

# My Wife Is a Superstar Chapter 225

Ning Ran could tell that Feng Minsheng wasn't getting away from Qiao Zhan anytime soon.

Ning Ran had witnessed Qiao Zhan's capabilities before. He was an extremely experienced fighter – not even ten of Feng Minsheng's weak self stood a chance against him.

Everyone watched as Qiao Zhan escorted Feng Minsheng into the black Jeep with a friendly look before the car drove off.

“Let's go back to work! I'm sorry for distracting everyone!” Ning Ran apologized as she waved her hands, indicating for everyone to return to their jobs.

Since the perpetrator had been brought away and there was nothing left to entertain them, everyone went back to work.

In the Jeep, Qiao Zhan inched closer to Feng Minsheng. “Do you really not recognize me?”

Feng Minsheng should have recognized Qiao Zhan, since Feng Minsheng had already been captured by him twice.

“No, I don't. Who the hell are you?! This is kidnapping!” Feng Minsheng roared.

Qiao Zhan waved a hand. “Don't make a mountain out of a molehill. We're friends, aren't we? I just wanted to have a chat with you. You're not a woman, either, so why should I kidnap you?”

“This is kidnapping! What the hell are you up to? Let me go!”

“Don’t worry. Once we’re done talking, I’ll let you go!” Qiao Zhan said as he threw his arm around Feng Minsheng’s shoulders.

Qiao Zhan brought him to an underground billiard room. Pointing at the table in the room, he asked, “Do you know how to play?”

“Yeah, but I don’t want to,” Feng Minsheng said, annoyed.

“Let’s just play one round. We can chat as we play,” Qiao Zhan beckoned his underlings to set up the table.

“I said no.” Feng Minsheng was still being stubborn.

“Play. You better do what I tell you to.” Qiao Zhan’s voice dropped a couple of degrees.

“I said, n-”

Feng Minsheng hadn’t finished talking before he felt the lash of a cue stick across his back.

“What the hell are you hitting me for?”

Right after that, the cue stick landed on his head.

“I was giving you a chance. I told you, you better do whatever I tell you to do. Since you don’t wanna play, you’ll be my entertainment, instead. Do you want to play or do you want to be the toy?” Qiao Zhan asked.

“I-”

Feng Minsheng was being slightly more complacent after getting beaten up again.

Qiao Zhan passed the cue stick to him, and all Feng Minsheng could do was take it.

“Are you any good?” Qiao Zhan asked Feng Minsheng.

Still fuming, Feng Minsheng didn’t answer.

“In order to make it seem less like I’m bullying you, let’s make this a fair game. If I get a ball in, I can ask you a question. If you get a ball in, you can ask me a question. How’s that sound?” Qiao Zhan asked.

“Sure.” Feng Minsheng thought it sounded pretty fair.

“Please, be my guest.” Qiao Zhan indicated for Feng Minsheng to start first out of courtesy.

“You first,” Feng Minsheng said.

“Okay.”

Qiao Zhan started immediately and got two balls in right off the bat.

“Okay, that’s two questions for me. You have to answer truthfully, or else, you’ll have to eat this ball,” Qiao Zhan said.

Feng Minsheng was regretting his decision. If he’d known that Qiao Zhan was that good, he’d have gone first.

“First question. What are your motives for getting close to Ning Ran?” Qiao Zhan asked.

“I like her and she likes me. We’re dating,” Feng Minsheng said casually.

“Liar. The Young Mistress doesn’t like you. You think I can’t figure that out? Do you think I’m an idiot or something?” Qiao Zhan swung the cue stick once more as he spoke.

Feng Minsheng wanted to retaliate, but he held himself back. “I’m being honest, but you don’t believe me. What am I supposed to do?”

“You think I can’t tell if you’re telling the truth or lying? You really do take me for an idiot, huh?” Qiao Zhan swung the cue stick once more.

Feng Minsheng held his tongue this time.

“Second question. Who’s the couple that you meet with so often?”

Qiao Zhan took out a picture that showed a middle-aged man and a middle-aged woman.

“That’s Ning Ran’s father, Ning Ziqiang. The woman is her stepmother, and her name is Luo Yi,” Feng Minsheng answered.

“Now, you just told the truth, and therefore, I’m not hitting you. See? I can tell whether you’re telling the truth or lying,” Qiao Zhan said.

Feng Minsheng didn’t know how to respond. He didn’t even know if there was a proper response to that.

He didn’t know what Qiao Zhan was up to either. Since he already knew the answers to his own questions, why was he still asking?

“Your turn. You go,” Qiao Zhan said.

Feng Minsheng failed the first time because of his shaking hands.

“Don’t be nervous. I’ll give you another chance, okay? Don’t be nervous,” Qiao Zhan said warmly.

Feng Minsheng tried again, but he failed once more.

It was humanly impossible to remain calm in a situation like this.

“Ah, you kinda suck, don’t you? You haven’t even gotten one in,” Qiao Zhan sighed.

Feng Minsheng was speechless. *How am I supposed to score when you’re giving me that much pressure?*

Qiao Zhan picked up the cue stick and scored again.

“Okay! My turn to ask.”

Feng Minsheng was rendered speechless.

“What are your intentions for getting close to Ning Ran?”

Feng Minsheng was taken aback. Hadn’t he already asked that question?

“I know what you’re thinking: why am I asking you again? That’s because you haven’t given me the correct answer yet,” Qiao Zhan explained.

“I’m being honest. I’m not lying-”

Another hit landed on his head. “Lying again!”

“I’m warning you, Feng Minsheng. I’m giving you a chance right now. Our Young Mistress hates your guts and she already asked me to get rid of you. If you still refuse to tell the truth, you’ll have to suffer the consequences.”

Nan Chen was the one who asked him to say that, though Qiao Zhan didn't understand the young master's motives.

However, Sir Chen had his own reasons for asking him to do that, so Qiao Zhan simply followed.

Feng Minsheng was deeply hurt by these words. He couldn't believe that Ning Ran would lie to him – she said that she would think about getting together with him, but she turned around and ordered people to beat him up.

In truth, Ning Ran knew nothing about this incident, because she had never said such a thing.

Nan Chen was the one who had ordered the assault. Qin Lan's words had reminded Nan Chen that if the Feng Minsheng and Ning Ran got too lovey-dovey and actually ended up getting married, then he'd really regret it.

Nan Chen wanted Feng Minsheng to know that Ning Ran would never date him.

There was no better way to stop two people from getting together than to make the two hate each other's guts.

Nan Chen wanted Qiao Zhan to tell Feng Minsheng that to test their relationship.

Feng Minsheng stirred at Qiao Zhan's statement.

Feng Minsheng's relationship with Ning Ran was tense as it was, but with Qiao Zhan's words, Feng Minsheng's rage burned brighter.

"She wanted you to get rid of me? She asked you to do that?"

"Why, is it wrong for our Young Mistress to do so? Who do you even think you are? Do you think your rented BMW makes you a millionaire?" Qiao Zhan said in disdain.

That wounded Feng Minsheng's pride even more. Qiao Zhan even knew that his BMW was rented.

"How did you know that?"

"Young Mistress told me. She called you shallow, and said you didn't deserve to drive a BMW. She even said you were just faking it and she called you an embarrassment!" Qiao Zhan intentionally showed his contempt for the man.