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# Obsessed CEO Throws Himself at Me

## Chapter 1285 - 1287

Chapter 1285 Cause Of Disease

Queenie glowered at Arielle, her gaze oozing distaste. I thought Arielle had a heart of gold. Who would have known that she would disregard others' safety for her own benefit?

"Did you forget to brush your teeth this morning?" the elderly lady snapped with thinly-veiled anger. "Take my advice and brush your teeth before talking to me."

"What?" Queenie was flabbergasted. "But I've already brushed my teeth!"

"Then why is your mouth so foul? You might as well not brush it!" the elderly lady scoffed.

Queenie's face flushed scarlet as she belatedly understood the insult. The fact that she, the precious daughter of the Mills, had been publicly ridiculed by an old hag was mortifying.

"Am I wrong? Your belly was protruding when you arrived yesterday, and all the rounds of screening showed that you're pregnant. Now, your belly is gone after a night. The only logical explanation is that you got an abortion!"

Trying her best to maintain her composure, Queenie reasoned with the elderly lady, "I know that my words may not be pleasing to your ears, but they come from a good place. You're not that young anymore, so the risk of going through an abortion is incredibly high. Arielle is only encouraging you to go for the surgery so that she can get a good grade. She doesn't care for your health or safety because she's trying to achieve higher marks!"

Rage bubbled up within the elderly patient as she listened to Queenie ramble on about pregnancy and abortion. She had the itch to slap Queenie across the face.

"Didn't the young lady tell you yesterday that I'm not pregnant? Which part of that sentence do you not understand?"

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The old woman stared at Queenie with contempt. This lady must be rotten to the core! Why else is she slandering the girl who's trying to treat me? Heaving a sigh, the elderly lady admonished, "There will be diseases that you don't know how to treat, and there will be people who are able to treat them. You can't be mad about that! You should know that there's always someone better than you out there. The only reason you aren't able to cure this illness is that your medical expertise isn't as good as hers."

The corners of Arielle's lips quirked up in a smirk as she listened to the elderly lady berate Queenie. This old woman is way too amusing. But, Queenie is dumber than I thought. If the old woman really underwent an abortion, a woman her age would need to be hospitalized for at least eight to ten days and recuperate at home after. How would she have the energy to follow me to Silverbirch Hospital?

"Since you insist that it's not pregnancy, enlighten me on what disease it is then. How did you get rid of all the signs in the span of a night?" Queenie spluttered, severely offended that the elderly lady thought her to be less skilled than Arielle.

However, the more aggravated Queenie got, the more gleeful Arielle became. After all, it was gratifying to see her opponent upset.

"It's true that she isn't pregnant. Queenie, didn't I tell you yesterday that we shouldn't take things at surface value? Why can't you remember that?"

"Stop spouting nonsense and just tell me what happened to the old woman's belly." Queenie refused to believe that the elderly lady was sick. She had performed multiple check-ups on her yesterday, and each screening showed that the elderly lady was indeed pregnant.

"Ms. Moore, we would like to know what illness the old lady had as well and how you healed her." Viggo had grasped the situation and was also curious as to how Arielle had figured out the cause of the disease and its cure.

"This patient here was not pregnant. She was infected by a very rare parasite. Once infected by this parasite, the host might lose his or her life in half a year if the cause is not found. Conversely, if the root cause is identified in time and dealt with adequately, then the patient will be fine." Arielle's face grew grim as she spoke.

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## Chapter 1286

Chapter 1286 Parasite

Arielle could not fathom who would commit such a heinous crime against an old woman, and she scathingly thought that whoever had done it deserved to burn in hell.

“What? A parasite?”

“Ms. Moore, you know how to eliminate parasites?”

“Is that what happened? Ms. Moore, could you go into detail for us?”

Everyone present was part of the medical field, so it was only natural that they would want to discuss a patient case that was beyond their understanding.

Arielle had nothing to hide, so she breezily agreed, “If everyone is interested to know more, I’d be happy to go into detail after the competition.”

The crowd respected Arielle’s willingness to share. After all, there were tons of people who would gatekeep their knowledge and refuse to disclose such precious information.

Viggo was in awe of Arielle. Before, he had been impressed by her medical expertise, but now, he admired her character.

Queenie stood to the side with a scowl on her face. She still had trouble accepting the fact that Arielle had identified the cause of the disease and treated the elderly lady.

Donovan could tell from Queenie’s dark expression that she was in a foul mood. He could empathize with her; he imagined that anyone would feel upset if someone they thought to be below them had overtaken them.

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At the same time, Donovan was dismayed by how an intelligent and capable woman like Arielle would rather stay with a two-timing man like Vinson than be in a relationship with him. The fact that Arielle always looked down upon him only added insult to injury.

Just then, the Mills' butler started to announce the results under Cornelius' instructions.

Arielle was still the top scorer this time around.

A murmur of assent rose from the crowd. Although the contestants were experts as well, at times like this, there was no choice but to admit that there would always be someone more brilliant out there.

"Why did she get the highest mark again?" Queenie huffed in indignance.

Her pretty eyes turned ugly with jealousy.

Queenie tossed Arielle a disgusted glance and turned to grill Cornelius. "All she did was heal an old woman; what's so impressive about that? The majority of people seated here have healed the patients you assigned them. Why does she deserve the highest mark?"

Although Arielle had gained many admirers, her achievements also brought about skeptics. After hearing Queenie's accusations, a man nearing his forties asked with feigned curiosity, "She's right, Mr. Mill. Why did Arielle score the highest mark? Didn't we all cure our patients?"

The look Abraham gave Queenie could only be described as one of disappointment. However, he only gave her a split second of attention before his gaze settled on the man. The man had left a strong impression on Abraham. Had it not been for Arielle, the man would have been the top scorer for both attempts, so Abraham could understand the man's doubts.

"About Arielle's results, every mark was allocated according to the rules. She is phenomenal at what she does. On the first day, she not only found the most medicinal herbs, but the herbs she found were also of the highest value."

"On the second day, which was yesterday, all of you were assigned a patient. I'm sure you have seen for yourselves how she managed to find the cause of the old lady's illness and cure her in such a short time. That alone is enough to speak for her exceptional ability."

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“As for the third day, who amongst you has the confidence that you’ll be able to cure the disease if you were the one who had encountered it?”

As Abraham spoke, his eyes scanned the crowd, scrutinizing their expressions. The man remained silent. Although he was stressed about Arielle’s high marks, he knew that with his skill level, he might not have been able to treat Arielle’s patient yesterday.

Queenie felt resigned after hearing her father’s reply. Her marks for all three days were nowhere near as high as Arielle’s, which meant there was no chance of her being the head of the Mill family.

At the thought of that, Queenie shot a glare at Arielle. If I can’t have it, then I’ll make sure Arielle doesn’t get it too!

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### Chapter 1287

Chapter 1287 Do Not Dream Of Getting It

“Due to the intensity of yesterday’s competition, many of you did not get enough rest. Take the day off, and we’ll continue the third round of competition tomorrow,” Abraham announced.

Many of the contestants had stayed up all night to treat their patients. They had to be in tip-top condition for the competition, so everyone agreed with Abraham’s suggestion.

After saying their goodbyes to Abraham, the contestants returned to their respective rooms.

Arielle instructed Sasha to escort the elderly lady off before strolling back to her room. Queenie’s gaze riveted on Arielle’s retreating figure, her eyes taking on a menacing glint as Donovan nudged her back to their room.

“Donovan, if things progress as is, Arielle will become the head of the Mill family,” Queenie whispered to Donovan once they were inside the room. Her tone carried a hint of urgency. To Queenie, it did not matter to her who got the title as long as it was not Arielle.

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She could not bear to imagine her rival winning that coveted title.

“Well, it is what it is.”

Despite his perfunctory reply, Donovan was all too familiar with the taste of resentment that came with losing to Arielle. Still, there was nothing they could do to change the situation. Arielle’s outstanding abilities were plain to see, and both Abraham and Cornelius valued integrity. It was impossible to sabotage Arielle.

“I still don’t want Arielle to become the head of the Mills family.” Queenie gnashed her teeth at the thought of it. “Before, I convinced myself that if she really becomes the head of the family, I would chalk it up to fate and accept it. However, I can’t get over how she treated you after she found out that you were stalking her. Her behavior was a slap to your face and an insult to me! How can we let someone like her take the Mill family medical manuscripts?”

Queenie could care less about the position, but her anger toward Arielle blazed because of Donovan. She could quietly endure the shame of not being as good as Arielle and even come to accept Arielle as the head of the Mills, but she refused to let bygones be bygones when it came to how Arielle had treated Donovan. To Queenie, Donovan was more important than life itself.

Unbeknownst to Queenie, Donovan was reluctant to revisit the memory of being beaten up by Arielle, and the way Queenie brought up the incident time and time again kindled his rage. It was humiliating for a man to be thrashed right in front of his wife, and his dignity had been crushed.

Donovan’s emotions got the better of him. “Can you stop talking about how Arielle beat me up?” he growled.

It was his first time losing his temper at Queenie since they had gotten married. Stunned, Queenie stared at him wordlessly.

After seeing Queenie’s terrified expression, Donovan realized that he had gone overboard. He understood that although it was annoying how Queenie kept reminding him of how he lost in a fight with a girl, she had said it out of concern for him.

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“Queenie, I didn’t mean to yell or get mad at you,” Donovan quickly rectified. Tousling his hair, he continued in a low voice, “It’s just that every time you mention that incident, I feel useless for not being able to win against a woman.”

Although it was the truth, Donovan did not like showing Queenie his weak side.

“I’m sorry, I didn’t realize that bringing that incident up would upset you.” Queenie’s heart ached as she took in Donovan’s miserable state. She wrapped her arms around her husband and apologized profusely, “I’ll never talk about it again. Never.”

Queenie’s eyes reddened with emotion. Go to hell, Arielle! It’s all your fault. How could you treat my husband like this?

“Donovan, I can’t let you endure this humiliation in silence. We must take our revenge!” Queenie’s voice dripped with malice.

“It’s not that I don’t want to seek revenge, but we can’t even beat her. How are we supposed to do it?” Donovan had even gone as far as hiring a hitman to murder Arielle, yet nothing had worked out.

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