

STOP MESSING AROUND, MR BO!

Chapter 1

Chapter 1: Drowning

Water was everywhere.

It covered everything, drowning every single aspect of one's face.

Shen Fanxing's Achilles' heel was swimming.

However, she'd fallen into the ocean and the salty water had found its way into her lungs.

The chilling cold from the springtime ocean gripped her and the fear of suffocating slowly overwhelmed her.

In that instant, people wafted out onto the deck of the cruise.

Attendees of the gathering were sons and daughters of rich men and women.

Although there were not a lot of people—slightly more than 20—their total worth was more than what a city could cost.

Yet, there was always the richer of the rich, which was the Bo Consortium.

The oceanic waves rolled, droplets of rain fell from the sky and within seconds, it was raining cats and dogs.

Two silhouettes were struggling in the ocean!

“Help...”

“Help...”

Amidst the heavy rain, the two feeble voices asking for help were drowned out.

Suddenly, a tall and strong build emerged from the sea of people.

When his vision landed on the two struggling silhouettes who were in the ocean, fear and anxiety clouded his dashing face.

Without any hesitation, he leapt into the cold sea before he could even get his suit off.

Droplets of rain landed on the ocean's surface and clouded his vision. It was with great effort and energy before the man finally rescued a person.

“Qianrou, Qianrou, please wake up...”

The man pleaded; he was now panting heavily but spent the least bit of time caring about his pathetic state. His attention was solely focused on the unconscious woman lying in his embrace.

It did not occur to him that there would be another person in the sea.

At that instant, a panicking voice coming from a woman sounded in the crowd——

“Where's Fanxing? Wasn't she being called out by Shen Qianrou? Where is she?”

“Yes! Shen Fanxing has also fallen into the ocean!”

Someone shouted, causing a chill to run down everyone's spines.

The sound of the ominous thunder cracked through flashes of lightning, as though it wanted to peel the dark sky and caliginous sea open.

Everyone looked towards the pitch-black ocean of rolling waves; there was no sight of a struggling human.

The woman who commented about Shen Fanxing and Shen Qianrou's fall into the ocean broke down in tears.

“Fanxing can't swim!”

Upon hearing that, the man who had Shen Qianrou in his embrace froze momentarily.

Indeed, he remembered seeing Fanxing.

Just when the woman's voice quieted, "splash", another person had leapt into the ocean.

When Shen Fanxing was rescued, Shen Qianrou had already coughed out the water and recovered her consciousness.

Unsure of whether it was rain droplets or tears on her wan face, she stared at the man before her through teary eyes.

"Brother Heng..."

After crying, she reached her arms out to the dashing man's neck and planted her pale face—the size of a palm—there, despite his drenchness.

Frowning slightly, one could not guess what he was thinking, but his hands gradually reached out to the woman's waist and pulled her in.

"Don't be scared. It's all fine now."

His gentle voice held a tinge of obvious joy at the lucky and unscathed experience.

Witnessing such a scene, the masses on the deck whispered forlornly.

Qi Qi shifted his vision to Shen Fanxing, who was rescued later.

After the repeated process of cardiac resuscitation and CPR, she only managed to cough up some water.

Her long lashes trembled slightly and she slitted her eyes open weakly.

Despite the current dizziness, the sight of the two tightly-cuddled figures managed to filter into her vision clearly.

Her lips twitched and with droplets of rain falling on her face repeatedly, she lost her consciousness again.

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Shen Fanxing had a narrow escape with death.

When she woke up the day after, it was noontime. There was no one in the room except for her.

Bright light streamed into the room through the windows. Her bright eyes stared weakly at the settling dust molecules; one could not be sure of her thoughts through her impenetrable gaze.

At last, she got up herself and dragged her frail body to the bathroom.

The weather outside was beautiful and she decided to go for a walk.

At the hospital's park.

Even though the warmth from the sun was alright, the thin sheet of patient clothing she wore still made her shiver from the cold.

She found a secluded place for a stable foothold. There, she stared at the gardenia not far away, at the flower buds that had yet to blossom.

Her arms were wrapped around herself and despite the fragility of her body then, she emitted a sense of obstinate coldness.

Shen Fanxing was born with a pretty face but it was a pity that there was always a lack of emotions on her delicate features.

Yet, this did not reduce the charm emanated by her. The quiet presence, fair skin, dark hair, as well as the cold solitude, all elicited a unique attractiveness.

She took a deep breath and felt better, only to see a person standing in front of her.

Shen Qianrou was holding a thermo flask emitting gasps of hot steam. With her pretty face, her permed long hair was let down and a man's blazer was wrapped around her shoulders.

She stared at Shen Fanxing's cold but beautiful face, jealousy instantly sprouting at the sight of her arrogant temperament and coolness that came easily from a slight frown.

However, looking at her frail and skinny body, Shen Qianrou suddenly gave a boastful smile, one that spoke of a show-off as she pulled the blazer more tightly against her body.

Shen Fanxing stared coldly at her before saying, "You are indeed a soul who does not disperse!"

Shen Qianrou raised an eyebrow and sauntered towards Shen Fanxing slowly. Seeing her pale face and thin figure, she gave an even brighter smile.

She bent down till she was in front of Shen Fanxing, and spoke in a low voice, "You still don't want to admit defeat? Sister, even your beloved man is now in love with me..."