

# My Wife Is a Superstar Chapter 307

Ignoring her, Nan Chen walked aside.

Ning Ran was proud of herself for rendering him speechless. Finally, she had a chance to get back at him.

After a few minutes, Nan Chen stood up and walked out.

At the door, he turned around to look at Ning Ran. "Aren't you coming along?"

"Oh? Are we leaving already?"

"Do you want to stay and eat here instead?"

Exasperated, Ning Ran retorted in defiance, "I will stay back if there's really something to eat."

"In that case, you can stay here. I'm leaving."

Just as he spoke, Nan Chen took a step and left for real.

Realizing that he was serious, Ning Ran grabbed her bag frantically and chased after him. "Wait for me!"

Nan Chen didn't bother to turn around. "Aren't you staying here for some food?"

"There's nothing to eat here."

“There’s horse feed,” Nan Chen replied.

“You should be eating that since you’re the horse,” Ning Ran fumed.

Nan Chen ignored her sarcasm.

Meanwhile, Ning Ran picked up her pace and followed behind him.

She had to keep herself close as the racecourse was located far from the city. Hence, there was no way she could get back if she were left behind.

Tilting his head to look at her, Nan Chen was clearly aware of what she was worried about.

Therefore, he quickened his pace on purpose.

His strides were big due to his long legs. Even without increasing his speed, Ning Ran already had trouble keeping up. Now that he had picked up his pace, Ning Ran had no choice but to run.

As her shoes weren’t suited for running, she struggled while doing so.

“Wait for me!” Ning Ran had no other choice but to call out to him.

Pretending to be oblivious to her cry, Nan Chen increased his pace further.

In order to keep up, Ning Ran was forced to run faster out of desperation.

When they reached the parking lot, Nan Chen’s Rolls-Royce had sent the guests away. However, his driver had brought his sports car over.

Standing in front of the car with a smug smile, Nan Chen waited for Ning Ran who arrived huffing and puffing.

“Was that necessary, Mr. Chen? What’s the big deal about giving me a lift that you have to torment me over it?” Ning Ran complained while trying to catch her breath.

Nan Chen didn’t say a word. All he did was hand her a set of keys.

Ning Ran was shocked. “You want me to drive again? I think it’s a bad idea. I’m sure you’re aware by now that I drive like a snail. So can we not fool around this time?”

“If you don’t want to drive, going back is out of the question,” Nan Chen insisted.

“Fine, so be it,” Ning Ran rebutted stubbornly.

“Alright, I’ll be off then.”

“Didn’t you just say we won’t be going?”

“I only meant you. You won’t get to go home if you refuse to drive,” Nan Chen explained.

“You’re picking on me! Why can’t you just drive me?”

“No particular reason. I just don’t feel like it.” Nan Chen quipped.

Infuriated, Ning Ran tried her best to restrain herself.

As there was no public transport or taxis nearby, Nan Chen’s car was her only option.

“Mr. Chen,” Ning Ran softened her tone.

Maintaining his silence, Nan Chen looked at her intently.

“I’m not feeling well, so it’s better that you drive. Given how far we are from the city, I’m not sure if we can even reach there tomorrow with my snail-paced driving. It’s not a big deal for me, but it may affect your busy schedule. I can’t afford to bear the consequences if you miss something important,” Ning Ran explained patiently.

“It’s alright,” Nan Chen quipped and rendered Ning Ran’s long-winded excuse pointless.

By then, she had run out of ideas.

“My driving is really terrible. I’m sure you know how bad it is. So please don’t make it difficult for me. At this rate, your super expensive luxury car will end up getting thrashed by me.”

Ning Ran tried her best to convince him by appealing to both his rational and emotional side.

“It’s alright.”

Again, Nan Chen overturned her arguments with the same two-worded response.

*Someone like him who doesn’t care about anything can be the most troublesome.*

“It looks like I have no other option than to drive.”

“You’re right,” Nan Chen replied firmly.

“Fine, I’ll do it. All I can say is that I’m a new driver. So, you will have to bear the consequences yourself,” Ning Ran warned him.

“It’s alright.” Nan Chen repeated his answer again.

On the brink of going ballistic, Ning Ran didn't feel like saying another word.

After all, he would give her the exact same response no matter what she said.

After getting into the car, they put on their safety belt and she started driving.

Actually, Ning Ran's driving skills improved a lot since she had practiced a few times prior to this.

After driving a few kilometers, nothing untoward happened.

Relaxing in his seat by her side, Nan Chen looked out the window to admire the scenery.

He really wasn't worried that Ning Ran would drive his car into the ditch as he didn't mind it at all.

As Ning Ran drove, her anxiety gradually dissipated.

She even reached out to switch on the radio and it was playing music from an African American band.

Ning Ran hummed along as she knew the song.

However, her pitch was out of sync with the music and sounded terrible, causing Nan Chen to furrow his eyebrows in horror.

"You're still more suited to singing that nursery rhyme," Nan Chen couldn't help but comment.

"What do you mean? Can't I sing rock and roll? Am I not hip enough to rock?" Ning Ran banged her head as she spoke.

Frowning, Nan Chen was lost for words.

*She's always like that. Whenever I give her some space, her true colors will show.*

Ning Ran continued singing as she didn't care if Nan Chen liked it or not.

Enduring his headache, Nan Chen was lazy to argue and turned a blind eye to her out-of-tune cries.

After fooling around for a while, Ning Ran finally stopped.

"I didn't expect someone as boring as you to actually like rock and roll."

"I formed a band before." Nan Chen replied coldly.

"Huh? You? Formed a band? I don't believe that. How is it possible someone as dull as you end up in a band?" Ning Ran burst into hearty laughter.

Nan Chen was peeved. *What's so funny about that?*

*Since when am I a boring person? Why can't I form a band?*

When she saw that Nan Chen was upset, Ning Ran stopped laughing. "Did you really do it? How did a rich kid like you end up getting involved in something like that?"

"What has playing music got anything to do with being rich?" Nan Chen retorted.

"Nothing actually. It's just that many people perceive a career in music as a dead-end job. You look more like someone that buries your head in your studies and not do anything else."

Nan Chen was further provoked.

“I know how to write poems too. And play basketball, football, the piano, the saxophone, the guitar, and...”

“Yea, yea, I got it. You know everything. There’s nothing in this world the great Sir Chen doesn’t know. Can you then stop making an idiot like me feel bad about myself?” Ning Ran rebutted.

Nan Chen snorted in response.

“To be honest, I do believe that you know a lot because you’re really smart.” Ning Ran showed him a thumbs-up sign.

Only then did Nan Chen’s mood lighten up.

Ning Ran added, “Just like my son.”

His expression instantly turned dark again. *What sort of compliment is this?*

The next moment, Ning Ran realized how weird she just sounded. “I’m not trying to take advantage of you, but you are very much like my son. You know Dabao looks like you and you are equally smart like him!”

Ning Ran felt relieved just as she spoke. Turning towards Nan Chen, she realized his expression had darkened further.

Thinking back about what she had just said, she realized it hadn’t come out right either.

“Erm... I should say my son is as smart as you are.” Finally, Ning Ran got it right this time.

“He’s also my son!” Nan Chen exclaimed.

Ning Ran tapped her head gently. “That’s right, I almost forgot about it.”

Nan Chen seethed. *How can you forget something like that?*

*Why don't you forget that you're your children's Mommy?*