

Obsessed CEO Throws Himself at Me

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King and his teammates were the only people on the mountain.

Henry gasped and pleaded, "Missy, please, I'm begging you, Just throw a grenade now!"

Arielle remained motionless as she continued peeking at the enemy.

Henry wanted to plead to her again, but Jared reached out a hand to press the former's shoulder. "Keep quiet!"

Henry got frightened upon seeing the stern expression on Jared's face. Subconsciously, he turned around and stared at the screen with the latter. There's no way that she can kill King. Jared should really stop daydreaming!

Right then, Jared commanded, "Shoot now."

"Okay." Arielle adjusted the crosshair of her gun and pressed the fire button swiftly.

Bang! The next second, the location of where King was standing turned red. It turned out that Arielle had shot him through his head.

"Holy sh*t!" Henry got so shocked that he could not help but cuss.

Arielle did not hesitate. She continued to fire another two shots in the same direction.

Soon, lumps of green smoke appeared on top of King's corpse, followed by a sentence on the bottom left of the

screen: King has been killed by Harvey.

Henry widened his eyes in disbelief as he stared at Arielle incredulously. He was on the verge of doubting reality. Who am I? Where am I? What's going on?

Jared, too, was stunned. In fact, he was only trying his luck when he asked Arielle to shoot, so he did not expect Arielle to actually hit the target.

Moreover, she managed to fire three shots without any intervals. All of her shots were accurate enough to hit King's head.

However, Jared looked way calmer compared to Henry.

A moment later, Arielle broke the silence and said, "There are still two players left. One of them is on the mountain, but I don't know where the other one is. I'll kill that guy on the mountain first."

Jared opened his mouth, but the words never came as his mind went blank.

Right then, Henry had regained his senses. He yelled excitedly, "Kill them! Kill all the stupid hackers! You can do it, Boss!"

He had begun to see Arielle as his new leader in PUBG. She's an incredibly professional player!

Initially, Henry thought that he had overestimated Arielle's capability. After all, the main reason King got killed was due to his negligence.

However, Arielle did not let him down. She continued to charge forward to the mountain. As soon as she reached where the other player was, they started a gun battle. Although the enemy was well prepared, his accuracy and reaction speed were not as good as Arielle's.

With that, she instantly killed him with a headshot. After picking up that player's equipment, she ran down the mountain to look for the last enemy.

However, the last man in King's team decided to hide after the rest of his teammates got killed.

Arielle did not rush to find him. Instead, she began a massacre and killed everyone she saw.

As soon as the zone closed in until a small circle, she killed the last enemy and won the game.

The match ended soon after.

Based on the rules, since Jared had accepted the challenge, the whole team would be involved in it too.

Therefore, Arielle became a ranked two player on the scoreboard after killing all three players in King's team.

Henry's expression changed from disbelief to shock in a few seconds. Finally, a horrific look appeared on his face. Did she just kill everyone in the game? How is that possible?

He found it hard to believe everything he saw. Not only

did Arielle destroy King's team, but she also killed the rest of the players in a short time.

It seemed like she was almost as capable as Zero One, the highest-ranked player throughout the seasons.

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Meanwhile, the players who were spectating the game got hyped as they started a discussion across the channels.

destroy King's team?

He killed all the players in only sixteen minutes.

His skills reminds me of Zero One.

He's still not a match for Zero One, though. Zero One had killed the rest of the ninety-nine players in twelve minutes.

Anyway, he's still strong! King's going to get so angry. He thought he could win the challenge by killing the two enemies. But, he ended up getting killed by a player in rank ten. What a joke!

Everyone let out a sigh of relief upon knowing that the hacker got defeated.

When Henry and Arielle were celebrating their victory, Jared suddenly received a reply from the reporting system.

"How is it? Did the report work?" Henry took a step forward to look at the computer.

A sentence appeared in the middle of the screen: Sorry. Your report toward player King is not accepted. The user did not violate any rules after our investigation.

“What? How is that not accepted? They’re obviously hacking the game!”
Henry got infuriated.

Jared shrugged as if he had expected that outcome. “Forget it. That’s normal.”

After all, the game developer had too much to take care of. They did not have sufficient employees to investigate the hacking system. Hence, they used bots to handle all the reports.

Just then, Arielle took out her phone and said, “Give me a moment.”

“What are you going to do, Boss?” Henry asked curiously.

Arielle dialed a number based on her memory. Then, she mumbled as she waited for the call to connect, “I’m going to report that hacker.”

Henry shook his head helplessly. “Are you calling the customer service? That’s not going to work. I’ve called them before. They said that they needed twenty-four hours to review the problem, but they did not do anything in the end. Just give up. It’s not going to work.”

Arielle shook her head. “I’m not calling the customer service.”

Upon hearing that, Henry teased, “Who are you calling, then? The boss of the game development company?”

He did not believe that she would have the boss’ number. Moreover, he reckoned that the boss would never bother to care about such trivial things.

However, as soon as the call connected, Arielle said, “Hey, Ryan. It’s me, San.

Jared and Henry were dumbfounded. Ryan? Isn’t he the CEO of the game development company for PUBG?

Arielle continued to speak on the phone, “Can you help me to settle something? A player with his ID named King has hacked a match at four in the afternoon, Chanaea time.”

A moment later, she responded with a ‘Thank you’ and hung up the call.

Henry frowned as he asked in disbelief, “Boss, don’t tell me that you know Ryan. Did he actually agree to help

Suddenly, a notification sounded from Jared’s computer. It was a message from the reporting system.

Jared rushed forward to open the message. A page popped out again in the middle of the screen: Your report has been approved. After our investigation, we've noticed that the player, King, has used hacks during the game. We will proceed to ban his account. Thank you for reporting. You will receive a set of limited skins as a reward. We hope you enjoy the game.

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Henry saw the message from the system as well and immediately urged Jared to check the type of skin that had been sent.

Jared clicked on his inventory, and he realized that the system had sent him a skin of epic grade. It looked really cool, and the parachute even had some special effects.

"Oh my!" Henry was so jealous.

After all, that skin cost three thousand, and one needed to enter a lucky draw in order to obtain the right to buy it. Each lucky draw entry required fifty from the player, and the least number of lucky draws in the forum was more than eight hundred times.

This is such a huge gain!

Henry got so envious that he turned around and started to suck up to Arielle.

"Boss, I never doubted you for a second! Can you also get Ryan to send me one?"

"Sure." Arielle nodded, and it took her quite a while to send the message.

Before Jared could recover from the surprise of Arielle's gift, he saw an announcement in the chatbox: After our investigation, player King was found to have violated the regulations of the game. As such, he will be permanently suspended. As for the rest of his teammates, they will be suspended for a year as a

penalty. PUBG has always advocated fair gaming. We hope that all players will abide by the rules and regulations. Please remember to play in moderation.

There was no way that any of the players in PUBG could have missed the message.

King and his two teammates immediately became the laughingstock of the gaming world.

Ten minutes earlier at Actonward residence, Mason saw that he had been defeated by a player who was ranked tenth and wanted to smash the keyboard.

But when he remembered that he was at Yvette's house, he had no choice but to suppress his anger and log off the account.

Mason had spent lots of money to hack the game for that fight. After defeating the players that were ranked number one and fourth, he did not expect to be defeated by a player who was ranked tenth.

If he was the only one who was killed, that would have been fine. What he did not expect was that tenth ranking player to start a massacre and finish his entire team off.

This player is no ordinary person!

Perhaps that's why Jared accepted my challenge.

It must have been a trap!

This is so humiliating!

However, for him, the heartache was worse than the humiliation.

He was not gifted in his studies and work. But, when it came to gaming, that was a whole different story. It was something he was good at. That was why he would accept orders after work and play for others.

King was one of the accounts he had accepted. Although the account owner was very poor in his gaming skills, he was also extremely wealthy.

The account owner's father had promised him five hundred thousand if he became number one on the scoreboard.

Five hundred thousand was definitely no small sum.

If Mason could earn that kind of money, perhaps Yvette's father would be impressed with him instead of treating him like a pest.

However, his plan had been ruined because of the tenth ranking player, and he was beside himself with fury.

Nonetheless, the sponsor's father had promised a payment of two hundred thousand if he managed to get into any of the top three positions.

Two hundred thousand is a lot lesser than five hundred thousand. But, money is money, right? At the very least, I can show off my gaming skills in front of Russell.

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For all I know, Russell might even arrange for me to compete professionally, and I can eventually become a professional e-sports player.

Nowadays, e-sports players are able to earn quite well.

Perhaps I can get rich by doing this.
And when the time comes, Yvette might come to like me even more.

The more Mason thought about it, the happier he became. He passed up on the idea of achieving number one on the scoreboard and made a call to the sponsor's father to ask for his two hundred thousand.

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However, the moment the call was answered, the other party started scolding him. "You bloody b*stard! You've ruined my account! I have several limited edition items in there. You've ruined everything!"

Mason was stunned when he was berated. Once the other party had cooled off a little, he asked, "Mr. Wayne, are you mistaken? Since when did I ruin your account? I simply failed to attain first in the ranking, that's all. But I did manage to get your account into the third position. Shouldn't you be giving me the two hundred thousand that you have promised?"

"Go to hell! You have no idea what just happened, do you?"

"W-What happened?" Mason was completely clueless.

His customer took a deep breath and said, "See if you can log in. If you can, I will give you two million instead!"

Mason was puzzled.

How difficult can it be to log into the account? Why

crazy?

Well, who cares whether he is crazy or not? If logging

a fool would refuse such an offer.

Mason was simple-minded enough not to ponder too much about his customer's weird behavior. He started to

log in with excitement.

During the logging-in process, Mason was even planning on how he was going to spend the money.

Perhaps, I will buy Yvette a luxurious car that is worth more than a million and use the rest of the money to buy a branded watch for Russell.

The more he thought about it, the more hyped up he became. In fact, he felt that this moment was the peak of his life.

Two million, here I come!

Mason located the chat history with the account holder's father and attempted to log into the account again.

Just as Mason clicked on the login button, he failed to enter into the games page. Instead, a white frame popped up.

He squinted his eyes and saw the message.

This is a gentle reminder: Your account has been permanently suspended due to a violation of our rules and regulations. Should you have any dispute regarding this matter, kindly click here to submit your reasons.

The excitement on Mason's face disappeared instantly. He stared at the message and thought that his eyes were playing tricks on him.

How is this possible?

I've purchased the latest and the best software. The seller has guaranteed that PUBG's bot would not be able to detect it!

So how did this happen?

“I don’t believe it! I must have seen wrongly!”

With trembling hands, Mason forcibly closed the page and tried to log in again.

same white frame appeared. The content was still the same as before. It stated that he had violated the regulations and was being suspended permanently.

As for the reason for the account’s suspension, it was a no-brainer. Once the other party started to delve deeper, they would surely discover his illegal use of third-party software.

At that moment, Mason’s mind had gone blank.

What should I do? What am I going to do?

This account is worth millions. I’m just a clerk earning six thousand a month. How am I going to find so much money to pay him back?

Mason felt cool dampness on his back. He reached behind and realized that he had been sweating profusely. His shirt was so drenched that the perspiration could be wrung out of it.

“Did you see it?” yelled the account owner. “My account has been suspended for good because of you! I want you to compensate me for my losses! Otherwise, I will sue you in court!”

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Mason wiped off the sweat on his forehead as he stammered into the phone, “I-I’m sorry. The game should never have picked up on the hack in the first place. I have no idea how their bots managed to detect it. Mr. Wayne, please give me a bit more time. I swear I can create a new account and become the highest ranked player in the game by the end of this season.”

“F*ck you! Do you think this is a matter of ranking? My account is worth millions! What makes you think that creating a new account is enough to compensate for my losses?”

Mason swallowed nervously and asked, “T-Then, how do I fix this?”

“How? Money, of course! Two million, and not a dime less!”

"Two million?" Mason gasped, struggling to come up with a coherent reply. "I'm just an ordinary Joe. How am I supposed to come up with two million?"

"That's your problem, not mine. If I don't see that money in my account by midnight, I'll see you in court!"

His caller hung up without giving Mason a chance to reply.

Mason slumped in his chair. He regretted how he had allowed his greed to blind him into challenging the highest-ranked player in the game. All this just so I could get an extra three hundred thousand more...

Achieving the third-highest rank in the game was a result of his hard work. He had never used a hacker account before this match.

Nonetheless, it was too late for any regret now.

After staring blankly for a while, Mason suddenly recalled the company who had sold him the hacks.

That's it! I could contact them and claim damages worth two million!

His hope reignited, Mason immediately dialed the number of the company.

The line, however, went unanswered.

Just as Mason was about to give up, someone answered his call.

"Hello?" He launched into an impassioned plea. "They discovered the hacks you sold me and took my account off the server forever. I'm demanding compensation!"

"Hah! Compensate you? We were just about to look for you when you came knocking on our door!"

Mason frowned in confusion, "What do you mean?"

"What do I mean?" The person on the other end of the phone sounded far more agitated than Mason had been. "Your hacking incident has become public knowledge. The developers traced your hacks to us, and they're planning to sue us! We're looking at a lawsuit worth at

least tens of millions! It's all because of you that we're facing this massive lawsuit!"

"How is that possible?" Mason added in disbelief, "I'm just a normal gamer like everyone else. Why would the developers of a game as famous as PUBG take notice of me? Maybe they've already had their eyes on your company for a while?"

"F*ck you!"

Mason sighed inwardly. I'm like everyone's punching bag today.

The employee of the hacker company continued, "If you don't believe me, why don't you create a new account and log into the game? The developers have made an in-game announcement about your little fiasco, and they're planning to take legal action against future incidents of hacking. You've basically tanked our entire business!"

Mason hastily logged into his original account. There was indeed such an in-game announcement posted by the developers, along with the name of the hacker company whose services he had engaged.

They weren't lying about the developers coming after them.

Mason felt like his heart was about to leap out of his throat. He had never felt this hopeless in his life.

Meanwhile, angry words continued drifting in through

the receiver. "Tens of millions! Dear God! Where the hell are we going to get this money? I'm telling you, you must've gotten yourself on someone's bad side. I bet the highest-ranked player in the game has ties with the developer, or they wouldn't come down on us so strongly!"

Mason wiped the cold sweat off his forehead subconsciously.

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Mason had always been a calculative character. The only reason he considered using a hack was because he thought that the highest-ranked player in PUBG was a poor, inconsequential chap.

I bit off more than I could chew!

After a few seconds of silence, the employee of the hacker company warned, "You'd better give us every single penny you have, or we'll turn your life into a living hell!"

Mason sputtered in fright, "I-I don't have money."

"Are you dirt-broke or something? Hah! Say goodbye to your legs then!"

The call ended abruptly, leaving behind a dejected Mason who was struggling to come to terms with how quickly things had gone downhill.

I would never have challenged the highest-ranked player if I knew things were going to turn out like this!

He no longer had the luxury to stew in regret. Mason knew he needed to start gathering money for compensation

Money...

He surveyed the luxurious room he was in.

I don't have money, but the Actonwards are swimming in cash. I'm sure they won't notice a thing if I stole some

stuff. No, no, that doesn't even entail stealing. Yvette and I are legally married, so this is just me selling some items that I own.

After convincing himself of the lawfulness of his actions, Mason got up and left the bedroom.

He planned to take a gander around the Actonward residence and make a note of any items he could sell.

Meanwhile, in a private booth in an Internet cafe, Jared

and Henry were awestruck at Arielle's skills.

Within a few short minutes, they watched Arielle trace the exact location of King's account based on the player's IP login. Some typing later, she hacked into another system and managed to identify the hacker company behind King's account.

Within the day, PUBG's developers had posted an in game announcement declaring their intention to crack down on hackers in their game.

They had no idea how she had single-handedly destroyed King and the hacker company with seemingly nothing but some rapid strokes of her keyboard.

She's freaking amazing!

"B-Boss," Jared had unknowingly addressed Arielle as his boss like Henry. "Don't you think you went a tad overboard with your revenge? All we had to do was to ban King's account. Y-You didn't have to go so far for us."

Arielle hung up on her call with Ryan before turning to Henry. "Remember to claim the free skin in your account." Only then did she face Jared and say, "I didn't do all this for you. It was for me."

Confused, Jared asked, "What do you mean?"

She smirked and replied, "I happen to be acquainted with the player behind this account."

Arielle never imagined that her random foray into a game would cause her to cross paths with the despicable Mason.

It'll be such a waste if I didn't teach him a memorable lesson.

Taking down Mason in such a grand fashion also guaranteed that he would not show up during Shandie's funeral and create a scene.

I can finally relax. That a*shole's probably busy collecting money to pay off the people after his neck.

Arielle was incredibly pleased with how everything had turned out.

Her smile, however, sent chills through Jared and Henry's spines.

We underestimated our classmate! She's a triple threat! Studies, gaming, and even hacking! What can't she do?

Jared was even rejoicing in the fact that he was not

Arielle's enemy. I wouldn't even know how I died if she was behind it.

"Everything's over," Arielle said as she stretched her tense muscles. "Any of you still want to game? If not, let's get something to eat. My treat!"

Henry nodded eagerly. "Anything you say, Boss!"

What an honor!

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The next moment, Jared piqued up, "You did us such a huge favor. We should be the ones treating you to a meal!"

Henry nodded as eagerly as before. "Yes! He's right! Please accept our treat. It would be rude to have a girl treat us anyway."

Arielle refused their offers. "I'm in a great mood today. So let me have my way; you can treat me another day."

"Alrighty then!" Henry asked, "So, where should we eat?"

Before Arielle could answer, the door to their booth was suddenly kicked open, followed by a familiar voice.

"Jared, what the hell did you do this time?"

Isn't this Harvey's voice? Arielle was stunned.

As expected, Harvey stormed into the room soon after.

Jared scrunched his brows and was about to reply when Arielle cut in, "Harvey Jupiter?"

Harvey froze in motion before whipping around to stare at Arielle.

Once he recognized her, he asked in surprise, "Arielle, what are you doing here?"

She smiled in response. "I should be asking you the same thing. Aren't you abroad? When did you get

back?"

Harvey's anger seemed to deflate in an instant as he said, "I just got back. I got a phone call from the principal the minute I got off the plane, telling me that my younger brother's in trouble."

As he mentioned his younger brother, Harvey's gaze landed on Jared, who was next to Arielle.

"Wait. You guys know each other?"

Arielle eyed Jared and realized something akin to reverence in the latter's gaze. He must be pretty scared of his older brother.

Recalling how furious Harvey had been when he

soothe some of the tension. "Yes, we're classmates now. We're both in the preparatory class for Jadeborough University. I practically begged him to show me around Jadeborough."

"Ah, I see." Harvey nodded as the last hints of anger left his features. He turned to Jared next. "That was kind of you. If Arielle's bored, you should show her around town. I'll keep this from grandpa."

Jared's eyes widened in shock.

I thought he would hit me for sure! How did he make a complete one-eighty after a word from Arielle? Could it

be...

His gaze darted between Arielle and Harvey as he came to a realization.

She might become my sister-in-law in the future. That would be awesome! She's the coolest! So what if those fake socialites said she's from the countryside? Arielle's insanely talented and friendly to boot. She's more than a fitting match for Harvey!

Their conversation, however, told Jared that Harvey's pursuit of Arielle had yet to succeed.

He decided right then and there to help them speed things along. "Thanks, Harvey. Boss was about to treat us to a meal. You probably haven't eaten anything after getting off the plane; would you like to join us?"

Harvey looked at his younger brother approvingly before speaking to Arielle. "I haven't eaten. You wouldn't mind me tagging along, would you? I swear I won't eat you out of house and home."

Arielle smiled and shook her head. "Of course not. I've got things to ask you anyway."

"That's great. Lead the way, then."

The four of them left the internet cafe. The attractive group invited admiring stares from other patrons in the internet cafe.

Someone even pulled out his phone to discreetly snap a shot of the group. He posted it online and added a cheeky caption: Ran into some hotties in the internet

cafe. Yay or nay?

The person who uploaded the photo happened to be a popular game streamer, and his post was soon bombarded with comments from his followers.

Where's this place? Sign me up!

Yay, a billion times yay! Especially that gal!

Arielle remained blissfully unaware of her anonymous stardom on the Internet. She walked ahead with Harvey, while Henry and Jared kept a distance to give them

some privacy.

Hmm? This route seems oddly familiar.

Henry piqued up, "Aren't we walking back to the university? Is Boss treating us to a meal at the cafeteria?"

"Hey, a treat is a treat. Be grateful," came Jared's curt reply.

Henry grew more perplexed. "Aren't you a picky eater? Why are you suddenly so considerate?"

Jared left his friend's question hanging in the air.

Once Harvey's married, he won't have the time to interfere in my business anymore. What's a bit of cafeteria food for the sake of his marriage and my independence? I can eat anything!

Jared's expression changed slightly. Okay, maybe not anything

As Arielle led them toward Jadeborough University, she whispered to Harvey, "Did you find any clues during your trip overseas?"

Harvey nodded and did not bother sugarcoating anything since Arielle was now fully involved. "We tracked the coordinates you gave us, but the place was empty

when we arrived. We did find something useful, though. The clues are presently pointing us toward a shipping company.”

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“A shipping company?” Arielle asked suspiciously, “The legal owner of that company is behind all this?”

Harvey shook his head and continued, “No, he’s an average businessman. Something doesn’t add up, though. It’s kind of odd for the legal owner of such a big company to be your average Joe. Anyway, once we’ve properly identified the guy, we can continue our investigations.”

“All right.” Arielle muttered to herself thoughtfully, “A shipping company.”

Shipping companies typically did not come across as glamorous as real estate, luxury goods, or technology giants, but it would be ill-advised to underestimate their profitability. It was also easy for shipping companies to smuggle other items with legitimate cargo.

They were privy to all sorts of intel thanks to their access to ports across the globe.

They couldn’t have picked a better front for their operations.

Arielle said coldly, “By the way, Chanaea strictly forbids the private sales of guns and explosives. But look at me; I’ve encountered two explosions already! They must’ve been able to smuggle those things into Chanaea under the guise of shipping cargo.”

Her guess seemed to remind Harvey of something. He clapped his hands once and said, “I can pull some strings with my friends at customs and get my hands on

that company’s cargo log.”

Arielle voiced her agreement but advised him to act cautiously. “Remember to stay under the radar; we don’t want to lose this lead. We’re dealing with some very cunning enemies.”

Harvey nodded a few times for good measure. “I know. I’ll get in touch with them and discuss our next steps. I would’ve called them while I was abroad, but I was worried that they might’ve bugged our phones.”

His caution impressed Arielle. "You're right. They have some pretty skilled hackers, and we shouldn't drop our guard."

Soon enough, the four of them arrived at the university's cafeteria.

"You brought us to the cafeteria?" Several moments passed before Harvey realized where they were.

"Uh-huh. Do you mind? I'm kind of strapped for cash these days, so this is all I can afford."

"Of course not! Why would I mind?" Harvey added hastily, "Just let me know if you're short on cash. What's your account number, and how much do you need?"

Arielle rejected his offer immediately. "Thank you, but I'm really okay. I have enough money; I just can't use it too freely at the moment."

Now that Vinson's enemies had their eyes on her, she refrained from accessing her offshore account to protect her identity. Consequently, Arielle only had access to her allowance from Henrick.

It was not a measly sum either, amounting to two million. Still, it was prudent to spend frugally and save the funds for unforeseen emergencies.

Harvey stood by his offer. "Just let me know if you need money."

She flashed him a grateful smile. "I don't, but thank you for your thought. All right, then, less talking and more eating! Get whatever you want!"

"I'm fine with anything as long as meat's on the menu! But Jared-

Harvey's words had Jared piquing up, "I'm not picky either! I'm fine with anything!"

Henry stared at his friend in disbelief.

Jared was notorious for being a fussy eater.

"Do you have a crush on Boss?" Henry asked under his breath.

Jared stared at his friend like he was daft. "No! That's my future sister-in-law, you dumb*ss!"

A look of realization appeared on Henry's face, and he added loudly, "I'm not fussy with my food either. Boss,

you can just order some food for us to share.”

“All right, then. Why don’t you get yourselves some pasta and grab a seat? I’ll be over soon.”

“Pasta?” Henry was confused. “Where’s the counter?”

Arielle pointed at a corner and said, “Over there.”

She froze as soon as the words left her mouth.

Why would I know where the pasta counter is?

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Arielle suddenly recalled Vinson saying that her mother used to work as a guest lecturer in the university and that her mother occasionally brought Arielle along.

So this is what Vinson meant when he said that visiting familiar places of my past would help to jog my memories. It’s working! I should stay at the university

longer, then. It’s probably more effective in jogging my memory than digging for clues from more than ten

years ago.

The others did not find her knowledge of the cafeteria layout surprising. Harvey merely said, “I’ll help you with the shared dishes. Jared, Henry; the two of you can

Arielle did not refuse his offer, and they headed to the main counter to order some dishes.

The cafeteria had a vast selection of dishes to choose from, and Arielle ended up ordering eight dishes and a soup. She and Harvey carried the plates to the table where Jared and Henry were waiting.

Kelsea and Wendy happened to be in the cafeteria as well, basking in Christopher’s attention and personal food-ordering service. There was no shortage of people clamoring to assist them thanks to their beauty, even in an unfamiliar environment such as Jadeborough University.

The three of them were looking for seats in the cafeteria when a commotion broke out.

“Oh my God! That girl is gorgeous!”

Both Kelsea and Wendy smiled knowingly.

They must be talking about one of us.

Christopher did not even bother lifting his head as he said, “They must be talking about the two of you. Even the students in my year can’t stop going on and on about you two. You should start preparing your speech for homecoming queen.”

Kelsea arched her brow arrogantly while Wendy tucked a lock of hair behind her ear and said shyly, “Christopher, you’re making us blush. The campus is brimming with beautiful girls. They might not even be talking about us.”

Her words were but a show of faux modesty. Wendy was confident that the students in the cafeteria were

Kelsea is pretty, yes, but she’s so uptight. Her beauty is rather old-fashioned, I suppose.

“That’s impossible; I’m sure they’re talking about you.” Christopher finally raised his head and stared at the source of the commotion.

Wendy and Kelsea’s eyes followed the direction of his gaze out of curiosity,

To their surprise, the student who had gasped was not pointing at Kelsea or Wendy at all. “Calling her a

goddess is an understatement!”

The girls’ expressions darkened instantly when they realized that neither of them had been the subject of that student’s admiration.

Christopher seemed to catch on to their displeasure and tried to coax them, “They probably didn’t see the two of you yet.”

Kelsea and Wendy ignored him in favor of figuring out who their competitor was.

A figure moved slowly through the crowd, offering them only a glimpse of her profile, which was more than enough for Kelsea and Wendy to recognize her.

Of course it has to be Arielle!

Wendy's jaw clenched involuntarily.

Freaking Arielle! She's always ruining my parade! Isn't it enough for her to steal my thunder in class? Now she's even to trample all over me in the cafeteria? What sort of a twisted association is this?

Kelsea was not faring any better. Arielle, Arielle, Arielle! Why is she everywhere?

In the next instant, however, Kelsea's eyes brightened as she spotted the figure next to Arielle.

Isn't that Harvey?

Carter was always hanging out with Harvey, so she had spoken to him a few times before this.

Harvey had come across as a sort of honest fellow then. He may seem a bit stoic at times, but he's freaking loaded. And it's not just money; his family is super powerful as well. Since Mrs. Nightshire's already decided on Wendy as her daughter-in-law, I've lost my chance with Vinson; he's in some ambiguous relationship with Arielle anyway. It's a good time for me to switch targets.

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Harvey seemed much more approachable than Vinson and his cold demeanor.

Kelsey thought Harvey looked pleasant as well. Though his skin was on the fairer side, he had striking features, and the faint scar on his face simply elevated his masculinity.

Battle scars had always been fatally attractive to women like Kelsey

Harvey it is then! I can't possibly spend my whole life playing chess. Plus, I'm a Morgan. I'm sure his family will accept my background, even if all I know is playing chess.

As Kelsea plotted her way to marrying into the Jupiter family, Wendy was stewing in annoyance and hatred.

Christopher followed Kelsea and Wendy's gaze quizzically.

How beautiful could she be that even these two are agog?

His eyes soon widened with surprise and understanding.

Christopher spied Arielle just as she was taking a seat.

She seemed to be born with a natural halo that demanded attention and admiration. Christopher knew without a doubt that he would be able to spot her even in a crowded cafeteria.

I can't even come up with a word that can adequately encompass her beauty.

His gaze traveled across her pearly white teeth and sparkling eyes. Her smile looked like a work of art.

Christopher was tongue-tied as he admired Arielle's beauty from afar.

He had never behaved in such a manner before Kelsea and Wendy. He finally comprehended the fact that true beauty was breathtaking and untouchable. It was a far cry from Kelsea and Wendy's attention-seeking ways.

Christopher racked his brains for a word worthy enough of Arielle's beauty. He came up short and eventually mumbled, "Beautiful."

Kelsea and Wendy both turned around and glared at Christopher.

He realized the error of his words and scratched the back of his head awkwardly. "The two of you are beautiful as well. Beauty is in the eyes of the beholder,

Christopher's reply merely infuriated the girls further.

What do you mean by 'beautiful as well?' We don't want to hear anything nice about freaking Arielle!

Kelsea decided to ditch Christopher as she said woodenly, "Thanks for lunch. We're leaving."

Astonished, he asked, "Where are you going? You haven't eaten any of the food."

She merely straightened herself and said disdainfully, "I saw someone I knew over there. We can grab a meal together next time. Let's go, Wendy."

She dragged Wendy and began walking toward Arielle.

Worried and confused, Wendy asked, "Don't you think you were too rude to Christopher earlier?"

"So what?" Kelsea scoffed. "He may be the president of the student council, but he's nothing once we get out of the university gates. Don't forget that we're not just students here. We carry the prestige of our families' names."

Wendy's concern dissipated instantly. After enrolling in university, she had almost forgotten her status as the heiress of the Greene family.

Everyone knew of the formidable Greene family of Horington. She may be an average student in university, but the Greene heiress should have no qualms about dismissing someone as inconsequential as the student council president.

She relaxed and asked, "So, where are we going?"

Kelsea replied, "To find Arielle."

"What?" Wendy almost jumped in shock. But before she could warn Kelsea against it, they found themselves

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standing next to Arielle's table.

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Wait! I Have Something to Say!

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Send a Gift to the Writer!