

# Obsessed CEO Throws Himself at Me

## Chapter 371

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When Marcus explained the matriculation to her, she was told that Donovan had purchased the lecture hall's facilities, including soundproof walls. Even when the door was opened, it would slowly close on its own.

It was suggested that it could help students in the lecture hall perform better in class.

However, the door was ajar at that moment.

Is the door broken? No, the door has just been installed a while ago. It will not be broken in such a short period of time. There's got to be something wrong!

Wendy was still muttering behind Arielle, and her displeasure with her had clearly reached its peak.

Arielle turned toward her and said, "Sorry, my mind blanked out. Please go in first."

Wendy sneered and walked in proudly, thinking Arielle finally knew her place.

When she pushed the door open, there was a noise on top of it.

Wendy then looked up subconsciously and noticed a basin full of water.

Wendy's eyes widened in surprise, but the water in the basin poured down on her before she could avoid it.

"Ah!" Wendy screamed at the top of her lungs, and soon, water flowed into her mouth.

Wendy spat the water out and wiped her face with her hand. Her palm, though, was covered with mascara and red lipstick the moment she came to a halt.

To make a good impression on her new classmates, she began putting on makeup after eating lunch, and the

fine makeup she had spent an hour applying was entirely ruined at that point.

She knew she looked embarrassing.

However, something even more embarrassing occurred in the next split second. The basin fell directly on her head.

“Hahaha...” Laughter erupted throughout the lecture hall.

At that point, all Wendy wanted to do was dig a hole and hide in it.

She threw the basin away and ran away shamefully with her face covered.

When she reached the door, she accidentally bumped into someone.

She then looked up and met with Donovan’s eyes.

“Mr. Baxter...” She couldn’t keep her emotions under control after running into Donovan, and she began to sob.

Donovan quickly took off his jacket and covered

Wendy. “Head to the changing room to change first. I’ll postpone the test for you.”

Hearing that, she lowered her head and walked to the staircase.

When she walked past Arielle, she suddenly remembered that Arielle stopped right before the door as if she had known that something was wrong with the door. She did it on purpose!

Wendy gave her a deadly glare and stormed away.

Her makeup had been ruined, and her clothes were soaked. This is not the time for vengeance, but I will never forget this moment!

Meanwhile, Arielle did not respond to Wendy’s stare, and she was stopped by Donovan before entering the lecture hall. “Arielle!”

“Yes, Mr. Baxter?”

“Follow me,” said Donovan solemnly and headed to the end of the corridor.

Arielle had no choice but to follow him.

“I saw everything,” stated Donovan coldly.

“What?” Arielle didn’t understand what he meant.

"You were walking in front, then you abruptly halted and let Wendy in first. Do I still need to further clarify

your intentions?"

"Hahaha..." Arielle burst out laughing when she heard the last few words.

"What are you laughing at?!"

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"I laughed because you questioned a potential victim rather than finding out who put the basin on the door. Isn't that ridiculous?" Arielle said casually.

Donovan was stunned, and he couldn't refute her words.

Arielle continued, "I'm intrigued. I would have been the victim if I hadn't stopped to call someone and let Wendy in first. Will you also interrogate Wendy in this manner?"

Donovan was rendered speechless, but he already knew the answer. No, of course.

Arielle smiled and said, "Mr. Baxter, I know what you're thinking. Wendy is a talented student, and I'm just someone that got in from the backdoor, but we're all your students. Can you at least treat me like one?"

Donovan moved his lips, but he couldn't say anything to express his frustration.

In that regard, he did make a mistake, but it was undeniable that Arielle was not an outstanding student, so he felt that questioning her shouldn't be a concern.

After all, he expected Arielle to be the victim, but she let Wendy in instead.

Thus, he couldn't help but feel suspicious.

Donovan gazed deeply into Arielle's eyes and said, "You're good at debating. I hope you keep that intelligence in studying too. Don't get kicked out after

just a month.”

“Thanks, Mr. Baxter for the advice. I will do my best. If there isn’t anything else, I’ll head back to class first.”

Having that said, she turned around and left before Donovan could reply.

Seeing how she swaggered to the lecture hall, the regret in Donovan dissipated immediately.

That’s what I assumed, a lousy student. She has no idea how to respect a teacher. In school, the teacher is the authority, but she treats me with such an attitude. She has no idea what politeness is! That is the distinction between a good and a bad student.

He discreetly decided that only the top twenty students would be allowed to stay, and he was specifically targeting Arielle as well as the other students who had enrolled in the class through the backdoor.

Otherwise, they would be bad influences to the good students.

Meanwhile, when Donovan arrived to help Wendy, everyone in the lecture hall fell silent.

Even the worst students were a little afraid to see him, let alone the other good students.

The air was deafeningly quiet when Arielle entered the lecture hall.

Until she got into her seat, whispers could be heard throughout the hall.

“Yo! Is this our classmate? She’s so beautiful!”

“She’s an angel! It looks like I have a motivation to wake up every day now.”

“Angel? She must be a princess from a fairy tale!”

Suddenly, an irritated voice said, “Why are you guys still gossiping? Didn’t you see Mr. Baxter’s face just now?”

Hearing that, the hall fell silent again.

In the meantime, Arielle raised her gaze and saw someone familiar.

The girl who spoke just now was someone she met at Haut Monde, Kelsea.

She was defeated by Arielle, and she was also Carter's cousin.

She wore a yellow dress, her hair was soft, and her makeup was flawless. It was obvious that she had dressed up on purpose.

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However, the spotlight was stolen by Arielle instantly, which infuriated Kelsea.

Furthermore, they were feuding as a result of her defeat in the chess game and the fact that her instructor demanded her to kneel before Arielle.

Arielle noticed Kelsea's hateful look, but she ignored her and took a seat in the last row.

Soon, Donovan came in.

His face had darkened, and his gaze could send shivers up one's spine.

Many of the students were astonished when he pushed open the door because he was so attractive.

If there was a ranking of the most attractive teachers, Donovan would be at the top.

However, Donovan's expression at the time was gloomy, and nobody dared to take another glance at him.

He then wrote his name on the blackboard with chalk.

Later, he turned around and looked about, scanning everyone with his gaze. "This is my name, and you can address me as Mr. Baxter. I shall be your homeroom teacher from now on, and I will be in charge of everything that has to do with you guys."

He paused for a brief moment and said, "Now, I'm done

with my self-introduction. Let's talk about what happened just now. Tell me who did that."

At that moment, the hall was quiet, and nobody stood up.

“Too afraid to own up? Fine. When the test is completed, everyone in this class will be punished in the office of academic affairs.”

With that, many students began to complain, “I didn’t do it, so why should I get punished?” |

“That’s right. We didn’t do it. Whoever did it will face the punishment alone.”

“Aren’t you being too strict, Mr. Baxter? This is unfair!”

Right then, Arielle saw the boy beside her sit up straight with his hands on the table, intending to stand up.

However, his deskmate stopped him and stood up without hesitation.

“I did it. I’ll face the punishment alone, and the others don’t have to be dragged into it.”

Everyone, including Arielle, looked at the boy that stood up.

That handsome boy had thick eyebrows and a tidy hairstyle. He didn’t look like someone who was unruly.

“Jared!” the boy who wanted to stand up exclaimed.

Jared glared at him and asked Donovan, “Where do I go?”

“Office of academic affairs, but clean up the entrance first,” Donovan answered with his brows furrowed.

Jared then picked a mop and began cleaning the floor without saying anything else.

His deskmate quickly followed him and helped him as well.

After a while, the floor was dry, and Wendy was back at the same time.

Her makeup was fixed, and it was flawless.

Donovan looked down to Jared and demanded, “Please apologize to her.”

A vein popped in Jared's forehead, but he apologized anyway. "Sorry."

Originally, Wendy despised pranksters the most, but her rage subsided after seeing his face.

In this world, outward appearance meant everything. People's tolerance would grow when confronted with a good-looking person.

Wendy smiled and said, "It's okay."

Without casting a glance at her, he asked Donovan, "Can I go to the office now?"

Donovan did not want his student punished on the first day. He tried to forget about it after he apologized, but Jared's demeanor wasn't convincing enough for him to forgive him.

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Besides, if Donovan remembered correctly, Jared entered his class by means of a back door.

As expected, poor students are completely hopeless. Other than damaging the class reputation, they can't contribute a single thing to the class.

With that, Donovan darkened his face and said, "Head to the office of academic affairs on your own after the exam. Don't waste the time of the other students and prepare for your test now. Wendy, follow me to collect the exam scripts."

"All right, Mr. Baxter," answered Wendy. She then followed behind Donovan obediently.

Right after they left, a small discussion broke out in the classroom.

"I did not realize just now. But now that I have a look, there are many good-looking people in our class."

"I think our class will be the center of attention of our school soon."

Jared did not pay attention to those discussions. Instead, he went straight to his seat.

The moment he sat down, Arielle heard Jared's deskmate whisper to him, "Jared, why did you take the blame on yourself? I was the one who did it after all, and you had been sleeping all the while. You've done nothing wrong, and there's no need for you to be my scapegoat!"

Jared merely answered nonchalantly, "It's just a punishment. It's nothing much."

"No. I can't-"

"Stop it! I didn't do it for you, but for myself. I don't want to study anymore, and I want to join the army. Wait till my dad and brother realize that I'm not fit to be studying. They will then give up on forcing me to."

"Sigh. Why are you making things difficult for yourself? Your family too. They have been in the army for generations, but now they are forcing you to study. Jared, why don't you head back and speak nicely to Old Mr. Jupiter instead of trying to force your way through?"

Arielle arched her brows upon hearing their conversation.

The Jupiters? What's the relationship between Harvey and Jared?

Out of curiosity, Arielle turned her head and glanced at Jared.

After all, she did not have a proper look at Jared prior. Now that she looked at him properly, Arielle felt a sense of familiarity from him.

His face, nose, eyes, and even skin tone were just so similar to Harvey. Well, the only difference was that Jared looked much younger compared to Harvey.

Arielle suddenly found it to be a little funny.

With someone from the Morgans, the Jupiters, and myself, who was introduced over by Vinson, the four most prominent families are almost gathered here. It's no wonder Donovan doesn't seem to like me. If I am in his shoes, I will be unhappy either.

Suddenly, Arielle came to understand Donovan's attitude toward her.

Well, if it's possible, I'll try my best to not drag Donovan's class down.

At that point in time, Donovan arrived at the classroom with Wendy, where each of them was carrying a stack of paper. One was the exam script, and another was the answer sheets.



Wendy was holding the answer sheets. That way, she would not be able to see the questions that would be tested, which would be fair to everyone.

"All right. You can have a seat," said Donovan as he gave Wendy a nod.

With that, Wendy returned to her seat in the first row.

Donovan then glanced at the class and ordered in a serious tone, "Please place all your belongings into the drawer under the table. After that, turn the table around so that the drawer is facing the front. Once you're done, take out your pen and prepare for the test."

Once Donovan finished speaking, all the students followed his instructions and started turning their tables.

There were some female students who were struggling to turn their table around, and many of the male students were kind enough to offer their help.

Arielle placed her bag into her drawer. Just when she was about to turn her table around, the guy in front of her turned over and asked, "Do you need any help?"

"It's all right," answered Arielle as she swiftly turned the table a hundred and eighty-degree around.

The guy was in awe as he saw Arielle's swiftness.

She has such a small body, and she does not seem to have much strength. How is it possible that she seems to be stronger than me?

The guy merely gave an awkward smile as he returned to his seat.

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Arielle was not trying to humiliate him. Instead, she just did not want to owe someone a favor.

After all, Arielle was not sure when she would stop studying. Hence, it would be difficult for her to return the favor then.

Just when Arielle was about to have her seat, she heard a soft chuckle coming from someone next to her.

Arielle glanced sideways and saw Jared looking at her with an ambiguous smile, though she had no idea what he was smiling about.

Soon, the exam script was passed to them.

Donovan stood at the podium and said, "Have a look at the exam script. The questions are all high school standard questions and the subjects tested are Chanaean, mathematics, and Ustranasion. All the subjects can be

found on one exam script. The last question of each subject tested is a critical thinking question. Answer it if you know the answer. If you don't, leave it blank. After all, the marks for the last question are bonus marks. Also, remember to take note of the time and don't spend too much time on the last question."

He then paused a moment before continuing, "Also, it's all right if you don't do well this time. Just study harder in the future. However, if I were to catch anyone cheating on this test, you may leave my class immediately. The only thing that I cannot tolerate in my class is cheating!"

Wendy's heart went cold at Donovan's words. This was because she cheated during her college entrance exam.

Nonetheless, Wendy was lucky that there was no way Donovan would find out about it.

Once everyone had received their exam script, they then started answering it.

Arielle opened her script and wrote her name on it. Unfortunately, she was stuck when she saw the first question.

The first subject tested was Chanaean, and the first question was to test their spelling. It was a multiple choice question where they had to pick the correct spelling for the word.

Sad to say, Arielle grew up overseas. Though holding a normal conversation here was not an issue for her, but spelling words out was definitely something she was still struggling with.

Arielle stared at the question for a long while. Jared's friend then whispered to her when he saw she was staring at the paper blankly. "Do you not know the answer too?"

Arielle glanced at the boy, who was clearly an underachiever, and she was embarrassed to admit that she was clueless as well.

Forget it! I'm giving up!

Arielle immediately picked B as her answer.

If there are three long choices, and one short choice, I'll pick the short one. If the length of all the choices is the same, I'll pick B.

Arielle had never imagined that she had to guess the answer for all five of the multiple-choice questions asked.

What was worse was when Arielle realized that the next question was to fill in the blanks to complete a poem by a Chanaean poet.

Arielle had never attended high school in Chanaea. Therefore, she had no idea what the poem was.

Arielle had never felt so helpless in her studies.

With no choice, she gave up, left the question blank, and moved on to the next question.

The next question was not any better than the prior. It was a question about Old Chanaean literature. As for

someone who grew up overseas, reading Old Chanaean literature was extremely tough for Arielle. Therefore, she merely tried to answer a few questions about it.

Right then, Donovan walked down from the podium to patrol around the classroom. He glanced at Arielle's paper when he walked near her.

She chose B for all the multiple-choice questions and left blanks for the question on the poem. Although she

answered a few questions on the Old Chanaean literature, her answers are all wrong.

Donovan shook his head in dissatisfaction. He was now more certain that Arielle was a poor student who only knew how to talk back.

This kind of student will only bring about a bad influence on the rest of the students in class.

Donovan then walked over to look at the other students who came in through connections. Without even writing his name, Jared was sprawled over the table, sleeping. His deskmate had about the same standard as Arielle.

Only Kelsea managed to answer most of the questions, though many of them were wrong.

As expected! None of those that came in through connections are diamonds. They are all stones! The only person for who I have some hope is Kelsea.

Right then, Arielle finally managed to finish the questions on Chanaean and had started on mathematics.

She quickly glanced through the questions and wrote her answers down immediately.

It took Arielle less than ten minutes to answer all the questions on mathematics.

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The questions asked in the exam script were, in fact, rather difficult. However, it was simple for Arielle, who had a Ph.D. degree and was naturally good at maths.

Therefore, Arielle could actually answer the question by just having a glimpse of it.

Only the critical thinking question that Donovan had prepared was rather difficult for Arielle, which took her about three minutes to answer.

The last subject tested was on Ustranasion.

Looking at the questions that were similar to the daily conversations she held, Arielle answered the questions without much thought.

In less than five minutes, Arielle had finished all the questions, including writing an Ustranasion essay.

It took about half an hour for Arielle to finish the whole paper.

With that, she immediately raised her hand and asked, "Mr. Baxter, can I submit my paper earlier?"

In reality, Arielle wanted to check her phone to see if Vinson had given her a call.

However, Donovan darkened his face and was about to reject Arielle's request by telling her that she could only submit her paper half an hour before the test ended. On second thought, Arielle would be disrupting the other students from answering their exam as the boys in the

class were glancing at her red short skirt and not focusing on their paper.

Hence, Donovan merely replied, "You may leave. Please also change into another set of clothes before coming back. You're not allowed to be dressed in this manner in the future."

Arielle was delighted with the reply. She immediately got up to hand in her exam script.

When Arielle walked toward the podium, many of the boys were attracted by the revealing clothes she wore.

After all, this was the time where boys hit puberty and their hormones would be raging over the roof. Even an exemplary student would not be able to resist the effects of their hormones.

Upon seeing the boys' reaction when Arielle walked past them, Donovan knocked on the table and remarked firmly, "Pay attention to your exam!"

Only then did the boys shift their gaze from Arielle's slender legs to their exam script.

Nonetheless, Arielle was not aware that the way she dressed up affected the other students when she walked past them. She happily placed her exam script on Donovan's desk and left the classroom.

Donovan took a look at the first page of her script. It was blank. He then immediately covered the exam script.

He was unwilling to mark such an exam script, where he felt that even glancing at it was a waste of time.

On the other hand, Arielle was walking to the luggage deposit area as she scrolled through her phone.

Sadly, there was no missed call and no new messages.

Arielle got frustrated.

What is Vinson busy with now? Is he overseas again?

Arielle shook her head to prevent herself from overthinking.

The luggage deposit area was very near to the lecture hall. Hence, Arielle retrieved her luggage quickly and arrived at the dorm according to the room number that was given by Marcus. Once she arrived, Arielle cleaned up the dorm

a bit, changed into the clothes she wore when she arrived at school and removed her makeup.

An hour had passed since Arielle finished her paper. Keeping in mind the time left before the students had to hand in the exam script, Arielle walked back to the lecture hall slowly.

The scenery on her campus was rather beautiful. When she walked along a long corridor, Arielle took a seat there and closed her eyes to imagine if her mom would also take a rest as she walked past here.

Is my biological father really in Jadeborough University? I need to quickly take some time out to

search for the mysterious man Josiah mentioned.

On the other hand, the other students had started handing in their exam scripts. Once they had all handed in, Donovan sorted them nicely and left for his office to mark the scripts.

When Donovan was marking Wendy's paper, his tensed expression finally loosened slightly.

Indeed, Wendy is an exemplary student who I referred to this university personally. Her answers are mostly correct and accurate. She managed to score in the critical thinking questions for all subjects, except for mathematics. If all goes well, Wendy would definitely be in the first place.

The next script belonged to Kelsea. Though she had quite a number of wrong answers, Donovan could tell she tried her best to answer the questions.

Once Donovan was done marking her paper, he was certain that Kelsea would only be ranked somewhere at the bottom of the class. Nonetheless, Donovan admired her attitude toward her studies.

If I must only let one of the four who entered through connections remain in my class after the first test, that person will definitely be Kelsea.

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Donovan's face fell when he marked the next script.

It was Jared's deskmate, Henry's, script. He chose C for all his multiple-choice questions and left the rest of the questions blank.

Donovan took a deep breath and placed the exam script at the side and decided not to mark it.

Arielle's script was after Henry's. Donovan did not even flip open her script and immediately placed it to one side.

As for the next script, which did not have a name on it, Donovan didn't even have to guess to know that it was Jared's script.

Donovan closed his eyes to calm himself down. He told himself that there was no need to have his mood ruined by such a student.

After taking a few deep breaths, Donovan finally calmed down slightly.

Quickly, Donovan arranged the exam scripts of his students according to their marks. He then carried the answer script and the ranking list of the students and left for the lecture hall.

Right then, Arielle arrived at the classroom as well.

The moment she entered, she saw Wendy and Kelsea having a conversation in a corner. They were like soulmates, laughing happily in their conversation.

Just when Arielle was about to enter the classroom, Wendy looked at her and mocked, "Oh dear, isn't this the genius in our class that was the first to hand in her paper? Arielle, do you think you can score top three in our class?"

Arielle ignored Wendy and walked straight into the classroom.

"You!" Infuriated, Wendy wanted to go after Arielle.

However, Kelsea quickly grabbed Wendy and advised, "Just ignore her. It won't do you any good if you become mad at her. You are a rich socialite in Horington. Why stoop yourself low to a country bumpkin like her?"

Kelsea was not happy in the beginning when she found out that Wendy was staying in the Nightshire Manor. However, she was relieved when she realized that there was no way Wendy and Vinson would get together.

Thinking of Arielle being together with Vinson, Kelsea would rather have Wendy and Vinson being a couple instead.

She was fine with someone else being with Vinson as long as it was not Arielle.

Wendy, on the other hand, heard the keyword in Kelsea's mockery. Confused, she asked, "Country bumpkin? What about it?"

Shocked by Wendy's question, Kelsea asked in return,

"You mean you don't know Arielle's background? Though she is the eldest daughter of the Southalls, she was sold by human traffickers into a remote village. Arielle only returned to her family this year!"

Wendy widened her eyes in disbelief. "I thought she was just a waitress?"

"What waitress?" Kelsea was puzzled.

It was then Wendy felt that she did not know Arielle well.

I always thought that Arielle was a mere waitress. I can't believe she's the eldest daughter of the Southall Group. Nonetheless, so what about it? Southall Group is nothing when compared to my family. There's no way Arielle can compete with me.

Wendy dismissed her question with a wave as she smiled and replied, "It's nothing."

Jared, who was smoking at the side against the railing, threw away his cigarette bud as he was annoyed by the conversation he overheard.

How can these people be socialites? If socialites are all like them, I need to go back and convince my dad to not introduce any socialites to Harvey anymore. Marrying a girl from a village will be much better than marrying a socialite.

In fact, Jared felt that Arielle was far better than Wendy and Kelsea.

At the thought of Arielle, the image of her wearing the red dress flashed across Jared's mind.

However, Jared quickly shook his head forcefully to snap back into his senses. Is there something wrong with me?

"Class!" Donovan called out to grab his students' attention and continued, "The results are out. Everyone please enter the classroom and take your seat according to your ranking."

This indicated that those students who ranked behind would not be able to have a good seat in class.



All the students immediately returned to the classroom.

The seating in the classroom mattered a lot to all the students. This was because those who sat in the front rows could better listen to the teacher's teaching. Nonetheless, everyone was in fact more interested in finding out the academic level of their new classmates whom they had not met. !

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At class.

Arielle had just sat down when Henry came to chat with her. He shared, "I see you chose B for all the multiple choice questions. You should follow my suit and choose C instead. The chances are much higher that way."

Arielle simply found it funny.

Oh dear lord, the one who failed his class is sharing his experience with me... This has got to be the funniest sh\*t ever.

Arielle shook her head and replied, "I know the answer to most. I'm just a little confused about the Chanaean

paper."

It was obvious that Henry didn't think she was telling the truth because he worked with her and nodded before saying, "Me too. Those are the only questions I can't answer. All the other subjects' questions can be done by guessing, but Chanaean is impossible."

Arielle was speechless and exasperated. I wasn't lying, you know.

Just then, Donovan knocked on the desk and announced, "Be quiet. Follow my instructions as I announce your results. Those whose names are called are to queue up outside and wait for your seats to be assigned."

Everyone instinctively sat up straight. Even Henry had his guard up.

Arielle scanned the place from the corner of her eyes. Everyone was on high alert except Jared. He remained leaning against his desk and looked like he would never get enough sleep.

That was when Donovan announced, "The first position goes to Wendy Greene who scored one hundred and fifty-seven points."

The test totaled one hundred and eighty points, so one hundred and fifty-seven was an incredible score.

Donovan shot a look of approval at Wendy, who stood up with a smile and headed out to queue up.

Before she left, she turned nonchalantly in Arielle's direction, as if to brag about her victory.

Arielle, however, never even noticed Wendy. The former was curious about how well she did in the two other subjects after she abandoned her languages test.

If everything goes according to plan, I should have perfect scores for those two subjects.

Perfect scores for those two subjects plus the potential lucky strike in the five multiple-choice questions... I should have at least one hundred and thirty points.

I wonder how well I'd rank with one hundred and thirty points?

The names were called one after another. Those with one hundred and thirty points were called soon after, but

Arielle wasn't one of them.

One hundred and twenty-five... she still wasn't on the list.

Donovan kept calling out names, but Arielle's name was never called out, even after Kelsea's ninety-three points were mentioned.

Donovan paused and told Kelsea, "Keep it up, Kelsea. Your foundation is weak, but most of the classes I offer are not related to the subjects taught in previous years. Work hard. You have a lot of potential."

"Thank you, Mr. Baxter," replied Kelsea with a smile. She might've been the fourth last student of the class, but Donovan's encouragement prompted her to go queue up with a smile.

Donovan watched as Kelsea left. He then turned his attention to the remaining students before informing, "The rest of you can go out on your own. Pick a seat only after everyone else has taken theirs."

Arielle frowned instantly. She sprung up and called out to Donovan, who was about to leave. "Mr. Baxter!" said Arielle.

Donovan paused and frowned a little before he turned to her and asked, "What's the matter?"

"What is my score?" asked Arielle icily as she glared at Donovan and pointed out, "You haven't announced my score or the score of the two other students here."

Her words got Jared, who had been dozing off, to sit up slowly and shift his gaze over. He raised his brows and stared meaningfully at Arielle.

She spoke politely, but her aura was strong. She was so powerful that she overwhelmed Donovan.

Jared suddenly found that to be fun, so he kicked Henry, who was sitting at the side.

The two of them had been terrible friends with horrible influences on each other for years. Hence, even the slightest hint would tell Henry what Jared was thinking.

After being kicked, Henry received the message immediately and stood up beside Arielle. The former told Donovan, "That's right, Mr. Baxter. Why didn't you announce my score? I have the right to know how well I did even if I end up being ranked the last in class."

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Donovan's expression turned grouchy before he chuckled softly. He refuted, "I didn't want to embarrass you, but you can't accept even that, huh? One of you never even wrote your name on it, while the other two guessed all the answers. Do you really think there is a need to announce your points?"

Arielle understood what was going after she heard those words. He never even checked my papers!

Earlier, she thought that she could somewhat understand Donovan's actions. However, at that moment, she discovered that there was nothing common between them at all.

Henry, who was standing at the side, suddenly felt ashamed. T-there really is no need to announce my scores. I can take whatever seat there is. D\*rn it! This is all Jared's fault. Why did he ask me to help her?

Just then, Arielle spoke up, "I don't care what they think, but I want to know how well I did."

Donovan shot a confused look at Arielle after hearing those words. He couldn't understand what was going on.

Why is she so adamant about knowing her scores? She obviously guessed everything, so is it necessary for her to know the number? She's probably just looking for trouble.

However, it's also obvious that she has guessed that I never checked her papers.

Donovan didn't bother hiding it. He admitted, "Okay since you are so eager to know your scores, I'll confess. I never checked your papers, but I will do it right away. Once everyone else chose their seats, I will grade your papers in front of the entire class and announce your results."

"Great," replied Arielle with a straight face.

Donovan's stare at Arielle became tainted with even more confusion.

Why would she want to get herself in so much trouble?

Once I grade her papers and make the announcement, even those who didn't know that she only got accepted through the back door means would learn that truth. What could she possibly gain from all this?

Still, since she insisted, I'll just spend the next two minutes grading her papers.

After making that decision, Donovan walked to the door and instructed, "Everyone is to choose their seats now. Wendy, you're ranked the first, so you can choose first."

"Okay, Mr. Baxter."

Wendy saw Arielle there as soon as she opened the door.

There is no need to guess. She must have scored worse than Kelsea. That's why Mr. Baxter never asked her to queue up, thought Wendy. Oh well, she'd score badly,

anyway, so whatever seat would do for her.

Wendy scanned around before she picked the center seat in the second row.

It offered the perfect distance from the blackboard and wouldn't strain Wendy's neck when she read along. It was the perfect seat.

"I'll take this seat, Mr. Baxter."

Donovan nodded and replied, "Go retrieve your things after you've chosen your seat. You will sit there until the test next month."

"Okay, Mr. Baxter," replied Wendy while nodding. She looked especially obedient at the time.

Donovan was ever so delighted with Wendy. Students should all behave like Wendy does.

It didn't take long before the second student entered. That student chose the seat next to Wendy, and the two of them started chatting away.

"Wendy, did you do the mathematics and Ustranasion questions?"

Wendy shook her head and replied, "Those questions are too difficult, and I didn't have enough time, so I gave up on it. However, I managed to make up for lost points in another section in Chanaean. My grandpa happened to have done a thesis on that subject, so I learned a lot from him."

The student sitting beside Wendy looked shocked. She said, "Wow, your grandpa graduated from university? Darn, I'm jealous."

Wendy grinned lightly. She immensely enjoyed being praised like that, but she acted like she was just okay with it.

At the desk.

As the students chose their seats, Donovan picked up his pen and started grading the papers.

The first one he checked was Jared's paper. He didn't even write his name on it. Zero points for him!

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Chapter 380

The second paper he graded was Henry's paper. Henry picked C for absolutely every question. As the rule dictated, his method would earn him a resounding zero as well.

Donovan flipped through it a little before he immediately gave Henry zero.

The last paper was Arielle's.

She chose B for the five language questions. Without a doubt, that would earn her zero points in that section.

However, when Donovan moved on to check her mathematics sections, his gaze fluttered, and ripples of

emotions spread out in his eyes.

She didn't actually guess the answers for this paper? Holy... She got all ten questions correct. She even managed to get the tougher questions and used the correct formulas!

There was a moment when Donovan couldn't believe that Arielle was the one who answered the questions on the paper.

What astounded Donovan even more, was that Arielle had answered the extra questions as well.

One particular section was beyond the student's level and was meant for the students in the more advanced classes.

Donovan only included those questions there because

he wanted to use them as a gateway to introduce his students to the new classes. No one was able to answer those questions.

In fact, those questions needed advanced knowledge and special training, so even students who were in the advanced classes would need several hours to solve the equations. We only gave the students an hour to write the answers, so even if she is capable of doing it, there simply isn't enough time for her to do so.

That was why Donovan was surprised to see that Arielle had filled out the empty space. Still, he didn't expect her to get the answer right.

He forced himself to be patient and read on.

Donovan's lips curved up when he saw the first formula written there. Oh dear, that is the simplest formula. Does she actually expect to get an answer using that formula?

I knew it. I shouldn't hold out any hope for her.

Donovan was going to put a huge cross on it, but he suddenly caught sight of the final answer written at the bottom. That stunned him.

The answer Arielle wrote was 1.3129.

The correct answer... was also 1.3129!

It might be possible to guess some answers, but to get the answer right down to the last decimal point? That

was more than luck.

Donovan's gaze paused for several seconds. He checked and re-checked to make sure that he got it right. After that, he started paying attention and re-analyzing the formula and process Arielle used to get the answer.

As he read on, he became engrossed.

Arielle actually managed to use the simplest formula to solve an equation that encompassed complicated numbers and technical know-how. The step-by-step analysis was virtually perfect.

As he read the answer, Donovan felt the urge to write a thesis on that formula.

Just then, a student asked, "Mr. Baxter, should we revise on our own or will the class begin?"

Donovan looked up from the sheets and replied, "Revise on your own for now. The class will commence in five minutes."

After saying his piece, Donovan ignored the other students and memorized the formula and steps Arielle used to solve the equation. Then, he continued grading the rest of the paper.

The last section was the Ustranasion section, and after reading it, Donovan couldn't help twitching his lips. He simply couldn't control himself anymore.

She actually got the perfect score for these two

sections?

The Ustranasion question was an essay question with a lot of foreign and uncommon words used. Donovan himself had stayed overseas for six years, but even he had to turn to the dictionary. Yet, Arielle managed to get it all right.

No, it wasn't just her Ustranasion part. Her mathematics is perfect as well.

If her Chanaean section hadn't dragged her a little, her total score would, no doubt, be better than Wendy's!

Donovan stared at Arielle in astonishment.

All he saw was how Arielle was leaning on the table. There was no saying whether she was asleep or just daydreaming

There was a moment when Donovan felt like his understanding of Arielle had completely been overturned.