

Obsessed CEO Throws Himself at Me Chapter 1388

Chapter 1388 Dream On

Students like him are often the hardest to teach. I know they're doubtful of my skills.

"It's amazing that the three of you played during class, blatantly ignoring the lecturer's feelings. Come out, you three. Follow me to the office."

Once they heard Arielle was bringing them to the lecturer's office, the three exchanged a glance. A tingling sense of dread started snaking up their spine.

They knew going to the lecturer's office wouldn't end up as simple as being reprimanded. The worst-case scenario was their parents freezing their bank card.

"We're sorry, Ms. Moore. Please forgive us."

Arielle arched a brow. "Asking for my forgiveness? Sure, but you need to promise me something."

Three sets of eyes immediately landed on her, wondering what she was planning to do.

The tall guy had dragged the other two to join him, disrupting class. So Arielle used him as an example to lay down the law.

She inched closer to the tall guy and twisted his arm.

He let out a loud yelp that resounded in the lecture hall walls.

Arielle had dislocated his shoulder in front of the entire class.

From an outsider's perspective, it might seem cruel, but she had used a trick to do it. She didn't cause him too much pain because she just wanted to teach him a lesson.

Arielle then pointed at the shorter guy beside him and asked, "Explain the term 'dislocation'."

It was the basic knowledge of orthopedics. Even non-medical students could answer.

However, her earlier action had frightened the short guy.

"A dislocation is a separation between two bones where they meet at a joint, disrupting normal movement."

Arielle nodded.

“Excellent! Since you’ve studied well, help this fellow pop his arm back into his shoulder.”

“Huh?”

The entire hall of students was stunned by the request.

The short guy had no choice but to comply.

As he reached for the tall guy’s arm, the tall guy immediately shrank back. “Don’t! I’ll probably die from the pain if you’re the one doing it. Your skills are terrible.”

The short guy was only good in theory and lacking in practice.

Seeing the disgust on his friend’s face, the short guy turned to Arielle.

She still had a smile plastered on her face, but her smile was like a grim reaper’s smile in the students’ eyes.

They thought Arielle was gentle, hence their boldness to be disrespectful. She turned out to be a wolf in sheep’s clothing.

“Don’t look at me. If you don’t follow my instruction, we’ll go to the office.”

The short guy resignedly obeyed her.

Another pained yelp resounded in the hall, but the tall guy’s arm still wasn’t in place.

Finally, the tall guy trained his eyes on Arielle. “I’m sorry, Ms. Moore. Please don’t ask him to help me. I’ll die from the pain.”

I guess he’s truly in pain. I can see tears at the corners of his eyes.

Seeing him admitting his mistake, Arielle nodded.

“Then I want you to promise me in front of everyone that you won’t break any more rules in my class. Also, you have to maintain your results at A in all of my tests.”

The tall guy was baffled at Arielle’s request.

A few giggles came from the students.

Everyone knew he was a cheeky b*stard.

Anthony Crossworth entered medical school because he came from a wealthy family. His father was the school’s sponsor, so naturally, he got into the school’s best major.

Arielle was asking for the impossible.

Obsessed CEO Throws Himself at Me Chapter 1389

Chapter 1389 Lightly

Anthony didn't respond to her request.

Seeing him lacking confidence in himself, Arielle said, "No? Then live with the pain."

"Okay! Okay, I promise you."

Seeing him finally relenting, she nodded her head with a smile.

"Students, this is my first day as your lecturer. So I'll be teaching you the most essential skill in orthopedics—repositioning. Of course, this is the most basic skill that I'm sure many of you already know."

She pointed at Anthony's arm and gestured for the short guy to continue.

"Isn't that right, Miller? You'll do the repositioning, and I'll guide you through it."

Hearing that Arielle was still asking Miller to help him, Anthony was pissed. "Ms. Moore, didn't you say you'll spare me from the pain once I promised you? I don't want him to reposition my arm back."

"You're right. I did say that, but I only promised to spare you from the pain, not changing the person helping you. If you trust your friend and me, then let him help you. I'll teach him a special method to reposition your arm back."

Anthony was hesitant. He wasn't sure whether he should trust Arielle.

But since she's qualified enough to be a medical school lecturer, she must have her strengths.

Even though she's young, her means are very much different from the other lecturers. I guess I can trust her.

After mulling over it briefly, Anthony finally agreed.

"Okay, please do it gently."

"Don't worry!" Arielle huffed.

She turned to Miller. "Follow my instructions later. If you follow it, then your friend won't feel the pain. However, if you insist on doing it your way, he'll continue to be in pain."

Arielle had disciplined both students enough that they would obey her words instantly without refuting.

“I’ll follow your every word, Ms. Moore. Let’s start.”

Arielle resumed her lesson. “First, we don’t need to tug the affected arm harshly to reposition it back. Pulling it straight will only cause severe damage.

“Grab the patient’s elbow with one hand. Make sure to do it gently, don’t use too much strength. Otherwise, it’ll cause pain for the patient.”

Following Arielle’s instructions, Miller started to reposition Anthony’s arm.

Arielle continued to explain, “Bend the affected arm at ninety degrees to the elbow. Slowly and gently rotate the arm a couple of times as your thumb presses it lightly. Try to distract your patient’s attention from his arm.”

The last instruction was difficult for Miller.

My hands are busy with repositioning, yet at the same time, I have to distract Anthony’s attention. How am I supposed to do both at once?

Arielle looked over her shoulder, glancing at the door. “Morrison, when did you arrive?”

Morrison? Her calling Morrison’s name caught all the students’ attention. All of them turned toward the door, including Anthony.

At that moment, Arielle poked at Miller, then tipped her chin at Anthony.

Miller braced himself and pushed the arm upward, causing a loud pop. Anthony’s arm was back in his shoulder.

By then, the students finally realized Morrison wasn’t there, and it was Arielle’s distraction.

I didn’t expect to feel fine so quickly.

Anthony gently moved his arm and noticed he was able to move it with ease like before, with no pain.

“That’s weird. When did you push it back? How come I didn’t feel anything?”

Arielle chuckled. “Of course, you didn’t feel anything since you were distracted. When you snapped back, Miller was already done with your arm. The main point of repositioning is using the correct method gently and learning to distract the patient’s

attention. That way is the least painful for the patient. In conclusion, you need to be fast, accurate, and steady to easily and successfully reposition a dislocated joint.”

Obsessed CEO Throws Himself at Me Chapter 1390

Chapter 1390 Cheeky Man

Interesting! It's truly interesting!

Anthony suddenly gained an interest in medicine.

Same for Miller. He used to only focus on theory and didn't apply them to practice.

Turlen was sorely lacking in talented medical staff. They were good in theory but lacked practice.

After the nation had closed its borders, even fewer practitioners could put their theories into practice. However, the medical staff needed clinical practice and experience the most.

They were lacking in that sense, but Arielle was different.

Anthony lamented over his earlier actions after experiencing firsthand the method of repositioning.

It looks like I've underestimated her. She's young, but her teaching skills are excellent. She can punish the cheeky students and teach the rest how to apply theory to practice.

Anthony was impressed. So was Miller.

“Ms. Moore, have you forgiven us? We were trying our best to make it up to you.” Worried about having their parents called and having their card frozen, the trio turned to Arielle expectantly.

“I can let you off from sending you to the office, but...”

Before she could finish, Anthony asked softly, “Do you want us to write a letter of denunciation?”

Arielle scoffed and returned to the podium. She picked up a book about orthopedics.

“It's too simple a punishment to write a letter of denunciation. You guys might not mean it. I think asking you to copy a few chapters in a book is more beneficial. I want you to copy the first thirty pages of this book in a week.”

“Huh?”

The three students were bewildered.

That's too cruel!

"Ms. Moore, can the punishment be lighter? Thirty pages are too many. Can you empathize with us?"

"I didn't see you empathizing with me when you breached the rules earlier."

Arielle's words rendered them speechless.

She's right. We were the ones who were at fault.

The trio simply hung their heads in silence.

Despite the tiny interlude in her first class, she managed to dissipate it smoothly.

She skillfully punished the cheeky students as a warning to the rest.

As a result, the rest of the lesson passed by smoothly. No one dared to challenge her again.

After finishing her first lecture, Arielle was preparing to head to her next lesson on brain tumors.

As she finished packing up and was about to leave, suddenly someone called her from behind.

"Ms. Moore, please wait."

She halted her steps and looked over her shoulder.

"Is there something you need?"

"You were amazing earlier to have taught the cheeky b*stard a lesson."

Confused at the student's insinuation, Arielle looked at her with a puzzled gaze.

"I suppose you know Aaron, right?"

Arielle got a feeling the girl didn't mean well.

A smile tugged at the corners of her lips as she cast a knowing look at her lecturer.

It gave Arielle a sense of being mocked and taunted.

It was her first day at medical school, so Arielle had no idea about her background. However, her sixth sense was telling her that the girl was not just an average student.

“That’s right. I know Aaron. Do you know him too?”

The girl chuckled. “More than knowing him. He and I are close. Since you’ll be teaching all of my classes, we’ll be seeing each other frequently. I’ll be in your care.”

She put a lot of emphasis on the last sentence.

Not sure what she meant, but I’m sure it’s nothing good.

Arielle returned a smile. “Good.”

After the girl left, Arielle called for Anthony.