

# Obsessed CEO Throws Himself at Me

## Chapter 976

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Chapter 976 Arthur Freaks Out

That was the exact same solution that Wendy came up with.

Wendy narrowed her eyes and exhaled sharply as she thought to herself.

There's no way Arielle could possibly come up with any more methods, right?

The next thing she knew, Arielle bent over slightly and began scribbling on the blackboard once again.

Wendy's jaw dropped when she saw Arielle finish writing her solution with the second method in less than a minute.

Instead of using formulas from further mathematics, she used spatial geometry to solve it.

Her solution was so ingenious that most of the students who aced their further mathematics papers applauded and cheered in response.

Even Terry was close to tears when he saw her solution. "Boss sure is amazing... Why didn't I think of that?"

The student next to him said with a chuckle, "That's why she's called 'Boss' and you're just 'Terry'. We'd call you 'Boss' too if you figured that out yourself!"

Terry nodded profusely and made no attempts to deny the fact that he was inferior compared to Arielle.

Wendy bit down on her lip as she tried to comfort herself.

Are you kidding me right now? I can't believe Arielle actually did it! Calm down, Wendy... There's still a third method! There's no way she'd be able to figure that out!

Even Donovan felt his heart skip a beat when he saw that and began questioning if he had really been misjudging Arielle.

Is it really possible for a student who got into Jadeborough University through personal connections to truly be smarter than Wendy? Even so, she can't possibly be smarter than me! Like my mentor said, only that senior named San can solve it with a third method! It's a shame I haven't been able to find her, or I would've finished writing my thesis long ago!

Donovan was snapped out of his train of thoughts by the tapping noises made by the chalk on the blackboard.

He tensed up and quickly turned to look at the blackboard, only to see Arielle rapidly scribbling down some formulas used in elementary mathematics.

According to my mentor, San has a habit of using formulas from elementary mathematics to solve further mathematics questions. Why would Arielle know this? Is it just a mere coincidence, or is she actually...

The thought was so terrifying that even Donovan was a little frightened by it.

He was quick to disregard that possibility and snickered in response.

Nah, that's not possible! Arielle can't possibly be San! First of all, their ages don't even match! Also, if Arielle had graduated from Maxwell University, why would she even bother getting into Jadeborough University? She even had to resort to using personal connections just to get in!

No matter how much Donovan was in denial, there was nothing he could do to change the fact that Arielle had solved the question using three different methods.

Meanwhile, Arthur was so shocked by what he saw that he even rubbed his eyes to make sure he was seeing it right. After taking some time to carefully analyze Arielle's solutions, he lost his composure and was shaken to the core.

Not only does Arielle excel in Ustranasion, but she's also this good at further mathematics? What kind of genius is she? I must've done a lot of good deeds in my past life to be blessed with such a great student!

The camera in the auditorium shifted its focus back to the blackboard once again.

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Chapter 977 Beyond Calculation

The camera swiveled toward the blackboard, and the audience fell into stunned silence.

Arielle's announcement of the correct answer was no less shocking, yet the audience found themselves floored after learning how she had solved the question.

"Damn! How the heck did she think of solving the question like this in such a short time?"

Terry was near tears as he cried, "Arielle's not just a top student; she's a freaking genius! Ah, I am humbled to witness her prowess! I should be bowing to Boss in gratitude for blessing our class with her presence!"

Smirking, Trisha teased, "Aren't you overreacting?"

Terry shook his head vigorously and exclaimed, "Of course not! In fact, I'm not going to call Arielle Boss anymore. She's Master Arielle to me from now on. Oh, Master Arielle, please accept my humble devotion!"

With that, he turned to face the stage and bowed deeply.

Everyone around Terry was tickled pink by his antics, except Wendy.

Her face twisted with anger and jealousy. Eventually, Wendy could no longer pretend to be calm about the turn of events. Hence, she ran out of the auditorium doors.

I'm going to go mad if I don't vent my anger!

Cecilia, who was sitting amongst the other parents, wore an equally sour expression on her face.

Arielle's little math show was an unwelcome revelation to Cecelia, who realized how grossly she had underestimated Arielle's talents.

Still, Cecelia struggled to wrap her head around the idea that a country bumpkin like Arielle could mentally solve Donovan's question under immense scrutiny and pressure.

What if Susanne kicks Wendy aside in favor of that bumpkin? It's not impossible anymore.

Cecilia was about to gauge Susanne's feelings on the matter when she spied Wendy running out of the auditorium.

"Wendy?" Shocked, Cecilia ran after her daughter.

Susanne watched the two and shook her head, an indecipherable expression on her face.

One can only surrender in the face of a stronger opponent. Thankfully, Arielle didn't disappoint me. Otherwise, I might be the one stomping out of this place in fury. That lucky coin I gave her earlier came in handy after all.

Just then, she overheard a conversation between two students seated in front of her. "Next time, we need to ask for Arielle's blessings before our exams. She's not some Goddess of Study anymore. Anything short of genius would be an insult to her intelligence!"

Susanne immediately tapped the shoulder of the student who had spoken and asked, "Pardon me, but I heard the two of you talking about how the two earlier questions on quantum mechanics were the most difficult questions today. Why do you seem more stunned than before by Arielle's solution to the third question?"

The student answered excitedly, "You see, Ma'am, while the third question isn't as difficult as the first two, even a math major like me couldn't have thought of solving it using the second method Arielle had proposed. She even gave three solutions, for God's sake! I could never do that in a million years! That's why we're awestruck."

Having left her knowledge of further mathematics far behind her, Susanne asked in confusion, "Is it difficult to solve this question with three different methods?"

"Of course! I swear, even our further mathematics teacher wouldn't have thought of the third method. Arielle used elementary mathematics functions to solve a further mathematics question. She's practically a mathematician at this point."

A mathematician?

Susanne swallowed hard as an unexplainable sense of excitement filled her heart.

Her phone rang suddenly, snapping her out of her thoughts.

When she saw the caller ID, Susanne grew puzzled.

Why is Vin calling me?

Despite her confusion, she accepted the call. "Hello?"

## Obsessed CEO Throws Himself at Me Chapter 978

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Chapter 978 A Rude Awakening

Vinson's voice drifted through the phone. "Mom, where are you?"

"I'm at Jadeborough University," Susanne replied as she walked to the doors of the auditorium. Unable to help herself, she began recounting Arielle's impressive math-solving spectacle to Vinson.

After she finished her story, Vinson paused, seemingly in thought. Sometime later, he asked, "Mom, does this mean you've accepted Arielle?"

Susanne coughed in surprise, her face blushing inexplicably.

"That's nonsense! I was only telling you what I saw today. I haven't accepted her; for your sake, I'm giving her three months to prove herself."

Vinson chuckled before saying, "So, did she prove herself tonight?"

"She..." The words seemed to have caught in Susanne's throat as she trailed off. Coughing several times, she continued, "Acing her studies isn't the only requirement. The Moores are nothing like their former selves. She won't be able to help you in your business ventures."

"Got it! I'll pass on your words and motivate her to try harder."

"Pfft, what motivation?" Susanne mumbled awkwardly.

Suddenly, as if she had remembered something, she asked, "Why did you call me?"

Her question reminded Vinson of his reasons for contacting Susanne.

"I know you've been tolerating the Greenses for two days because of my business in Horington," he explained. "Well, you can look forward to seven o'clock. The Greenses are going down."

Upon hearing that, Susanne's eyes lit up as she stammered, "What do you mean? The Greenses-"

"Mom, please don't breathe a word of this," Vinson interrupted her. "I just wanted to let you know earlier that you wouldn't have to put up with the Greenses any longer. They won't be a threat to me anymore."

"All right, I understand. I won't say a thing."

"Well, I'm heading to the university now to pick you and Sannie up."

"Okay."

Susanne found herself taking a deep breath after the call ended. All the tension seemed to leave her body in an instant.

She never thought that the family she had once considered as her prospective in-laws would one day disgust her so.

In contrast, her many grievances about Arielle in the past were beginning to fall apart.

Clearing her throat, Susanne recalled Arielle's three-month ultimatum. I will not accept her into the family if she can't show me her value by then.

It was right then that Cecilia had finally placated Wendy, and the pair ran into Susanne as they were heading back to the auditorium.

Cecilia hurried toward Susanne and asked, "Susanne, what are you doing out here?"

Susanne waved her phone at them. "Oh, I took a call," came her indifferent reply.

The uneasiness Wendy felt came rushing back when she took in Susanne's expression.

Biting her lip, Wendy steeled herself as she took a step forward. "Mrs. Nightshire, I promise that I'll get into Maxwell University!" she declared.

Amused, Susanne asked, "Why are you promising me such a thing? You should be saying this to your parents."

Her nonchalance appeared to tick Cecilia off as the latter voiced, "Susanne, what on earth do you mean? Wendy is your future daughter-in-law. Getting into Maxwell University would be a proud moment for you as well."

"Future daughter-in-law?" Susanne tilted her head in mock confusion. "When have I ever called Wendy my future daughter-in-law?" she questioned.

At that, Wendy's expression fell instantly.

"Mrs. Nightshire?"

## Obsessed CEO Throws Himself at Me Chapter 979

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Chapter 979 Shameless

Susanne wagged a disapproving finger as she cut Wendy off. "Wendy, it's inappropriate for a respectable young lady like you to call yourself one's daughter-in-law before the actual wedding takes place. It's a shameless act. Don't you think so?"

Upon hearing that, Wendy turned pale.

Susanne's abrupt change in demeanor made Wendy feel as though all the blood in her body had curdled.

If I lose Susanne's support, there goes my chance to marry Vinson.

At the prospect of that, a fear like nothing she had ever experienced gripped her around the neck.

"Mrs. Nightshire," she choked as she grabbed the older woman's elbow, all dignity forgotten. "Did I do something wrong? I apologize if I had inadvertently offended you. Please don't shut me out like that!"

"Like what?" Susanne wrenched herself free of Wendy's grip contemptuously. "I'm simply stating it as a matter of fact. You are not involved with Vin, are you? You're not even engaged! How could you call yourself my daughter-in-law?"

Wendy's eyes widened in shock, and she hardly dared to believe her ears.

"Mrs. Nightshire, what are you—"

"Susanne!" Cecilia interrupted as she lost her cool. "What are you talking about? You were the one who allowed Wendy to live with you, were you not? One would assume that that gesture was approval for her to be your daughter-in-law! Lest you forget, you have made me a promise to treat her well."

"That I did," Susanne concurred with a gracious nod. "I didn't speak out against her for the nasty manner in which she had conducted herself in school. I reckon that's a testament to my promise to you. Besides, the two of you had conspired to frame Arielle, the daughter of my old friend, as a cheater. You should consider yourselves lucky that I took no action against you! How dare you accuse me of such?"

"I..." Cecilia gasped, too fearful to remain coherent. "What exactly do you mean by that?"

"I meant exactly what I said. Listen carefully. I will never allow a girl like Wendy to marry my son. Kindly never go around acting as though you are my in-laws ever again. Have some self-respect."

Without sparing the pair another glance, Susanne turned on her heels and strode off into the auditorium.

It's going to happen at seven, isn't it? Not long to go.

Wendy gazed at Susanne's departing silhouette in despair.

"What happened, Mom?" she cried, grasping at her mother's arm like a lifeline. "What on earth happened?"

Cecilia, too, was shocked by Susanne's abrupt change.

Brought back to her senses by Wendy's painful clutches, Cecilia forced herself to regain her composure for her daughter's sake. "Don't worry about it. She's nothing but an opportunistic woman. In fact, it was said that she had become Mrs. Nightshire through unscrupulous means by breaking apart Mr. Nightshire and his

childhood sweetheart. She saw the way Arielle solved the mathematical problems and thought it was prouder to have her as a daughter-in-law instead of you, hence her treatment toward us.”

“I can’t believe it.” Wendy’s eyes were as round as saucers. “What a shallow woman she is.”

“Indeed. Not many are aware of this aside from folks of my generation. After she’d become Mrs. Nightshire, she took drastic means to censor information regarding her past on the internet and in the media. But oh, I still remember like it was yesterday how the news of it had shaken Jadeborough to its core.”

“You mustn’t give up at this point,” Cecilia added as she returned her daughter’s grasp reassuringly. “To stand a chance against Arielle, you need to show Susanne that you, too, are capable of providing her with future glory. Once she sees the potential in you, she will soon be sick of Arielle. After all, you are the legitimate daughter of the Greene family.”

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### Chapter 980

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Chapter 980 Coincidences

Wendy nodded vigorously.

Armed with the newly acquired knowledge of Susanne’s past, Wendy became secure in the fact that she was merely a victim of Susanne’s opportunistic proclivities.

As long as I earn a spot in Maxwell University, I will still stand a chance!

“I know, Mom.” Wendy gritted her teeth in determination. “I won’t take this to heart. In fact, I’ll begin working hard for a spot in Maxwell University as soon as we get back.”

Cecilia smiled and stroked the tip of Wendy’s nose. “That’s my girl. Let’s get back in. I’ll have a talk with Susanne and remind her that the expansion of her son’s business into Horington depends on currying our favor. I’m sure she will reconsider keeping up this hostile behavior when she realizes what’s at stake.”

Wendy nodded again as she strode back into the auditorium by her mother’s side. A great weight lifted off her shoulders.

Back at the very front of the auditorium, Donovan stared at the three solutions in disbelief. His fists shook with anger as he felt fear that he could not explain coursing through his heart.

Arielle actually solved it with a third method.

That fact alone rendered him thunderstruck. Most surprisingly of all, the method which Arielle had employed was, according to Noah, the usual way which San would use.

Solving a further mathematics question with formulas from elementary mathematics... That's San's style in solving mathematical problems. Why is Arielle using this method too?

Suddenly, Donovan recalled that she had in fact employed this method during one of the first tests of the semester.

Back then, it was due to Arielle's problem-solving method that he decided to select that as the area of research for his thesis.

It might have been a coincidence the first time. What about now? Is this another coincidence? Was it possible for there to be so many coincidences in the world?

Donovan's forehead was beaded with sweat as he stood quivering on the spot.

"Mr. Baxter."

Marcus, who had suddenly ascended the stage, called out, interrupting Donovan's reverie.

"Mr. Brown," Donovan responded as he turned reluctantly away from the blackboard.

"I am sure that this demonstration would suffice to prove Arielle's innocence, wouldn't it?"

Donovan gritted his teeth and nodded resignedly. "Yes, I suppose it would."

The monthly tests would not even serve as a challenge to Arielle if she is able to solve such a difficult problem with such finesse.

Marcus then announced, "With that being said, I think it's time for you to fulfill your end of the bargain, Mr. Baxter. The matter has been dragged on long enough."

Donovan clenched his jaw as he stared at Arielle, who received a napkin from Arthur to wipe the chalk off her hands with a mild and indifferent expression on her face as she did so.

It's like she doesn't even care if the situation glorifies her or humiliates her. Come to think of it, this is how she has reacted to everything. Like she doesn't give a damn.

It was this seemingly haughty expression of hers that had most incurred the ire of Donovan. Whenever he found himself face-to-face with her, he felt deeply insecure about his own abilities or even his worth as a human being.

“Mr. Baxter?” Marcus repeated after Donovan’s prolonged silence. “You owe Arielle an apology.”

Donovan froze as he cast an anxious gaze toward the crowd who had erupted in a smattering of chatter.

Every student in the auditorium was praising Arielle for her mathematical prowess. As their excitement grew, he felt more of his dignity slipping away.

Arielle, on the other hand, did not seem interested in what was running through Donovan’s mind. After returning the napkin to Arthur with a word of thanks, she turned toward Marcus. “If there isn’t anything else, I’ll be heading back to my seat.”

“Hold on a minute.” Marcus stepped forward to block Arielle in her path. “We have an unresolved business to attend to.”