

# Obsessed CEO Throws Himself at Me

## Chapter 756

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"I..." Wendy answered meekly.

When Arthur regarded Wendy, the smile on his face vanished immediately. He said harshly, "You haven't handed in your letter of denunciation. I was busy with something else the other day, and I allowed you to finish it at home. The weekend is over. Have you completed it?"

Wendy did not expect Arthur to treat her like this and bring up the letter in front of her classmates.

She lowered her head in shame. "Yes."

"After class, send it to Mr. Brown's office yourself. I don't accept the letter here. In the future, you should know your own limits whenever you come across a similar situation," Arthur said sternly.

Wendy bit her lip and she was about to cry.

She thought that Arthur practiced favoritism. However, she did not understand that Jadeborough University would have lost a precious lesson plan if not for Arielle.

Still, some people would only find fault in others instead of looking within.

After that, the class began.

"Turn to page 113. You'll be sitting for your monthly exam this Friday, so I won't start a new lesson. I'll have a revision with all of you this week. Let's go through yesterday's grammar," Arthur said.

While Arthur was teaching, Arielle took out her phone. She texted her subordinate in the old Southall estate about Sasha's and Blake's message.

Henrick would bring Malorie's ashes back to his hometown. For now, Arielle did not have to do anything about it. The villagers would make their own decision.

Everything was ready, except for one thing.

Meanwhile, for some bizarre reason, Arielle's translation video was shared on the internet from Jadeborough University's forum.

A netizen combined her translation video and a video of her playing the piano. As a result, the video went viral, and Arielle gained many fans online.

In a short span of time, her number of fans surpassed two million, and it was still growing.

Naturally, Arielle was oblivious to this. She did not care about such things, either.

Nevertheless, somebody noticed it.

Jason was in his private studio at Nightshire Entertainment. He fixed an attentive gaze on the screen as a girl playing the piano. He nearly fell from his chair in shock.

Isn't that the same girl I met at the supermarket?

He never expected this beautiful young girl to be so

talented. She was a student of Jadeborough University, too.

Jason was pleased

His past girlfriends were mostly bimbos, but the girl in the video had many good qualities.

As one of the nation's hottest stars, Jason believed that he could get any woman he wanted with that face of his.

It would be impossible for this girl to not recognize me. And now, she purposely uploaded her video to the internet to attract my attention over the web. What's this strategy? I know! Playing hard to get!

Jason was indulging in his own thoughts when someone opened the door to his studio.

"Jason." His manager opened the door and remarked gleefully, "I have an excellent script for you. Take a look!"

Jason was unhappy to be interrupted, so he declined. "I don't want to star in films. It's tiring, and it takes a long time for me to get paid. Just secure some variety show contracts for me, especially the laid-back types of variety shows."

The manager's expression darkened. She reminded Jason, "Jason, you're now an artiste of Nightshire Entertainment. There are many other talented actors and actresses in this company. If you don't seize this opportunity, you'll soon become unpopular once you're

past your prime. Till then, nobody would want you to star in their films, even if you wanted to."

Jason refused to listen to his manager. I have a bunch of loyal fans. It'll take ages before I return to obscurity!

The advice fell on deaf ears. He continued watching the video.

All of a sudden, the manager saw the girl in the video. She blurted out in surprise, "Isn't that Arielle Moore?"

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"Arielle Moore?" Jason perked up his ears and looked at his manager eagerly. "Is her name Arielle Moore? Do you know her?"

The manager glanced at Jason and shook her head. "No, but she's an ambassador of Soir Coffee which is owned by Nightshire Group. We also belong to Nightshire Group, so I know a bit about her."

Jason sat up straight and asked excitedly, "What else do you know about her?"

The manager replied in a matter-of-fact tone, "I also know that Nightshire Entertainment wanted to get her on board."

"And then?" Jason asked.

"Mr. Nightshire objected to it, but I don't know the reason behind that," the manager said. Suddenly, she slapped her head and added, "This script that I have for you... The director is Sam Sleight, and he wanted Arielle to be the female lead, too. However, it looks like she rejected the offer. I guess she's not interested in forging a career in the entertainment industry."

"Where's the script?" Jason responded anxiously.

The manager was stunned. "Do you wish to look at the script now?"

Jason nodded eagerly. "Yes, of course! I'm also willing to help Sam to persuade Arielle and get her in as the female lead. She has a face made for the silver screen,

and this film will surely be a blockbuster! Give me the script, and I'll go through it."

The manager was still puzzled as she handed over the script. However, Jason started to read it at once.

She was not sure what had caused the sudden change in Jason, but it was a good thing that he had decided to become diligent. It did not matter what the reason was, as long as he was willing to work.

Soon, it was nightfall. Henrick was finally back at the old Southall estate.

He massaged his bottom which was already stiff with pain from the long journey. Then, with a solemn expression, he picked up Malorie's urn and got out of the car.

"Pass the message," Henrick informed his subordinate, "Mrs. Southall's funeral will take place on the day after tomorrow, and all villagers are invited."

"Yes!" the subordinate answered and got to work.

Henrick closed his eyes and drew in a deep breath of fresh mountain air.

Indeed, the quality of air in the mountains was so much better than that in Jadeborough.

When Henrick opened his eyes, he saw Cindy who was being carried out of the car by two bodyguards.

Cindy had been crying and throwing a tantrum along the way. As a result, she was already exhausted and unable to stand still.

Henrick's expression sank when he saw her.

"B\*tch!" He gritted his teeth and ordered his bodyguards, "Throw her into the pigsty, and keep an eye on her! Make sure she doesn't get out!"

"Yes!" the bodyguards replied. Then, they dragged Cindy to the pigsty.

A sudden realization dawned upon Cindy. Her eyes went wide in fright, and she began to scream. "No! I don't want to go there! Let me go! Let me go! What you're doing is illegal! Don't you understand?"

"Hehe." Henrick chuckled coldly and said, "This isn't Jadeborough. I make the rules here. Are you trying to be funny? What are you waiting for? Throw her in!"

"Yes!" the bodyguards said.

Plop! Ignoring Cindy's shrieks and struggle, they pushed her into the putrid and smelly pigsty, which was filled with mosquitoes, rats and cockroaches.

"Ah!" Cindy screeched hysterically.

As soon as she opened her mouth, a fly entered it.

Retch! She threw up immediately,

The sight managed to soothe Henrick's foul mood.

The rules of monogamy did not apply in this village. He could do anything as long as he had money.

Once Malorie's funeral was over, he would marry as many women as he wanted and had as many children as he wished.

That woman can stay in the pigsty forever!

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Henrick was about to leave the foul-smelling pigsty and handle Malorie's funeral arrangements when a bodyguard approached him. "Mr. Southall, what do we do with him?"

Henrick's gaze followed the direction of the bodyguard's finger and saw two bodyguards dragging Matthias out of the car.

Henrick had laid off most of the housekeepers of the Southall residence, but the bodyguards remained. He wanted to take his bodyguards back to the old Southall estate, so that he could show everyone that he was the boss.

Matthias did not sit still in the car and tried several attempts in escaping. The bodyguards were worried that he would disturb the chauffeur, so they knocked Matthias unconscious.

Matthias had regained his consciousness and was forced out of the car. There were long, bloody cuts on his arms. It was a horrifying sight to see.

Nevertheless, the bodyguards did not care about his condition. They dragged him to Henrick and kicked the backs of Matthias' shins.

Matthias lost his balance and landed in front of Henrick in a kneeling position.

He did not mind if he was the one who suffered. When he realized that Cindy was tied up in the pigsty, he began to struggle and growl.

"Henrick! Come at me and leave Cindy alone! What kind of man are you to treat a woman like this?" Matthias yelled.

There was a dangerous gleam in Henrick's eyes as he regarded Matthias who was kneeling before him. Then, he let out a sardonic laugh. "Don't worry, I didn't forget about you. Since the two of you love each other so much, I'm not going to be the bad guy to separate you both."

Henrick paused, then pointed at a chicken coop to the right of the pigsty. "Tie him up at that spot. Get me a whip, too."

The bodyguard acknowledged his command and returned with a whip.

The whip was used to herd cows. It was still stained with cow dung and stank.

Henrick put on a pair of gloves. Then, he grabbed the whip and walked toward Matthias, who was tied up in the chicken coop. He raised his hand and cracked the whip.

The whip tore Matthias' shirt and split his flesh open.

"Ah!" Matthias screamed in agony. Cold sweat formed on his forehead.

Before he could calm down, the second whip landed on his body.

Soon, it was followed by the third and fourth whips.

After ten successive whips, Henrick stopped.

By then, Matthias was already covered in sweat. He was in so much pain that he could not even moan anymore.

Henrick tossed the whip aside and declared, "From today onward, I'll whip you ten times every day until you're dead. No, wait. After you're dead, I'll continue whipping your dead body until it rots."

"Henrick!" Matthias clenched his teeth and shouted, "You're committing a crime!"

Henrick shrugged. "This is my territory. The law doesn't mean sh\*t."

Then, he turned to his bodyguards and warned, "Take a good look! This is what happens when you sleep with my wife!"

The bodyguards held their breath. They knew how scary Henrick could be when he threw a fit of rage, but they did not expect him to be this terrifying.

Still, they had signed contracts to serve him for twenty years, and they were highly paid. Therefore, the bodyguards did not feel the slightest pity for Cindy and Matthias.

After witnessing Matthias' treatment, Cindy dared not scream, even when a cockroach crawled past her feet.

Henrick is really frightening!

At the same time, Sasha and Blake were hiding behind some bushes near a cowshed. They witnessed everything that occurred at the pigsty and the chicken coop.

Blake gulped. He looked at Sasha who was recording the events calmly. Quietly, he gave her a thumbs up.

She isn't even repulsed by the scenes that took place. Amazing!

Sasha was done with the recording and sent the video.

Then, she gestured at Blake. Both of them left stealthily.

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Blake only dared to speak when they left Henrick and the guards' field of vision. "Sasha, do you not feel anything? I can even feel Henrick's whip on my skin by just looking at it!"

Sasha replied nonchalantly, "The people and incidents that we met in Manchernius were much more brutal. It was just that you were young then and the three of us were always protecting you. Hence, you did not get to witness any of it."

"All right," Blake said with a regretful look. However, the moment he thought of Andy and Antoni, who had passed away, his eyes overflowed with grief.

The next moment, Sasha curled up her fingers and knocked on Blake's head, and remarked, "Don't freeze there. Ms. Moore has sent information about the person we are supposed to meet. Let's go."

Blake then quickly collected himself and gave a firm nod. "Okay!"

Vinson just had his meeting in Jadeborough. He switched on his phone and saw the video that Sasha sent over and was about to forward it to Arielle.

However, he stopped right before sending it over.

It's better that Arielle doesn't see such a sickening scene.

Hence, he stopped forwarding the video and explained the details of the video in words instead.

Arielle was on her way to Maple Mansion when she saw the message from Vinson. When she finished reading it, images of Henrick beating Cindy and Matthias came to her mind.

However, she was not disturbed by it, and her lips even curled up slightly.

Before that, Arielle was troubled as to how she should punish Cindy and Matthias. By the look of it, there was no need for her to worry anymore, as Henrick had taught them a good lesson.

Besides, she was contented with the scene of them turning against each other.

Arielle then sent a text message and asked: Do you have a video of it?

Vinson fell silent for about two minutes before sending the video over.

Arielle watched the video intently as if she was admiring a piece of art.

She was so focused to the extent that the taxi driver could not help but turn to her at the traffic light and ask, "What are you looking so intently at?"

With that, Arielle immediately kept her phone and shook her head. "It's nothing much. Can you please make a right turn in front to head to Jadeborough

Cemetery?"

"Sure!"

Once the traffic light turned green, the taxi driver stepped on the accelerator and drove toward Jadeborough Cemetery.

Arielle first walked past Shandie's grave when she entered the cemetery and coincidentally walked past Yvette's later.

Yvette's school photo was on the grave, where her arrogance could even be felt through the picture.

However, despite being so arrogant when she was alive, Yvette still turned into ash after she died.

Shandie and Yvette were close friends when they were alive. Now that their graves were placed next to each other, they could continue to be friends even after death.

Arielle continued walking forward until she reached Maureen's grave.

"Mom."

Arielle bent with one knee in front of the grave.

With reddened eyes, she called out, "I'm here to see you."

Maureen looked as young and beautiful as always in the picture as her looks remained at the time she was 30 years old.

It was a beautiful age where one could experience life. Sadly, Maureen did not have such a chance.

After that, Arielle wiped away the tears in her eyes. She then played a video from her phone and placed it in front of Maureen's grave.

Right after, Arielle forced out a smile and said, "Can you see it, Mom? I've avenged you. Cindy, who caused your death, has been locked up by Henrick in the pigsty. She will be bitten by rats and crawled over by cockroaches when night falls. As for Henrick, he will get his lesson soon."

Her voice became softer as she said that. In the end, she wept while leaning against Maureen's grave.

After some time, it started drizzling. The raindrops were hitting on Arielle's face and one could not even distinguish whether they were tears or raindrops on her face.

However, she was still sulking in sorrow as she continued to bend with one knee on the ground.

Right then, Arielle felt that the rain had stopped.

She lifted her head and met the gaze of a pair of charming black eyes.

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It was Vinson.

Arielle widened her eyes in astonishment at the sight of him.

“How... do you know that I’m here?”

Well, that was because Arielle had told no one that she was coming to the cemetery.

Vinson helped her up before answering, “Will you believe it if I told you that our hearts are connected?”

Upon hearing, Arielle’s tears started rolling down her cheeks unwillingly.

“Dumbo.” With one hand holding the umbrella and another wiping the tears on Arielle’s cheeks, Vinson continued gently, “Why are you crying in front of our mom? Aren’t you ashamed that Mom will laugh at you for crying when you’re already an adult?”

Our mom.

Touched by Vinson’s choice of words, Arielle immediately hugged him in her arms.

The smile in Vinson’s eyes grew deeper as he used his hand to hug her tightly.

In the end, Arielle had no memory of how she returned to Maple Mansion, and it was the next morning when she woke up.

Arielle sat on her bed for a few seconds to get a hold of herself. After that, she was shocked to find out that she was not in her own room.

Just when Arielle was about to get down from bed, the room door was pushed open, and Vinson walked in with a cup of brown drink.

“You’re awake?” asked Vinson as he walked toward Arielle and continued, “Come have some hot chocolate.”

She obediently drank the hot chocolate while Vinson continued, “I’ve applied for a day’s leave for you at school. There’s some progress on Blake and Sasha’s end. Therefore, I’m afraid that you won’t have enough time to head back to school today.”

Upon hearing, Arielle's eyes lit up and asked, "What's the progress?"

With a smirk, Vinson replied, "That idiot, Henrick, went back and boast about his wealth. He has no idea how Mrs. Southall has been financially taking advantage of the villagers. Those villagers who weren't willing to cooperate with you are all standing by your side now. The plan that you have been planning will soon come to fruition."

Arielle was shocked when she heard Vinson. On second thought, she felt that everything was within her expectation.

Henrick was indeed cunning and cautious. However, it

was just a matter of time that Henrick would blow his own trumpet and flaunt his wealth without Cindy and Malorie by his side reminding him to keep a low profile.

With that, Arielle immediately made a firm decision. "I'm going to head over to Henrick's"

Vinson was not taken aback by Arielle's sudden decision. He nodded and replied, "Sure. After breakfast, I'll accompany you to Henrick's place."

However, Arielle hesitated for a moment at Vinson's reply and asked, "You must have a lot of things to settle in your company. Won't you be wasting time if you were to go with me?"

Vinson shook his head at her question. "If I need to do everything personally, what's the point of me hiring all my employees?"

Right after that, he kissed Arielle on the forehead and continued, "All right. Let's stop worrying about me. Our focus should be on taking down Henrick and the rest."

Arielle nodded in agreement and embarked on the journey to Henrick's place with Vinson.

Meanwhile, Arielle's translation video and the video of her playing the piano became viral on the internet.

Aaron, who had been grounded at home in Turlen, had his eyes gleamed in excitement when he saw those videos on the internet.

My little kitty is indeed exceptional! She can play the piano and can even do the translation so well. There is no language barrier between us as we can speak the same language. Mmm... even non-verbal action... Hahaha...

“Mr. Aaron, I’ve worn the necklace that you gave me yesterday. What do you think? Does it look nice?” asked an enchanting woman as she walked toward Aaron with swaying hips.

Though the woman asked Aaron to look at her necklace, she still intentionally showed her cleavage as she was confident that no man would be able to resist her in that manner.

However, in the next instant...

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“Go away!” Aaron pushed the woman leaning close to him aside in disgust.

The woman widened her eyes in panic, not knowing what she had done wrong. Immediately, she turned and walked out of the mansion.

Click. However, the moment before Aaron stepped out of the mansion, the sound of a gun being unlocked echoed in the doorway.

Aaron instantly turned to look in the direction of the sound.

Right then, a bodyguard was aiming a gun at him.

Aaron narrowed his beautiful, blue eyes. A cold glint flashed across his gaze. It was so sharp that it pierced through the bodyguard’s heart like a shard of ice.

However, that bodyguard was well-trained. He remained calm and unbothered as if he had gotten used to Aaron’s cold stare. Then, he began to warn like a robot, “Apologies, Mr. Aaron. Mr. Anderson said that you can’t leave the mansion.”

Aaron had been stopped by the bodyguard multiple times on that day. He could not endure it anymore. “What if I insist on leaving?”

“Then I can only follow Mr. Anderson’s order to make you stay forcefully,” the bodyguard replied.

Aaron snorted. “I don’t care. I’m going to leave today!”

With that said, he immediately took another two steps forward.

As soon as he walked out of the door, a loud gunshot rang out.

Bang!

Aaron shifted his body to the left in reflex. His movement was as fast as a bolt of lightning.

The next second, a hole appeared in the door behind him.

Aaron frowned as he stared at the hole. If it wasn't because of his fast reaction speed just now, he might already get shot in his chest.

"Are you crazy?" He turned to glare at the bodyguard. "Do you know who you are shooting?"

Again, the bodyguard replied like a robot, "Mr. Anderson has instructed us not to let you leave before his cooperation with Duke ends. You're not allowed to step out of the mansion, even if we have to kill you. Mr. Aaron, please go back inside."

"Y-You..." Aaron got so furious that he began to tremble.

Suddenly, the bodyguard froze as he put down the gun slowly. He turned around and bowed politely at the middle-aged man behind him. "Mr. Anderson."

The rest of the bodyguards bowed and shouted in unison, "Your Majesty."

Aaron lifted his eyes in shock. His father, Anderson, was walking toward them arrogantly.

Although Anderson was in his middle ages, he did not look old at all. His exquisite facial features exuded a regal and imposing aura of a matured man.

Aaron lowered his eyes as he bowed toward him reluctantly. "Father."

Although he despised Anderson a lot, he was afraid of him too.

Anderson nodded as he handed a document to Aaron without saying anything.

Seeing that, Aaron quickly took over the document.

"Aren't you trying to get out of here? I'll give you an opportunity to do so. Investigate the woman in the document for me," Anderson said calmly.

Aaron instantly opened the document upon knowing that he could finally leave.

There was a picture of Arielle on the first page of the document. Oh, my kitten...

For some reason, Aaron felt that he was destined to be with Arielle every time he saw her face.

Perhaps, this is fate.

Aaron looked at Anderson confusedly and asked, "Father, why do you want me to investigate her? Is it because of the explosion on the cruise back then?"

Anderson furrowed his brows, feeling puzzled. "What explosion?"

Aaron was even more surprised. "If you don't know about the explosion on the cruise, then why do you want to investigate her?"

"You don't need to know about that." Anderson narrowed his eyes impatiently. "Try to get her DNA after you found her, as well as the man's DNA on the following page. Find out as much information about that girl. I want to know everything about her."