

My Wife Is a Superstar Chapter 62

Two days later, Cheng Xiangyun went to pick up the kids from the kindergarten as usual.

The school's front gate looked like it was having an automobile exhibition. Even expensive cars like the Mercedes Benz looked cheap in that sea of Porsches and Maserati. There, only cars like Lamborghini and Ferrari could be regarded as 'luxurious'.

Cheng Xiangyun's car – a Honda – was basically regarded as a car driven by paupers.

Cheng Xiangyun parked her car some distance away so that the kids wouldn't be made fun of because of it.

The other kids wouldn't be able to tease Dabao and Erbao because they wouldn't know the truth.

"Aunty Xiang," said Erbao sweetly as she dashed into Cheng Xiangyun's arms.

Erbao was a naughty little fairy who would hug Cheng Xiangyun tightly every time they meet. Her sweet gesture had always melted Cheng Xiangyun's heart and made Cheng Xiangyun wished that those were her children, not Ning Ran's.

Dabao, on the other hand, was as cool as he normally was. He stood obediently at the side while his Aunty Xiang dealt with his baby sister.

Cheng Xiangyun held their hands and led them to her car.

After getting into the car, the two kids climbed onto the baby seats and put on their safety belts.

“Aunty Xiang, what time would mommy be clocking off at work?” asked Erbao.

“Your mommy needs to work overtime today to make up for the delays caused by an incident two days ago so she’ll be in quite late. We’d probably be asleep by the time she reaches home.”

“So mommy won’t be having dinner with us tonight?” asked Erbao.

Cheng Xiangyun got suspicious. They didn’t normally have meals with Ning Ran so why was Erbao asking about it all of a sudden?

“Sweetie, is there something you want to tell me?”

“Aunty Xiang, we’re friends, aren’t we?” asked Erbao.

Cheng Xiangyun was surprised to hear that and answered, “Yes, we’re friends.”

“Friends keep each other’s secret, don’t they?” asked Erbao again. This time, she was deliberately making her baby voice cuter and sweeter.

Cheng Xiangyun’s walls came up instantly. That kid was smarter than an average kid. Did she have something up her sleeves again?

“What exactly are you talking about?”

“First, you must answer my question,” said Erbao as she showed off her big, round eyes.

“Yes, friends do keep each other’s secret.”

“Okay, then you won’t tell mommy if I have dinner with Uncle Nan Chen, right?”

“You’re having dinner with Mr. Chen? When?”

“I’m not sure yet. I’m still working on inviting him over,” said Erbao whose tone had suddenly turned more mature.

Cheng Xiangyun chuckled.

The kid may be smarter than average, but she was still a child, and there were things she simply could not understand.

Mr. Chen was not the kind of person who would just hang out with anyone. In fact, he was notoriously difficult to get close to because he preferred being left alone.

Many ladies and socialites wanted to seduce him, but they never got the chance because he never even showed his face.

Cheng Xiangyun didn’t want to explain how difficult it was to invite Nan Chen over for dinner because she didn’t want to crush Erbao’s fantasies.

She didn’t want to let Erbao send out that invitation either because the rejection would’ve hurt Erbao even more.

“Let’s not do that, sweetie. Let’s just have dinner at home without anyone else bothering us,” said Cheng Xiangyun.

“But I wanna invite Uncle Nan Chen over. He promised he’d treat us to lobsters,” pouted Erbao.

“He’s a very busy man. He doesn’t have time for that,” said Cheng Xiangyun.

“Please promise me you’ll at least try to invite him, Aunty Xiang,” said Erbao sweetly, “pretty please?”

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Nanshi Corporation

Nan Chen was having a conference with a couple of high ranking executives, but he was distracted and kept checking his watch.

He needed to catch a flight that night to make it to the 18th birthday party of a European princess.

Nanshi Corporation was planning to build a huge scale construction site in that country. The project must be approved by the royal family.

The birthday party in question was being thrown for the king's favorite daughter, and only the most prestigious and powerful individuals were invited to that party.

Hence, Nan Chen could not afford to be late for that.

Jiang Zhe noticed Nan Chen's worries so he reminded everyone, "Mr. Chen needs to catch a flight to attend a European royal banquet. Please do keep things short and to the point."

Upon hearing that, the executives sped everything up.

After the meeting ended, Nan Chen checked his watch and realized that he had less than two hours to catch the flight.

Since the destination was in Europe, a large amount of paperwork and time would be needed to get the approval to use a private plane.

Moreover, Nan Chen liked to keep a low profile so he rarely used his private plane. Instead, he chose to buy a first-class ticket and fly to Europe on a commercial plane.

Nanshi Corporation was one of the major shareholders of the Hua Cheng Airlines so the moment Nan Chen bought his first-class ticket, the airline stopped the sales of all other first-class tickets to ensure that Nan Chen was the only person in first-class.

Even the first-class stewards and stewardesses were to clear out of the cabin as Mr. Chen required complete silence during his flight. In a way, Nan Chen was chartering the entire first-class section.

“Mr. Chen, do you need a change of clothes?” asked Jiang Zhe.

“There isn’t enough time. I’ll change after I landed. Have someone prepare a suit for me,” said Nan Chen.

“Understood, Mr. Chen.”

The car was prepped and was ready to rush to the airport at full speed, but Nan Chen’s personal phone rang the second the car left the parking lot.

That phone rarely rang because less than thirty people were privy to that phone’s number. Most of the people who did have that number were members of the Nan Family who wouldn’t have called it unless there was an emergency.

Hence, Nan Chen must be informed as soon as that phone rang, regardless of when or where, even if he was in the middle of an important meeting.

Jiang Zhe handed the phone over quickly and reported, “Mr. Chen, it’s from the emergency line.”

Nan Chen took the phone and was surprised to see that it was an unknown number. That shouldn’t have been possible because everyone who knew that number would’ve had their number recorded on the phone too.

Since not many knew about this number, Nan Chen decided to pick it up. “This is Nan Chen,” a deep voice traveled through the phone.

“Uncle Nan Chen! Is that really you?” a young and childish voice came from the phone.

Nan Chen frowned in confusion. What is going on?

“Uncle Nan Chen, is it really you? Talk to me, will ya?” the childish voice came again.

“Yes, I am Nan Chen.”

“Yay! I am the prettiest superheroine – Ning Sihan! Do you still remember me, Uncle Nan Chen?”

Nan Chen’s frown disappeared and was replaced by a slight upward curve of his lips.

Sitting on the passenger’s seat, Jiang Zhe was astonished. Did... Did his employer smile after picking up the call?

Nan Chen’s smiles were so rare that it was practically an annual event. Who was the person, or rather, the magical unicorn that could make Nan Chen smile with just a phone call?