

My Wife Is a Superstar Chapter 141

Ning Ran went upstairs and Cheng Xiangyun asked suspiciously, “Did you two have a great time? Where did you go?”

“We only stayed in the car.” Ning Ran answered casually.

“Oh my god! In the car? Aren’t you afraid of peeping Toms? What a way to spice things up!” Cheng Xiangyun exclaimed.

“Why should we be afraid of others seeing us?” Ning Ran got confused.

“Okay you are right. Since you both are getting married soon anyways.”

Ning Ran finally understood her words, “Cheng, you and your filthy thoughts! It’s not what you think. I just brought him some pills, and we talked for a while in the car, that’s all.”

“Hey, don’t you think Master Xing doesn’t seem quite like his usual self today?” Cheng Xiangyun asked with an enigmatic expression.

“His reaction seems to be a little slower today. Perhaps the spicy steamboat got into his head.” Ning Ran mocked.

“Master Xing normally doesn’t look like this, because he’s always fun and jolly. It just felt weird when he came in today.”

Ning Ran’s imagination ran wild for a bit. Is he...nope, not possible. What’s wrong with me...

“I guess as humans we do act differently at different times, nothing too unusual.” Ning Ran said.

“You think so? He seemed more steady and down-to-earth tonight.” Cheng Xiangyun’s words planted an idea in Ning Ran’s mind. She took out her phone and called Nan Xing.

Nan Xing had two numbers. No one answered the first number, so she continued dialing the second one.

The phone rang but no one picked up. She called again and finally someone answered, “Hello?”

“Where are you?” Ning Ran asked.

“I’m still driving. I just left Ms. Cheng’s neighborhood, remember?”

Ning Ran was relieved to hear that, “Does your stomach still hurt?”

“The pills you gave are very effective. I feel better now.” He said.

“Alright. Go home and rest then.” Ning Ran then ended the call.

Nan Xing suddenly called back and said, “Oh yes, I found a new school for the children. I will send them to school tomorrow.”

Before Ning Ran could say anything, Nan Xing had already hung up.

It was the classic ‘I’m just informing you, no negotiation’ attitude.

This does not seem like Nan Xing’s style of doing things. Since when did he learn to be so domineering? Or... is this the real him?

Ning Ran entered the children's room. Dabao was watching Erbao as she was doing sit ups.

Erbao ate a little too much and needed to exercise to stay in a good shape.

"Nan Xing called. He had contacted the new school, and will come fetch you tomorrow."

Erhao shouted with joy, "Oh yes! We can finally go to school again!"

"Who called? Daddy or Uncle?" Dabao suddenly asked.

"Nan Xing did. Why do you ask?" Ning Ran was puzzled.

"Nothing." Dabao nearly blurted out 'that was not daddy, that was Uncle', but he had promised Nan Chen to keep this a secret.

Though he could not understand why Uncle would put on a pair of white suit to impersonate his daddy, he felt that Uncle had no ill intentions and decided to play along.

"Are you hiding something from me?" Ning Ran asked suspiciously.

No matter how smart Dabao was, Ning Ran could tell whether he was hiding something. Dabao was her son, after all.

"Nope." Dabao denied quickly.

"You sure?"

"Yes. Not hiding anything from you." Dabao shook his head vigorously.

In his heart, he was trying to convince himself that he was not lying to his mother. The mastermind behind this is Uncle, not me!

“Alright then. Clean yourselves up. It’s time for bed. You have to go to school early tomorrow.”

.....

On the next day, Nan Chen drove to Cheng Xiangyun’s neighborhood, and used the phone Nan Xing left at home to call Ning Ran.

Ning Ran checked the time and thought it was still early.

“The kids haven’t taken their breakfast. Wait for a while.”

Nan Chen looked at his watch. Indeed, he arrived a little too early.

He got down from his car and walked upstairs.

Ning Ran opened the door, “Why did you come up? I thought I asked you to wait downstairs.”

Nan Chen could not answer her but he was definitely not pleased with her reaction.

He had never waited for anyone in his life, yet he was reprimanded in such a manner.

“Have you eaten?” Ning asked casually.

“Nope.”

“Come and grab a bite.”

Ning Ran had made noodles and poached eggs for breakfast.

Just right after Nan Chen sat down, Ning Ran said, “I don’t think you should eat. I didn’t prepare extra. Go get your own breakfast later.”

Nan Xing pointed at a bowl, “How about this?”

“It’s mine.” Ning Ran said.

That answer did not stop Nan Xing from bringing the bowl over to his side.

“What’s wrong with you? I said it’s mine! You did not say that you wanted to have breakfast at my place, and now you’re stealing my food?” Ning Ran yelled.

Nan Chen ignored her, kept his head down and enjoyed the food.

This woman might be useless, but she seems to have a knack for cooking noodles.

“Mum, you can have mine.” Dabao said gently.

He knew the man in front of him was Uncle, again. He could easily differentiate his daddy from Uncle.

Dabao could tell the difference by looking into their eyes. He could understand a lot of things just by exchanging glances with Uncle — no words were needed — but it was not the case with daddy.

Seeing her child willingly giving up his food for her, Ning Ran decided to put the matter to rest. She rolled her eyes at Nan Chen, steamed a mantou and grabbed a glass of milk. She sat beside them and had her breakfast.

Nan Chen remained unbothered and enjoyed his breakfast.

I did not expect noodles as simple as this to taste so good.

“Is it nice, daddy?” Erbao went up front and asked.

Nan Chen nodded his head, “It’s delicious.”

“Do you want mummy to make this for you everyday?” Erbao asked in an innocent voice.

Nan Chen was stunned for a while, and looked at Ning Ran.

Ning Ran’s mouth was stuffed with a mantou. She stared at him and said, “You wish!”

Nan Chen did not retaliate but continued to enjoy the noodles.

I will lose my appetite if you’re going to make me the same old noodles everyday. What is there to be proud of, seriously?

Yet, Nan Chen ate the noodles to the very last strand, and even finished drinking the soup.

He was very reserved in drinking the soup. Instead of gobbling down the entire bowl, he did it gracefully, one spoon after another.

It was as if he was drinking a bowl of ginseng soup, not the soup from the noodles.

Ning Ran watched him and frowned. Rich people are inherently pretentious. It’s tiring watching him ‘sip’ the soup from his bowl.

“Can you please hurry? Don’t tell me you’re going to spend the entire morning drinking the soup. I want to clean the bowl before leaving. If not, you stay back and clean the bowl yourself!” Ning Ran stood beside Nan Chen and gave him a lecture.

Nan Chen immediately put down his bowl. How would he know how to do this chore?

“I don’t want to drink anymore.”

“Finish it. You want to treat it like ginseng soup, right? If you don’t finish this, you will have to wash the bowl yourself. Stop being so pretentious!” Ning Ran scolded.

To drink or not to drink? Nan Chen had a tough choice to make.

So this is how living under one roof with the house owner and to be subservient to one feels like...

“Mummy, stop torturing unc... daddy anymore. I’ll wash the dishes.” Dabao stepped in to break the tension.

Nan Chen looked at Dabao gratefully, and Dabao responded with a wink on his left eye. Nan Chen read the signal and reciprocated.

Ning Ran was puzzled when she saw the two winking at each other. What were these guys doing?