

# My Wife Is a Superstar Chapter 235

Ning Ran directly hung up.

Then picking up a pen, she signed “Ding Mi” on the contract.

Jiang Zhe caught sight of her signature and said, “Sir Chen said your actual name is Ning Ran, and your ID is also Ning Ran, so you have to write your name as per your ID. But since you usually use the stage name Ding Mi, you have to sign both names.”

*This Poker Face is no doubt an entrepreneur. How cunning is he to exhort Jiang Zhe this detail!*

Ning Ran could only add on “Ning Ran” on the contract.

“Well, congratulations on your signing with Star Entertainment and becoming one of Star Entertainment’s big family,” Jiang Zhe said with a smile.

“What’s there to congratulate? I feel like I just signed a slave contract,” Ning Ran said.

“No, it’s not like that. This is a new beginning, and you’ll only flourish from here on.”

“Fine. I’ve signed the contract, so when am I getting the money?” Ning Ran asked.

“In eight hours,” Jiang Zhe replied.

“Okay, then I’ll wait. Thank you, Assistant Jiang,” Ning Ran said.

“You’re welcome. Please take care of me in the future,” Jiang Zhe smiled.

“I’m just a starlet who sold myself to the company for twenty years. How am I supposed to take care of you?” Ning Ran sighed.

“No, you’ll be a future superstar,” Jiang Zhe replied.

“You have the gift of the gab in pleasing people, Assistant Jiang. It’s just that it’s a little fake sometimes,” Ning Ran said.

“I’m not lying. With your relationship with the Nan family, the senior executives at Star Entertainment will definitely focus on building your career once you sign the contract. You will be given many resources and your future is unlimited. Just wait for your big breakthrough. There is one premise though, and that is…”

Jiang Zhe’s speech paused, and he didn’t speak any more.

“I know what you’re trying to say. The premise is not to offend Sir Chen. If I offend that old man, instead of developing my career, I will be blacklisted,” Ning Ran continued Jiang Zhe’s speech.

“Yes.” Jiang Zhe didn’t deny it either.

“I got it. I’m just an ant who may be trampled to death by him at any time.”

“It’s not that serious, actually. Sir Chen will never do that.”

“He’s your boss. Of course, you’ll say that,” Ning Ran said disdainfully.

“Everyone thinks the president is aloof, but he is actually a good person. He puts a lot of financial resources and efforts into charity every year. He hardly ever spends much, but he will put a lot of his personal wealth into charity.”

Jiang Zhe spoke of Nan Chen with not only awe but also admiration on his face.

It was obvious that his boss was his idol.

“Okay, I’ll get going. I need the money urgently, so please arrange the transfer as soon as possible,” Ning Ran said.

“I’ll have someone send you back,” Jiang Zhe said.

...

It was seven o’clock at night when Ning Ran received a notification that the money had been transferred to her account.

However, the transferred amount wasn’t ten million, but half a million.

Half a million to ten million was a big difference.

Unable to sit still, Ning Ran made her way to the headquarters of Nanshi Corporation again to look for Nan Chen.

But Nan Chen had yet to return from a wine reception that was held in the city.

No one knew when he would return or if he would return at all.

Although it was off office hours, there were still many people in the building and many employees were working overtime.

The high salary offered by Nanshi Corporation was widely known in the industry, and it was many people’s goals to work with Nanshi Corporation’s subsidiary companies.

However, what corresponded to higher pay was a higher ability and higher efficiency at work. Employees here would take the initiative to work overtime to complete their tasks at hand.

For the same project, while the competitors needed six months of development time, Nanshi Corporation only needed about four months to accomplish them.

There were people who questioned Nanshi Corporation for exploiting their employees, but Nanshi Corporation didn't have a clear overtime requirement and almost all overtime was voluntary.

In other companies, their monthly salary was five thousand with normal working hours. And the salary for working overtime at Nanshi Corporation was thirty thousand. So, which job would young people choose? Obviously, many would opt for the latter.

Ning Ran had already drunk three glasses of water while she waited in the reception room for Nan Chen.

She dared not drink coffee this time because she was worried she would lose sleep at night.

She was already anxious and unable to sleep under the coercion of Ning Ziqiang. If she were to drink coffee now, it would probably be impossible for her to fall asleep.

Ning Ran waited and waited, but Nan Chen still didn't come back.

It was already nine-thirty, but he was nowhere to be seen.

She then went to the president's secretary's office and asked the staff who worked overtime whether Nan Chen would return to the company. "I don't know" was the answer she obtained.

However, generally speaking, the staff said he would return.

Because according to Nan Chen's work ethics, he would never leave unfinished work from today to the second day, as there would be more work waiting for him the next day. And once there was a delay, it would only slow down the efficiency of the entire consortium.

He had to look over many documents and then consider whether to agree and sign them or not.

His signature determined the launch and continuation of a project, and a team or even the whole branch company could be waiting.

Nan Chen must finish his mountain of work in the shortest time, so he often had to work overtime.

Ning Ran decided to wait for a little longer, and would only leave if Nan Chen hadn't returned by ten o'clock.

She had been very anxious because she was afraid Luo Yi would touch her mother's ashes.

That was something she absolutely couldn't tolerate.

Ning Ran was pacing up and down in the reception room when a staff member from the secretariat ran over and said, "Sir Chen has returned."

Overjoyed, Ning Ran jogged out of the reception room.

Pushing open the door to Nan Chen's luxurious palace-like office, she saw him taking off his suit jacket.

When Nan Chen heard the movement, he turned around and his brows immediately snapped together. "Get out!"

Ning Ran was taken by surprise. *He's asking me to leave before I even speak?*

It then did she realize she had entered without knocking.

She was too anxious that she had forgotten her basic manners. What a mistake.

She hurried out and knocked on the door again.

However, there was no sound of Nan Chen saying 'come in'.

She reckoned that the knock on the door had been too soft, so she knocked again forcefully.

But there wasn't even a slight response.

*Is Poker Face deaf? How could he not have heard that? Is he doing this on purpose?*

Ning Ran had no other choice but to knock on the door again and with a bang this time.

It was so loud that it startled the overtime staff members from the secretariat, who then came out to see what was going on.

Seeing Ning Ran banging on Nan Chen's office door, their eyes alighted with sympathy, as they thought of how miserable her outcome would be for knocking on the door in that manner.

Nan Chen didn't respond. Not wanting to create any more disturbance to the others, Ning Ran pushed the door and entered straight.

Thereafter, she saw Nan Chen sitting behind his desk, working nonchalantly with his head lowered.

Ning Ran nearly died of anger. *Is he really deaf? Could he not hear my knocking?*

“I knocked!” Ning Ran huffed.

Nan Chen didn't look up and concentrated on his work.

Ning Ran had to admit that the seriousness on his face looked striking.

The black shirt accentuated his fair skin, his eyes drooping slightly as his slender fingers held the document. Although he was sitting, he was still upright, and he wasn't slouching.

It was a standard sitting posture, and Ning Ran wondered if he deliberately practiced it.