

# Obsessed CEO Throws Himself at Me

## Chapter 1021

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*Name: Jared Jupiter*

*Score: 470*

He had scored full marks on every subject except Chanaean.

"We've discovered another genius just like you, Arielle! He's your classmate, Jared, from the same preparatory class!" Marcus stated excitedly upon noticing her staring at the exam papers.

Marcus valued talents over everything and appreciated talented people more than fame or material wealth.

"Congratulations, Mr. Brown!" Arielle replied with a faint smile when she saw him beaming with excitement.

Marcus nodded happily, only to shrug and sigh moments later. "It's a shame you're withdrawing..." he voiced.

Arielle simply maintained her smile and kept quiet.

*With a principal like this, Jared won't have to worry about developing his talents even if he didn't make it into Maxwell University! I must say, I am rather surprised that he scored full marks on every subject except Chanaean! I've always known him for being talented and smart, but I didn't think he'd get this far.*

After completing the withdrawal procedure, Marcus walked Arielle all the way to the campus gate.

The two of them happened to bump into Queenie, who was hailing a cab at the gate.

Both Arielle and Queenie had cold looks in their eyes when they exchanged glances, but the former was filled with indifference, while the latter was filled with hatred.

As the principal was around, Queenie could not really say anything and simply nodded at him before leaving in her cab.

Thinking Arielle didn't know who Queenie was, Marcus gave her a quick introduction. "That is Mr. Baxter's wife, by the way. They seem to be a really loving couple. She even stayed over in his dormitory last night!"

Arielle was somewhat surprised to have learned that. "She spent the night in Donovan's dorm room?"

Marcus didn't mind Arielle addressing Donovan by name. Nodding, he answered, "Yeah. They seemed pretty awkward with each other the last time I saw them, but I think they've worked things out now. Quarrels between married couples are common and inevitable, but they always kiss and make up in the end..."

Realizing he had let the cat out of the bag, Marcus quickly stopped himself and ended the conversation by saying, "Oops, I shouldn't have said that. Anyway, you take care now, Arielle! Feel free to drop by anytime, okay? We could even hire you as a lecturer if you'd like!"

"Thank you, Mr. Brown." Arielle flashed him a smile as she got into the car Sasha had brought around.

Along the way to the office, she kept thinking about what Marcus said earlier and found it hard to believe.

*Queenie and Donovan being a loving couple? Huh... Oh, well... It's good news for me, I suppose. This way, they won't bother messing with me anymore. It's always nice to have less trouble to deal with.*

She was snapped out of her train of thoughts when Sasha turned around and asked, "Where to, Ms. Moore?"

"Southall Group."

"Right away."

As Sasha was a really skilled driver, it didn't take long before their car was parked in front of the Southall Group office building.

Although Arielle had sent a text in the group chat summoning all higher-ups of Southall Group for a meeting,

only a few of them were present when she entered the conference room.

Oliver and Jacob were nowhere in sight, but that didn't surprise Arielle in the slightest

As she calmly walked toward the front of the table, a middle aged man who was balding like Oliver stood up and uttered with a smile, "Sorry, Ms Moore Most of the directors are either busy or outstation at the moment. Your message came a little too suddenly, so only a few of us are able to attend this meeting."

Staring at the balding man, Arielle called out to him with an expressionless look on her face, "Madam Chairman

"What?" The balding man was confused.

Arielle narrowed her eyes and replied in an icy voice, "I've mentioned this before. You are to address me as 'Madam Chairman.'"

The look on the balding man's face tensed up instantly upon hearing that.

He wanted to burst out laughing at her but found himself unable to say a word in the face of her domineering aura

After a long moment of silence, the balding man was finally able to regain his composure and forced the words out of his mouth. "M—Madam Chairman..."

Arielle nodded and clasped her hands together as she eyed everyone at the table.

"It's fine if we don't have everyone in attendance today. I'm just here to inform you all that Southall Group will be renamed to Moore Group starting today. I'll get the paperwork done at the bank in a bit. All right, that will be all. Meeting dismissed!"

The balding man leaped to his feet and protested, "Ms. Moore... I mean, Madam Chairman, how could you just change the company's name like that? Mr. Campbell isn't even here today."

*Okay, this guy is one of Jacob's lackeys, I see.*

"I've already informed everyone in the group chat, so him being absent is none of my concern," Arielle stated calmly as she stood up.

"Even so, we still have to discuss this with the other directors."

"It's just a name change. As chairperson of this company, I can make that decision without discussing it with all of you."

Arielle's eyes were filled with so much disdain that the man began sweating anxiously.

"Y—You..."

"That's enough. I'm going to take a look at the AI technology department so you guys can get back to work now." Arielle then ignored him and left the conference room after that.

The balding man wanted to go after her, but Sasha blocked his path at the door.

He tried to force his way past her out of desperation, only to have Sasha slam him against the floor with a shoulder throw.

"This is for your medical fees," she muttered while tossing a check at him before catching up to Arielle outside.

"Outrageous! Simply outrageous!" the balding man shouted, prompting the others in the conference room to follow suit..

They had seen plenty of deception and manipulation in power struggles, but Arielle was the first to use such a direct and brutal approach.

It was so shocking and unusual that they could not even tell if she was naïve or simply plain stupid.

*I've never been humiliated like this in my entire life! Just you wait, Arielle. I'll be sure to get my revenge on you once you get overthrown! Without your title as chairman, there's nothing a mere woman like you can do about it!*

With that thought in mind, the bald man felt a little better about himself and called Jacob after leaving the conference room.

"Mr. Campbell, that girl showed up today, claiming she's going to rename the company as Moore Group."

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"What?" Jacob froze for a moment before continuing, "Forget it. Let her be. I don't care about the name."

*I'll rename the company to Campbell Group when I become chairman, anyway!*

Meanwhile, Oliver, too, received a phone call about the name change.

"She's renaming it to Moore Group? Haha! That's not a bad name! Let her be!"

*My family name is Moore, so she'll just save me the trouble of renaming the company when I rise to power!*

“By the way, Mr. Moore, Arielle is on her way to the AI technology department right now.”

“Let her be. The team of designers working there doesn’t respect me even though I’m in charge of that department, so they sure as hell won’t listen to her!”

“Understood.”

After hanging up the phone, Oliver got out of his car and entered the office building of his restaurant franchise.

Jacob, too, owned a company of his own.

Although both of their medium-sized enterprises were not as grand as Moore Group, they were still rather lucrative businesses.

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## Chapter 1023

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Despite Moore Group being a large enterprise, it suffered huge losses due to poor management and embezzlement of funds by its higher-ups. Things got so terrible that being able to cut down on losses was considered a huge feat.

Southall Group’s reputation took a steep dive after the incident with Henrick, so it was practically impossible for the company to get out of the red.

Oliver and Jacob were both planning on taking Southall Group for themselves so they could make a final profit by selling it off

As Southall Group was formerly Moore Group, most of its branch offices, properties, and land were considered company assets, which would sell for an enormous sum.

Oliver was planning on using that money to expand his restaurant franchise.

He wanted his restaurants to have branches set up all over the world like Soir Coffee.

To him, Southall Group was merely a tool at his disposal that would help achieve that goal of his.

After completing the name change procedures at the bank, Arielle headed over to the AI technology department located in a branch office separate from the company's headquarters.

The building had six floors, three of which belonged to the AI technology department.

Only one of Oliver's lackeys attended to Arielle when she entered the building.

Even then, that subordinate had ill-intentions in mind and said half-jokingly, "Sorry, Madam Chairman. The designers are all busy having a meeting to discuss the design for our latest product. I'm afraid they won't have time to see you at the moment. How about I take you on a tour instead?"

Arielle simply shot him a glare so cold and domineering that the man broke out in a cold sweat and found it hard to breathe.

*Damn, I've never felt this kind of pressure even when faced with the former chairman, Mr. Southall! This woman is definitely something else!*

With that in mind, the man didn't dare show her any more disdain as he added with a nervous chuckle, "I'm telling the truth, Madam Chairman! They really are in a meeting right now!"

"Where's the conference room?" Arielle asked coldly.

The design blueprint for the company's latest product, NeuroProst, was displayed on a gigantic screen in the conference room.

There were several designers huddled around the screen with stressed looks on their faces.

The one in charge of the design team was a man named Calvin Zeller.

Despite graduating from Maxwell University, Calvin chose to lower himself and work for Southall Group. The only reason he did so was because Oliver promised to hand the entire technology department over to him upon rising to power.

That would grant him complete freedom over how he wanted to develop the department.

However, there were some issues with the latest product he came up with

NeuroProst was designed specifically with disabled people in mind. Its purpose was to replace the missing limbs with bionic ones.

This technology made use of the user's brainwaves, allowing them to control the bionic limbs with their brains like how they would with actual limbs.

Unfortunately, it was an incredibly difficult and complicated technology, and the experiments conducted so far had all ended in failure.

"All right, let's find out what went wrong this time." Calvin glanced at one of the designers and continued, "Kimi, are you sure there are no errors in the wiring system you designed?"

The look on Kimi's face turned gloomy instantly upon hearing that. "I don't think there's anything wrong with the wiring, I think it's your programming that is faulty, Mr. Zeller."

Although Calvin had gotten into Maxwell University, he was actually awarded a completion certificate instead of a graduation certificate. That was one of the reasons why he could only get a job in a company like Southall Group

Even so, he prided himself as an academic genius and would never admit to being inferior to others.

As such, it was only natural that Calvin didn't take too kindly to Kimi's remark.

"What the hell are you saying? There's no way my programming is at fault!"

Their argument was interrupted when the door to the conference room was suddenly opened.

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kimi was a truly capable designer in the AI technology department and actually surpassed Calvin in terms of his skills and knowledge. In fact, there were times when he proved to be more reliable than Calvin.

Having disliked Kimi for a long time because of that, Calvin was about to blame their latest failed experiment on the former when he got interrupted by the door opening, which made him turn toward the door in

The guy who brought Anelle to the conference room could sense the hostility in the air the moment he entered

*Oh boy These designers are a lot nastier to deal with than Oliver. They're about to tear Arielle a new one!*

With that in mind, Oliver's lackey stepped forward and introduced her with a smile, "Everyone, this is the new chairperson of our company, Arielle Moore. She came here to visit today."

At first, Calvin was stunned by Arielle's beauty, but his expression turned dim the moment he heard she was here to visit

"Visit? This isn't a freaking zoo! Can't you guys see that we're in the middle of discussing the company's latest product?"

Had Arielle not been such a pretty woman, Calvin probably would have smashed an ashtray on her head.

Oliver's lackey was satisfied with Calvin's reaction, but maintained a stern expression as he said, "She's our chairperson, Mr. Zeller! How could you talk to her like that?"

Calvin saw himself as a talented genius in AI technology that countless tech companies would fight over, so he never showed his superiors any respect.

Having gotten used to taking that tone with Henrick when he was still in power, Calvin did the same here. "SO what if she's the chairperson? If you guys disturb me one more time, I'll quit!"

Oliver's lackey then quickly flashed Arielle an apologetic smile. "See? They're really busy, Madam Chairman!" he exclaimed. "Shall I contact you some other time when they're free instead?"

Ignoring him, Arielle asked Calvin with a cold look on her face, "What did you just say?"

*Southall Group will belong to either Oliver or Jacob sooner or later, and they've both promised to hand this entire office department. This pretty lady, on the other hand, is just a temporary placeholder who will soon be taken out by them. I don't have any reason to be afraid of her!*

With that in mind, Calvin boldly repeated his previous statement, "I said, I'll quit if you don't leave me alone!"

He thought that would scare her off, as the AI technology department was Southall Group's only source of profit.

"Your resignation is approved. You may leave now."

"W-What?" Calvin was so shocked and confused that he even began to question if he heard her correctly.

"You said you were going to resign, so I approved your resignation. You can leave now," Arielle replied with a faint smile.

Calvin was really freaking out this time.

"You're dismissing me? Do you have any idea who I am?"

Arielle arched an eyebrow at him. "I know who you are. Your name is Calvin Zeller, and you were a student at *Maxwell University*. However, you didn't get a graduation certificate because you didn't pass the final exam before graduation."

The look on Calvin's face turned somber as he broke out in a cold sweat

Ave never told anyone about *it!* How the hell did this young lady know all that?

"What on earth are you saying? I've graduated from Maxwell University long ago!" he thundered out of panic and rage.

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"Oh? Show me your graduation certificate, then," Arielle challenged, never letting go of her smile. "Keep in mind that I'm asking for your graduation certificate, not your completion certificate."

A lot of Chanaeans could get into Maxwell University, but only the truly talented and capable ones were able to graduate from it.

That was mainly because the university's graduation exam was a lot more difficult than its entrance exam.

Calvin could clearly feel the judgmental stares from the other designers in the conference room.

Had it not been for him pretending to be a Maxwell University graduate, Kimi would most probably have been chosen as the team leader instead.

Fearing that he would lose his job if the truth was revealed, Calvin desperately came up with an excuse. "Of course I have a graduation certificate, but who on earth would have it on them all the time?"

Arielle nodded. "Oh, right. Which batch and course were you from? I'll give your program leader a call to ask about it."

Hearing that, Calvin burst out laughing. "Huh? Program leader? You think he's someone that any random person can just ring up like that? Do you even know how to reach him?"

"Just answer the question."

Arielle's tone was so calm that it freaked Calvin out.

*Is she really able to contact my program leader? Nah, she's probably just bluffing! I have to stay cool and stand my ground!*

With that in mind, Calvin took a deep breath and tried his best to maintain a calm expression. "Sixteenth batch, computer engineering."

Nodding, Arielle began dialing a number.

*Hmph! Go on, keep pretending! Maxwell University isn't your ordinary university! You can't just ring them up like that, especially when you're a pretentious young lady!*

Calvin thought to himself, only to see Arielle's call get through a few seconds later.

"Hello, Ms. Selena. Could you please contact the program leader for the computer engineering course? I need to ask about a former student named Calvin Zeller."

Calvin felt his heart skip a beat when he heard that.

*Ms. Selena is the freaking vice president of Maxwell University! Is she trying to scare me into telling the truth? Or does she really have Ms. Selena's contact number? No, that's impossible! Everyone knows Ms. Selena is the freaking She-Devil! She's always walking around with that angry face like she's about to eat you up! If I don't have her contact number, how could she possibly have it? Even if that really is the vice president on the phone, there's no way she'd help her out after being spoken to so rudely like that! Who the hell does she think she is, anyway?*

"All right, thank you very much." Arielle hung up the phone after that. Staring at Calvin calmly, she informed, "Your program leader will call me in about two minutes from now."

Hearing her, Calvin burst into laughter on the spot. "Okay, sure! I'll wait for him to call, then!"

*Pfft! There's no way my program leader will call her!*

The other designers began to question if their doubts toward Calvin were misplaced when they saw how confident he was.

After all, he didn't exactly live up to his reputation. Had it not been for his claims about graduating from

Maxwell University, they would have only listened to Kimi, who was a lot more capable.

As such, seeing Calvin so calm and confident about Arielle checking his credentials got them wondering if she was actually wrong about him.

Their train of thoughts was interrupted when Arielle's phone on the table began ringing all of a sudden.

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