

# My Wife Is a Superstar Chapter 370

Nobody dared say another word.

The whole ward fell into dead silence until Nan Chen's phone vibrated. He walked over to the window and picked up the call. "Yes, Grandpa?" It seemed like Nan Zhengde had received news about what happened. "Don't worry, Grandpa. I know what I'm doing."

Nan Chen's face hardened as he ended the brief call.

Not long after he hung up, Ning Ran's phone beeped as well. It was a message from Jiang Zhe.

She took a cursory look at his wordy message. In short, a high-ranking official had come from the capital to inspect the corporation.

But Nan Chen left hurriedly when he got the news that she was rushed to the hospital.

And the key leaders of the city who were with the high-ranking official were getting worried. That was why they even called up Nan Zhengde.

However, the old man had gone to Yunfeng Temple to pray and was not at home, so all he could do was to call his grandson.

But Jiang Zhe knew Nan Chen's temperament. He did not like people telling him what to do.

So he texted Ning Ran, hoping that she could persuade him to go back and attend to the official and other leaders who came to the company.

After all, things were always tricky when it came to politics. The Nan family was a wealthy family who owned an illustrious corporation. To some extent, it would be

wise to maintain a good relationship with the politicians. That was why Jiang Zhe hoped Ning Ran could ask Nan Chen to go back.

She rolled her eyes at his message and put her phone aside. *What can I do? It's not like I can make him go back.*

But she knew Nan Chen could not risk offending the higher-ups. There would be unbearable consequences.

She had to at least try dissuading him from staying back. *Who knows he might actually listen?*

Ning Ran cleared her throat and trod carefully. "I think I'm feeling much better. Why not you go back first?"

But her words fell to deaf ears. In fact, Nan Chen did not even respond to her. He acted as if he did not hear anything at all.

*I knew it! This Poker Face is always like this!*

Ning Ran glared at Nan Chen as she pouted her lips in dissatisfaction. But she quickly put up a serious face when she saw the director scrambled up the door from the corner of her eyes. It was the same director who solicited her help on behalf of his nephew.

"Sorry I'm late, Mr. Chen," he said as he panted.

Nan Chen waved his hand dismissively. "It's fine. What's the result?"

"We have confirmed it's a type of poison called..."

"Just tell me if it's food poisoning or someone did it on purpose." Nan Chen cut him off abruptly and asked impatiently.

"From the looks of it, it seems like someone poisoned her," the director reported honestly.

Nan Chen shot a death glare at Wang Xiaoou. "And none of you took any precautions?"

The manager sat up straight and held her breath at Nan Chen's overbearing tone. She knew she had to give him a satisfactory answer.

"We took meticulous care of every single detail. In fact, everything was in our control—except for one."

Nan Chen's brows furrowed as his glare intensified, anticipating an answer.

"The drinks are all sponsored. The people in charge of the program requested us to only take drinks from that particular brand."

"Can't you bring her a thermos flask?" Nan Chen questioned.

"I did. But the production crew wanted a shot of the celebrities drinking the sponsored drinks." Wang Xiaoou was trying her best to explain that what happened was unavoidable.

But clearly, the man was not buying it. "So you're saying y'all bear no responsibility for what happened?"

Wang Xiaoou fidgeted her fingers in panic and her gaze wandered helplessly. "I mean, yes, of course, we are responsible for it..."

"Then make sure you do a thorough investigation and give me a full account of everything that happened."

"Yes, Mr. Chen." She picked up her things and rushed out of the ward immediately after receiving new orders.

Seeing Wang Xiaoou caught in a difficult situation, the director interjected the conversation. "Mr. Chen, the poisoning is not severe. It will only cause some temporary anemia-like symptoms, so Ms. Ding will be well in no time."

"I see," Nan Chen replied tersely and ended the conversation.

But the director stood there without any intention of leaving.

"Anything else?" Nan Chen asked.

"Oh, em, nothing else. I was just wondering if you'd like to have some coffee?" the director inquired.

But Nan Chen was not in the mood for coffee and he waved his hand dismissively. "No, I'm good. If there's nothing else, please excuse us."

Now that the director had left, Nan Chen could finally have some private time with Ning Ran.

"I'm feeling fine actually. You can make a move first," she said, trying to get him going.

But still, he totally disregarded what she said.

Ning Ran was getting testy after being ignored the second time. "You're not a doctor. There's nothing you can do here." She raised her voice.

"Can you just keep quiet?" She finally elicited a response from him.

But his reply was so rude it startled her.

*Did he just ask me to shut up? I can't believe I have to put up with this attitude because of Jiang Zhe.*

Ning Ran knew she had to do everything within her capacity to persuade him to go back. Her condition was not even serious and it was nothing compared to the ongoing inspection at the corporation.

"I won't be able to rest properly if you keep bugging me here." She figured emotional blackmail would definitely work this time, although she might be risking his anger.

She knew Nan Chen would not budge on his decision easily. He would shush her instead of giving her a chance to speak—that was how he had always been.

That was why she always ended up having to swallow her words.

But just as she expected, he finally shifted his gaze from his phone and looked at her.

"What did you just say?"

"I said, you should go back to work." Ning Ran repeated.

"No, before that."

His scrutinizing tone alarmed Ning Ran.

All of a sudden, she was not sure if she should have said what she said.

"Speak." Nan Chen hurried her.

*Fine, you're the one who asked for it. Don't blame me later on.*

Ning Ran eyed him and finally spoke. "I said, I won't be able to rest well if you're here."

Nan Chen fixed his cold glare on her without saying another word.

His glare was so suffocating that Ning Ran started having goosebumps. She knew he would get his revenge if she should ever cross him.

"What I mean is that you're someone who has important things to do. You shouldn't be wasting your time on me. It's just mild poisoning and there's no need to overreact."

But Ning Ran instantly realized she said the wrong thing again. *Dang it, Ning Ran! Did you actually say he overreacted? You're done for!*

"I overreacted?" Nan Chen asked, looking at her searchingly.

The woman really had to tread warily this time around. "I didn't mean to say you're irrational. What I mean is..."

"Uh huh?"

Ning Ran knew she should not bring up the high-ranking official, so she kept quiet.

If she mentioned the official, she would give the whole game away and Jiang Zhe would be good as dead.

She knew Poker Face would not let his assistant off the hook if he found out the latter had reached out to her.

Ning Ran knew she needed an excuse. "I'm not even in some critical condition or on the verge of death. What will people think of you if they see you acting like everything is so serious?"

Her excuse was so strained that even Nan Chen frowned and looked at her cluelessly. "What will they think?"

Ning Ran felt like slapping herself for saying something so far-fetched. But she had to finish what she started. "People will think that you care too much about me and that you are too emotional."

Her voice became softer as she spoke. *I can't believe I just said that. I literally just dug my own grave.*

But it was not just Ning Ran who was surprised by those words.

Even Nan Chen stared at her, perplexed and speechless.

He did not even know how to react to what she just said.

Since he was at a loss for words, Ning Ran decided to just continue whatever she was trying to say.

"I know you just want to show that you truly care about me but I'm not buying it. You might as well give up and go back now."

Nan Chen squinted his eyes and walked over. He leaned so close that Ning Ran could feel his breathing.

"Don't even think about doing anything. I'm still sick." She reminded him.