

My Wife Is a Superstar Chapter 238

Ning Ran was about to say 'anything' but was afraid that it would seem rude, so she said to Nan Chen affectionately, "You make the call!"

The phrase 'You make the call' sounded simple, but it was rich in meaning.

And it was even more meaningful to say it in this situation.

Nan Chen was a little caught off guard at Ning Ran's sudden gentleness.

As the server was still waiting at the side for him to place his order, Nan Chen didn't say much and simply ordered a few dishes.

This was Ning Ran's purpose. Naturally, Nan Chen should know best what to order since he brought her here.

Ning Ran scrutinized her surroundings. The decoration was very simple in Japanese style, and the customers beside them were also speaking in Japanese.

"You like Japanese food?" Ning Ran asked Nan Chen.

Nan Chen didn't speak, and Ning Ran felt a little awkward for failing to strike up a conversation with him.

"This isn't Japanese food," Nan Chen eventually said.

"Yeah." Ning Ran nodded hastily. "It's a late-night snack that derived from Japanese food, like the late-night eateries seen in movies."

Nan Chen was silent at that.

Alright, it seems he's not planning to talk to me. Ning Ran zipped her mouth tactfully.

Nan Chen, who always bore a graceful posture, surveyed the surroundings as well. When he realized that almost all the female diners' eyes were fixed on him, he hurriedly withdrew his gaze and sat upright.

This restaurant had been in business for some years, and it was his mother who had brought him and Nan Xing here for supper when they were young.

But then something happened, and he never came back.

This place seemed to have been renovated, but the style hadn't changed much.

Nan Chen had always wanted to visit this place again but never had the courage to come.

With Ning Ran as a companion today, Nan Chen somehow had the courage and excuse to come over.

The food was served. There was fried ramen and a meatball dish Ning Ran couldn't name.

As Ning Ran didn't know which dish was hers, she let Nan Chen take it first.

Nan Chen took the meatball dish and handed Ning Ran the fried ramen.

The ramen tasted different from what she usually ate. She didn't know if she was really starving or it was a psychological effect, but she found it to be very delicious.

After eating a meatball, Nan Chen didn't move again.

Ning Ran thought it was a waste and wondered if he was going to throw the rest away after eating just one piece.

Thus, she kept staring at the meatballs, wanting to have a taste.

Nan Chen caught her wolfish gaze and wondered, *Is this woman a glutton? Is a bowl of fried ramen not enough for her?*

Supper at this hour is bound to make one chubbier, and she still eats so much?

But seeing her unwavering gaze on those meatballs, he felt a little troubled. At that, he raised his hand and signaled the boss for another bowl of meatballs.

"It's okay. I'll just have these. You only ate one and it'll be a waste to throw these away."

Ning Ran rose to her feet, reached for that bowl, and stuffed one in her mouth.

It was crisp and palatable.

The food Poker Face eats is indeed delicious. He ordered fried ramen for me, but he ordered something more delicious for himself, and he only ate a little. This is too much!

Nan Chen looked at Ning Ran swallowing one meatball in a mouthful, and one word came to his mind—vulgar.

"The supper you eat is extraordinary, Sir Chen. I've never forgotten about the sake that we drank the last time. It was really good!"

At that, Nan Chen was reminded of her drunken appearance.

He motioned to the boss again for two bottles of sake.

He didn't know why, but he just wanted to fulfil this woman's wish.

Ning Ran had just been speaking casually, and she didn't expect him to actually order it.

"I'm gonna have to take a rain check on that drink. I've got work tomorrow, and it's too late," Ning Ran declined with a wave of her hands.

Nan Chen had already poured her a glass as he said, "Don't you have something to tell me? How are you going to tell me the truth if you don't drink?"

Ning Ran looked stunned. *Drinking doesn't mean I'll tell the truth after!*

So he's trying to get me drunk just so I will spill the beans after drinking?

The last time I was drunk, I said many things to him that shouldn't be said. Is he addicted to listening to me or something?

"But I'm busy tomorrow—"

"I have to go to work tomorrow too!" Nan Chen cut her off.

He simply meant, why are you making things difficult when I'm willing to listen to you right now?

"Well, since you're happy, I'll drink a glass or two with you. But as you know, I'm a light drinker and my decorum in drinking is pretty bad. If I've offended you with my drunken behavior, please forgive me," Ning Ran said with a bitter face.

Nan Chen kept a straight face. He had seen her decorum in drinking before!

But it didn't matter. He had his own ways of dealing with terrible drinkers.

Nan Chen lifted his glass at Ning Ran. Deep down, he was thinking about the past; the time when his mother brought him here to eat meatballs, the warmth that was once there, and the laughter that would never be there again.

Ning Ran lifted her glass in return. When she looked up, she saw that the eyes of the man seated on opposite had darkened and there was a flash of sorrow in them.

Upon taking a closer look, the trace of sadness was gone.

Ning Ran thought she was imagining things. He was a filthy rich, handsome, and arrogant business tycoon, how could he be sad?

Nan Chen raised his head and emptied his glass of sake.

His posture was dashing, yet elegant and noble.

Ning Ran tried to imitate him as she gulped down her drink, but something was just missing.

After chugging a few glasses of sake, Nan Chen's sitting posture wasn't as upright as before, which showed that he had relaxed a little.

With his identity, he must be wary of his bearings at all times, regardless of whether he was tired or not.

Because his words and actions could be amplified anytime and made into a topic for gossips and discussion.

Not only would it affect himself, but the company's image as well.

The wine was actually pretty strong, and Nan Chen could feel the obvious alcohol flush reaction.

He was perplexed. Why was he drinking with this woman again?

Didn't he hate her very much? Didn't he not trust her?

Did his heart turn soft because he saw her sleeping on the ground at the parking lot?

Was he that easily moved? Why didn't he realize this before?

"I can't drink anymore. I'm done." Ning Ran could feel the alcohol kicking in.

But Nan Chen ignored her and poured her another glass.

There was an indescribable and strange feeling of drinking late at night.

That kind of feeling seemed to allow Nan Chen to temporarily put aside some things and simply be an ordinary man.

Nan Chen didn't know if he enjoyed the feeling of drinking at his hour or if he enjoyed drinking with this woman.

It would be terrifying if it was the latter. He would be wallowing in self-degradation.

"Are you trying to get me drunk, Sir Chen?" Ning Ran asked, a little drunk as her tone wasn't as cautious as before.

Nan Chen simply filled her glass and didn't respond.

"If you promise to give me ten million, I don't mind if drink myself to death," Ning Ran said.

Nan Chen frowned.

What irritated him the most was how Ning Ran talked about money so straightforwardly to him. *This woman only had eyes for money!*

Sensing that he was upset, Ning Ran quickly changed her words, "Alright, when one drinks with a bosom friend, a thousand cups are not enough. I'll just drink with you."

After saying it, it didn't feel right.

Clearly, we're from two different worlds. How could we be bosom friends? And how could we possibly drink that much together?

"Anyway, I'll drink with you if that makes you happy. And if you're happy, I'll..."

"What?" Nan Chen demanded.

"If you're happy, I'll be drunk by then," Ning Ran replied.

Nan Chen heaved a breath, relieved to hear that she didn't say anything absurd.