

Her hands kept trembling as she felt herself falling into the depths of despair. At that moment, her addiction struck.

Seeing that she had fallen to the ground and was convulsing, the other bar girls were terrified and instantly called the police.

“Help! Someone is dying here. Please hurry and send an ambulance and police officers over.”

A few minutes later, a police car pulled up in front of the karaoke bar.

An experienced police officer knew Cecilia’s affliction at a glance.

Waving his hand, he ordered, “Arrange a tox screen for her.”

Soon, the result was out.

With the report in hand, the police officer approached Cecilia, who had just regained her consciousness.

“Your test result came back positive for drugs. We’ll be bringing you to a rehab facility, but tell us how and where you got the drugs first...”

Seeing that her misdeed was exposed, Cecilia paled and blacked out during the interrogation.

Vinson immediately relayed the news of Donovan’s appearance in Jadeborough to Arielle and informed her of what had happened to Trevor and Cecilia.

Arielle did not feel anything about Trevor’s outcome but was surprised to hear that Cecilia was arrested for being a drug addict.

“The Greenes has fallen, yet she dares to take drugs? Does she not care for Wendy at all?”

Vinson snickered. “From what I know, she didn’t touch drugs before. I believe she’s addicted to it now because she was under a lot of pressure and wanted a way to relieve her stress. Besides, every drug addict thinks the police won’t catch them.”

## Obsessed CEO Throws Himself at Me Chapter 1118

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**Chapter 1118 I Miss You**

Arielle thought about it for a while and agreed with his sentiments.

Bad people who did bad things would never contemplate what would ensue if they were caught. It was the same as Cecilia doing drugs. She wanted that moment of thrill and never thought about the consequences.

After a soft hum of agreement, Arielle queried, "When will you be done with your work?"

"What's the matter?" Vinson let out a chuckle and asked, "Do you miss me?"

She was silent for two seconds before tightening her grip on the phone. "Yeah, I miss you."

Right as those words left her mouth, she felt her heart racing.

Technically, both of them were an old married couple. Yet, she still felt shy from saying that she missed him.

When Vinson heard her words, he was also quiet for a moment. Then, he said, "I'll buy the plane ticket now. No, I'll come by helicopter."

"Don't!" Arielle hastily stopped him. "I know that many projects in your company are being set in motion. Come to me only when you're done, or maybe I'll come to you once I find the clues I'm looking for."

"Then I'll come right after I'm done with the projects in Jadeborough. At the latest, I'll come before the day after tomorrow."

"All right."

At that, warmth welled up in her heart. The two of them then talked on the phone for a while longer. Although they were both on the call, they were busy with their own things. Once in a while, they would ask each other if they were still there, and a smile would appear on their faces upon hearing the other person's confirmation.

Only when Trisha reminded Arielle to eat her dinner did the latter end the call reluctantly.

Smiling, Trisha teased, "Everyone says that a long-distance relationship will make you understand how important your partner is, and it seems like that's really the case. Sannie, when will the two of you deliver me the good news?"

"The good news?"

"Your wedding!"

Arielle lowered her gaze and chuckled. "It'll be soon, I think."

Although the two of them had already registered their marriage, barely anyone knew about it. It was as if they were still unmarried.

Regardless, she had a hunch that the wedding would happen in the near future.

Right after dinner, Arielle received a call from Vinson again. It was a video call.

"I've just received an update that Donovan's at the airport again. He's bought a ticket to head back to Lightspring."

Shocked, she asked, "He's back so soon? What did he do in Jadeborough?"

"My men aren't sure about the details, but he has only gone to one place after returning to Chanaea."

"Where?"

"His office in Jadeborough University. He was in there for about twenty minutes, and when he came back out, he had a paper bag with him. I reckon he must have returned to get that, but I don't know what's inside yet. Do you need me to get the Specialized Forces to stop and search him by saying it's a routine inspection?"

"No need." Arielle shook her head. Staring at Vinson's face on the screen, she said, "He won't be able to stir up much trouble. However, there's one thing—he knows that I'm San now."

Vinson's lips curled into a smirk. "His expression at that moment must have been quite a show."

His remark evoked a chuckle from her. "It's all right. Nevertheless, the look on his face back then was worth celebrating."

Time passed by in the blink of an eye. Soon, it was the night before the day of Maxwell University's graduates' thesis defense.

The students who opted to delay their thesis defense were separated from the current graduates, and the panel would not be their mentors but the university istrators.

Arielle would be representing the president of Maxwell University in the thesis defense committee for the students with delayed graduation.

In other words, she would be able to see the wonderful expressions that would cross Donovan's face again.

On Donovan's trip back to Chanaea, he did find a question that fit the theme of his thesis among the papers completed by Arielle.

Once he returned to Maxwell University, he quickly used Arielle's solution as the last example he was missing in his thesis.

# Obsessed CEO Throws Himself at Me

## Chapter 1119

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Chapter 1119 Plagiarism Free Reading

After doing so, Donovan edited his thesis one last time. Once he made sure that there were no problems with it, he sent it to his mentor for review. Although Noah had said that he would not care about him anymore, the professors at Maxwell University were responsible individuals. Hence, he still read through Donovan's thesis meticulously.

Noah's hands quivered when he realized that even the last example in Donovan's thesis was perfect. Undeniably, he was pleasantly surprised by his student's work quality.

Almost instantly, he called Donovan's number and exclaimed, "Donovan, I've perused your thesis. There aren't any problems with it. At the very least, you'll succeed in the thesis defense perfectly."

Despite knowing full well that his mentor would say that, Donovan said humbly, "Thank you, Mr. Noah."

Noah then sighed. "Honestly, considering that you're able to come up with this in such a short time, it shows that you're indeed gifted in this field. I'm really happy for you, and I'm proud of you."

Upon hearing his praise, Donovan had mixed feelings.

After all, he did not come up with that example—he had plagiarized Arielle's work.

Donovan tightened his fists. The theses of the graduates of Maxwell University would not be revealed to the public. As long as he said nothing, no one would realize it.

Everyone would assume that it was his original work.

Furthermore, Arielle was, in a way, his student. He was the one to mentor her, so her work was his.

He was not plagiarizing.

After he found the perfect excuse for himself, the worries in his heart dissipated.

With that, he accepted the praise from his mentor without guilt. "Thank you, Mr. Noah. I'm glad that I didn't let you down."

A sigh escaped Noah's mouth. "If you successfully graduate and return to being a teacher, you must remember that all the students are your children. You have to treat them equally. Do you understand?"

"I got it, Mr. Noah," Donovan replied and only put down his phone after Noah ended the call.

Soon, he saw an email from his university, which informed him that his thesis had passed the first round of the thesis defense.

In a marvelous mood, he even drank some wine to celebrate and did something out of character—calling Queenie.

When Queenie received his call, her joy was audible from the silence on her end.

Hearing nothing from her, Donovan frowned and asked, "What's the matter? Are you busy?"

"No, no!" she hastily said. "I-I'm just too happy..."

"It's just a call. Does it really bring you that much joy?" was what Donovan said, but he was extremely pleased.

Although he did not love Queenie, it did not stop him from feeling happy about how smitten she was with him.

It made him feel like he was someone.

Queenie did not conceal her elation. Smiling, she said, "I thought you'd be really busy throughout your time at Maxwell University... I thought you weren't going to call me, and I didn't dare to call you. I was afraid that I would disturb you."

Delighted, Donovan said, "You can call me whenever you want to next time. However, I will be having my thesis defense at ten in the morning, Lightspring's time. So, don't call during then. My phone will be switched off."

"Okay!" Queenie replied obediently, swiveling her eyes around as an idea came to her mind. After her call with Donovan ended, she booked a ticket to Lightspring without telling him.

She wanted to congratulate his graduation from Maxwell University in person.

The people who could graduate from Maxwell University were the cream of the crop in their respective fields. Since he was her husband, she should share the glory as well.

Before boarding the plane, Queenie even bought a present from the airport duty-free store.