

## MR. NIAN, YOUR WIFE REFUSES TO BE THE SUBSTITUTE

### Chapter 8

He's determined to Use Her as Ning Su's Substitute

"If you have no need for charity, who are you dragging this injured leg for?"

Under the soft critique, Ning Qing's face was tense. "I don't need you to care."

The contours of Nian Lie's side profile were clear and perfect, exuding clear impatience.

"Ning Qing, don't forget who you are now."

His eyes scanned her pale face. His lips were pursed in a mocking, threatening way.

"Don't embarrass me with the title of Young Madam of the Nian family."

"..."

"Get in. Don't make me say it a third time."

Ning Qing clenched her fists and felt humiliated.

However, she had no chance of retaliating. She could only raise her hand to open the car door and get in under the man's cold gaze.

The huge car was eerily quiet.

Ning Qing almost pressed her entire body against the left car door, not wanting to face the man beside her at all.

Nian Lie could see her resistance. He frowned slightly and asked, "You went back to the Ning family?"

His voice was cold and emotionless.

Ning Qing clenched her fists. "Yes."

The car became even quieter.

Ning Qing frowned, thinking that he would continue asking. Unexpectedly, the man did not say anything else.

Ten minutes later, the car stopped steadily outside Yun Jing No.1.

Ning Qing pushed the door open and got out of the car. Before she could say anything, the car had already left.

She grabbed the corner of her shirt and limped into the door.

At night, Ning Qing ate some food. After wrapping her feet in a bandage, she went to the bathroom to take a shower.

The roar of a car came from downstairs, muffled by the water.

When Ning Qing finished blowing her hair and came out, it was already an hour later.

Looking at the man sitting on the sofa, Ning Qing stopped in her tracks.

On the sofa, Nian Lie's posture was unrestrained. His hand was on the armrest of the sofa, and there was a cigarette between his long fingers. Sparks flickered and white smoke lingered. His long legs with perfect proportions were crossed as if he had waited for her for a long time.

Ning Qing retracted the surprise on her face and said bluntly, "What's the matter?"

Under the orange light, his deep and dark eyes landed on her.

Ning Qing let out a light breath and walked unsteadily to the bed. When she passed him, she smelled some faint alcohol.

She turned and looked down at him. "You're drunk."

She sounded very certain.

Nian Lie grunted softly. Ning Qing sat on the bed and pulled open the blanket, not planning to care about him.

After a long time, there was no movement on the sofa.

“I’m going to rest. Please leave.”

Ning Qing was very calm, which made Nian Lie very unhappy.

He swayed and stood up, turning to look at her.

“If you’re drunk, go back to your room and rest.”

Nian Lie did not reply and took a deep puff of smoke.

The smell of tobacco circled his chest and slowly came out of his thin lips along with his stifled emotions.

Then, his fingers relaxed and the cigarette fell.

He staggered toward her.

Ning Qing widened her eyes and warned, “Nian Lie, your room is on the first floor.”

Before she could finish her sentence, the other party had already pounced on him.

He easily restrained her hands and pressed her legs down, making her unable to struggle or move.

Ning Qing shouted in pain, “What are you doing?! Let go of me!”

The overwhelming smell of alcohol on him terrified Ning Qing.

Nian Lie lowered his body and scanned her face with his searching gaze. In the end, he murmured gently, “Ah Ning, is that you?”

Ning Qing froze for a second and looked up in confusion. “Ah Ning?”

Who was it?

Before she could react, Nian Lie had already leaned forward and pressed his thin lips against hers.

Ning Qing's entire body was tense. She quickly avoided his lips and shouted, "Nian Lie, don't go crazy with alcohol. I'm not your Ah Ning..."

She understood immediately.

Wasn't Ah Ning Ning Su?

He was determined to use her as Ning Su's substitute.

Cold sweat flowed down her forehead. Ning Qing pressed against Nian Lie's chest, but she could not compare to the man's strength.

His hand went under her shirt.

Ning Qing screamed, "Nian Lie, are you crazy?! I'm not Ning Su!"