

# Obsessed CEO Throws Himself at Me Chapter 1388

Students like him are often the hardest to teach. I know they're doubtful of my skills.

"It's amazing that the three of you played during class, blatantly ignoring the lecturer's feelings. Come out, you three. Follow me to the office."

Once they heard Arielle was bringing them to the lecturer's office, the three exchanged a glance. A tingling sense of dread started snaking up their spine.

They knew going to the lecturer's office wouldn't end up as simple as being reprimanded. The worst-case scenario was their parents freezing their bank card.

"We're sorry, Ms. Moore. Please forgive us."

Arielle arched a brow. "Asking for my forgiveness? Sure, but you need to promise me something."

Three sets of eyes immediately landed on her, wondering what she was planning to do.

The tall guy had dragged the other two to join him, disrupting class. So Arielle used him as an example to lay down the law.

She inched closer to the tall guy and twisted his arm.

He let out a loud yelp that resounded in the lecture hall walls.

Arielle had dislocated his shoulder in front of the entire class.

From an outsider's perspective, it might seem cruel, but she had used a trick to do it, She didn't cause him too much pain because she just wanted to teach him a lesson.

Arielle then pointed at the shorter guy beside him and asked, "Explain the term 'dislocation'."

It was the basic knowledge of orthopedics. Even non-medical students could answer.

However, her earlier action had frightened the short guy.

"A dislocation is a separation between two bones where they meet at a joint, disrupting normal movement."

Arielle nodded.

"Excellent! Since you've studied well, help this fellow pop his arm back into his shoulder."

"Huh?"

The entire hall of students was stunned by the request.

The short guy had no choice but to comply.

As he reached for the tall guy's arm, the tall guy immediately shrank back. "Don't! I'll probably die from the pain if you're the one doing it. Your skills are terrible."

The short guy was only good in theory and lacking in practice.

Seeing the disgust on his friend's face, the short guy turned to Arielle.

She still had a smile plastered on her face, but her smile was like a grim reaper's smile in the students' eyes.

They thought Arielle was gentle, hence their boldness to be disrespectful. She turned out to be a wolf in sheep's clothing.

"Don't look at me. If you don't follow my instruction, we'll go to the office."

The short guy resignedly obeyed her.

Another pained yelp resounded in the hall, but the tall guy's arm still wasn't in place.

Finally, the tall guy trained his eyes on Arielle. "I'm sorry, Ms. Moore. Please don't ask him to help me. I'll die from the pain."

I guess he's truly in pain. I can see tears at the corners of his eyes.

Seeing him admitting his mistake, Arielle nodded.

"Then I want you to promise me in front of everyone that you won't break any more rules in my class. Also, you have to maintain your results at A in all of my tests."

The tall guy was baffled at Arielle's request.

A few giggles came from the students.

Everyone knew he was a cheeky b\*stard.

Anthony Crosworth entered medical school because he came from a wealthy family. His father was the school's sponsor, so naturally, he got into the school's best major.

Arielle was asking for the impossible.