

Celebrity Girl Is My Wife Chapter 231

The teachers walked out of the kindergarten and saw Nan Chen's electric motorcycle.

Everyone was stunned. *Is he trying to be humble?*

But isn't this too humble? If a high-profile person like you rides an electric bike, what about us?

Nan Chen looked at the electric bike and felt troubled.

It did not matter what vehicle he used to reach the kindergarten. However, now that his two kids were with him, he could not fetch them back with the electric bike as it was not safe.

He called Jiang Zhe, but he was still stuck in the traffic, and it would take some time for him to reach.

"Get a car here as soon as possible," Nan Chen told Qiao Zhan.

"I did, sir. I have asked someone to send us a car," Qiao Zhan said as he wiped his sweat.

No one dared to leave even though Nan Chen had told them to; all the teachers were standing by the kindergarten entrance waiting patiently.

After half an hour, the driver finally came. They boarded the car and went to a western restaurant for dinner.

Nan Chen purpose chose a restaurant where they could have fine-dining while enjoying the rest of the night.

Luckily, the two kids grew up abroad and were familiar with western cuisine.

Erbao still pestered Nan Chen for ice cream, so he asked the waiter to buy Haagen-Dazs from a nearby shop.

At that moment, Erbao's phone rang. She took it out from her bag and exclaimed, "Mommy!"

Nan Chen was angry because Ning Ran had wanted to pick up the kids today. However, she had not kept her to her word.

This had caused all the teachers to stay back late, and Nan Chen to cancel an important meeting.

She only calls when everything was settled?

“Third Uncle is hungry. I am eating with him.”

Erbao knew how to twist words. She spoke as if Nan Chen was the only one who was hungry, and that she was forced to keep him company.

“I’m sorry. It was Mommy who was supposed to fetch you. But something came up and I couldn’t make it,” Ning Ran said with a guilty tone.

“It’s okay, Mommy. Why don’t you come now and join us? It’s on me!” Erbao said proudly.

“On you? Where did you get the money from?” Ning Ran teased.

“Third Uncle is treating me, so I will save one portion for you. Isn’t it a treat from me then?”

Erbao chuckled, thinking of herself as smart.

Nan Chen heard what she said on the phone and smiled.

However, he only smiled at Erbao’s wit. He did not want that woman to join them at the restaurant.

He did not want to meet that irresponsible woman because it will only ruin his mood.

“Are you guys almost done?” Ning Ran asked.

“Not yet. We’re waiting for Mommy,” Erbao replied.

“Okay, I’ll come over now.”

Once Nan Chen heard Ning Ran wanting to come over, he started to see red.

How shameless is this woman? She did not keep her promise, yet wants to come and eat?

But Nan Chen could not refuse as it was Erbao who had invited her. He did not want the girl to feel unhappy.

This time, Ning Ran was quick. She arrived at the restaurant in less than ten minutes.

Ning Ran felt under pressure because of Ning Ziqiang.

She stood at the entrance for about two minutes and tried to calm herself down. She forcefully put up a smile to look less anxious, as she did not want her stressed look to ruin the kids' mood.

When Ning Ran walked towards her kids, her smile reached her eyes." Hi, my darlings!"

"Mommy!"

Erbaο welcomed her with open arms. She jumped off her seat and hugged Ning Ran as if they had not met for a long time.

Ning Ran glanced at Nan Chen, hoping he did not notice. All she saw was an icy-cold expression.

It was not okay. Ning Ran knew she had to please him because she needed his help.

"Thank you for picking up the kids. Today, I..."

Nan Chen raised his hands and stopped Ning Ran. He did not want to listen to her explanations.

Ning Ran felt embarrassed.

Then, she found out that there were no more seats left for her. There were only three chairs, which made her even more embarrassed.

Dabao immediately noticed the situation and stood up. "Mommy, you can sit here," he said.

But Ning Ran did not sit because she felt wary.

Ning Ziqiang and Luo Yi had been pressuring her earlier. She did not expect to be pressured again at night.

What a hard life.

Ning Ran could barely hold back her tears as she was disappointed.

Coincidentally, Nan Chen took a glance at her. He wanted to see how embarrassed she was but realized that her eyes were filled with loneliness and gloom.

Suddenly, Nan Chen's heart softened a little.

No matter how incompetent she was, she was still the kids' mother.

Nan Chen took pity on her and said, "I'll ask them to get a chair for you."

The waiter then brought a chair, and Ning Ran sat down. Then, Nan Chen asked her to order her food.

He did not want Ning Ran to eat the leftovers even though she had just arrived.

Ning Ran was preoccupied and did not have an appetite. She only ordered a glass of fresh juice.

“Mommy, order something else. It’s delicious!” Erbao persuaded.

“It’s okay. Mommy isn’t hungry. I’ve eaten before I came,” Ning Ran answered.

She only wanted to make her kids feel relieved, but once again, Nan Chen felt triggered by what she said.

It turns out she went to eat with other men and forgotten to fetch the kids?

Then, what is she doing here after having dinner with other men?

Ning Ran realized Nan Chen’s expression began to darken. She did not know how she had managed to provoke him again.

Was it because she did not want to eat? How would this provoke him?

“I was supposed to pick up the kids today. But something urgent came up, and I was unable to. I’m very sorry,” Ning Ran said to Nan Chen.

But Nan Chen ignored her completely.

Ning Ran felt embarrassed once more. It wasn’t very respectful of him to make it seem as if she were talking to herself.

They were silent for a moment.

“Mommy, why aren’t you guys talking?” Erbao asked, disliking the silence.

Without saying a word, Ning Ran smiled awkwardly and took a sip of her juice.

“Then let me tell you a story. Our teacher read it to the class today,” Erbao said, feeling the atmosphere growing awkward.

Ning Ran and Nan Chen agreed because Erbao liked to perform.

It was about the Red Riding Hood. Even though this story was an ordinary tale told long ago, Erbao made the storytelling fun as she was good at her facial expressions, hand gestures, and intonation.

It was Erbao's storytelling skills that made it lively.

Even though Ning Ran acknowledged that Erbao looked like Poker Face, Erbao had inherited her talent in storytelling.

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Erbao's storytelling finally made the atmosphere less tense. After the dinner, they left. "I wanna follow Mommy!" Erbao said.

"Me too!" Dabao responded. This was what made Ning Ran relieved. No matter how well the Nan family treated them, her two kids would always stay by her side.

However, she was not in the mood to think about this because she had something important to discuss with Nan Chen. "Mummy will be quite busy these few days. Both of you should stay with Third Uncle first," Ning Ran replied.

"Oh..." Erbao responded calmly. "Mommy, can you send us to Third Uncle's house then?" Dabao requested, hoping they could spend time in the car. Ning Ran glanced at Nan Chen. Luckily, he did not object.

Ning Ran and her two kids sat in the back of the car, whereas Nan Chen was seated at the front passenger seat. After thinking about it, Nan Chen looked at his driver and said, "Let me drive."

All that was left was the four of them. The traffic was heavy as usual, and Nan Chen drove the car steadily. He did not say a thing throughout the journey.

Suddenly, Nan Chen was struck by a strange and pleasant feeling. It was different from the pleasure of successfully negotiating for a big project or acquiring a company. Nan Chen had never felt it before.

As Ning Ran was chatting with her kids in the back seat, she took a peek at Nan Chen's flawless face from the side.

Although both of them did not talk to each other, the car's atmosphere was not tense because the two kids were there.

Erbao was talking non-stop as she was very happy.

Needless to say, Ning Ran and Nan Chen were happy to see Erbao enjoying her time in the car.

After a while, they reached the Nan residence and stopped at the gate.

Servants were waiting by the gate to bring the kids in.

"I still need to settle something in the office. You guys go ahead," Nan Chen said softly to Erbao and Dabao.

"Okay!" they replied obediently.

Ning Ran did not get out of the car as she had something to discuss with Nan Chen. It was an important matter.

"Bye bye, Third Uncle! Bye bye, Mommy!"

"Goodbye!"

As the kids entered the house, Nan Chen coldly said, "I don't have time to send you back. I'll ask Qiao Zhan to arrange a car. Get out."

He sounded rude but Ning Ran kept it to herself.

"I have something to tell you," Ning Ran whispered.

"I am busy and have no time to listen to you," Nan Chen refused ruthlessly.

She insisted and said, "Then let's drive to your office. I'll tell you along the way."

At that, Nan Chen made a U-turn and headed for his office.

"I want to borrow some money."

Ning Ran knew Nan Chen did not like to deal with people that beat around the bush. She had no choice and decided to tell him directly.

Nan Chen was stunned for a while as he did not expect her to make such a request.

What is this woman planning to do? I offered her the money and asked her to give up the kids' custody, but she did not want it.

Did she change her mind? Did she want the money now after purposely finding an excuse?

Nan Chen kept quiet as he was uncertain of her motive.

"Is that okay?" Ning Ran asked again.

"No." Nan Chen gave a crystal clear reply.

He refused to lend her anything without even asking the amount and reason.

As expected, it was an answer Nan Chen would give.

Ning Ran was speechless; she did not know what to do next.

He had made it clear. What else can I say?

Ning Ran was unable to accept that. *Should I forget about it?*

Luo Yi wanted ten million; Nan Chen was her only hope.

If she wanted to get her mother's ashes back, she must pay. She would have to think of other ways to repay Nan Chen after that.

Ning Ran would never let the two of them step over her that easily. She would not pay a single cent!

However, she was in a dilemma. Before she could make her next move, Ning Ran must first borrow the money from Nan Chen and retrieve her mother's ashes.

However, her hands were tied because Nan Chen was the only one who could help.

"I really need the money," Ning Ran whispered.

"No," Nan Chen was determined.

"Why didn't you ask what the money was for?" Ning Ran said helplessly.

"It's none of my business," Nan Chen replied coldly.

Ning Ran's words choked in her throat.

She knew Nan Chen hated her, yet she still had to seek help from him.

"I need it because..."

"No need to explain. I don't want to know."

Nan Chen interrupted before Ning Ran could finish because he did not believe in her.

This woman is good at lying. I can't differentiate between what's true and what's not.

Nan Chen had tried to trust her again, but his trust was thrown into the garbage the last time he did. She had always made the Nan family lose face.

As time passed, he had lost trust in her as he felt that this woman was a troublemaker. It was better to stay away from her.

If she were not the kids' mother, Nan Chen would not want to see her at all.

He tried hard not to meet her and did not want to smell the orange blossom fragrance on her body.

Nan Chen believed she might have come up with an excuse to borrow the money again. It was a trick to lure him into the lie.

It was difficult to determine whether or not it was true since she was well-prepared. Then, why bother listening?

She has lied multiple times. I will not fall for it again.

"Sir Chen, I'm in a tight spot..."

"Shut up, or get off my car," Nan Chen said in a cold tone.

Ning Ran had to shut up.

She planned to calm him down before asking him for the favor.

After all, ten million was not a small amount. If he was willing to lend it to her, she did not mind getting scolded.

They were silent along the way. As they reached, Nan Chen parked his car at the VIP parking and got off.

Ning Ran followed behind him.

"What are you doing?" Nan Chen turned around and frowned at Ning Ran.

"I... I wanted to visit your office," Ning Ran blurted, using a stupid excuse.

"No need to visit it," Nan Chen refused again.

"I have a stomachache. I have to use the toilet," Ning Ran said as she placed her hands on her stomach.

To make him believe, Ning Ran added, "I will leave after that. I won't linger around."

Nan Chen did not want to argue with her in the parking lot as he felt annoyed. He tapped his card and alighted the personal elevator that connected directly to his office.

When the elevator door opened, Nan Chen glanced at Ning Ran.

Ning Ran headed to the toilet by herself and ordered two cups of coffee through her phone.

When she returned, Nan Chen was preoccupied with his work, buried in tons of paperwork.

Lifting his head, he asked, "You're still here?"

"I bought you coffee. Once it's here, I'll leave," Ning Ran said politely.

"No need," Nan Chen refused cruelly again.

"I've already bought it. I know you don't drink cheap coffee, so I bought the signature; the most expensive one. It cost me over two hundred," Ning Ran said.

Nan Chen frowned, and his forehead crumpled like an old bill that was thrown into the trash, "What the hell do you want from me? Can't you see that I'm busy?"

"Don't worry, I won't bother you. I'll keep quiet."

Ning Ran walked away from his table and stood at the side of the room and looked at Nan Chen without making a sound.

Nan Chen ignored her and got back to work.

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Ning Ran stood by the French windows in Nan Chen's office, looking at the bustling city under flickering lights. The world was beautiful, yet filthy.

It was so filthy that some people used the ashes of the dead to blackmail others. Human nature was just pure evil. What if Nan Chen refuses to help?

Should I just sit and watch that wicked woman, Luo Yi, defile mom's ashes? Mom had suffered so much when she was alive, and she can't even rest in peace after death.

Ning Ran felt helpless and was on the verge of tears. Just then, the coffee was delivered, but the security guard wouldn't let the delivery man in.

It was natural as not anyone could enter the CEO's office. Ning Ran collected the coffee downstairs and delivered it to Nan Chen's desk. Nan Chen didn't look up at all.

"The coffee is here. Drink it while it's hot," Ning Ran said in an ingratiating manner. Nan Chen kept quiet. "I bought coffee just to please you, and just so you would listen to me," Ning Ran continued.

She had rarely put herself so low with such humble words. Nan Chen eventually lifted his head slightly, but looked down again soon and continued working as if Ning Ran was invisible.

“I need money urgently right now, and I don’t know any other rich people. I can only borrow some from you,” Ning Ran added.

Nan Chen remained silent.

“I…”

Ning Ran wanted to continue speaking when Nan Chen suddenly raised his head, looking coldly at the former.

Ning Ran’s mouth was agape with surprise, and she was afraid to speak anymore in fear that Nan Chen would be sick and tired of her.

“As I said, as long as you give up custody of the children and leave Flower City, I’ll give you a large sum of money. Enough to clothe and feed you for the rest of your life.”

Ning Ran was relieved when Nan Chen eventually spoke.

It was better for him to reprimand her than not uttering a single word.

“But I can’t give up on my children. They are my life, and I won’t exchange them for anything.”

Ning Ran was adamant in her stand when it came to her children.

“Yet you’re borrowing money from me?” Nan Chen was really impatient.

“I’ll pay you back real soon,” Ning Ran replied.

Naturally, Nan Chen didn’t believe in her words. She didn’t need to look for him if she was just going to borrow a small amount of money.

If she was going to borrow a lot of money, would she even be able to pay them off at once? It was definitely unrealistic.

In conclusion, this woman was playing tricks, and she was insincere.

“Get out,” Nan Chen sneered, evicting her from the office.

“I…”

“Out!” Nan Chen raised his voice, his tone harsh.

“Please!” Ning Ran begged softly.

Nan Chen was momentarily stunned. Did she just say “please”?

“I wouldn’t have come to you if there’s any other way. I know you hate me, and that you look down on me,” Ning Ran said.

Well, at least you know your place, Nan Chen thought.

“It’s really for urgent use if I’m borrowing money from you. I’ll die a horrible death if I lie to you.”

“How much do you want?” Nan Chen suddenly asked.

Ning Ran was overjoyed. Does this mean he agrees?

“Ten million.”

What a sizeable request!

Even if the Nan family was filthy rich, they

didn’t print money for a living.

How brazen of her to demand for ten million!

Nan Chen looked at Ning Ran in silence, sending a chill up the latter’s spine.

“I’m using it for…”

Ning Ran wanted to explain, but Nan Chen stopped her with a wave of his hand.

He didn’t want to listen because he felt that what she was about to say would be bogus.

“Come to the office tomorrow. Jiang Zhe will liaise with you,” Nan Chen said.

Ning Ran was elated. “You agree?”

Nan Chen waved his hand, indicating her to get lost and not interfere with his overtime work.

“Thank you. I’ll definitely pay you back as soon as possible.”

This was simply nonsense to Nan Chen’s ears. You just borrowed ten million from me and you’re saying you’ll pay me as soon as possible? Who are you kidding?

When Ning Ran walked to the door, she suddenly turned back and picked up a cup of coffee. "Two cups are too many for you. You can't drink too much at night."

In other words, 'You can't waste it. I'll take one'.

Nan Chen was utterly speechless.

Walking out of Nan Chen's office, Nan Chen felt much more relaxed.

As long as she could get the money, all she had to do now was get her mother's relics and ashes.

She must get even with Luo Yi, that witch, and avenge her mother.

...

The next afternoon, Ning Ran was filming on set when she received a call from Jiang Zhe.

Jiang Zhe told her to come over to the office after filming and that the car he sent to pick her up was waiting outside.

Although the director didn't have the nerve to make her stay, Ning Ran insisted on finishing her two scenes, and only then did she make her way to the headquarters of Nanshi Corporation.

Jiang Zhe welcomed Ning Ran and brought her to another office.

Thereafter, he handed a thick contract to Ning Ran, saying, "Ms. Ding, please have a look. If there's no problem with the contract, please sign it."

"Contract?"

Ning Ran took a look at it and saw that Party A of the contract was Star Entertainment and Party B was Ning Ran herself.

Star Entertainment was an entertainment company under Nanshi Corporation and the main producer of what Ning Ran was filming now.

"What is this? A contract with me?" Ning Ran asked.

"Yes, the president asked me to prepare it," Jiang Zhe replied.

"The contract is too long and I don't understand it. Just tell me the terms directly," Ning Ran said.

Jiang Zhe nodded, seemingly to have expected this.

“This contract is a full contract. All performances of Party B during the contract period are owned by Party A, including but not limited to film and television, and all runway shows. The proceeds will be divided between Party A and Party B at a proportion of nine to one. Nine to one? That is, the company takes ninety percent, and the artist takes ten percent!”

“During the contract period, Party A will provide Party B with a large number of performance opportunities which guarantees at least one drama, one movie, three endorsement deals, and a series of performance within a year. You can be rest assured about this, Ms. Ding. Star Entertainment is backed by Nanshi Corporation so their resources are still very powerful, “ Jiang Zhe explained.

“Is it also a nine to one split for other artists of Star Entertainment?” Ning Ran asked.

“No, it’s mostly eight to two,” Jiang Zhe answered honestly.

“Then why is it nine to one for me?” Ning Ran was unconvinced.

“Because you don’t have much fame. You’re not a big shot in the showbiz world yet, and have to rely on the company to turn you into a star,” Jiang Zhe replied with a smile.

“Alright, go on.” Ning Ran was already very upset.

“The contract period is twenty years. In twenty years...”

“What? Twenty years? That’s buying me for life! I’ll be an old lady when the contract ends!” Ning Ran yelled.

“Star Entertainment is a good company, Ms. Ding. You can’t be possibly thinking about signing with another company after twenty years, no?” Jiang Zhe smiled.

“The share is small and the contract period is long. Other artists usually sign for three to five years. But twenty years?! That’s really cruel! I’m not signing it!” Ning Ran shouted.

Jiang Zhe shrugged helplessly. “I’m just following orders. If there is any objection to the contract, you can run it by the president. You’re no ordinary artist, Ms. Ding, and this contract has been specially tailored for you.”

Ning Ran thought Poker Face was just evil. He came up with such a demanding contract, knowing that she was in trouble and needed a favor from him.

What was the difference between this and a servitude contract?

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Jiang Zhe dared not add on upon seeing how Ning Ran's face was all scrunched up. He could only look at her quietly with his hands hanging by his side.

Ning Ran also knew Jiang Zhe was just following orders and that he had no authority to change any clause written in the contract.

Thus, it was useless to snap at him because he was completely powerless.

However, she was still furious and felt as powerless as Jiang Zhe.

As Nan Chen had authorized these contracts, no one could change them without his consent.

"I want to see Nan Chen," Ning Ran requested.

"The president is currently accompanying the mayor to inspect Nanshi Corporation's agricultural projects. I'm afraid he won't be available on such short notice. He instructed me to stay back to settle this as soon as possible because he was worried you would need the money urgently."

"Does this mean I have to thank him for giving me such an unfair contract?" Ning Ran shouted.

At her loud voice, Jiang Zhe stopped talking.

"He's doing this on purpose to take advantage of me, isn't he? Does he, the president of a large consortium, think it's fun to go out of his way to deal with a weak woman like me?"

"Ms. Ding, I'm not sure if I should be saying this," Jiang Zhe said softly.

"I know you want to persuade me to sign. You're Nan Chen's accomplice!"

Jiang Zhe smiled bitterly. "Ms. Ding, you speak too highly of me. I have no right to be Sir Chen's accomplice. I'm just following orders, doing what I'm told to do."

"Then what is it you want to say?" Ning Ran asked.

"Star Entertainment's domestic influence is second to none. Among the many superstars born every year, more than half of them came from Star Entertainment. Star Entertainment's artists have a huge market, not only in China but in other Asian countries as well. We have a more professional team and more than enough resources at our fingertips. I'm sure you know Mr. Zheng Lunlun. When Star Entertainment managed him, it only took him less than six months to amass fame halfway across the world since his debut. No other company can achieve such star-making speed. And then there's that former celebrity, Ms. Luo. I'm sure you've heard of her, and know her

strengths as well. Whether it was singing skills or acting skills, she had nothing at all and her EQ was super low. But she was molded into a superstar. This shows that Star Entertainment is definitely one of the best in the industry,” Jiang Zhe said in one breath before looking quietly at Ning Ran.

“So? What you mean is, I should be honored to sign with Star Entertainment and should immediately sign this contract no matter the conditions offered?” Ning Ran questioned.

“I have no right to make this decision for you, Ms. Ding. I’m just telling you my opinions. As an artist, the sooner you get famous, the better it is, not to mention that you debuted pretty late for your age, Ms. Ding.”

“You’re saying I’m old?”

Jiang Zhe frantically explained, “Of course not. I’m just saying from the perspective of your debut, it was a little late. Having a huge fandom is the key to survival in this industry. Only a few capable stars can maintain their artistic life through self-discipline and hard work. So you don’t have to worry about the duration of the contract, Ms. Ding. If Star Entertainment can make you popular, you’ll be a superstar wherever you go in the future. So why bother which company do you sign with? If Star Entertainment can’t even make you popular, then with all due respect, it would be almost impossible for you and Cheng Xiangyun to make a breakthrough in this industry. Besides, who will dare to cooperate with you if word gets out within the industry that you rejected Sir Chen’s contract?”

Jiang Zhe’s last sentence was the main point.

He didn’t mean to threaten her. He was just telling the truth.

It was almost certain that no other entertainment company would dare to sign Ning Ran in the future if she rejected Nan Chen.

With no entertainment company to support her, she would have to fly solo by depending on an independent agent; exactly like how she was working with Cheng Xiangyun now.

It would be fine at the initial age, but it would be impossible for further development.

Besides, she had become the female lead of this drama by mistake. What about her next project?

If she refused to sign with Star Entertainment, it was uncertain if she could accept jobs from now on.

Therefore, there was no way out, and she could only sign this contract.

Seeing Ning Ran contemplating, Jiang Zhe continued to persuade her, "When the drama you're starring in right now becomes popular, Sir Chen will arrange a movie for you to take part in. Only actors who acted on the big screen can be considered as A-list celebs. When you and the company make a lot of money in five or six years, you would probably get sick of acting and call it quits. By then, you can retire from acting by faking an illness or something. Can the company still force you to work for twenty years? Have you seen any actors who have been active for that long? So why harp on a twenty-year contract period? Besides, you'll be a veteran if you can stay at Star Entertainment for twenty years. How great an accomplishment must that be?"

"Veteran my foot! You're a veteran! Your entire family are veterans!" Ning Ran chided.

"Yes, yes, my entire neighborhood is full of veterans! Consider it, Ms. Ding. Am I making sense?" Jiang Zhe said curtly.

Ning Ran had always known Jiang Zhe was just a wily old fox, despite looking like a yes-man on the surface.

The fact that he could be a special assistant to someone who was as fierce as the tiger-like Nan Chen showed just how polished he was.

He said a lot today which might seem like he was persuading Ning Ran, but in fact, he was planning the future for Ning Ran.

At least he hinted Ning Ran a few questions. One, if she didn't sign this contract, she would have a rough journey ahead in showbiz; Two, Sir Chen would definitely send her to stardom as long as she signed this contract, and her popularity would at least exceed Luo Fei's; Three, she didn't have to worry about the contract period because she could do whatever she wanted and no one could stop her once she becomes a hotshot.

It actually made sense after much consideration.

However, Jiang Zhe missed out on the most important point, although Ning Ran knew it well deep down.

That was, Nan Chen would change no clause in this contract. It was either she signed it or it was a no-deal.

It wasn't a multiple-choice question, but a single-choice question and the standard answer was in Nan Chen's hands.

"Fine. When will I get the money after I sign the contract?" Ning Ran asked.

"Soon," Jiang Zhe replied.

Just then, Ning Ran's phone rang again. It was that old woman, Luo Yi.

Ning Ran didn't pick up, but the caller was relentless, so she had no choice but to walk aside to answer her phone.

"Ran, have you prepared the money? The hospital is chasing your father to pay the bill again. We really can't get the money. Why don't you send us five million first?" Luo Yi said.

"I'm still borrowing. I don't have that much money. You think five million is just fifty?" Ning Ran chastised.

"Ran, I suggest you speak nicely to me. I'm your elder, after all. If I get angry, your mother's ashes—"

"Shut up! Oh, don't you worry, Luo Yi, I'll get even with you sooner or later! Don't you dare touch my mother's things or I'll make your life a living hell!" Ning Ran screamed anxiously.

"Jeez, why are you so fierce? I didn't even do anything! Go get the money and stop quarrelling with me. You'd better be quick cause you're running out of time!" Luo Yi warned.

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Ning Ran directly hung up. Then picking up a pen, she signed "Ding Mi" on the contract.

Jiang Zhe caught sight of her signature and said, "Sir Chen said your actual name is Ning Ran, and your ID is also Ning Ran, so you have to write your name as per your ID. But since you usually use the stage name Ding Mi, you have to sign both names."

This Poker Face is no doubt an entrepreneur. How cunning is he to exhort Jiang Zhe this detail! Ning Ran could only add on "Ning Ran" on the contract.

"Well, congratulations on your signing with Star Entertainment and becoming one of Star Entertainment's big family," Jiang Zhe said with a smile.

"What's there to congratulate? I feel like I just signed a slave contract," Ning Ran said. "No, it's not like that. This is a new beginning, and you'll only flourish from here on."

"Fine. I've signed the contract, so when am I getting the money?" Ning Ran asked. "In eight hours," Jiang Zhe replied. "Okay, then I'll wait. Thank you, Assistant Jiang," Ning Ran said.

"You're welcome. Please take care of me in the future," Jiang Zhe smiled. "I'm just a starlet who sold myself to the company for twenty years. How am I supposed to take care of you?" Ning Ran sighed.

“No, you’ll be a future superstar,” Jiang Zhe replied. “You have the gift of the gab in pleasing people, Assistant Jiang. It’s just that it’s a little fake sometimes,” Ning Ran said.

“I’m not lying. With your relationship with the Nan family, the senior executives at Star Entertainment will definitely focus on building your career once you sign the contract. You will be given many resources and your future is unlimited. Just wait for your big breakthrough. There is one premise though, and that is…”

Jiang Zhe’s speech paused, and he didn’t speak any more.

“I know what you’re trying to say. The premise is not to offend Sir Chen. If I offend that old man, instead of developing my career, I will be blacklisted,” Ning Ran continued Jiang Zhe’s speech.

“Yes.” Jiang Zhe didn’t deny it either.

“I got it. I’m just an ant who may be trampled to death by him at any time.”

“It’s not that serious, actually. Sir Chen will never do that.”

“He’s your boss. Of course, you’ll say that,” Ning Ran said disdainfully.

“Everyone thinks the president is aloof, but he is actually a good person. He puts a lot of financial resources and efforts into charity every year. He hardly ever spends much, but he will put a lot of his personal wealth into charity.”

Jiang Zhe spoke of Nan Chen with not only awe but also admiration on his face.

It was obvious that his boss was his idol.

“Okay, I’ll get going. I need the money urgently, so please arrange the transfer as soon as possible,” Ning Ran said.

“I’ll have someone send you back,” Jiang Zhe said.

...

It was seven o’clock at night when Ning Ran received a notification that the money had been transferred to her account.

However, the transferred amount wasn’t ten million, but half a million.

Half a million to ten million was a big difference.

Unable to sit still, Ning Ran made her way to the headquarters of Nanshi Corporation again to look for Nan Chen.

But Nan Chen had yet to return from a wine reception that was held in the city.

No one knew when he would return or if he would return at all.

Although it was off office hours, there were still many people in the building and many employees were working overtime.

The high salary offered by Nanshi Corporation was widely known in the industry, and it was many people's goals to work with Nanshi Corporation's subsidiary companies.

However, what corresponded to higher pay was a higher ability and higher efficiency at work. Employees here would take the initiative to work overtime to complete their tasks at hand.

For the same project, while the competitors needed six months of development time, Nanshi Corporation only needed about four months to accomplish them.

There were people who questioned Nanshi Corporation for exploiting their employees, but Nanshi Corporation didn't have a clear overtime requirement and almost all overtime was voluntary.

In other companies, their monthly salary was five thousand with normal working hours. And the salary for working overtime at Nanshi Corporation was thirty thousand. So, which job would young people choose? Obviously, many would opt for the latter.

Ning Ran had already drunk three glasses of water while she waited in the reception room for Nan Chen.

She dared not drink coffee this time because she was worried she would lose sleep at night.

She was already anxious and unable to sleep under the coercion of Ning Ziqiang. If she were to drink coffee now, it would probably be impossible for her to fall asleep.

Ning Ran waited and waited, but Nan Chen still didn't come back.

It was already nine-thirty, but he was nowhere to be seen.

She then went to the president's secretary's office and asked the staff who worked overtime whether Nan Chen would return to the company. "I don't know" was the answer she obtained.

However, generally speaking, the staff said he would return.

Because according to Nan Chen's work ethics, he would never leave unfinished work from today to the second day, as there would be more work waiting for him the next day. And once there was a delay, it would only slow down the efficiency of the entire consortium.

He had to look over many documents and then consider whether to agree and sign them or not.

His signature determined the launch and continuation of a project, and a team or even the whole branch company could be waiting.

Nan Chen must finish his mountain of work in the shortest time, so he often had to work overtime.

Ning Ran decided to wait for a little longer, and would only leave if Nan Chen hadn't returned by ten o'clock.

She had been very anxious because she was afraid Luo Yi would touch her mother's ashes.

That was something she absolutely couldn't tolerate.

Ning Ran was pacing up and down in the reception room when a staff member from the secretariat ran over and said, "Sir Chen has returned."

Overjoyed, Ning Ran jogged out of the reception room.

Pushing open the door to Nan Chen's luxurious palace-like office, she saw him taking off his suit jacket.

When Nan Chen heard the movement, he turned around and his brows immediately snapped together. "Get out!"

Ning Ran was taken by surprise. He's asking me to leave before I even speak?

It then did she realize she had entered without knocking.

She was too anxious that she had forgotten her basic manners. What a mistake.

She hurried out and knocked on the door again.

However, there was no sound of Nan Chen saying 'come in'.

She reckoned that the knock on the door had been too soft, so she knocked again forcefully.

But there wasn't even a slight response.

Is Poker Face deaf? How could he not have heard that? Is he doing this on purpose?

Ning Ran had no other choice but to knock on the door again and with a bang this time.

It was so loud that it startled the overtime staff members from the secretariat, who then came out to see what was going on.

Seeing Ning Ran banging on Nan Chen's office door, their eyes alighted with sympathy, as they thought of how miserable her outcome would be for knocking on the door in that manner.

Nan Chen didn't respond. Not wanting to create any more disturbance to the others, Ning Ran pushed the door and entered straight.

Thereafter, she saw Nan Chen sitting behind his desk, working nonchalantly with his head lowered.

Ning Ran nearly died of anger. Is he really deaf? Could he not hear my knocking?

"I knocked!" Ning Ran huffed.

Nan Chen didn't look up and concentrated on his work.

Ning Ran had to admit that the seriousness on his face looked striking.

The black shirt accentuated his fair skin, his eyes drooping slightly as his slender fingers held the document. Although he was sitting, he was still upright, and he wasn't slouching.

It was a standard sitting posture, and Ning Ran wondered if he deliberately practiced it.

Celebrity Girl Is My Wife Chapter 236

Ning Ran stood at the side, staring at Nan Chen. Ever since she came in, Nan Chen hadn't looked up. It was as if he had forgotten that she had knocked on the door and came in.

In a way, he treated her like air, and he liked it that way. But she didn't like to be treated like air, especially by him. "I have something important to tell you. I just need a few minutes of your time and then I'll leave."

Nan Chen still didn't look up and didn't speak. Ning Ran was certain that he had heard her. How could he not when he wasn't deaf and her voice was so loud?

"If you're not gonna speak, then I'll start. I'm here to talk to you about the contract." "Didn't you already sign it?" Nan Chen eventually spoke. Sure enough, he wasn't deaf and he could still hear.

"The money I asked to borrow was ten million," Ning Ran said. Nan Chen didn't reply. "But I only received half a million, and half a million is not solving any of my problems," Ning Ran continued.

Nan Chen remained silent. Ning Ran couldn't hold back as she thumped Nan Chen's desk with her hand. Forget the fact that you forced me to sign a slave contract, but deducting money? What is this?

You didn't pay attention to me when I asked you for a moment. You didn't even treat me as a human! Only then did Nan Chen look up slowly, putting down the document in his hand.

Is he going to hit me? "I don't mean to offend you. I just can't stand how you're ignoring me. I didn't mean to get angry when I slapped the table. I was just trying to get your attention..." She was so frightened that she quickly explained because Nan Chen's aura was too imposing.

Nan Chen ignored her and opened the box next to the desk.

Thereupon, he took out a folder, pulled out a file, and opened it.

After flipping through a few pages, he spread the document on the table and pointed it with his slender fingers, indicating Ning Ran to look at it herself.

Ning Ran took over the document and saw that it was indeed the contract that she signed.

According to one of the paragraphs above: Party A will pay Party B a guaranteed remuneration of 10 million (paid in 20 years, 500,000 per year).

Ning Ran was dumbfounded.

The contract was too thick with about dozens of pages, and she hadn't bothered to read them one by one at that time. It was jaw-dropping for her to see that clause in between now.

Half a million in one year is equivalent to ten million in twenty years! Poker Face had calculated this beforehand!

But I have to pay ten million in a lump sum. Half a million is not going to solve anything!

"You... You can't do that!" Ning Ran shouted.

“The contract is legally effective once you signed it,” Nan Chen replied flatly.

“I know, but this is not fair to me!”

“You signed the contract on your own accord. There’s nothing unfair about this. Get out now, or I’ll call security,” Nan Chen said coldly.

Ning Ran was tempted to charge at him, but she wasn’t audacious enough to do so.

What a profiteer! He’s setting up traps everywhere!

I indeed signed the contract, and it has legal effect. It’s too late to regret now.

“Sir Chen, you’re the children’s uncle. From Nan Xing’s perspective, I should actually call you brother…”

Nan Chen shot daggers at Ning Ran to stop her from talking.

‘Brother’ was supposed to be an ordinary form of address, but Nan Chen was thunderstruck.

This title made him extremely uncomfortable. In fact, he detested it!

Ning Ran was terrified at Nan Chen’s expression. She didn’t know what she had said wrong.

Could it be that he hated people who curry favor with him? Or is there something else?

Truth be told, Nan Chen himself didn’t know why as well. He just knew that he couldn’t accept her calling him ‘brother’!

“I’m in a tight spot, Sir Chen.” Ning Ran’s voice was very low.

Nan Chen put down the document in his hands again and turned his head impatiently.

He realized he had to settle this matter. Otherwise, there was no way this woman would let him work in peace.

If she continued like this, his work wouldn’t be finished until dawn.

The woman had been yakking the moment she came in, and he couldn’t focus at all.

“You’re just a nameless actress. You’re lucky to even sign with Star Entertainment,” Nan Chen said.

“Yes, I know.” Ning Ran could only concede first.

“You haven’t made a single cent for the company, but you’re asking for a guaranteed remuneration for ten million. It’s a huge contract here that you’ve signed.”

“Yes, I know,” Ning Ran repeated mechanically.

As long as Poker Face is willing to speak, there’s still a possibility of communication.

It would be terrible and troublesome if he refuses to speak.

“So this contract is fair to you. Stop making a fuss and get out,” Nan Chen concluded.

Ning Ran was stupefied. Is that how he’s going to get rid of me?

Here I am pretending to be soft, hoping for a favorable outcome.

What’s the point of talking so much just now if I just leave like this?

“Let’s just put the contract aside for now. Sir Chen, I looked for you because I have a favor to ask. I need money urgently and five hundred thousand is really not enough. I’m in a very tight spot right now, and ten million is what I need. Otherwise, I can’t solve my problem.”

“What problem?” Nan Chen finally asked.

He really couldn’t figure out what a woman with two kids would need ten million for.

Besides, her two kids were being raised at the Nan family and all the expenses were covered by the Nan family. So what was she going to do with so much money?

Was she going to use that money to buy a luxurious car for that uncivilized man, Feng? Or a mansion?

Ning Ran said nothing. She didn’t know how to put it into words, and she couldn’t hang her dirty linen in public.

How was she supposed to say that her biological father had colluded with some other woman to blackmail her?

It was hard, but Ning Ran was a woman with self-respect.

“Sir Chen, I don’t want to say it, but I really do have my own circumstances. Please believe me.”

Nan Chen shook his head and didn’t want to talk anymore.

How could he believe anything that came out from that woman's mouth when her words were mostly full of lies?

"If you don't wanna tell me, then leave!" Nan Chen gave an ultimatum.

"Sir Chen, please help me. I will really return the money..."

However, Nan Chen had already pressed the red call button on the desk. "Security!"

In less than a minute, two tall security guards barged into the president's office.

Looking at the tall and brawny security guards, Ning Ran knew she would be tossed out like a little chick if she didn't leave now.

Forget it. A wise woman knows better than to fight when the odds are against her. I shall retreat first.

"You don't need to pull me. I can walk on my own," Ning Ran said passively.

Looking at Nan Chen bitterly, she walked out of the office, feeling aggrieved and apprehensive.

What now? I couldn't settle the matter with Poker Face, and I didn't get the money...

The security guards didn't drive her to death; they ignored her as soon as she left the president's office.

It was obvious they knew what they were doing. Any woman who could enter the president's office was no ordinary woman.

Besides, Ning Ran's stunning face was a business card itself. And for such a beautiful girl to show up in the president's office in the middle of the night, could her identity be that simple?

Ning Ran rode the elevator down to the parking lot but didn't leave straightaway.

She found Nan Chen's car, squatted down, and waited.

She couldn't leave just like that, and she had got to solve this problem through and through.

Don't disturb his work, don't piss him off and then pretend to be pitiful to convince him—this was Ning Ran's last move.

The only way to face a strong opponent like Nan Chen was by strategy and not by forceful attacks.

Celebrity Girl Is My Wife Chapter 237

Nan Chen finally finished what he had to finish. He stood up and stretched his muscles. It was almost past midnight. He put on his suit jacket and exited his office.

After walking around the company, he noticed many employees of various departments were still working overtime. Nan Chen walked inside to greet them and reminded them to rest well.

This was the only moment where Nan Chen revealed his relatively soft side to his colleagues. He was usually as cold as ice, but in the dead of night, he would get his employees from the secretariat to buy coffee and supper for those who worked overtime.

To those employees, Nan Chen extending his regards was a stimulant that was a thousand times better than coffee. It made them feel as if all their efforts were worth it.

In this era of acute competition, everyone and every team were running like the wind. They could only run about wildly with them if they didn't want to fall behind.

Nan Chen understood their hard work, but he couldn't help it. The survival of the fittest was the law of nature, and no one could get away unscathed in the jungle.

Nan Chen exited the elevator and fished for his car keys.

The chauffeur had left work long ago. Nan Chen would never let him stay up late with him as he didn't think it was necessary.

He was just about to get into the car when he suddenly noticed a mass of things on the ground.

That thing was leaning against a load-bearing pillar in the garage, right next to his car.

Upon taking a closer look, he realized that that mass of things was a person.

Seeing how she had shrunk herself into a ball with her head buried in her arms, she should be asleep.

Approaching closer, he could smell the fragrance of orange blossom exuded from that person every now and then.

This woman is still here?

Nan Chen crouched down and looked at Ning Ran, whose head was shrunk.

She should have really fallen asleep because that posture seemed very back-breaking. If she didn't fall asleep, it wouldn't be in that posture.

Nan Chen silently watched her for two minutes and was surprised that he had been staring at her for so long.

Just then, the woman fidgeted. Nan Chen quickly got up. He couldn't let her find him staring at her.

However, Ning Ran simply moved a little to adjust her posture. Perhaps her legs were numb because she went back to sleep after stretching for a while.

With the continuous filming and insomnia at night, Ning Ran was really worn out.

Nan Chen turned around and was about to get into the car.

He knew the woman's machination well and knew that she was squatting here to guard him.

Did she think I would sympathize with her if she played such tricks? Dream on!

Nan Chen got into the car, started the engine, and drove off.

But he stopped the car after a few minutes of hesitation.

"Hey," Nan Chen grunted.

Ning Ran seemed to have heard movements as she moved again, but fell asleep again soon after.

Is she a pig? How can she sleep like that on the hard and cold ground?

"Hey!" Nan Chen raised his voice and stomped his feet.

Ning Ran woke up with a start and got up with a huff. However, as she was still feeling groggy; her brain was awake, but her body wasn't fully awake. Her numbed legs caused her to fall to the ground at once.

"Ouch!" Ning Ran exclaimed.

Looking at her wretched appearance, Nan Chen's heart writhed.

Ning Ran lifted her head to look at Nan Chen. He looked really tall from this angle, and his legs seemed to be two meters long.

"Are you finished?" Ning Ran smiled ingratiatingly.

It was an alluring smile.

The lights in the garage weren't bright, but that smile penetrated his soul.

He might be imagining things, but that smile seemed familiar.

Coupled by that faintly discernible fragrance of orange blossom, Nan Chen spaced out as if he had walked into his previous life.

That smell and that smile gave him a sense of déjà vu.

Was it an illusion? Or had he really seen it before?

Ning Ran stood up and looked at Nan Chen, who was in a daze, thinking she had made him angry again.

"I know it's a little rude of me to wait for you here, but I..."

Nan Chen inched closer, coughing awkwardly, "What do you want?"

"I'm sorry for disturbing you just now. I'm really sorry."

Ning Ran bent over and gave a deep bow.

Nan Chen's heart softened.

Regardless if she was scheming or truly apologetic, it got to count for something that she slept on the floor for so long waiting for him.

However, he remained expressionless while he simply uttered, "Get in."

Ning Ran was ecstatic. She pulled the door open and sat in the passenger seat just so she could talk to Nan Chen easily.

Nan Chen revved up the engine and drove off from the parking lot.

The city was still bustling and rowdy. Twelve o'clock wasn't late for many young people; it was when the nightlife really began.

Nan Chen didn't speak. His mind kept playing back to that moment of Ning Ran looking up and smiling.

He wanted to turn his head to look at Ning Ran, who was sitting on the passenger seat, but he pushed away the urge.

"Let me tell you a story," Ning Ran started.

“You’re an actress, not a screenwriter.”

Nan Chen made it clear that he wouldn’t like it if she made up stories.

“I don’t need you to believe me. Just listen and forget about it,” Ning Ran said persistently.

“I don’t want to listen.”

Now, this is awkward. He said he didn’t want to listen to me!

Should I continue? Will he kick me out of the car if I insist on talking?

It’s not the first time he’s kicked me out of the car, anyway!

What can’t Poker Face do?

“Don’t be like this, Sir Chen. You’re a big shot who controls everything. But you have to at least give the small fry a chance to speak, right?” Ning Ran asked weakly.

Nan Chen didn’t reply.

Just then, they heard a weird noise in the car.

It was Ning Ran’s rumbling stomach.

She had gone to the company very early to wait for Nan Chen and had drunk many glasses of water, so she hadn’t had dinner.

She didn’t feel it before until now, but she was starving.

Nan Chen heard it too, but he didn’t react to it.

Ning Ran pretended to be fine and thought she would suppress her hunger first and make herself some instant noodles when she got home.

Just then, Nan Chen suddenly stopped the car by the roadside. It turned out that he went down to make a call.

He returned to the car soon and continued driving.

Thereafter, Ning Ran was surprised to find that Nan Chen didn’t take her home or to the Nan family’s house but took her to a late-night restaurant with a Japanese layout that looked similar to the late-night eateries seen in movies.

The restaurant wasn’t as high-end as the steakhouse last time, but it was still nice.

Sure enough, the levels were different. Just as ordinary people would go to food stalls for supper, rich people had their own place as well.

“Are you treating me?” Ning Ran asked with undisguised excitement.

The fact that he was willing to treat her to a meal naturally showed that he didn't hate her that much.

As long as he didn't really feel repugnance toward her, there was a possibility of a conversation.

And as long as there was a possibility of a conversation, there was a possibility to negotiate. She must try her best, as this could be her last chance.

It was for this opportunity that she slept on the floor for so long.

Nan Chen removed his jacket with a poker face and handed it to the staff at the side to hang it.

“It's been a while since you came here,” a man in his fifties walked over, smiling at Nan Chen.

Nan Chen nodded in response.

“What would you like to eat?” the man asked.

Nan Chen glanced at Ning Ran, hinting her to decide.

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Ning Ran was about to say 'anything' but was afraid that it would seem rude, so she said to Nan Chen affectionately, “You make the call!”

The phrase 'You make the call' sounded simple, but it was rich in meaning. And it was even more meaningful to say it in this situation. Nan Chen was a little caught off guard at Ning Ran's sudden gentleness.

As the server was still waiting at the side for him to place his order, Nan Chen didn't say much and simply ordered a few dishes. This was Ning Ran's purpose. Naturally, Nan Chen should know best what to order since he brought her here.

Ning Ran scrutinized her surroundings. The decoration was very simple in Japanese style, and the customers beside them were also speaking in Japanese. “You like Japanese food?” Ning Ran asked Nan Chen.

Nan Chen didn't speak, and Ning Ran felt a little awkward for failing to strike up a conversation with him. "This isn't Japanese food," Nan Chen eventually said.

"Yeah." Ning Ran nodded hastily. "It's a late-night snack that derived from Japanese food, like the late-night eateries seen in movies." Nan Chen was silent at that. Alright, it seems he's not planning to talk to me. Ning Ran zipped her mouth tactfully.

Nan Chen, who always bore a graceful posture, surveyed the surroundings as well. When he realized that almost all the female diners' eyes were fixed on him, he hurriedly withdrew his gaze and sat upright.

This restaurant had been in business for some years, and it was his mother who had brought him and Nan Xing here for supper when they were young. But then something happened, and he never came back.

This place seemed to have been renovated, but the style hadn't changed much. Nan Chen had always wanted to visit this place again but never had the courage to come.

With Ning Ran as a companion today, Nan Chen somehow had the courage and excuse to come over. The food was served. There was fried ramen and a meatball dish Ning Ran couldn't name.

As Ning Ran didn't know which dish was hers, she let Nan Chen take it first. Nan Chen took the meatball dish and handed Ning Ran the fried ramen.

The ramen tasted different from what she usually ate. She didn't know if she was really starving or it was a psychological effect, but she found it to be very delicious.

After eating a meatball, Nan Chen didn't move again.

Ning Ran thought it was a waste and wondered if he was going to throw the rest away after eating just one piece.

Thus, she kept staring at the meatballs, wanting to have a taste.

Nan Chen caught her wolfish gaze and wondered, Is this woman a glutton? Is a bowl of fried ramen not enough for her?

Supper at this hour is bound to make one chubbier, and she still eats so much?

But seeing her unwavering gaze on those meatballs, he felt a little troubled. At that, he raised his hand and signaled the boss for another bowl of meatballs.

"It's okay. I'll just have these. You only ate one and it'll be a waste to throw these away."

Ning Ran rose to her feet, reached for that bowl, and stuffed one in her mouth.

It was crisp and palatable.

The food Poker Face eats is indeed delicious. He ordered fried ramen for me, but he ordered something more delicious for himself, and he only ate a little. This is too much!

Nan Chen looked at Ning Ran swallowing one meatball in a mouthful, and one word came to his mind—vulgar.

“The supper you eat is extraordinary, Sir Chen. I’ve never forgotten about the sake that we drank the last time. It was really good!”

At that, Nan Chen was reminded of her drunken appearance.

He motioned to the boss again for two bottles of sake.

He didn’t know why, but he just wanted to fulfil this woman’s wish.

Ning Ran had just been speaking casually, and she didn’t expect him to actually order it.

“I’m gonna have to take a rain check on that drink. I’ve got work tomorrow, and it’s too late,” Ning Ran declined with a wave of her hands.

Nan Chen had already poured her a glass as he said, “Don’t you have something to tell me? How are you going to tell me the truth if you don’t drink?”

Ning Ran looked stunned. Drinking doesn’t mean I’ll tell the truth after!

So he’s trying to get me drunk just so I will spill the beans after drinking?

The last time I was drunk, I said many things to him that shouldn’t be said. Is he addicted to listening to me or something?

“But I’m busy tomorrow—”

“I have to go to work tomorrow too!” Nan Chen cut her off.

He simply meant, why are you making things difficult when I’m willing to listen to you right now?

“Well, since you’re happy, I’ll drink a glass or two with you. But as you know, I’m a light drinker and my decorum in drinking is pretty bad. If I’ve offended you with my drunken behavior, please forgive me,” Ning Ran said with a bitter face.

Nan Chen kept a straight face. He had seen her decorum in drinking before!

But it didn’t matter. He had his own ways of dealing with terrible drinkers.

Nan Chen lifted his glass at Ning Ran. Deep down, he was thinking about the past; the time when his mother brought him here to eat meatballs, the warmth that was once there, and the laughter that would never be there again.

Ning Ran lifted her glass in return. When she looked up, she saw that the eyes of the man seated on opposite had darkened and there was a flash of sorrow in them.

Upon taking a closer look, the trace of sadness was gone.

Ning Ran thought she was imagining things. He was a filthy rich, handsome, and arrogant business tycoon, how could he be sad?

Nan Chen raised his head and emptied his glass of sake.

His posture was dashing, yet elegant and noble.

Ning Ran tried to imitate him as she gulped down her drink, but something was just missing.

After chugging a few glasses of sake, Nan Chen's sitting posture wasn't as upright as before, which showed that he had relaxed a little.

With his identity, he must be wary of his bearings at all times, regardless of whether he was tired or not.

Because his words and actions could be amplified anytime and made into a topic for gossips and discussion.

Not only would it affect himself, but the company's image as well.

The wine was actually pretty strong, and Nan Chen could feel the obvious alcohol flush reaction.

He was perplexed. Why was he drinking with this woman again?

Didn't he hate her very much? Didn't he not trust her?

Did his heart turn soft because he saw her sleeping on the ground at the parking lot?

Was he that easily moved? Why didn't he realize this before?

"I can't drink anymore. I'm done." Ning Ran could feel the alcohol kicking in.

But Nan Chen ignored her and poured her another glass.

There was an indescribable and strange feeling of drinking late at night.

That kind of feeling seemed to allow Nan Chen to temporarily put aside some things and simply be an ordinary man.

Nan Chen didn't know if he enjoyed the feeling of drinking at his hour or if he enjoyed drinking with this woman.

It would be terrifying if it was the latter. He would be wallowing in self-degradation.

"Are you trying to get me drunk, Sir Chen?" Ning Ran asked, a little drunk as her tone wasn't as cautious as before.

Nan Chen simply filled her glass and didn't respond.

"If you promise to give me ten million, I don't mind if drink myself to death," Ning Ran said.

Nan Chen frowned.

What irritated him the most was how Ning Ran talked about money so straightforwardly to him. This woman only had eyes for money!

Sensing that he was upset, Ning Ran quickly changed her words, "Alright, when one drinks with a bosom friend, a thousand cups are not enough. I'll just drink with you."

After saying it, it didn't feel right.

Clearly, we're from two different worlds. How could we be bosom friends? And how could we possibly drink that much together?

"Anyway, I'll drink with you if that makes you happy. And if you're happy, I'll..."

"What?" Nan Chen demanded.

"If you're happy, I'll be drunk by then," Ning Ran replied.

Nan Chen heaved a breath, relieved to hear that she didn't say anything absurd.

Celebrity Girl Is My Wife Chapter 239

Drunkenness always happened when one was least aware of it.

Ning Ran didn't know from which glass onwards that she started feeling light in the head.

That feeling of light-headedness felt nice. It was exhilarating, relaxing, and unrestrained.

She was talking more and more loudly, and laughing more and more presumptuously.

Although Nan Chen was a little drunk, he remained upright in his seat as he looked at the increasingly wanton woman before him.

Was this the result he wanted? Not knowing the answer, he gulped down another glass of sake.

Why did I come here? Why did I eat with her? And why did I drink?

He didn't drink any alcohol for work during the important social event tonight, but he was drinking white wine now with the woman he hated so much.

"You're actually a nice person, Sir Chen," Ning Ran said abruptly with a smile.

Nan Chen remained silent.

"You're responsible. When we were in the jungle, you didn't eat and had left the food for me and the children... I always remember it. In fact, my life is not as important as yours. I'm just a blade of grass. If I'm gone, I bet no one will remember me after a few days. But you're different. You're responsible for the family business. If anything happens to you, the entire Flower City or even the entire economy of China will be affected. So, I think it's amazing that you're willing to save food for us." Ning Ran rambled on and on about many things.

Nan Chen's heart softened a little.

How are you a blade of grass? How are you as cheap as you say you are? How could you be forgotten in two days if you're gone?

Where do I find this one and only orange blossom fragrance if you're gone?

"But you also have a bad side," Ning Ran spoke in a thick voice, not caring if Nan Chen answered or not.

Nan Chen cocked an eyebrow and looked at Ning Ran.

"You're too proud. Although you have the power, there's no need to be arrogant. The world is diverse. Everyone has his own way of life, his own personality—" Ning Ran halted and burped.

Nan Chen knitted his brows tightly together. Is this woman going to throw up again?

He couldn't let her throw up again this time. She had made a scene the last time she was drunk, and it was too much trouble.

Nan Chen stood up and took away that bottle of wine in front of her, but he didn't say a word.

Ning Ran grinned, "Are you afraid that I'll trouble you when I'm drunk? Hahaha."

Nan Chen paid no heed to her words.

"Just get right to the topic."

Ning Ran tried hard to concentrate, but it was a little too difficult.

The effect of the alcohol made her feel dizzy, and she began to see a split image of Poker Face in front of her.

However, she was still conscious, and she knew what she had to say.

The only downside was that she really wanted to talk. She had many pent-up emotions in her heart, and she couldn't help but wanting to talk.

Nan Chen looked at Ning Ran, indicating her to continue.

"How about I drink a little more? Otherwise, I can't talk about some things."

Ning Ran was about to get another bottle of wine when Nan Chen stretched his hand to stop her. He couldn't let her drink anymore, as it would be too taxing to deal with her drunken behavior.

Ning Ran could only give up. Tch, how controlling. It's not like I'm a drunkard or something.

"Where did I stop just now?" Ning Ran looked at Nan Chen with blurry eyes.

Nan Chen didn't reply. He wasn't obliged to remind this woman that she had been raving about him.

"Ah, I remember now. We were talking about what happened in the jungle. Food supplies were limited. Instead of eating it yourself, you saved them for me and the children..."

Nan Chen froze. Is she going to repeat that again?

Fine, say what you want. You can even say it a hundred times.

Thereupon, Ning Ran repeated what she had just said, but the main idea that Nan Chen was responsible remained unchanged.

Nan Chen felt that it was better to be praised than to be taunted by her.

“Let’s go. It’s not getting any earlier.” Ning Ran stood up.

Her footsteps were a little unsteady, but she managed to find her equilibrium.

Nan Chen gestured her to sit down and then asked the boss for a bowl of soup, which should have a sobering effect.

The soup was warm, and it tasted a little sweet.

Feeling thirsty and overwhelmed from the booze, Ning Ran finished drinking it in a flash and wanted more.

Nan Chen could only order her another bowl.

“Don’t you have anything to tell me? You said you’ve got a story to tell,” Nan Chen asked Ning Ran.

Analyzing from her current state, she should be almost drunk, and the probability of saying the truth before one gets drunk was higher.

“Story? Mm, I have.” Ning Ran had forgotten what she said before drinking.

“What do you want to hear?”

Nan Chen froze again. He had heard of people choosing a song, but not a story.

“Anything,” Nan Chen replied casually.

“Mm, but what do you want to hear? I have too many stories to tell,” Ning Ran said proudly.

“Okay, then tell me, why do you need ten million all of a sudden?”

It didn’t mean that Nan Chen didn’t want to know if he didn’t ask.

He didn’t ask because he was worried what he would hear was a lie, as Ning Ran had the natural tendency to come up with an excuse.

He asked that now because he thought Ning Ran wouldn’t be able to tell lies in this state.

The probability of her telling lies was lower and he could have a chance to hear the truth.

"It's because of my mother," Ning Ran answered.

Nan Chen sat unspeaking. Didn't your mother pass away a long time ago, and it was your fault that she died? Do you think I wouldn't know that?

"My mother dying with a grudge is the pain of my life. But that woman stashed away my mother's belongings and what's even more hateful, she changed my mother's ashes and kept her from resting in peace..."

Alcohol could amplify a person's joy, but also their grievances and sorrows.

Ning Ran, who had still been in a stable mood, suddenly choked up when she talked about her mother.

Then tears started pouring out, and they were unstoppable.

She couldn't suppress those pent up sorrows she had been suppressing as her strong heart became fragile under the influence of alcohol.

Nan Chen watched her quietly and came to a realization that she would always be close to falling apart every time she mentioned her mother.

She had cried so loudly on the highway the last time she was drunk, lamenting for her mother and her lost home.

Just what kind of deep sorrow is hidden in this woman's heart?

Is it really because she's guilty of killing her mother, and that's why she would collapse when she brings up something from the past?

"Don't cry." Nan Chen's comfort was so plain that it could be ignored.

He really didn't know how to comfort people, because he felt that the suffering in this world could only be borne by oneself.

Others' comfort was useless because the pain would gradually fade over time.

But miraculously, when he said the words 'don't cry', Ning Ran really stopped.

"Tissue," Ning Ran said.

Nan Chen compliantly handed the tissue over to let her wipe her tears.

"That old witch threatened me with my mother's belongings, asking for ten million and if I don't give her that money, she will pour dog's blood on my mother's ashes so that she cannot rest in peace down there."

Ning Ran's expression was very clear, and the hatred in her tone was palpable.

Harking back to what she said before this, Nan Chen felt that what he heard this time should be the truth.

"Why didn't you report this to the police?" Nan Chen asked. "This is extortion."

"They are very cunning and they will know if I report the matter to the police. Besides, the police will not file a case for this because I have no evidence."

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Nan Chen thought it made sense. Some things that often happened in a corporation couldn't be reported to the police either.

The police could maintain fairness and justice, but only if they had evidence and laws to abide by.

However, there were some things that were actually hard to have evidence of.

"They also said that if I call the police or tell anyone about this, they will really sprinkle dog's blood on my mother's ashes. I can't let them do that..."

Ning Ran started weeping again.

Nan Chen didn't respond. He was assessing the truth behind Ning Ran's statement.

And judging from the current situation, he thought it was more likely the truth.

"Didn't your father stop her?" Nan Chen asked.

"He's a bas***d!" Ning Ran's jaw clenched.

Nan Chen was flabbergasted. *Did she just call her father that?*

"He partnered up with that woman to snatch away the company left by my grandfather and killed my mother. He's a big fat bastard!" Ning Ran complained through gritted teeth, her eyes red.

"He threatened you with your stepmother," Nan Chen said.

"Yes, and that's why I said he's a bas***d! They will not admit to it if I call the police. They are sinister villains," Ning Ran said.

“But you’re indulging him if you give him money. Besides, ten million will never be enough. He will then ask for twenty million, thirty million, and it will be endless,” Nan Chen said calmly.

Ning Ran had never thought about that.

She just wanted to get the money now and redeem her mother’s ashes first.

As for what was going to happen after this, that would be a problem for another day.

“Let’s go.” This time, it was Nan Chen who initiated to leave.

It was really late and now that he had achieved his goal, they could leave now.

“So soon?” Ning Ran, however, didn’t really want to leave. She was deep in the conversation.

She felt that there were so many things to say and that wouldn’t be able to say them if they left now.

“It’s getting late,” Nan Chen said.

“Why didn’t you leave when I told you to just now?” Ning Ran sat still.

“Come on, it’s too late. The store is closing.”

The boss hastily chimed in from the side, “It’s no hurry. We operate till dawn.”

“Did you hear that? The boss said it’s no hurry,” Ning Ran said smugly.

Nan Chen glanced at the boss.

The boss quickly corrected himself, “But I’m feeling under the weather today. If it weren’t for you two, I would have already closed the doors.”

Ning Ran was drunk and didn’t realize that the boss was cooperating with Nan Chen.

“Let’s go, then. Let’s not disturb the boss,” Ning Ran murmured, stood up, and staggered outside.

Nan Chen didn’t help her walk, but he stayed close in case she suddenly tripped over.

However, it was fascinating that she managed to find her balance every time she seemed like she was about to fall.

Walking toward the parking lot, Nan Chen remembered that he drank and so couldn't drive.

It was too late. It wasn't nice to call the chauffeur over, and he must have gone to bed early.

"We'll take a cab at the entrance," Nan Chen said.

"I can't walk anymore. Let me take a break," Ning Ran replied.

Nan Chen frowned. He had no choice but to open the car door and let Ning Ran sit inside.

"I'm not gonna walk. I can't walk anymore," Ning Ran said.

Troublesome! Too troublesome indeed!

He had known she would be a handful if she drank too much, but he had failed to control her intake.

"Don't throw up in my car," Nan Chen said coldly.

"I'm fine. I'm not drunk, so don't worry."

Nan Chen also got in the car and rolled down the window.

But it didn't feel right, so he rolled it back up, leaving only a small gap.

"Hey..." Nan Chen turned around to look at Ning Ran, who was leaning against the backseat.

"What?" She pointed at Nan Chen.

"What's the name of the song you sang last time? Why don't you sing a little?" Nan Chen asked.

"Which song? I can sing many songs." Ning Ran looked haughty.

"The one about the bird and the sun," Nan Chen replied.

"Oh, Nature's Way? That's a poem, not a song, you dummy. Hahaha..." Ning Ran laughed.

Nan Chen swallowed down his frustration. *How dare she call me a dummy?*

“No, it’s the one you sang last time. The one you sang very smoothly,” Nan Chen said patiently.

“Ah, I got it. I’m looking up at the sky, above the moon—” Ning Ran sang.

“No!” Nan Chen interrupted irritably. *That was terrible!*

“No? Let me think.” Ning Ran was befuddled.

Just then, she heard him humming, “This one.”

Ning Ran guffawed. “That was awful. You sounded like a pig! But I know which song you are talking about!”

Nan Chen almost lost his mind. *She called me a dummy and a pig. Is this woman crazy?*

“Yellow flowers are yellow, white flowers are white, the wildflowers bloom where my hometown is...”

The song suddenly started, pacifying Nan Chen’s anger as he listened to her singing.

“The cooling breeze, the sound of the flute, daddy and I were herding the cattle and sheep...”

Nan Chen closed his eyes and listened to Ning Ran sing.

The lyrics were simple, and they seemed to be a repetition of the same few lines.

However, it was very nice. Most importantly, Nan Chen found it familiar.

It was really familiar; he must have heard it somewhere before.

But he couldn’t recall where he had last heard it. No matter how hard he tried to recall, he just couldn’t remember.

The singing suddenly stopped.

Nan Chen opened his eyes and looked back. Ning Ran had fallen asleep with her head tilted to one side.

Whether on the floor or in the car, how can this woman fall asleep as soon as she closed her eyes?

Nan Chen took out his phone and called Qiao Zhan.

Qiao Zhan was a night owl and was the only person he knew who slept late.

Sure enough, he was still awake, saying he had insomnia and he couldn't fall asleep.

Qiao Zhan arrived ten minutes later.

Sitting in the driver's seat, he smelled a mixture of a woman-specific fragrance and alcohol.

An ambiguous smile tugged at Qiao Zhan's lips.

"It's not what you think it is," Nan Chen said coldly.

"I know, I know." Qiao Zhan immediately put on a serious face.

"What do you know?" Nan Chen asked.

"I... don't know anything!" Qiao Zhan said frantically.

"Go to a hotel and settle her down," Nan Chen said.

"Okay." Qiao Zhan started the engine.

There was silence along the way. It was late at night, and there was very little traffic on the street. There was a drunk woman squatting on the ground, vomiting, with a man patting her back behind her.

Nan Chen couldn't help but glance at the drunk woman beside her. *You are dead to me if you dare to squat on the street and vomit like the others!*

The drunken woman tilted her head and laid on his lap.

Nan Chen stretched out his hand, trying to remove her head from his leg, but she uttered a sound, hugging his leg shamelessly, and refused to let go.

Is this the legendary thigh hug?

Nan Chen tried again, but to no avail.

He dared not use too much force, afraid she would burst into tears, in which it would be embarrassing in front of Qiao Zhan.

Qiao Zhan heard noises from the back, but he didn't have the guts to look back.

He had to focus while driving, but most of all, he was afraid of getting scolded.

However, he really wanted to look back.

“Go check on her parents,” Nan Chen suddenly said.

“Huh? Whose parents?” Qiao Zhan didn’t understand what he was saying.

“Her parents, their financial situation, and the relationship between them.”