

# My Wife Is a Superstar Chapter 28

Placed on top of the redwood table were twenty over exorbitant and limited-edition bottles of perfume from various renowned brands ranges from a few to tens of thousand.

Sitting behind the table was an emotionless but dashing man. He was frowning, and asked Jiang Zhe, "Is that all?"

"Yes that's all, Nan Chen. We have looked through all the branded perfume brands across the globe and these are all the ones with orange blossom scent. That's all we have." Jiang Zhe replied quickly.

Nan Chen shook his head slightly.

None of those were what Jiang Zhe was looking for. They were either too strong or too faint, and not the perfect scent he was looking for.

Seeing the Boss shake his head, Jiang Zhe could feel an immense pressure that almost brought him to tears.

What exactly happened that made Nan Chen have this urge to gather bottles of orange blossom scented perfume?

Besides, he was still not satisfied despite all the bottles of perfume from renowned brands that were placed right before him. What next?

"Nan Chen, are we stepping into the perfume industry? The current manufacturing standards of the country are indeed rather low. There are almost no local brands that can compete with international perfume brands..."

Nan Chen immediately raised his hand to interrupt Jiang Zhe's sentence.

In fact, even Nan Chen himself did not know what he was trying to do. Perhaps what he wanted to find out was whether the scent coming from that lady was from a certain brand of orange-blossom scented perfume.

Even if so, what has it got to do with him?

He did not even know why.

Nan Chen's irritation surged as he pointed to the perfume bottles on the table and waved his hand impatiently, signaling Jiang Zhe to discard them.

The lowly standards of the scents made Nan Chen feel irritable.

Jiang Zhe found a plastic bag, and he carefully placed all the perfume bottles into it.

All these are from renowned brands, and they were all so expensive. Giving any one of them to a lady out there would be the key to picking them up. Wouldn't it be such a waste to throw these precious gifts away?

After keeping the bottles of perfume into the bag, Jiang Zhe did not leave. Instead, he stood there, looking as if he was about to speak, yet nothing came out of his mouth.

Nan Chen looked up and gazed at Jiang Zhe to see if he had anything to say.

"There is one more thing. A girl friend of mine gave me this picture as she is a fan of Luo Fei and knows that I have the opportunity to get close to her. She asked me to help her get Luo Fei's signature. This was taken by her when she went to welcome Luo Fei's arrival in the airport." Jiang Zhe replied carefully.

Nan Chen frowned. Where did Jiang Zhe get the guts to pester him with such an insignificant matter?

The atmosphere in the office became tense. Jiang Zhe immediately explained, "This was originally a small matter, but upon seeing the person in the picture, I was completely taken aback. I felt that it was necessary to inform you about this."

Nan Chen frowned harder than before. He was disinterested in Luo Fei how could he be interested in her photo? What has Jiang Zhe become of?

Jiang Zhe shoved the photo to Nan Chen, "Calm down Nan Chen. Look, do you find the child in Luo Fei's arms familiar looking?"

The picture was placed right before Nan Chen. There was an obvious faked smile on Luo Fei's face as she carried an adorable child in her arms.

Initially, Nan Chen only scanned through the photo with detests. However, after he caught a glimpse of the child, he could not help but reach out for the photo to take a closer look at it.

Did someone photo shopped his baby picture into this picture?

Upon seeing Nan Chen gaining interest in the picture, Jiang Zhe heaved a sigh of relief and said, "Right? It does bore a great resemblance, doesn't it?"

Nan Chen reached out for his drawer and pulled out a rather old photograph. The child in the photograph seemed to be around four to five years old.

The child in this photo resembled as the one that Luo Fei was carrying in her arms in the earlier photo.