

## STOP MESSING AROUND, MR BO!

### Chapter 3

#### *Chapter 3: Into His Embrace*

Two of them turned their heads and saw a slender man in an expensive suit taking broad steps towards them.

With long brows, sharp nose, and thin lips that spoke of some tartness, the man's dark eyes reflect a smiley warmth. His deep and clear voice sounded, "Grandma, who are you angry with?"

The afternoon sun streamed past his figure and prolonged the shadow of his profile, thereby giving an impression of notable elegance.

Looking satisfactorily at her grandson, the old lady turned her head and gave a signal to Lai Rong, which she received and left hastily.

The man bent down and held the old lady's hand. Upon seeing the cute pretense of her anger through the pouting of her lips, he gave a throaty laugh.

"Who angered Grandma! Grandson shall give them a 'good lesson'."

The old lady pouted her lips and said, "Who else besides you, the ungrateful one?! I want a great-grandson!"

A flicker of helplessness flashed across Bo Jinchuan's eyes.

"Grandma, I just got back from abroad. Where do I find you a woman to bear a child?"

The old lady humphed and said, "After all these years, the words you used to deal with me have never changed!"

She attempted to inflate her cheeks as she spoke, whilst looking in the direction of Shen Fanxing.

Lai Rong had reached her, and she was looking in this direction. The old lady lifted her hand and waved.

Shen Fanxing was doubtful but she still went with Lai Rong.

Bo Jinchuan stood up as he saw Lai Rong leading a slender girl walking towards their direction.

The girl's face was pale but there was no hiding of her beauty. She wore an oversized hospital gown which was blowing strongly, implying an extremely skinny figure inside.

Bo Jinchuan blinked a few times before his dark eyes could make out the face of the approaching woman.

When Shen Fanxing reached them, he stopped staring blatantly as alert and doubt filled her eyes.

Surprise filled him as it was the first time a woman could look at him in such a calm manner.

In fact, her gaze did not linger long on him. It swept past him and landed on Grandma.

That gaze, filled much with coldness and calmness, not only shocked him but also arose a sense of tiny defeat.

Stumped for words, his thin lips bent in an unnoticeable radian.

“Old Lady, what’s the matter?”

Shen Fanxing bent her body slightly while she spoke, her voice reflecting a kind of lethargy and gentleness that came from her feeble condition.

Such a scene created ripples that flashed across Bo Jinchuan’s dark eyes.

When making conversation with a wheelchair-bound person, one should avoid making the wheelchair-bound strain the neck through prolonged look-up, for this can be bad for the spine.

That was a problem he had always taken note of, and thus he would know the tedium of that posture.

This was not much different from Zamabu.

What a feeble woman...

The smile in the old lady's eyes went an inch deeper. Holding Shen Fanxing's hand, she stared at her for some time, nodding her head again and again.

"Yes, not bad, not bad, indeed not bad!"

Unsure of what was going on, Shen Fanxing could only maintain a polite and non-awkward smile.

"Don't worry, child. Grandma is not a bad person. I'm just too bored and you happen to catch my eye. I'm sorry for the sudden notice to ask you over. Forgive Grandma!"

In the face of the Grandma's unconcealed enthusiasm, Shen Fanxing shook her head.

"It's okay, since I'm alone anyway."

As Shen Fanxing spoke, a tinge of bitterness flashed across her clear eyes. This was noticed by the old lady, who grabbed her hand and patted it lightly, her heart aching for her.

"Good child, what's your name?"

"Fanxing, Shen Fanxing."

"Far like the thousands of stars in the sky, clear like the milky galaxy. That's a good name! Right, Jinchuan?"

The old lady turned to give a meaningful look at her grandson, her eyes warning.

It was as though he could be killed if he disagreed.

A helpless smile flashed across Bo Jinchuan's face but he managed to nod in mock agreement.

"Yes, it's a nice name."

"And very compatible!"

The old lady raised an eyebrow purposefully before telling Shen Fanxing,

"Come, Fanxing. Let me introduce you to my grandson, Bo Jinchuan."

Shen Fanxing lifted her head and directed her gaze to the man who had stood at the sideline all this while. Unexpectedly, her gaze collided with the dark gaze of his.

The man had delicate eyebrows and a good-looking face, as well as a distinguished elegance.

One look at the man's appearance and vibes and one could tell that he was not a common man.

She seemed to have seen him somewhere before, but she could not recall where specifically.

Her memory could have failed her. After all, it should be hard for one to forget such an outstanding man.

She hesitated. With the old lady's words ringing in her ears, the sight of the man no doubt made her feel a little awkward.

Far like the thousands of stars in the sky, clear like the milky galaxy.

Bo Jinchuan...

Thousands of stars in the sky. The milky galaxy.

This was too... intentional.

Bo Jinchuan's eyes reflected immeasurable, deep wisdom. As if sensing her awkwardness, his eyes shone and he extended his hand, breaking the silence.

"Hello, I'm Bo Jinchuan."

"Hello, I'm Shen Fanxing."

Whilst speaking, Shen Fanxing extended her hands, trying to straighten her body but she paused.

Perhaps having squatted for too long, in addition to her hip injury, any form of movement would send a numbness down her legs, causing them to turn jelly-like. In an instant, her body went backwards.

"Careful."

On her beautiful face, her eyes widened in fear. Yet, a crisp and deep voice sounded over her head.

Her waist was also instantly supported by a strong and powerful arm as she was brought to her feet.

Yet, Shen Fanxing abruptly landed up in the embrace of Bo Jinchuan.

A sense of good fragrance hit her, amplifying her awkwardness.

Fast reaction on her part propelled her to push him away, but the numbness in both her legs caused her to stagger pathetically, sending her straight into the embrace of the Bo Jinchuan again.

Out of self-protection, she held the man's shoulders for support subconsciously.

At the same time, the arms that were wrapped around her waist exerted more force, lifting her up immediately.

Shen Fanxing bit her lips hard as guilt overwhelmed her as she recalled the two incidents when she had fallen into the man's bosom.

“Don't move first.”