

Obsessed CEO Throws Himself at Me

Chapter 766

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Arielle sympathetically rubbed his head. "Don't worry, I assure you that your dad will have money for your mom's treatment very soon."

Teddy rubbed his eyes and said, "But Dad refuses to sign the document. My crying pleas towards him were ineffective."

Arielle's gaze visibly darkened, taking a deep breath. "Your dad will surely sign it."

Even if Henrick held a grand funeral for Malorie as she had expected, she would make sure to expose the truth to everyone. Truth be told, Henrick was not financially constrained, but rather he was unwilling to pay. In the blink of an eye, it was nightfall.

Arielle sent Teddy back to the village. Before he left the car, Arielle pinched his cheeks and uttered, "Teddy, I want to discuss something with you."

"Sure!" Teddy patted his chest in reply. "Sannie, you are the person who treats me the best, apart from my mom and my dad. I will do anything for you."

Arielle felt relieved. "I will give you a pill. If you consume it, you will feel extreme discomfort but it won't kill you. There won't be any side effects at all. Once the drug effect subsides, you'll feel better."

Teddy was confused. He stared mindlessly at the pill and asked, "Sannie, why do you want me to eat this?"

Arielle was hesitant to answer. "If your dad still refuses to sign, then you should consume this pill. He will need the money for you to get medical treatment and will have no choice but to seek Henrick's help. Besides, I can confirm that Henrick will not offer any assistance. By then, your dad will be more than willing to sign."

Teddy immediately understood what she meant. "Alright, Sannie. I will act according to the condition."

"You mean situation." Arielle cheekily corrected him.

Teddy scratched his head in embarrassment. He smiled and asked, "If Dad signs, does that mean that I can go to school?"

"You are right," Arielle nodded. "I will also sponsor you to study in Jadeborough."

"Wow!" Teddy's excitement flourished. He carefully kept the pill and stepped out of the car.

Even after Teddy left, Arielle did not leave the village. She stayed in the car with Rube, Sasha and Blake until the next day. In the meantime, Vinson remained in town. The two separate groups were working together from the inside and outside.

In a flash, the next day arrived.

Just as Arielle predicted, Henrick organized a rather pompous and grand funeral for Malorie.

The dinner was prepared by one of the best chefs in town. Besides, the venue was decorated gloriously. The cost incurred for just the flowers could run up to tens of thousands.

The number was unimaginable in a place like this.

It was all within Vinson's prediction. All the florists in town were booked and Sasha was to deliver to flowers.

Following Arielle's instructions, Sasha feigned that she was lost and knocked on Teddy's door.

Coincidentally, Nigel was preparing to head to the funeral. Bewildered, he asked, "And you are?"

Sasha smilingly introduced herself, "I'm a florist from the city. Mr. Southall booked some flowers from our shop but I cannot find the location. Can you show me the way?"

"Of course, I'm heading there as well," Nigel happily agreed

On the way, Sasha took the opportunity and exclaimed, "Henrick is extravagantly rich!"

Nigel was stunned. He asked, "Why do you say so?"

Sasha was anticipating the question. "The flowers he booked from our shop are worth more than ten thousand!"

"That much?" Nigel's eyes widened in disbelief. "Are you sure? We're talking about the same currency, right?"

"Of course. If you don't believe me, check out the receipt." Sasha passed Nigel a piece of paper.

Nigel scanned the receipt and his gaze locked on the final amount, instantly bringing himself to a halt.

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Fourteen thousand and eight hundred.

It was not ten thousand, but almost fifteen thousand!

But last night, when he was pestered by Josee to ask for money from Henrick, Henrick's response was a cold, harsh refusal.

All he asked for was the salary for the month!

How is it that he can spend fifteen thousand on flowers, but cannot pay his salary?

"This is not just it," Sasha continued, "My neighbor, who is a construction worker, told me that Henrick wants to build a huge mansion with a backyard, costing a few million."

"A few millions?" Nigel nearly lost his voice. He shakingly asked, "Are you telling the truth?"

"Definitely. It's big news in town. Even the town mayor wants to visit him."

Nigel frowned and fell silent.

When they arrived at Henrick's place, Nigel noticed the glistening ornaments that decorated the venue. He was hesitant to enter and ushered Sasha, "Miss, this is the place. Go on in."

"Thank you." Sasha smiled and nodded her head. She entered the house with the receipt to collect payment.

Not long later, when Sasha came out, Nigel was still standing out there.

She deliberately approached him. "Mister, I've already collected my payment. Why are you still here? I thought you are planning to attend the funeral?"

"I'll... I'll head in soon." Nigel stared at the receipt in Sasha's hand. He couldn't move away, as if his limbs were screwed on the ground with nuts and bolts.

At the same time, disappointment loomed all over him.

His trust towards Henrick vanished completely.

Sasha was observing Nigel's reaction. Without a word, she left quietly.

For a long time, Nigel was left standing in front of the entrance. Finally, he gazed deeply at the main door before turning away and heading towards the house of the village chief.

About half an hour later, the funeral was about to start.

When Henrick arrived at the front yard of the funeral, he realized that none of the villagers was there.

"What is going on?" Henrick asked his bodyguard, "Why isn't anyone here yet? Are they informed of the funeral?"

The bodyguard shook his head. "We acted according to your instructions, but only a few showed up. But those

that showed up, also left shortly afterward. No one else came since then."

Henrick was uneasy. Are they planning to cause a scene?

Nonetheless, he quickly brushed off that thought.

How can some lowlifes like them even dare to do that?

"Get your minds together and act fast! We're short of time and stop dilly-dallying!" Henrick lashed out, "head out and tell of them that attendance is compulsory! Ask them to drop everything and head over here now!"

"Yes!" Just as the bodyguard wanted to leave, a horde of tumultuous footsteps could be heard.

Hundreds of people were heading towards them.

Henrick raised his head and noticed the crowd.

He heaved a sigh of relief and thought to himself, "I knew that they will come."

Even better, they all arrived at the same time. Speaking about respect!

Henrick was full of himself and walked towards them grinning from ear to ear. "Everyone is here. That's great. Now, put on the white hat."

According to the rules of the old Southall estate, the attending guests of funerals must put on a white hat prepared by the host as a sign of respect.

However, Henrick quickly sensed that something was off.