

My Wife Is a Superstar Chapter 483

It was past midnight when the video conference between Nan Chen and the team in the Middle East was over.

“Mr. Chen, something’s up again.” Jiang Zhe was running toward Nan Chen as he said that.

“Get straight to the point,” Nan Chen said coldly.

“Ms. Ding has been taken away by the police.”

Nan Chen stopped in his tracks abruptly. “For what?”

“The police received a drug abuse report so they’ve set up roadblocks for inspection and a banned substance — MDMA was found in Ms. Ding’s purse.”

“MDMA?”

“More commonly known as Ecstasy or Molly, it’s a kind of recreational drug.”

“Let’s go to the police station.”

“Yes, Sir,” Jiang Zhe replied.

In the elevator, Jiang Zhe’s phone was ringing again.

“It’s from Qiao Zhan,” Jiang Zhe said.

Nan Chen took the call.

“Haven’t I told you to arrange for protection? What have you been doing?” Nan Chen’s tone was chilled to the bone.

“I’m sorry. I’ve done that but it was a sudden incident and we...”

“Get someone to bail her out right away.” Nan Chen cut him off curtly.

“I’m already on it...”

Nan Chen hung up the call.

Jiang Zhe could sense that Nan Chen was enraged so he just kept quiet.

“Send me the guest list for the dinner event tonight,” Nan Chen told Jiang Zhe.

“I’ve asked around and almost everyone from all the departments of the production team was present...”

“I know there were many of them but a name list could at least be sorted out, right?” Nan Chen asked.

“I’ll get someone to send it soon.”

As soon as Jiang Zhe finished his sentence, he received another call from Qiao Zhan.

“Hello?” Picking up the call, Jiang Zhe also turned the speaker mode on.

“Please put Sir Chen on.”

“Just speak!” Nan Chen uttered.

“Sir Chen, we were halfway through bailing Young Mistress out but it was overridden suddenly. The reason they gave was Young Mistress’ identity as a public figure could cause a rather negative impact to the public so she has to be remanded.”

“Where are your connections and ties? Why can’t you even handle such a minor case?” Nan Chen was irritated.

Even though Qiao Zhan was a captain of the Nan family’s security team, he had vast influence. The few big shots in Flower City’s police force were all his friends.

That was why Nan Chen was of the opinion that Qiao Zhan could solve the problem speedily on his own but to his surprise, even he was hampered.

“I would take care of this; I’m only giving Sir Chen an update.”

“Report to me only after you’ve cleared it up.”

“Yes, Sir Chen.”

Lounging in his seat, Nan Chen shut his eyes slowly.

They arrived at the police station soon after. However, after parking, Nan Chen did not get out of the car.

“Please rest here for a moment while I go take a look. It’s a trifle and it’s best that Sir doesn’t get involved in this and becomes the subject of gossip,” said Jiang Zhe.

Nan Chen did not answer.

He was of the same mind as Jiang Zhe. His appearance at the police station might be utilized by those with ill intentions to create unnecessary scandals to tarnish the reputation of Nanshi Corporation.

The usual approach in handling such an incident was for Nan Chen to stay away from Ning Ran because she had been involved in a drug abuse case.

Regardless of the truth, Ning Ran was in the thick of the storm and it was risky to be associated with her now.

At that point in time, most artists would have disengaged themselves from Ning Ran, not to mention a big wheel like Nan Chen.

After a while, Nan Chen took a glance at his watch. Ten minutes had passed.

He couldn't wait anymore so he left the car and strode toward the police station.

He was confident that in a small place like Flower City, no one could stop him from bailing Ning Ran out.

Just then, Jiang Zhe was walking out of the police station.

He quickly paced toward Nan Chen. "Sir Chen, it's all been done; there's no need for you to go in. Let's get in the car; it's wintry out here."

Wintry was not his actual concern. What really worried Jiang Zhe was the possibility of someone seeing Nan Chen out there.

He turned up at the police station at this hour and bailing out an actress who was involved in drug abuse.

If it came out in the news, the stock prices of the few listed companies under Nanshi Corporation would definitely plunge and losses could amount to at least five billion.

By then, the city would be hyped with tattles that the Young Master of the Nan family was a dissolute womanizer who was frivolous and heedless about the corporation's interest.

As the most important adviser and strategist of Nan Chen, Jiang Zhe had to be extraordinarily perceptive and always had the big picture and vision in mind.

He had to do his very best to stand in the way whenever Sir Chen might go the wrong direction.

Even if it meant running through a brick wall, he had to brace himself for it.

Nan Chen shot daggers at Jiang Zhe. His glare was heartless, as though he could kill someone any second then.

“Don’t worry, Ms. Ding would be released for sure. If she isn’t, I’d go in and get myself locked up as well,” Jiang Zhe said, putting his foot down.

“If she doesn’t get released, you and Qiao Zhan better be locked up inside,” Nan Chen replied.

Right! This should be Big Qiao’s job. Why am I involving myself in it for nothing?

Thankfully, Ning Ran came out within a few minutes.

Seeing Nan Chen’s car, she rushed over to him.

However, after taking just a few steps, she stumbled and fell.

With a frown, Nan Chen got off the car and walked toward Ning Ran.

Before she could get to her feet, a cheeky plan popped up in her mind — she wanted the man to help her up.

Simply put, she was about to test whether the man would come and help pick her up.

She had no idea why this thought occurred to her out of the blue but she just wanted to give it a go.

It was intentional of Ning Ran to stay put on the spot but to Nan Chen who thought she was severely injured, it was worrisome.

Rushing forward, Nan Chen stretched his arms and scooped her up.

Ning Ran was delighted at the success of her little mischief.

Failing to mask her expression, Ning Ran’s lips curled into a cheerful grin which was quickly noticed by Nan Chen.

“How can you still smile so brightly? Which part of being in remand did you find gratifying; the meal or the lockup?” Nan Chen asked apathetically.

“I didn’t smile.” Ning Ran quickly kept a straight face.

“Sir Chen, Ms. Ding, please get in the car quickly; there’s no time to waste.” Jiang Zhe approached and reminded them.

He was still concerned with the risk of them being seen and filmed at the police station.

Following that, Qiao Zhan rushed out and said, “Sir Chen, the matter has been resolved but Ms. Ding cannot leave Flower City for the time being as the incident is still under investigation and the drug test report would only be ready by tomorrow. In the meantime, it’s best for Ms. Ding to stay at home and I’ll take care of the rest of the problem.”

“Why wasn’t she allowed to be bailed? Who was behind it?”

“It’s a call from someone of the top rung. The officers in charge are not a local as well,” replied Qiao Zhan.

“Officers from outside setting up roadblocks in Flower City for drug abuse investigation?” Nan Chen’s face turned gloomy.

“They were tracking a gang that had fled to the city so they’ve sought cooperation from the police of Flower City. The details were classified so I’m not too sure either,” Qiao Zhan answered carefully.

“Alright.”

Nan Chen got in the car; so did Ning Ran who then sat next to him.

“I’ve never seen those pills; neither have I taken any. I didn’t even know what they are,” Ning Ran tried to explain herself.

“Then why were they in your purse?”

“I have no idea at all. I was also shocked when the police took them out.”

“How much alcohol have you consumed that you weren’t even aware of people sneaking drugs into your purse?”

“It’s not a lot! Really. I’ve been restraining myself all night and Tang Jing has helped to make up excuses to stop me from drinking, so I really didn’t drink much!”

“Didn’t drink much? Then why do you smell like alcohol?”

“I have mild alcohol intolerance so there’s always an alcoholic odor within me after drinking and I might have spilled some wine on my clothes but I swear I didn’t drink much.”

“Well then, when do you think the drugs were snuck into your purse?”