

My Wife Is a Superstar Chapter 474

When school ended, Ning Ran did not dare show herself. Thus, she waited in the car and watched, as Qiao Zhan got the kids.

When they got into the car, Erbao immediately jumped into Ning Ran's arms.
"Mommy!"

"Did you know that I was in the car?" Ning Ran asked.

"Yes!"

"How?"

"Because Uncle Qiao Zhan is driving daddy's car. If it were just him, he would have driven his jeep," answered Erbao.

"Why couldn't it be daddy then?" Ning Ran was curious.

"If it were daddy, he would have come out to personally pick us up. Mommy has been going through some misunderstandings, caused by bad people online, meaning that she can't come out." Erbao had a sharp mind.

Ning Ran hugged Erbao tightly in her arms without saying a word.

"Don't be sad, mommy. We're here for you," assured Dabao, as calm and collected as ever.

"Mommy's not sad. As long as you're with me, Mommy's not afraid of anything."

“We should never have done the commercial behind your back. It’s all our fault. It won’t happen again. Sorry, Mommy,” apologized Dabao softly.

“Mommy’s not blaming you two. Besides, it’s all in the past now. The bad people can do whatever they want, just ignore them,” comforted Ning Ran.

“However, Mommy’s gone through so much misery. I’m so sorry Mommy.”

“Mommy’s alright.” Ning Ran was holding in her tears. “I have you guys.”

“Are we going to daddy’s company now?” Erbao struck once again.

“How did you know that? Ning Ran asked.

“Daddy’s definitely still busy with work, so he’s asked Mommy to come and get us, to wait at the company for him. When he’s done, we can have dinner as a family again. It’s been so long since Daddy and Mommy have brought us to eat some good food. I’ve lost so much weight from starving!” Erbao explained.

Erbao was able to lighten the mood with her last remark.

“Aww... You’ve gotten so skinny!” chimed Ning Ran, as she touched Erbao’s little, round belly.

Erbao giggled playfully, “I really am thinner. Thinner than I was, two days ago!”

As the three of them were having fun in the car, they arrived at the Nanshi Corporation in little to no time at all.

Nan Chen was in the meeting room, doing a brief photoshoot for the financial magazine. He would be on the cover for the next issue, being the person of the year as well.

Nan Chen, as usual, was dressed in full black, with not a hint of emotion on his face.

The photographer tried his best to get some reactions out of him. Unfortunately, it was to no avail. Nan Chen only needed to stand there; the photos would come out amazing.

However, this had always been the case. The photographer wanted to differentiate himself from the others in the industry. Hence, he wanted something different from Nan Chen.

“Mr. Chen, is it possible for you to give me some form of expression? Not necessarily a smile. It can be surprised, or maybe deep in thought. Anything, really!” requested the photographer.

Nan Chen glanced at his watch. “You have three minutes left.”

The photoshoot was for ten minutes and the interview for fifty. That was the plan.

If they continued to take photos, it would take away the time needed for the interview. The interview was clearly more important in this case.

The photographer gave up, on getting a shot of a ‘different’ Nan Chen. *Nan Chen has always been like this. Always the same. He is his own style, and showing no emotion is part of his brand.*

“Thank you, for your cooperation, Mr. Chen. Now, please follow me.”

The person in charge of the interview was none other than the content director herself. No ordinary journalist would fit the job.

The director was a pretty woman, dressed in professional attire. Her figure was exquisite and she looked rather dignified, as she was beautiful.

Nan Chen sat down as he glanced at his watch again.

“First of all, thank you, Mr. Chen, for accepting our interview. Truth be told, we’ve been trying to get a hold of you since half a year ago. We’d only got to schedule, about a month ago. It is a great honor and pleasure to finally meet you today.”

The director’s smile was very modest, but anyone could feel her nerves sipping out.

Nan Chen had a strong presence. She could feel immense pressure, even before starting the conversation.

In fact, the outcome of the interview would be heavily affected if the interviewer displayed any signs of fear for the interviewee.

She had interviewed several prominent people before this, but the director could feel the moisture on her palm that day, as she was unusually nervous.

“Mr. Chen, first of all, I’d like to say, you are by far the most handsome man whom I’ve ever interviewed.” The director wanted to lighten the mood, trying to get herself to relax before tackling the main topic.

“Thank you.” Nan Chen nodded in response.

Silence ensued.

Nan Chen’s response caught the director off guard. It was clear that her attempt to lighten the mood had failed horribly.

“Now, you are the successor to Nanshi Corporation...”

“Manager,” Nan Chen corrected.

The wording was very important because Nan Chen was not the sole successor. Rather, he was merely one of them.

Saying that he was the successor meant that there was no one else besides him.

“Alright, you are the manager of Nanshi Corporation, as well as one of its successors. Can you inform me of your plans for Nanshi down the road?”

Nan Chen paused for a moment before he answered, “To continue moving forward.”

That’s it? The director was stumped.

She had intended for the first question to take up to around five minutes because it was a very open-ended question.

There were so many things that one could talk about, with such a question. Things like business strategies, company policies, or even future goals.

If anyone wanted to, this question alone could take half an hour just to answer. However, this guy here had merely given me four words! Where shall I go, from here?

The director forced out a smile as she asked, “Is there a way for you to be a little more specific?”

“I want to work together with everyone here so that we can continue to move forward,” Nan Chen replied.

The awkward silence returned, as the director was rendered speechless.

“Mr. Chen, your answers are too short and precise. I can’t really write anything with them,” the director admitted, with a bitter smile.

“Regarding the strategies and any related questions, we report every year. You can just search it up. There’s no need for me to repeat them to you,” pronounced Nan Chen.

“You’re right. Then, let’s go with some of the shorter questions. Ever since you’d taken over Nanshi, were there any difficult moments for you? When was it the hardest?”

“Right now.” Nan Chen answered with two words this time.

“Right now? Why?”

“The past is in the past. No matter how difficult it is, it’s over. The future can be anticipated, but never controlled. It is best not to think about it too much. The most difficult thing will be to do our best right now.”

The director clapped. “Well said! Mr. Chen well said.”

Nan Chen kept his poker face and said nothing more.

“How about a more personal question now? Can you tell me about your criteria for choosing a partner? What kind of woman will you prefer, as your future wife?”

This was an interview for a financial magazine, but the question was very much one that was filled with gossip. *So, it looks like all female journalists like gossip.*

“There’s no criteria.” Nan Chen gave her another brief answer.

The director was stumped yet again. “No criteria?”

“If I like her, I’ll like her. People are not products whom you can differentiate, based on criteria,” explained Nan Chen.

Applauding yet again, the director exclaimed, "Well said, Mr. Chen! Do have anyone that you currently like then?"

The questions seemed to be taking a turn into a territory for gossip.

Nan Chen narrowed his eyes. "Time's up. That will be all for today!"