

## Obsessed CEO Throws Himself at Me Chapter 1121

Just as Donovan was in the middle of encouraging himself, Selena's voice came from the room.

"Donovan Baxter."

At the sound of his name, his heart began to race.

He proceeded to take two more deep breaths to force himself to calm down, but it was not easy to shake off the worry.

When Donovan pushed the door open, even his hand was trembling.

Calm down, Donovan. Calm down. This is your last chance. If you don't pass this time, you won't get another opportunity to graduate from Maxwell University.

His mind finally felt more at ease after he balled his fists as tight as possible.

Steeling himself, he entered and greeted the panel, "Good morning, I'm Donovan Baxter."

"All right, let's start," came Selena's voice.

It was then Donovan straightened up and looked to his front.

There were five people in the room. Selena was sitting in the middle, and beside her was none other than Arielle.

The young woman's unforgettably beautiful face was right in front of him.

I-It's really her!

Despite the smile hovering on Arielle's lips, the look in her eyes was a sharp and cold one.

It was as if she was laughing at him and looking down on him. In fact, it was almost as if she was looking past him.

As though someone detonated a bomb in his brain, Donovan's mind went blank.

Arielle was the one who detonated that bomb.

She had lit the fuse and destroyed all the mental preparations he had made in his heart, making the hairs on the back of his neck stand and all the color drain from his face. He was so pale that it seemed like he could pass out at any moment.

Earlier, he had thought about the possibility of meeting Arielle in the room, but his brain had forcibly dismissed those thoughts.

Only when he saw Arielle right in front of him did he finally realize he could no longer lie to himself.

Arielle really is participating in my thesis defense! What do I do? What should I do?

Donovan's body was wracked with shudders, and the copies of his thesis fell to the ground with one loud plop.

When Selena saw his behavior, she frowned in displeasure.

"Mr. Baxter?"

Hearing that, Donovan snapped back to his senses and quickly picked up his papers.

"I'm sorry. I'm too nervous."

Knowing how nervous the students could be, Serena nodded in understanding. "All right. Please give us a copy of your thesis and introduce your thesis."

"Okay."

Biting the bullet, Donovan walked over.

The distance between him and them was only two meters, but it felt as if he had crossed the largest desert in the world.

The moment he handed the thesis to them, his heart was in his mouth.

He could only pray that Arielle would not see his thesis or that she would not realize the examples in it were hers.

After handing them his thesis, Donovan returned to his position. By then, his forehead was beaded with cold sweat. "The topic of my thesis is—"

"Donovan Baxter," Arielle interrupted abruptly.

Not daring to look her in the eye, he mumbled, "Yes?"

Her lips curled. "Do you remember what's most important about a thesis defense?"

Donovan was stunned for a short second, unable to recall the answer to that.

Hence, she reminded him. "What's most important is your attitude and the truth."

Did Arielle figure it out?

In a state of panic, Donovan could only echo incoherently, "Right... It's my attitude and the truth."

"Good," Arielle said with a half-smile. After nodding, she voiced, "Since you know that, let's begin."