

# My Wife Is a Superstar Chapter 239

Drunkenness always happened when one was least aware of it.

Ning Ran didn't know from which glass onwards that she started feeling light in the head.

That feeling of light-headedness felt nice. It was exhilarating, relaxing, and unrestrained.

She was talking more and more loudly, and laughing more and more presumptuously.

Although Nan Chen was a little drunk, he remained upright in his seat as he looked at the increasingly wanton woman before him.

Was this the result he wanted? Not knowing the answer, he gulped down another glass of sake.

*Why did I come here? Why did I eat with her? And why did I drink?*

He didn't drink any alcohol for work during the important social event tonight, but he was drinking white wine now with the woman he hated so much.

"You're actually a nice person, Sir Chen," Ning Ran said abruptly with a smile.

Nan Chen remained silent.

“You’re responsible. When we were in the jungle, you didn’t eat and had left the food for me and the children... I always remember it. In fact, my life is not as important as yours. I’m just a blade of grass. If I’m gone, I bet no one will remember me after a few days. But you’re different. You’re responsible for the family business. If anything happens to you, the entire Flower City or even the entire economy of China will be affected. So, I think it’s amazing that you’re willing to save food for us.” Ning Ran rambled on and on about many things.

Nan Chen’s heart softened a little.

*How are you a blade of grass? How are you as cheap as you say you are? How could you be forgotten in two days if you’re gone?*

*Where do I find this one and only orange blossom fragrance if you’re gone?*

“But you also have a bad side,” Ning Ran spoke in a thick voice, not caring if Nan Chen answered or not.

Nan Chen cocked an eyebrow and looked at Ning Ran.

“You’re too proud. Although you have the power, there’s no need to be arrogant. The world is diverse. Everyone has his own way of life, his own personality—” Ning Ran halted and burped.

Nan Chen knitted his brows tightly together. *Is this woman going to throw up again?*

He couldn’t let her throw up again this time. She had made a scene the last time she was drunk, and it was too much trouble.

Nan Chen stood up and took away that bottle of wine in front of her, but he didn’t say a word.

Ning Ran grinned, “Are you afraid that I’ll trouble you when I’m drunk? Hahaha.”

Nan Chen paid no heed to her words.

“Just get right to the topic.”

Ning Ran tried hard to concentrate, but it was a little too difficult.

The effect of the alcohol made her feel dizzy, and she began to see a split image of Poker Face in front of her.

However, she was still conscious, and she knew what she had to say.

The only downside was that she really wanted to talk. She had many pent-up emotions in her heart, and she couldn't help but wanting to talk.

Nan Chen looked at Ning Ran, indicating her to continue.

“How about I drink a little more? Otherwise, I can't talk about some things.”

Ning Ran was about to get another bottle of wine when Nan Chen stretched his hand to stop her. He couldn't let her drink anymore, as it would be too taxing to deal with her drunken behavior.

Ning Ran could only give up. *Tch, how controlling. It's not like I'm a drunkard or something.*

“Where did I stop just now?” Ning Ran looked at Nan Chen with blurry eyes.

Nan Chen didn't reply. He wasn't obliged to remind this woman that she had been raving about him.

“Ah, I remember now. We were talking about what happened in the jungle. Food supplies were limited. Instead of eating it yourself, you saved them for me and the children...”

Nan Chen froze. *Is she going to repeat that again?*

*Fine, say what you want. You can even say it a hundred times.*

Thereupon, Ning Ran repeated what she had just said, but the main idea that Nan Chen was responsible remained unchanged.

Nan Chen felt that it was better to be praised than to be taunted by her.

“Let’s go. It’s not getting any earlier.” Ning Ran stood up.

Her footsteps were a little unsteady, but she managed to find her equilibrium.

Nan Chen gestured her to sit down and then asked the boss for a bowl of soup, which should have a sobering effect.

The soup was warm, and it tasted a little sweet.

Feeling thirsty and overwhelmed from the booze, Ning Ran finished drinking it in a flash and wanted more.

Nan Chen could only order her another bowl.

“Don’t you have anything to tell me? You said you’ve got a story to tell,” Nan Chen asked Ning Ran.

Analyzing from her current state, she should be almost drunk, and the probability of saying the truth before one gets drunk was higher.

“Story? Mm, I have.” Ning Ran had forgotten what she said before drinking.

“What do you want to hear?”

Nan Chen froze again. He had heard of people choosing a song, but not a story.

“Anything,” Nan Chen replied casually.

“Mm, but what do you want to hear? I have too many stories to tell,” Ning Ran said proudly.

“Okay, then tell me, why do you need ten million all of a sudden?”

It didn't mean that Nan Chen didn't want to know if he didn't ask.

He didn't ask because he was worried what he would hear was a lie, as Ning Ran had the natural tendency to come up with an excuse.

He asked that now because he thought Ning Ran wouldn't be able to tell lies in this state.

The probability of her telling lies was lower and he could have a chance to hear the truth.

“It's because of my mother,” Ning Ran answered.

Nan Chen sat unspeaking. *Didn't your mother pass away a long time ago, and it was your fault that she died? Do you think I wouldn't know that?*

“My mother dying with a grudge is the pain of my life. But that woman stashed away my mother's belongings and what's even more hateful, she changed my mother's ashes and kept her from resting in peace...”

Alcohol could amplify a person's joy, but also their grievances and sorrows.

Ning Ran, who had still been in a stable mood, suddenly choked up when she talked about her mother.

Then tears started pouring out, and they were unstoppable.

She couldn't suppress those pent up sorrows she had been suppressing as her strong heart became fragile under the influence of alcohol.

Nan Chen watched her quietly and came to a realization that she would always be close to falling apart every time she mentioned her mother.

She had cried so loudly on the highway the last time she was drunk, lamenting for her mother and her lost home.

*Just what kind of deep sorrow is hidden in this woman's heart?*

*Is it really because she's guilty of killing her mother, and that's why she would collapse when she brings up something from the past?*

"Don't cry." Nan Chen's comfort was so plain that it could be ignored.

He really didn't know how to comfort people, because he felt that the suffering in this world could only be borne by oneself.

Others' comfort was useless because the pain would gradually fade over time.

But miraculously, when he said the words 'don't cry', Ning Ran really stopped.

"Tissue," Ning Ran said.

Nan Chen compliantly handed the tissue over to let her wipe her tears.

"That old witch threatened me with my mother's belongings, asking for ten million and if I don't give her that money, she will pour dog's blood on my mother's ashes so that she cannot rest in peace down there."

Ning Ran's expression was very clear, and the hatred in her tone was palpable.

Harking back to what she said before this, Nan Chen felt that what he heard this time should be the truth.

“Why didn’t you report this to the police?” Nan Chen asked. “This is extortion.”

“They are very cunning and they will know if I report the matter to the police. Besides, the police will not file a case for this because I have no evidence.”