

MR BO!

Chapter 23: He Was Attracted To Her Easily

Seeing that Bo Jinchuan finally had his attention on her, Lairong said,

“Young Master, you should go and rest, lest Madam worries about you.”

Worried about her effort going to waste.

Bo Jinchuan lifted his wrist to look at his watch. It would be sometime before dinner.

“Okay.”

He nodded his head and went upstairs.

Looking at his disappearing back, Lai Rong smiled before she headed in the direction of Old Lady’s room.

Holding on to the tie he had taken off along the way, Bo Jinchuan opened the door to his room.

For someone who disliked the intrusion of his personal space by others, he could immediately feel a difference despite his lack of frequent presence.

His hand stayed on the doorknock, his vision not really landing on the bed that stood in the centre of the room.

There was a tinge of coldness in his dark orbs, his sharp gaze landing on the cocooned figure lying on the bed before heading in that direction.

With the carpet cushioning his steps, he did not make a single sound.

His face reflected nothing but an icy sternness with the knowledge of someone’s intrusion of his private space.

Yet, the icy coldness diminished when he saw the napping person on his bed.

She was like a cloud; her small face tinged with redness and gentility shone within her delicate brows.

His vision went to her beautiful lashes. With no makeup, her lips were like a begonia. Altogether, she looked peaceful.

Extinct beauty.

Those were the words that went through Bo Jinchuan’s mind.

Thereafter, his gaze unexpectedly travelled down.

The robe she was wearing belonged to him. Perhaps the robe was too big for her, revealing the fair skin of her collar bone, which moved in an upward and downward motion, in synchronization with her breathing.

Bo Jinchuan's chest tightened. Surprise filled his dark orbs.

He knew that this woman did not throw him off like the others, but he did not expect himself to be so attracted to her.

Turning around, he took off his suit and threw it on the sofa, before taking off the expensive cuffs and casting them aside.

Then, his vision travelled to Shen Fanxing's napping face. While his eyes did not reveal anything, warmth started to spread slowly through his pulse.

Well, there was no need for him to mind since being easily influenced by her was not a bad thing.

Anyway—

She would be his sooner or later.

Bending down to sit on the bed, he viewed the sleeping beauty using his peripheral vision.

He touched her hair.

In the midst of her deep sleep, Shen Fanxing smelt a different fragrance, one that was distant yet familiar, like the one given off by the bedsheets. Besides that, there was another nice-smelling scent.

She frowned slightly. Being a perfumer, distinguishing scents was almost like an innate ability.

That kind of fragrance...

Should be those used in a car.

With her doubt solved, Shen Fanxing slowly relaxed her brows.

She dug into the comfort of the pillow, and a few strands of hair fell into the interior of the robe, preventing her chest from being exposed.

The child-like action invited a faint laugh from Bo Jinchuan, where his laughter travelled via air molecules to the rest of the quiet room.

With the fragrance in close proximity, as well as a strong presence and laughter that solely belonged to a man, Shen Fanxing opened her eyes...