

STOP MESSING AROUND, MR BO!

Chapter 6

Chapter 6: Pursuing You Is My Choice

She screamed agitatedly and let go of his hand. She lifted her head slowly; her clear eyes were filled with emptiness and her lips twisted in a smile, one that did not reach her eyes.

Besides sarcasm, there was a sense of absolute despondence and resolution.

This sight sent a strong tremble to Su Heng's heart. It was like an emotional roller coaster, where even his chest ached.

"Fanxing..." Su Heng screamed again, not knowing what to say.

Shen Fanxing gave an icy stare and remarked coldly,

"Su Heng, remember this. It is I, Shen Fanxing, who doesn't want you. I sincerely hope that you'll last long with Shen Qianrou. Please don't ask to give me anything; I'm not that cowardly. After all, who uses a used towel?"

In the face of such a mean speech from Shen Fanxing, Su Heng felt unbelievable.

However, he could understand her infuriation. He pursed his lips and left after asking her to take care of herself.

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Shen Fanxing only sat down on her bed lethargically after Su Heng left the ward. She pulled her legs to her chest and fixated a hollow gaze at something outside the window.

Cold and strong-headed?

She used to be as gentle as a lamb. It was the harsh reality of the world that left her with no choice but compelled to place an icy sheet on her personality and strengthen herself.

She could only draw up a defence mechanism to protect herself and prevent herself from being hurt and sad so that she would not cry, or seem weak and pitiful in front of outsiders.

After all these years, she thought that she was used to it. It was only then that she realized she was not as strong as she had imagined.

Given that room of solitude, she felt hurt and vulnerable. Her throat turned dry and tears welled up.

Yet, this was the most she had allowed herself to be weak.

She would not cry, for it was not worth it, and immensely cowardly.

Ultimately, her tears would only become dematerialized into dust particles. It was not worth any penny and she would land up as a joke to others.

She felt a presence drawing near. Not long after, a clean, white handkerchief appeared before her.

Shen Fanxing paused to redirect her gaze, momentary surprise flashed before her eyes.

She released her legs and stood up.

She looked at the dashing man who was a head taller than her.

They had obviously just parted, but they met once again.

“You... Why are you here?”

Bo Jinchuan’s blazer hung on his arm as he only had his expensive white shirt on. There were two beautiful buttons on the cuffs, bringing out his suave and unique elegance.

His dark pupils followed Shen Fanxing's rapidly hiding face closely, and an unknown sentiment flashed across his eyes.

After a long while, he finally spoke slowly, in a deep and elegant voice.

"Normally, women will cry at this juncture."

Shen Fanxing was marginally surprised at this, but she understood quickly what that meant.

He must have followed her all the way back here. Though he did not hear everything, someone as intelligent as him would have captured the whole picture.

"Sorry, it's not habitual for me to eavesdrop."

Shen Fanxing was indifferent towards it.

"It's not worth it to cry over that kind of person. What's more, my tears are not worth much."

Bo Jinchuan's brows moved before he continued, "You're right; some people are not worth crying over. It's indeed a waste of emotions. However, I have reservations regarding the latter."

Shen Fanxing looked at him confused, and gave a look that signalled him to go on.

Bo Jinchuan's dark orbs followed her closely before he replied calmly,

"The value of tears depends on who you're crying for. Some people will think your tears are not worth anything, but some people will regard it as priceless."

Even though this was some heart-warming speech, the profound meaning that underlay within rattled Shen Fanxing's heart slightly. She averted her gaze hastily.

Bo Jinchuan kept the handkerchief slowly and said, "Now, let me answer the first question you asked."

He paused for a bit before looking down at her.

"You're a smart woman. It should not take much for you to realize that Grandma wants me to pursue you."

Shen Fanxing's eyes flashed momentarily, awkwardness setting in.

"I think... it might be because of the long wait. What she desires the most now is to have an adorable and active great-grandson."

"You're indeed smart."

Bo Jinchuan smiled, this made Shen Fanxing heave a sigh of relief.

"However, pursuing you is my personal choice. Not every woman can bear my child."

Bo Jinchuan said again, the mighty dominance underlying the gentle tone of his voice could longer keep Shen Fanxing calm.

It had never occurred to her that someone as gentlemanly and modest as him could be capable of such unruly words.

"Has Mr Bo always been this direct when pursuing someone?"

"I only pursue you."

This gave Shen Fanxing a slight headache. It was the first time she felt so difficult dealing with someone.

"We had only known each other today, within the past hour and met each other twice. Mr Bo, don't you think this is too hasty?"

"I have trust in my own taste."

Shen Fanxing finally allowed some sort of emotions to slide onto her emotionless face.

After some time, she gave a bitter smile.

“You’ve heard the conversation between the man and me. We’ve known each other for eight years and yet the trust is as thin as a rake. We’ve just met each other; what makes you trust that I’m the right choice?”

Bo Jinchuan raised an eyebrow.

“You’re comparing me to the scum?”