

# My Wife Is a Superstar Chapter 85

"Open the door. Now. Immediately." Nan Chen's voice came from the phone like a blanket of snow sweeping over.

"Uncle, I am really sleepy, is there anything?" Zheng Lunlun was recalcitrant.

Nan Chen had already cut off the phone call.

Zheng Lunlun turned his head around and was about to seek help from Ning Ran but he only saw her bending over stealthily, creeping over towards the bedroom.

There was no way for her to escape. The only option left was to find a safe place to hide.

But where would be a safe hiding spot? Under the bed? But she could not fit in!

After much consideration, she was left with the wardrobe.

The good thing was that the wardrobe was spacious enough for Ning Ran to enter. It was not cramped at all and she was able to draw the clothes to cover herself. She then closed the wardrobe door.

Seeing Ning Ran concealed from sight, Zheng Lunlun thought that she was really a genius. How could she be so good at hiding if she had never done so before?

Zheng Lunlun took a deep breath, and calmed himself down before he opened the door.

A gush of cold air rushed in when he opened the door. Nan Chen stood there without a single word nor action but it made Zheng Lunlun feel oppressed.

"Uncle, what is it that brought you here in the middle of the night?" Zheng Lunlun asked cowardly.

Nan Chen did not utter a single word but strode into the hotel room.

There was a bag full of exorbitant gifts that was left on the table.

A bag of opened snacks was left on the carpet. It was obvious that someone was eating while sitting on the floor.

Nan Chen raised his eyebrows.

"Aren't you asleep?" Nan Chen asked coldly.

"Yes, I was too tired from filming today. After I reached the room, I went to bed once I had washed up." Zheng Lunlun's eyes started darting around, avoiding Nan Chen's eyes.

Nan Chen could definitely see through such a lie with loopholes.

He felt a bit distracted as he could smell a faint orange blossom scent which was deeply ingrained in his soul.

He told himself that it was impossible but he could not fool himself as he really could smell this scent.

Apart from Nan Chen, no one else was able to smell this scent, as he had ten times the sensitivity of smell as compared to a normal person.

Nan Chen sat down on the sofa and leaned backwards. He then closed his eyes.

The scent was lingering not in the room but in his life.

Zheng Lunlun watched the change of expressions on Nan Chen's dashing face but he did not understand why.

He only felt that his Uncle was a little unusual yet he could not tell where went wrong.

Nan Chen opened his eyes once again, and his long legs carried him to the study area.

Zheng Lunlun just followed behind him as he did not dare to make any noise.

The study area and the bar area were connected. On top of the shelf were iconic with a few classic novels and a few of the latest finance magazines.

Placed on top of the wine rack were a few bottles of whisky and red wine as well as a bottle of vodka.

There was no tinge of orange blossom scent here but only the smell coming from the dust on the bookshelf and a bottle of opened wine.

Zheng Lunlun was not able to smell all these, but Nan Chen could.

He walked back to the living hall and smelt the orange blossom scent again.

Nan Chen was certain that the culprit emitting the smell, had never entered the study area.

His eyes darted towards the bedroom.

"Which room do you sleep in?" Nan Chen questioned Zheng Lunlun

Zheng Lunlun pointed to the room where Ning Ran was not hiding and said, "This one."

"Can I take a look?" Nan Chen questioned.

Zheng Lunlun thought to himself, what's wrong with Third Uncle? He had already visited my room when I returned and now he is here again?

I am already an adult; it is not too early to have a girlfriend. Why am I so nervous?

But Zheng Lunlun still agreed eventually, "You may take a look around, it's fine."

Nan Chen walked into the bedroom. The room was much cleaner and neater compared to the living area.

The items placed on the bed were very neat and it was obvious that no one has slept on it before.

But Nan Chen was not surprised by this at all. He knew that Zheng Lunlun lied to him that he was sleeping.

"I don't usually mess up the bed when I sleep. I really slept on this bed just now." Zheng Lunlun turned pale, trying to explain himself.

Nan Chen remained silent.

The scent that Nan Chen was looking for was not in this room. The culprit did not come into this room.

Nan Chen did not know why but he felt more assured.

Even he was surprised as to why he had such a weird mindset.

He left the bedroom and returned to the sofa in the living area. He sat down and closed his eyes.

The scent was much fainter now but it was still lingering in the atmosphere.

Meanwhile, Ning Ran who has hiding in the wardrobe, was attentively paying attention to listen for the situation outside. She was praying so badly for the poker face to leave.

But Nan Chen did not intend to leave any sooner.

He stretched out his long legs and leaned against the sofa as his eyes still closed. He sat there like an ice sculpture, not making a single sound.

Zheng Lunlun was still standing next to him yet he did not dare to utter a single word. Is he planning on sleeping here?

He waited for five to six minutes but Nan Chen did not move by a single inch.

Zheng Lunlun wanted to use his hands to stab him to see if he was sleep but he was too scared to do so.

All he could do was to stand there and wait, looking like an idiot.

Ning Ran, who was in the bedroom, listened for very long. She felt that there was not much movement outside and thought that the poker face had left.

As such, she gently pulled open the wardrobe door and stealthily crept out from the wardrobe.

Upon reaching the door of the room, she saw Nan Chen sitting on the sofa.

She was in despair and instantly felt her legs turning numb until she almost fell down. She bounced back and crept back into the wardrobe.

But of course, Nan Chen did not fall asleep. How could he get sleepy at such a moment?

He was indulging himself in the scent, and wanted to stay longer to do so.

He once asked Qin Lan whether it was possible for someone to fall in love with a scent just like how one could fall in love with a certain type of food.

But as Qin Lan's reply could not satisfy him, he did not have the answer to this question.

But his feelings were real and he was clear that he liked this scent, to the extent that he felt a kind of reliance on it. It was the feeling of what a person who needed to rely on psychoactive drugs would feel.

Nan Chen felt that he could not forgive himself. He was such a capable man and his existence was as significant as Flower City. How could he rely on a scent?

Just as Nan Chen was in a trance, the scent got much stronger!

He suddenly opened his eyes and stared at Zheng Lunlun who was next to him.

Zheng Lunlun was taken aback, "What is it now, Uncle?"

Nan Chen did not say anything. He stood up and followed the scent trail.

The direction that he was heading towards was the bedroom where Ning Ran was hiding!

Zheng Lunlun witnessed this entire situation and thought that he would be doomed.

He was going to get caught red-handed!

"Uncle, do you want to rest? Would you like to sleep on my bed?" Zheng Lunlun looked at Nan Chen, with fear in his eyes.

Nan Chen gave him a cold look, "Is there someone in this room?"

If Zheng Lunlun said there was someone inside, Nan Chen would leave as he would not catch someone red-handed in this situation and trample on people's pride.

"Of course there isn't. There is only me in this hotel room." He immediately replied.

Upon hearing that, Nan Chen headed for the bedroom.

The scent of orange blossom got even more stronger. It was way too obvious.

The smell in this bedroom was much stronger than when he was in the living area. He had the reason to believe that the scent was coming from this bedroom.

But there really was no one in this room. The bedsheets were extremely neat and showed no traces of anyone sleeping here.

Nan Chen eyed the wardrobe. The door was closed without any gaps at all.

But if no one slept in this bedroom, the wardrobe should have been empty. Why would it be closed so tightly?

Nan Chen walked over and the scent got even stronger.

He felt his heart racing and his fist clenched tightly.

Zheng Lunlun was dumbfounded. He was doomed. That woman was hiding right in this wardrobe. If Nan Chen opened that door, he would definitely be able to see her. How could he clarify this entire situation?