

# My Wife Is a Superstar 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 a 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.