

# My Wife Is a Superstar Chapter 118

After Nan Chen had finished washing up, he put on the shirt that Ning Ran had washed for him.

The shirt was wet, and since it was custom made, it stuck onto Nan Chen's body and showed off his muscular body.

He is annoying, but damn, he is sexy. Ning Ran couldn't help but peeked a little.

"This shirt," asked Ning Ran quietly, "How long have you been wearing it?"

Nan Chen turned to her and thought Is this woman dumb? Why would she ask such stupid questions?

He was the head of the renowned Nanshi Corporation and had never worn a shirt more than 10 times so there was no way any of his shirts lasted even a year.

Ning Ran felt stupid after asking that question.

Regardless of how well-made a shirt was, it was impossible to wear it for 5 years, and Nan Chen was too rich to do so.

Moreover, none of the buttons on his shirt were missing so that shirt could not have been the one that was worn by the man who got her pregnant 5 years ago.

The two of them were quiet as they returned.

Nan Chen was tall and walked fast.

Ning Ran, on the other hand, was walking slowly because she was troubled. Nan Chen had to stop every few steps to wait for her so he became irritated.

“Can you walk faster? Or are your feet just that ridiculously small?”

“Are my feet supposed to be as big as yours?” refuted Ning Ran angrily.

Nan Chen was stunned. That woman really is infuriating.

“Where did you buy that shirt?” asked Ning Ran.

Nan Chen couldn't make heads or tail of what that woman was trying to say.

“I don't know,” replied Nan Chen.

“Fine, keep it to yourself!” said Ning Ran angrily.

The truth was, Nan Chen wasn't lying about it. He truly had no idea.

Something as minor as buying shirts had always been taken care of by his employees so he couldn't have known where he got that shirt.

They walked in silence again.

“Seriously though, where did you get that shirt? Have you always worn the same style?” asked the persistent Ning Ran.

Nan Chen turned back and towered over Ning Ran.

The overwhelming aura that Nan Chen brought with him had Ning Ran feeling nervous once more.

“This is a man's shirt!” commented Nan Chen.

What he meant was that the shirt he had on was designed for men so even if Ning Ran liked it, it wouldn't fit her so there was no point in finding out where it was from.

"No shit, Sherlock," said Ning Ran, "I know it's a man's shirt. It's not like a girl's shirt would fit you."

Nan Chen was stunned again. Why is it so difficult to understand this woman?

Then it hit him. This woman wants to buy a shirt for another man!

"Who's it for?" asked Nan Chen in a cool voice.

"What?" Ning Ran was confused then.

"Which guy?" asked Nan Chen who was angry all of a sudden.

A shirt like mine is not meant to be worn by her lover. He's not worthy of it!

"What guy?" asked Ning Ran, "What are you talking about?"

"The recipient of the shirt you want to buy!"

Ning Ran finally got what he was trying to say and giggled at that. "Not telling you," teased Ning Ran.

"My shirt is custom made! Every stitch and every detail is unique so you can't get it anywhere!" shouted Nan Chen who felt much better after saying all that.

Hmph! Don't even think about buying a shirt like mine for your lover because it's not available in the stores!

Nan Chen didn't understand why he was angry over a single sentence uttered by that woman.

Ning Ran thought about it before she nodded and said, "The buttons..."

"What about it?"

"Nothing," said Ning Ran who didn't want to talk about it anymore.

"What about it?" insisted Nan Chen.

"It's nothing."

Nan Chen was a little frustrated. Why is that woman hesitating? What is she trying to say?

The truth was that Ning Ran wanted to tell him too, but it's too complicated, and it'd look like she had an ulterior motive if she were to confess at that time.

Ning Ran knew that Nan Chen hated her, and she hated him too so telling him the truth would only make things even more complicated.

Nan Chen really wanted to know what was going on, but Ning Ran refused to talk so there was nothing he could do.

Hence, when the two of them returned to the cabin, everyone noted that Ning Ran and Nan Chen were in a bad mood.

No one knew where they went or what happened, and no one dared to ask what was happening.

Erbao and Dabao, on the other hand, started whispering about it.

"Third uncle's shirt is wet," said the observant Erbao, "And so is mommy's hair!"

"So?" asked Dabao who turned to face his sister.

“Did they take a shower together?” whispered Erbao.

Dabao’s eyes widen at his baby sister’s wild hypothesis.

Utterly speechless, Dabao’s jaws dropped.

“Actually, that is not likely,” said Erbao who took back what she said, “Mommy would never agree to it.”

“Neither would Third Uncle,” added Dabao.

“That’d be so icky!” said Erbao who was embarrassed by her own guess.

“That’s right,” agreed Dabao.

“Then where did they go and what did they do?” asked Erbao.

Dabao knew the answer, but he didn’t want to say it.

Erbao was a blabbermouth, and she would not be able to keep the secret if she were to know what happened.

“Let’s go check on Mr. Blondie,” said Dabao.

After entering the cabin, they noted that Zheng Lunlun’s face was no longer pale, and color was starting to return to his cheeks.

The toxin in his body was slowly being cured, and he was on the way to recovery.

That showed that Dabao’s treatment was right, and Zheng Lunlun was getting better.

Who would've thought that at a crucial time like this, a kid was the one who saved a life?

"You're so amazing, big brother," said Erbao who gave Dabao a thumbs up, "you cured Mr. Blondie!"

Dabao shook his head and said, "He's not awake yet."

"He will. I believe in my big brother."

"I'm still worried," said Dabao who shook his head.

"Why are you worried?" asked the confused Erbao, "Mr. Blondie is clearly getting better."

"I don't know," said Dabao, "I kept getting the feeling that something's about to happen."

Erbao walked over to hug her big brother and comfort him. "You're the best, my big brother," said Erbao, "Mr. Blondie will definitely recover!"

Ning Ran came in to check on them then. "What are you two talking about?"

"Mommy, where did you and Third Uncle go?"

Ning Ran didn't think that Erbao would ask that question all of a sudden. For a moment, Ning Ran didn't know how to answer.

I can't exactly say we went to take a bath. Even though they were her children, she was still too embarrassed to talk about it.

"It's nothing," said Ning Ran stiffly, "Just... kids shouldn't butt in on adult's business."

“I’m not a kid,” said Erbao with her chubby cheeks held high, “I am four years old! I’m not a two-year-old toddler anymore, mommy.”

“Okay, if you being four years old means that you’re an adult,” said Ning Ran who was grinning, “then won’t my age mean that I’m ashes in an urn?”

“Mommy is still young,” said Erbao who was a master in the art of flattering others, “You’re the beautiful lady who is just a tad older than me.”

“Beautiful lady?”

The one who spoke was Nan Chen who had just entered the cabin.

“What?” asked Ning Ran who was angry upon seeing the distaste in Nan Chen’s eyes, “You got a problem with that?”

Nan Chen ignored her and sneered. Then, he bent down to check on Zheng Lunlun.

“He looks better,” said Nan Chen, “And his breathing is stabilized.”

“That’s right!” said Erbao proudly like she was the one who treated the man, “Isn’t my brother amazing?”

Nan Chen nodded and said, “Naturally, kids of the Nan Family are never weak.”

Ning Ran didn’t like that. That is MY son. Why is his achievement credited to the Nan Family?

“Come here, my son,” said Ning Ran who was showing off her right as the mother.

Dabao didn’t understand, but Nan Chen did.

However, Nan Chen didn't say a word because he thought that it was dumb. That is your son. You don't need to fight for him or prove anything.