

Chapter 71: How Could Someone Still Sit Here?

“Ahem... Fanxing, although you can't come to work tomorrow, you can't sit idle either. On Friday, there is an official ceremony to announce the return of the young master of the Bo Consortium. He is taking over as the global CEO of the empire. I'll bring you along...”

Shen Fanxing paused. This Friday again...

“I heard that on that night, most of the famous tycoons from around the world will be attending. You should take advantage of the event to find a handsome man with a hot bod and a rich family. You should flaunt your relationship with public display of affection and smack the scum and the b*tch hard on the face. It'll be a beautiful comeback!”

Shen Fanxing chuckled and replied, “I have to lose myself in order to take revenge on them? It's not worth it, isn't it?”

Xu Qingzhi gave a helpless sigh and said, “I knew you would say that! That's not the main point. The main thing is what is going to happen after the young master of the Bo Consortium becomes the CEO!”

“Yes?”

“Do you know the upcoming mall in the north of the city?”

Without hesitation, Shen Fanxing nodded and answered, “Yup, I do.”

That was definitely a huge piece of meat.

Brands from all over the world were eyeing that mall!

Even the Su Company had been racking their brains to attempt to secure a spot.

“That mall belongs to the Bo Consortium!”

Shen Fanxing's eyes gleamed. Surveying the well-tended courtyard, she said,

“So you've also targeted that place.”

“Yup. Judging from the scale of the mall, it is undoubtedly the largest mall in the country. If Zhi Qin Cosmetics can enter, it will be a huge step forward! At the same time, to gain the approval of the Bo Consortium also means that we will be sheltered well from a towering tree that touches the sky!”

Shen Fanxing was aware of the fact, or else there wouldn't be that many people trying to build a relationship with the Bo Consortium.

“So? What do you need me to do?”

“I'll start developing the formula for new perfume, but I'm not in a hurry as quality is more important. Zhi Qin Cosmetics may be small now, but her reputation in the industry has been good. I'll try my best to fight for it.”

Something flashed across Shen Fanxing's eyes. Compared to her competitor, the Su Company, Zhi Qin Cosmetics' scale and reputation were obviously at a disadvantage at the starting line.

Even through the phone, Xu Qingzhi could sense Shen Fanxing's worry.

"Fanxing, I have nothing to fear. If we fail so be it! But I trust you! You agreeing to join Zhi Qin Cosmetics has instilled more confidence!"

Shen Fanxing's worries started to dissipate. Trust was the only thing that mattered to her and could penetrate her heart.

Moreover, throughout these years, Xu Qingzhi might be the only one who had fully trusted her.

"Okay, I'll work hard."

Xu Qingzhi heaved a sigh of relief before saying, "But you have to remember to attend the event with me on Friday! Let's see if the young master of the Bo family is good-looking or not!"

Shen Fanxing grinned and replied, "Okay, see you on Friday."

After hanging up, Shen Fanxing saw a servant coming out to dump the rubbish. It seemed that they were beginning to prepare dinner.

She stood up and went into the kitchen.

...

The conference meeting didn't end until 6pm. Instead of working overtime like the previous few days, Bo Jinchuan got Yu Song to tidy up the documents so that he could bring them back.

Regarding this, Yu Song wasn't surprised.

How could someone still sit here after knowing that Ms Shen is having her dinner with the old madam?

"Master, do we return to Grand View Manor or to Old Madam's place?" asked Yu Song cheekily.

Bo Jinchuan spared him a cold stare and Yu Song smirked quietly to himself. He started the car and drove towards the old madam's residence.

On the way there, the car passed by a pharmacy, Bo Jinchuan, who had his head lowered the whole time, seemed to have calculated the distance accurately. He said to Yu Song, "Pull over."

Chapter 72: Bo Jinchuan, Are You Addicted to Being a Bandit?

"Master?" Yu Song glanced at Bo Jinchuan through the rearview mirror.

Bo Jinchuan gradually stopped writing. He closed the document and placed it aside before looking at Yu Song.

He instructed quietly, "Buy some medicine for sprains and bruises."

Yu Song seemed to understand everything instantly. After replying with a "right away", he opened the car door and walked into the pharmacy.

...

“Young Master, you’re back.” Lairong’s eyes were sparkling and warm. The old madam had incredible foresight indeed.

“Yeah.”

answered Bo Jinchuan as he changed his shoes before strolling into the living room.

His cool gaze scanned the living room, but there was no sight of a familiar figure. Turning around, he was about to head upstairs when he heard a soft voice coming from the kitchen.

“Does he like seafood? Crabs? Prawns? Doesn’t look like he does...”

“Me? I’m not really a picky eater, but my stomach isn’t too well lately. I don’t dare to eat anything too spicy...”

“It’s nothing serious actually. I’ve been busy with work previously and I had to socialize often. It’s not surprising that my stomach feels unwell.”

“Do you want to make a fruit platter? I’ll go get...”

When Shen Fanxing ran out, she happened to see the towering figure standing in the middle of the living room. His gaze was fixed on her.

She halted her footsteps as she was surprised to see him. “You’re back.”

The moment she finished speaking, she felt that something was amiss.

Why did she sound like a newlywed wife waiting for her husband to return home from work?

Bo Jinchuan’s dark eyes surveyed the woman opposite him intensely. The dress she was wearing was familiar; he had seen it this afternoon.

Right now, she had a light blue apron with a sash around her waist. It showed off her slender waist and it seemed as if he could envelop her fully with an arm.

But the light in Bo Jinchuan’s eyes dimmed gradually.

“Who asked you to do these?”

Bo Jinchuan’s sudden gloomy tone startled Shen Fanxing, and she didn’t know how to react.

“Who asked me to do this? Of course it’s me.”

Bo Jinchuan glanced at her calmly before taking large strides to her. He held her wrist and pulled her upstairs with him.

They went directly to Bo Jinchuan’s bedroom and Shen Fanxing was forced to sit on the bed.

“Bo Jinchuan, what are you doing?” asked Shen Fanxing, feeling rather vexed. She was used to his gentle demeanor and couldn’t accept his rudeness.

“Lay on the bed.”

“You...” Shen Fanxing couldn’t even finish her sentence. She stared at him, too furious for words.

To think she had thought of him as a polite and refined gentleman!

She finally snapped to her senses and screamed when she was pushed onto the bed. He lifted her shirt forcefully.

“Bo Jinchuan, are you addicted to being a bandit?”

Bandit?

Bo Jinchuan’s thin lips froze.

That was a refreshing word.

Yet it was interesting to hear that from this elegant and aloof woman.

His eyes which were as black as ink, glinted quietly. His warm hands gripped the sides of her wriggling body and his eyes remained on her slender waist.

Something stirred in the depths of his eyes and they darkened.

She had fair creamy skin, but a dark greenish bruise had ruined her beauty.

His face darkened visibly as he picked up the ointment. His lips moved slightly.

“Where did the term ‘bandit’ come from?”

Shen Fanxing’s anger couldn’t be vanquished.

“You broke someone’s arm and smashed their car. And now you’re using force on me? If you’re not a bandit, then what are you? And I thought you were a gentleman...”

Before Shen Fanxing finished speaking, something cooling touched her waist, accompanied by a tinge of pain.

She paused, and suddenly enlightenment hit on. Her furious face reddened and she bit her lips before burying her face in the covers.

She had misunderstood him.

Chapter 73: Bandit, Huh?

Though his fingers were cold, his actions were gentle.

He massaged the ointment and spread it around her bruise.

The fragrance of the ointment wafted slowly in the air. Shen Fanxing held onto the bedsheets tightly beneath her. She didn’t dare to lift her head.

“Why did you stop? Weren’t you good at chiding me just now? Huh?”

She could feel the warmth of his breath near her ear and the sound of his low and husky voice in close proximity.

Shen Fanxing tried to move her body away, only to have her waist grabbed by a large hand.

“Don’t move.”

The warmth of his palm made Shen Fanxing tense up. Just as her body stiffened, Bo Jinchuan’s voice sounded behind her again.

“Wait till the ointment has dried up before you get up.”

Shen Fanxing didn’t continue to move. Not long after, a muffled voice sounded.

“Sorry, I... misunderstood you just now.”

A light and low chuckle sounded and Bo Jinchuan straightened his body.

“Bandit?”

“Sorry...”

Thoroughly embarrassed, Shen Fanxing apologized profusely.

“I’ve never thought that someone would use such a word to describe in this lifetime.”

Shen Fanxing bit her lips awkwardly, her voice sounding gloomy and guilty.

“It’s the first time I’ve used such a word to describe someone.”

“The first time? Should I feel honored?”

“Anyway... I’m very sorry.”

Realizing that the man’s hand had left her waist, she stood up and breathed a sigh of relief. Then, she carefully rearranged her dress carefully.

Turning around, she saw the tall and robust man behind her.

His thin lips were curled and his features were perfect. He was gazing intensely at her.

Shen Fanxing suddenly felt like she had nowhere to hide. She took a step back instinctively, but Bo Jinchuan took another step closer.

She retreated and he closed in again...

After repeating this several times, her shoulder bumped against the wardrobe.

She instinctively wanted to retreat once more and so, she pressed her body against the wardrobe.

At this moment, a long and strong arm wrapped around her waist.

Panic gripped her as she looked up, and her eyes met Bo Jinchuan’s pitch black ones.

He was an outstanding man with well-defined, perfect features. He possessed an aura of nobility and gave off an impression of calmness and self-restraint. This combination was extremely alluring to women.

His light breaths landed on her face and his intense gaze was peeled on her. She had no chance to escape.

“Your apology is just words, It’s insincere.”

Shen Fanxing’s heart trembled as she asked, “Then... what do you want me to do?”

Bo Jinchuan bent his body and rested his forehead against hers. His deep masculine voice seeped into the air.

“Play the fool.”

Something flashed across Shen Fanxing’s clear eyes.

She could clearly feel his warm breath, his aloofness and his pressuring dominance, as well as the heavy pounding of her heart.

“This is the first time in my life that I feel like I can’t wait to do something. You’re really torturing me.”

Her eyelashes trembled uncontrollably. His voice was deep and hoarse, and it seeped into her body through the air, rendering her numb and ticklish.

“Bo Jinchuan, you... said before... when you’re pursuing someone... you will not go back on your word... As a gentleman...”

“Gentleman? Ha...” Bo Jinchuan gave a deep chuckle and continued, “No, I’m a bandit.”

For the first time in her life, Shen Fanxing wished she could bite her tongue off.

Why was she so impulsive to blurt that out to Bo Jinchuan?

He was using her own words to shut her up. How should she respond to him?

“Do you know where the bandit’s woman came from?”

Chapter 74: This Man is Toxic!

“Do you know where the bandit’s woman came from?”

Bo Jinchuan pressed his other hand on the wardrobe behind her and tightened his grip on her waist.

Though he avoided touching her bruise, he used the most possessive way to confine her in his territory.

“Bandits’ women are usually stolen. They all have a nickname, which is... the wife of a brigand chief.”

Shen Fanxing tensed up.

She had always thought that this gentle and composed man was wise and intelligent.

A person like him was good at boiling a frog.

Bo Jinchuan was indeed .

Yet, from the start, she had a feeling that this man Bo Jinchuan, was capable of advancing into an unknown territory unchecked. And he would do so effortlessly.

Nobody could handle such a strong-headed man if he were to insist on his way.

To her, he was too aggressive.

She was unable to resist nor fight him.

Shen Fanxing felt that she deserved it.

She had fallen into the pit she had dug!

She had shot herself in the foot!

It was all her fault!

She hadn't had the foresight.

"You... Must you use the word 'bandit' to shut me up?" She could only respond with resignation.

Bo Jinchuan raised an eyebrow and remarked, "Don't you always use the term gentleman to restrain me?"

She was speechless...

Seeing how speechless and vexed Shen Fanxing was, Bo Jinchuan's lips curled.

Raising his head slightly, he rested his nose on her hair. He inhaled the light fragrance silently.

"Don't use the word 'gentleman' to restrain me. Even though I have patience, it's limited. What's more, you have underestimated how attracted I am to you."

He then whispered into her ear, and his deep and hoarse voice continued teasing her relentlessly.

"I can't be a gentleman forever."

As he spoke, his hand on her waist stroked her seemingly unintentionally.

Even if Shen Fanxing had no prior experience, she fully understood his underlying meaning.

She felt as though blood was boiling inside of her. The hairs on her skin stood on end and she turned numb. Her legs were wobbly and she nearly fell to the ground.

It was fortunate that Bo Jinchuan had his arm around her. He tightened his grip around her and prevented her from sitting on the ground.

"What's the matter?"

There was a trace of delight in Bo Jinchuan's deep and masculine voice, and it caused Shen Fanxing to blush shyly.

Did this man have an evil nature?

"It's ticklish!"

Her beautiful face was tinged with annoyance and her face turned crimson. She reached out to hit Bo Jinchuan's hand, which was on her waist.

She was annoyed at herself for being such a disappointment, despite knowing fully that he did it intentionally.

Bo Jinchuan let go of her and casually supported his right hand with a faint smile.

“It feels like being scratched by a cat.”

In addition to her anger, Shen Fanxing stared at him with widened eyes, as if she had just witnessed something spectacular.

Bo Jinchuan straightened his body slowly as he rose. He then placed his hands into his pockets.

His expensive custom-tailored suit was immaculate and well-pressed. It showcased his lanky and robust figure and highlighted his perfect proportions and an aura of nobility.

Shen Fanxing seemed to be in a trance as she gazed at him. She felt as if he had teased her in a dream.

“It’s almost time to eat, I’ll go down first.”

After forcing herself to snap out of it, Shen Fanxing turned and fled the Bo Jinchuan’s room quickly.

This man was toxic!

She had to keep a respectful distance away from him!

Chapter 75: I Reject Your Rejection

When Shen Fanxing reached the ground level, the old madam and Lai Rong were waiting at the foot of the stairs, looking up nervously.

They were afraid that something bad would happen.

“Fanxing, you... finished your chat? Did that rascal bully you?”

Shen Fanxing felt the residual heat of the blood on her face. It left her at a loss of what to do.

“I’m fine, Grandma.”

She lowered her head and tucked some stray strands behind her ears, trying to hide her awkwardness.

The old lady inched forward and scrutinized Shen Fanxing’s every move. Then a meaningful smile widened slowly on her face.

Thereafter, she saw Bo Jinchuan’s tall figure slowly appearing behind Shen Fanxing. Her smile disappeared and she snapped,

“Aren’t you busy? Why did you come back?”

“Grandma, you don’t want me to come back?” asked Bo Jinchuan with a tiny grin. His gaze swept past Shen Fanxing’s shoulder and landed on the old lady.

“You rascal!”

The old madam hissed through gritted teeth, “It’s time to eat!”

Sensing that Bo Jinchuan was getting near, Shen Fanxing scrambled away.

Seeing how Shen Fanxing was intentionally avoiding him, Bo Jinchuan smirked slightly before descending the stairs.

...

It was getting late after dinner.

Old Lady Bo was full of reluctance when Shen Fanxing wanted to go.

"Fanxing... why don't you stay here today? There are many rooms here... The innermost room on the second level has a really huge and comfortable bed..."

Shen Fanxing smiled helplessly and cut across, "Grandma, it's okay."

Why was this old lady so adorable?

She walked out of the manor with Bo Jinchuan following closely behind.

Standing at the entrance, Shen Fanxing looked at Bo Jinchuan and said,

"I drove here myself, you don't have to send me back."

"I'm worried. I'll drive you home. Yu Song will drive your car."

"Can I reject?"

"I reject your rejection. Give your keys to Yu Song."

He said as he pulled Shen Fanxing towards the Bentley.

Though he sounded casual, there was evidently no room for rejection.

What an overbearing man.

Like a gentleman, although he placed his hand on her waist, there was no hint of intimacy.

Shen Fanxing was well aware of the etiquette and manners involved, but the seemingly unintentional light grip on her waist made her rather uneasy.

Soon, they had reached the car. Bo Jinchuan naturally reached out and opened the car door for her.

He exerted some force on her waist and glanced at her casually, signaling her to get into the car.

Yu Song ran to her and stood respectfully beside them. Shen Fanxing hesitated for a moment before passing the car key to him.

"Sorry to trouble you."

"You're welcome, Young... Ms Shen."

After all that had happened today, the idea of Ms Shen as the future young madam had taken root in his heart.

He nearly got tongue-tied.

Shen Fanxing hadn't noticed. She lifted her head to look at Bo Jinchuan, who was still waiting for her, before getting into the car.

Bo Jinchuan closed the door and rounded the car.

Yu Song strode to Shen Fanxing's Volkswagen, unlocked the car and drove off first.

Bo Jinchuan drove slowly and trailed behind Yu Song.

The two of them didn't speak much throughout the journey. In fact, the events that happened in his room before dinner kept her occupied.

The presence of the man beside her was strong and Shen Fanxing turned her head to look at him unconsciously. Indeed, he was good-looking and everything he did was pleasing to the eye.

He sat there with his hands on the steering wheel. Yet, his relaxed stance and beautiful exquisite eyes staring straight ahead were much pleasing to look at than anyone else.

Chapter 76: How Many Languages Does He Know?

Actually, Bo Jinchuan's phone had been ringing since dinner. However, after being the old madam threw him a few glares, he decided to mute it.

Not long after he got into the car, his phone rang again.

Bo Jinchuan took out his phone and glanced at it before propping it up. Then, he glanced at her and said casually,

"Help me to turn on the bluetooth settings on my phone."

At the same time, he picked up his bluetooth earphones with a hand and steered the car with another hand on the steering wheel.

Shen Fanxing bent her head and clicked silently on the screen to change the setting with her slender fingers.

Bo Jinchuan's deep and composed voice filled the car. He spoke in several foreign languages during each phone call.

She could vaguely make out some English, French, German and Russian.

Each switch of language was smooth and pleasant to the ears.

In between calls, he hung up a few times before picking up another one. Just as Shen Fanxing was trying to guess what the next language would be, she heard Bo Jinchuan's deep voice.

"What?"

Alright, in Mandarin this time.

Bo Jinchuan switched off the bluetooth settings and the conversation echoed in the car.

“Brother Bo, you have been back for a while, shouldn’t we have a gathering?”

The man’s voice sounded very casual and somewhat frivolous.

“I’m not free.” came a succinct and heartless reply.

Shen Fanxing sat on the passenger’s seat and silently looked out of the window.

Yes... He was indeed not free.

“When will you be free?”

“In a few days.”

“How many days is it exactly...” Beep, beep, beep...

In a luxurious private room at a club, Yin Ruijue stared at his phone for long before he uttered, “F*ck.”

He threw his phone on the coffee table and gave the silent man a look before shrugging. “I can’t get him here!”

The man beside him was wearing a suit and leather shoes. He held a cigarette between his fingers, looking refined and poised.

He was good-looking and suave, with dark eyebrows and a stoic expression. By looking at his appearance, he gave off the impression that he was not an easy person to get along with. He emitted aloofness all over his face.

“Fine, so be it. When a man is busy, he can use that to deal with almost everything.”

Although the man’s lips curled upward, there was no trace of warmth nor a smile.

Li Tingshen— a low-profile and mysterious man who owned a seemingly small-scale entertainment company.

But as long as he wanted something, he could do whatever he wanted in the entertainment industry.

Yin Ruijue had taken over his family’s business, which consisted of hotels and entertainment companies. He came from a well-known and affluent family in Ping Cheng City.

The three of them including Bo Jinchuan had vastly different personalities, but for some unknown reason, they became good friends.

...

Shen Fanxing was taken aback by Bo Jinchuan’s lack of gentlemanliness.

There was a period of absolute silence in the car. The silence resulted in an increasingly awkward atmosphere.

Given Shen Fanxing’s years of public relations experience, it was a taboo to experience awkward silence.

But at this time, she had no idea what she should say to Bo Jinchuan.

After being silent some time, Shen Fanxing turned her head and asked, "Can I listen to music?"

"Up to you."

Shen Fanxing turned on the broadcast system and a light and warm tune flowed into the air.

It was a famous piano piece, and Shen Fanxing was familiar with it.

A Comme Amour.

Surprised, Shen Fanxing asked, "You like piano pieces too?"

"Violin pieces are not bad too," responded Bo Jinchuan in his deep voice. "You like the piano? Do you know how to play it?"

Does she play...

A sarcastic smile appeared on Shen Fanxing's face...

Chapter 77: Mariage d'Amour

Even though Bo Jinchuan was focused on driving, he had noticed Shen Fanxing's expression.

"Why?"

"Didn't you say you wanted to pursue me? You should know quite a lot about me once you investigate a little more."

Shen Fanxing turned her head to look at him.

The lights in Ping Cheng City were bright at night, reflecting a plethora of different colors. Vibrant lights danced on the side of his well-defined face as the car sped on the road. His nose was sharp and his eyebrows resembled distant mountains. He emitted a sense of nobility and arrogance.

Silence stretched in the car, with only the sound of the warm piano tune playing in the background.

Just when Shen Fanxing thought that he wouldn't reply and was about to look out of the window once more, Bo Jinchuan's deep voice sounded leisurely,

"Do you want me to investigate you?"

Shen Fanxing turned to look at him, a look of surprise apparent on her face.

"I thought that it would be an act of extreme disrespect. Or... rather than learning about you from others, I would prefer that you tell me personally someday."

His voice was too deep and low and even though he was calm, he sounded gentle.

Shen Fanxing's bright eyes glinted before she finally decided to look out of the window. Her eyes and her face were devoid of emotions.

"My mother is an elegant woman who has high expectations of me since I was young. I've learned calligraphy, dancing, and music."

“The Shen family is quite well-off, but I only started playing the piano when I was 15. I guess I could be considered as someone who can play the piano, but I took lessons for less than three years. So I don’t have much achievements in this area. I actually quite liked it, but later...”

Shen Fanxing rested her elbow on the window pane. She bit on the knuckle of her bent middle finger, her voice gradually dying.

Her other hand which was on her lap, was curled into a fist. She was shaking slightly.

“Some time later I went abroad. I put the piano lessons on hold in order to survive.”

Bo Jinchuan listened silently, his expression unreadable. His inky black eyes reflected the dancing brilliant lights and it somehow made him more unfathomable.

He didn’t overlook the stiffness in her words nor the tremble in her voice.

Don’t say it if you don’t want to.

However, he didn’t say a word.

He could feel that if she continued, her emotions tonight would definitely overwhelm her and burst like a dam.

If only she was willing to show her weakness in front of him, but it was obvious that she wouldn’t do so now.

At most, she would hide in her own world and wallow in sadness.

“Play it for me when you have the chance.”

Shen Fanxing retracted her arm and took a deep breath before turning to look at him with a smile.

“Okay, what do you want to hear?”

“Mariage d’Amour.”

Shen Fanxing’s features stiffened slightly.

The gloomy atmosphere lightened up instantly, all because of Bo Jinchuan’s teasing.

The car passed through the city and turned into a residential area. Bo Jinchuan followed Yu Song’s car and slowed down.

Several people who seemed to be taking a walk around Shen Fanxing’s condominium, saw Yu Song’s car stopping. They gathered together before dashing towards him.

“This is the car, let’s smash it!”

Yu Song was vigilant and he noticed immediately that something was amiss. There was a loud smash coming from the boot of the car, followed by a series of noises.

Bo Jinchuan slammed on the brakes abruptly.

He narrowed his eyes at the chaos in front of him. His good-looking face was devoid of any warmth and iciness seeped into his expression.

It was as though even the air had turned into fragments of ice.

Chapter 78: No!

Shen Fanxing was completely shocked by the scene before her. She suddenly remembered what Qingzhi had told her that afternoon.

She could not help but shiver.

It was probably Shen Qianrou's crazy fans.

From afar, she saw Yu Song coming out from the car and subduing a few people agilely.

At the same time, a few security guards ran towards them.

Yu Song freed his hands free before walking to the curb to make a call. Bo Jinchuan's phone rang immediately.

"Yeah," said the authoritative voice, his thin lips barely parting.

"Master, there's some trouble here. I'll handle it, but it'll take some time."

"I know. Pursue this matter to the end. Remember, you must not let these people off the hook, no matter what happens!"

"Got it!"

After he hung up, Shen Fanxing didn't know how to react. She stared intently ahead, thinking that she would get out after those people left.

Yet, at this point of time, the scene ahead started to shift and she realized that something was amiss. She whirled her head to look at Bo Jinchuan.

In silence, he had steered the car around.

"Bo Jinchuan, I haven't alighted yet!"

"No!"

"But I'm already home!"

Without further ado, Bo Jinchuan swerved around and sped out of the district.

"Bo Jinchuan!" growled Shen Fanxing.

"Do you seriously think you can continue living here? Are you certain that there will be no one lying in wait for you? What if someone breaks in during your sleep? Shen Fanxing, use your brain. You're already at the mercy of others! Do you have any idea how dangerous it would be to stay alone? Are you sure you want to continue living there?"

"But I..."

“My place,” interrupted Bo Jinchuan decisively.

“What...?” Shen Fanxing was startled, feeling that she had misunderstood something.

“Stay with me.”

Shen Fanxing blinked a few times before stammering, “Is it... Grandma’s place? It’s getting late, we’ll scare her if we go back suddenly now.”

Bo Jinchuan fell silent for a while before agreeing, “You’re right...”

“So...”

Bo Jinchuan didn’t say anything. The car traveled smoothly as it entered the urban area of the city and continued north.

The car passed by a broad road lined with flowers and made a few turns before they reached a manor.

Behind the towering, dark golden steel gates with engraved flowers, stood a magnificent mansion.

The mansion was surrounded by mountains and quiet streams. Because of the darkness at night, there was a thin mist in the air, lending a mysterious vibe as it shrouded the mansion.

Bo Jinchuan whistled twice and the vast courtyard outside the mansion was instantly lit up.

The gates opened slowly at the same time.

The car entered slowly, as it passed by the flowerbeds and a fountain. It finally stopped at the entrance of the mansion.

“This is...”

“My place. You can stay here from now on.”

Bo Jinchuan replied gently before unbuckling his seatbelt silently. He tilted his body and inched towards Shen Fanxing.

Shen Fanxing pressed her back against the seat and stared at him warily.

Bo Jinchuan’s sudden proximity, especially his deep and powerful breathing, caused Shen Fanxing to tense up instantly. Her face reddened uncontrollably as she held her breath.

He had easily detected her nervousness and wariness. His brows narrowed slightly.

His gaze trailed from her heaving chest before he suddenly raised his head. Without warning, his eyes met Shen Fanxing’s.

Despite Shen Fanxing freezing abruptly, he inched closer as he gazed into her eyes filled with shock...

Chapter 79: My Biggest Concession

Their breaths met in close proximity. They could feel the warmth of each other’s breath easily.

Shen Fanxing’s heart had nearly leaped out of her chest. She wanted to resist him, but he was too close to her. She couldn’t even move an inch.

She could only retreat by pressing her back hard against the seat. However, Bo Jinchuan's breath followed closely with their noses almost touching each other.

His scent had enveloped her tightly.

Shen Fanxing couldn't take it any longer. She placed her palm on Bo Jinchuan's immaculate suit.

"Bo Jinchuan..."

She wanted to stop him gently, but the moment she opened her mouth, her lips brushed lightly against his.

The touch was cool and it felt soft.

Something unnoticeable stirred in the depths of Bo Jinchuan's eyes. That light touch of his lips made her heart race as fast as a cantering horse.

It ended before it even started.

Then, the feeling of insatiable longing lingered.

The lips that were right in front of him were exquisite and soft. In between her breathing, there was an alluring sweet scent which bewitched him.

Shen Fanxing's hands on his shoulders trembled nervously.

How could this be...

From what happened just now, did that count as her initiating the kiss?

Bo Jinchuan lowered his gaze and moved his hands towards her to unbuckle her seatbelt.

"If I didn't bring you here tonight, I would have responded to your kiss."

She was speechless...

"But bringing you to my place is already making you uncomfortable. If I were to respond to you and to take advantage of this situation, I would really not be a gentleman anymore..."

Finishing his sentence, Bo Jinchuan paused before chuckling lightly. He said, "Sometimes, bandits do have principles."

Shen Fanxing relaxed as her nervousness vanished slowly.

Bo Jinchuan got out of the car and went to open the door for her.

"Welcome to the bandit's stronghold. I've brought you back forcefully. Get off the car, future wife of a bandit."

Embarrassment flashed across Shen Fanxing's face but she got out of the car anyway.

She took a quick look around, at the mountains and streams.

She pursed her lips and smiled quietly. "This geographical location is indeed ideal as a bandit's stronghold."

Bo Jinchuan grinned slightly and said, "You have to be careful then. There is no going back from here."

After leading Shen Fanxing into the main residence, they saw a few servants waiting respectfully along a wall.

"Go and tidy up a room," ordered Bo Jinchuan.

"Yes, Master." The servant hurried away.

"It's getting late. You can stay in the guest room for the night. Tomorrow you can go shopping. There are a few other residences in the backyard, you can choose any of it."

"I... can't. Bo Jinchuan, one night is enough..."

Bo Jinchuan turned around, his voice turning icy.

"I'm deliberately avoiding the thing that you're worried about. Letting you choose to stay in another residence is already the biggest concession I can make. You will stay at the back while I'm taking the place in front. We're not even staying under the same roof. Given the safe distance, what do you have to worry about?"

"I..." Shen Fanxing bit her lip and frowned slightly. That was not what she meant.

Bo Jinchuan inched closer to her and tucked her loose hair behind her shoulders. He lowered his head and stared at her intently and his deep voice sounded.

"Don't feel bad. Take it that you're getting to know this place. Besides, this place will be yours sooner or later."

Shen Fanxing raised her head to look at him. She moved her lips but didn't utter a word. Resignation streaked across her eyes.

Bo Jinchuan smirked and said, "Don't look at me like that. If you dare to reject me now, I don't mind doing what a bandit should do."

Chapter 80: Everywhere in the Entire Manor Was Imposing!

Shen Fanxing stayed in the guest room arranged by Bo Jinchuan.

After a quick shower, she sat in the room as she took in the unfamiliar surroundings of the room. She heaved a sigh of relief.

She had never felt more at ease.

She wasn't used to relying on others, but being with Bo Jinchuan made her feel completely at ease.

Recalling the scene that she saw at the condominium today and the violent acts of those people, fear still lingered.

If Bo Jinchuan hadn't insisted on sending her home tonight and got Yu Song to drive her car, other than her car being destroyed, she might end up badly injured too.

Luckily, Bo Jinchuan was with her...

After taking a deep breath, she climbed into the comfort of the bed before diving underneath the blanket.

Too much had happened today and it had drained all her energy.

...

In the study room at the other side of the mansion, Bo Jinchuan sat on a massive chair with a gloom swirling in his eyes.

“Keep pressuring them until they break. Since they’ve chosen to sacrifice everything for that woman, I want to see how tough they are!”

His voice was particularly low and the apparent viciousness in his tone made Yu Song’s heart skip a beat. He replied hurriedly and respectfully,

“Yes, Master.”

...

The next morning, the twittering of birds woke Shen Fanxing up from her deep sleep.

Opening her eyes slowly, she was momentarily surprised by the unfamiliar room. Moments later, she recovered herself.

She cast the blanket aside and got out of bed. When she pulled the blinds away, the scenery outside made her gasp in surprise.

Because of the darkness of the night, she couldn’t get a good look at her surroundings.

The green fields within a radius of a few miles were neat and tidy. There were a few white cemented paths that weaved in the middle of the fields. The surrounding forests were lush and green. A man-made river circled the entire manor.

The manor was beautiful and imposing and it was filled with an indescribable elegance.

She couldn’t help but admire the impeccable wisdom and artistic style of the designers and craftsmen who designed the manor.

Actually what she had seen was just a section of the manor.

How rich must a person be, to be able to build a house that was comparable to the Suzhou Classical Gardens?

She was quite eager to take a walk and explore the place.

Turning around, she went into the bathroom to wash up. After she was done, she strode out of the room.

When she got downstairs, the living room was silent as the servants were busy cleaning and tidying the rooms. There were hardly any sounds heard.

Noticing Shen Fanxing's presence, all of them stopped what they were doing and nodded respectfully at her.

The head of the servants was a middle-aged woman with flat eyebrows. There wasn't any expression on her face.

"Ms Shen, you're awake."

Shen Fanxing nodded her head lightly, her voice low and husky.

"Yeah, good morning."

Surprise flashed across Aunt Zhang's calm eyes and her tensed face relaxed a little.

"Ms Shen, please have breakfast."

Aunt Zhang replied politely, and the few servants who were busy in the living room left silently.

For no reason, Shen Fanxing had a strange feeling.

In this day and age, even though affluent families would hire servants, the formalities were no longer as formal or rigid as they used to be.

Yet, the servants here were all cautious and acted submissively.

Was Bo Jinchuan that scary?

Breakfast was ready long ago and was served in the dining room.

"Where's Bo Jinchuan?"

Shouldn't he eat breakfast too?

"Master has gone to work. He instructed that I should bring you around the manor after breakfast."

"Okay," said Shen Fanxing as she nodded slowly. Looking at the exquisite-looking breakfast, she bent down and sat.

After breakfast, Aunt Zhang led her out.

The mixed scent of fresh soil, lush grass and spring brought about a refreshing feeling. Shen Fanxing felt invigorated instantly.

She thought quietly to herself that Bo Jinchuan was indeed a man who wouldn't mistreat himself.

Building a manor like this in a city like Ping Cheng was practically paradise on Earth.

Stepping personally on the ground and viewing the scenery felt even more wonderful than what she had seen from the bedroom.

In contrast to Shen Fanxing's current state of contentment, Shen Qianrou was far from feeling that.