

My Wife Is a Superstar Chapter 262

“Aunt is in poor health. She keeps having nightmares and her appetite has also been decreasing. As such, she had lost a lot of weight lately,” Ouyang Qing said.

Nan Chen kept quiet.

“The doctors over there had diagnosed aunt with colorectal cancer. However, as surgery is not the best option for her current condition, the doctors had suggested that she come back here and try combating the disease with traditional Chinese medicine instead...”

When Nan Chen heard the word ‘cancer’, his mind instantly went blank.

He felt a sudden wave of sorrow as he stared at Ouyang Qing in a daze.

“But Chen, you don’t have to worry too much. The doctor had said the cancer is still in its early stages, it has not yet progressed to a stage where all hope is lost. TCM can create wonders and is often able to solve complex medical issues that Western medicine is unable to. Our priority now should be to bring aunt back home as soon as possible. I’ve already made arrangements with a TCM practitioner who’s one of the best in the country. I am confident he’ll be able to help Aunt.”

Ouyang Qing looked at Nan Chen expectantly, as if waiting to claim the credit.

However, Nan Chen did not speak as he was still wallowing in sadness.

“Chen? Don’t be too worried yeah? The doctor has already said it’s a good thing the cancer was discovered early, so the chances of recovery are high. Aunt just has to receive treatment here.”

Nan Chen finally snapped out of his misery and said, “I’ll go talk to Grandpa now.”

“Chen, do we still need the Old Master’s permission to bring aunt back, given that she’s already so seriously ill? What if he doesn’t agree?”

“Grandpa will agree. I will explain the situation to him properly.”

Nan Chen put on his jacket and was ready to leave his office.

“If that’s the case, I’ll go with you. I know the actual situation better, so it might be clearer if I do the explanation instead,” Ouyang Qing volunteered.

“No need,” Nan Chen rejected the woman coldly.

“Chen, it really pains me to see you feeling so down. Aunt’s condition is really not as serious as you imagine, don’t be too worried alright?” Ouyang Qing said.

Nan Chen did not respond.

After they left the office, Nan Chen instructed Jiang Zhe to arrange for transport to send Ouyang Qing home, while he took huge strides towards the elevator.

Nan Chen leaned on the backrest after he got into the car, and closed his eyes.

Many past memories flashed through his mind. Some were pleasant, while some made him feel sad. But a common denominator in all those memories was his mom, Bai Hua.

As Bai Hua's dad was Japan's foreign ambassador to China, Bai Hua had grown up in China.

She had given birth to Nan Chen and Nan Xing after marrying the boys' father, Nan Zhiyuan.

Everything went smoothly until Bai Hua and Nan Zhiyuan did something that disgraced the Nan family, which almost caused the downfall of the entire family.

In order to appease the situation, Nan Zhengde drove his son and daughter-in-law out of the Nan family and banned them from staying in China.

The original plan had been for them to go to the USA. However, after taking into consideration that Bai Hua's family was in Tokyo, they had gone to Tokyo instead. The couple had also vowed not to return to China for the rest of their lives.

Time healed all wounds. After so many years, any feelings of longing or hatred had all been diluted with the passage of time.

As Nan Chen rose in power and became the pillar of the Nanshi Corporation, the adverse impact which his parents had brought unto the family had also been gradually negated.

However, the Old Master had yet to forgive his son and daughter-in-law. Over the years, he had not once brought up the possibility of them returning to the country.

Even though Bai Hua had fallen ill, Nan Chen still could not be sure if his grandpa would relent.

When Nan Chen arrived at the Nan residence, it was already late.

However, to his surprise, his grandpa was still awake and was in the study looking at some calligraphy works.

The elderly man had recently acquired some famous works of master calligraphers and was deep into inspecting those works these few days. As such, he had been going to bed later than usual.

Nan Chen waited at the door as the servant informed the Old Master of his arrival. The man only entered the study after being granted permission by his grandpa.

The Old Master looked delighted to see his grandson and waved him over. "You arrived just at the right time. Look at this masterpiece. The strength of the strokes and contrast created at each point are simply perfect. It's definitely worth ten thousand right?"

Nan Chen took a glance at it but could not feel the impressiveness which his grandpa had described.

He did not know much about calligraphy. As Nan Chen was always occupied with work, he hardly had any time to learn about the arts.

"I can't really tell, but if Grandpa thinks it's good, I'm sure it's definitely worth that amount. But Grandpa, you shouldn't be staying up late just to study the works, it's bad for your health," Nan Chen replied.

"If I had slept earlier, you wouldn't have been able to talk to me if you come at this hour," the Old Master laughed heartily as he said that.

Nan Chen glanced at his watch. Even though it wasn't considered too late yet, he decided to make it quick.

"Grandpa..." Nan Chen began to speak, but hesitated.

"What is it?" The elderly man looked at Nan Chen, motioning for him to speak his mind.

“There are two things. The first is, your great grandchildren are not Nan Xing’s kids, they are mine,” Nan Chen said.

The Old Master was momentarily stunned and looked at Nan Chen in a daze.

It has become Nan Chen from Nan Xing...How was a mistake of such nature even possible?

“Grandpa, it’s a complicated story, but there was a blunder made in the DNA testing which caused the issue. Other than that, there were no problems.”

Nan Chen was just worried his grandpa might misunderstand that Ning Ran was involved with both brothers, which was not the truth.

After all, the nature of the confusion—mixing up the father of the children—made it easy for anyone to think that way.

Only after hearing Nan Chen’s explanation did the Old Master heave a sigh of relief. “I see. Have you confirmed the results already? Is it final?”

“Yes, grandpa, the kids are confirmed mine, it’s for sure.”

The elderly man stroked his beard and suddenly starting laughing. “Actually, I have always thought that that boy resembles you more than Xing. So he’s indeed your son! His character and behavior are exactly the same as yours when you were at that age, almost identical!”

Nan Chen nodded and said, “I think Dabao is very much like me too, but Erbao’s personality takes after Nan Xing more.”

“Yup, regardless of whose kids they are, as long as they are a ‘Nan’, I won’t have any issues with it. So, what’s the second thing you want to talk to me about which is worrying you?” Nan Zhengde asked.

The Old Master was really sharp. He could already sense that Nan Chen was troubled.

“It’s regarding news from Tokyo,” Nan Chen said softly.

The elderly man’s high spirits were brought down at once.

He rolled up the calligraphy and put it back into a drafting tube carefully. “Why are you talking about them at this hour? Are you trying to make me lose sleep?”

“Grandpa, Mom has contracted cancer and the doctor has advised her to seek treatment in China.”

Even though his grandpa was visibly upset, Nan Chen had to finish his sentence.

“Cancer?”

“Yes.”

“The medical standards in Japan are very advanced as well, why is there a need to specially come back for treatment?”

“The doctors were of the view that a conservative treatment using TCM would be more suitable for mom’s condition. If that is not OK with grandpa, I will arrange for them to go to either Hong Kong or Taiwan instead. There are good TCM practitioners there as well. As a last resort, I can also send some TCM practitioners over to Japan.”

The Old Master was silent.

“I got it, grandpa. I shall make a move first then, please have a good rest,” Nan Chen was able to roughly guess his grandpa’s stance on the matter from his silence.

“Wait.”

Nan Chen stopped walking.

“Do you believe your mom’s illness is real? What if she is faking it just to come back?” Nan Zhengde said.

“As a son, I shouldn’t be questioning the authenticity of it. Even if it’s a lie, I would still come and make the request to you, grandpa,” Nan Chen replied.

The elderly man nodded and said, “I know. Indeed, in your position, it wouldn’t be right to doubt your mom.”