

Mr Nian 31

[Chapter 31](#)

Is There A Special Relationship between Young Master Yan and Madam Nian?

The sun above her head gradually became warm and the light dispersed.

After walking for a long time, Ning Qing's legs began to hurt.

Occasionally, someone would pass by. She glanced at the seats in the supermarket and slowly walked over.

After getting a little shade, Ning Qing finally heaved a sigh of relief.

She looked at the water on the shelf in the supermarket and her dry throat hurt slightly.

However, before she could do anything, a group of people holding microphones suddenly swarmed in front of her.

"Are you the Young Madam of the Nian family, Ning Qing?"

A microphone was placed in front of her, and unfamiliar men and women crowded around.

Ning Qing was stunned for a moment. She immediately raised her hand to cover her face and avoided the camera.

She denied it. "You've got the wrong person."

She wanted to leave, but the road was blocked.

Those people seemed to have come prepared and did not plan to let her go.

"Miss Ning, I heard that you didn't live happily with Young Master Nian after you got married. Young Master Nian doesn't like you. Do you have anything to say about this?"

"With Young Master Nian's background, may I ask how you married him two years ago?"

"If the elders of the Nian family don't like you, how are you going to establish yourself in a wealthy family in the future?"

"Someone in the know said that you had a sister who died in a car accident three years ago. Someone said that you deliberately caused her death. Is that so?"

"Why did you kill your own sister?"

"..."

Sharp questions followed.

It was like a sharp blade that kept cutting her heart.

Ning Qing's face was drained of all color. The faces of the people in front of her were cold and ferocious, so ferocious that it seemed like they wanted to pry open her heart to see.

“Miss Ning, please answer our questions!”

“I didn’t...”

Ning Qing shook her head and avoided the microphone.

She wanted to escape, but there was no way out.

In the chaos, someone pushed her and she stumbled.

A low cry of surprise came from the crowd, but no one was willing to pull her.

Click! Click!

The cameras above her head flashed non-stop. Everyone was recording her current state of distress, wanting to get the headlines tomorrow. No one cared if she was injured.

She wanted to deny it!

She did not use a trick to make Nian Lie marry her!

She did not mean to kill her sister!

However, she knew very well that these people had already taken her first impression. They would not believe her.

Ning Qing smiled bitterly. Her fingertips sank into her palms. Her chest was so empty that she felt weak all over and could not escape from this predicament.

“I’m sorry. Please make way.”

When she was most helpless, a serious man’s voice came from outside the wall.

Ning Qing’s eyes were filled with tears as she watched the crowd retreat.

The person walked toward her and squatted down.

She could not see him clearly. Her heart was numb. In the almost unconscious scene, she blurted out:

“Nian Lie...”

The body in front of her froze.

Yan Sichen looked at her in a daze, feeling mixed emotions.

He reminded her softly, “Qing Qing, it’s me.”

With this voice, Ning Qing’s vision gradually became clearer.

She murmured, “Brother Sichen.”

These four words made Yan Sichen’s eyes ripple.

He grabbed her arm. It was clearly a sunny day, but the skin of the woman under him was so cold.

Yan Sichen pursed his lips tightly, unable to hide the worry between his brows.

His gentle face was suddenly serious, but his tone was gentle.

He said, "The ground is cold. Get up first."

He helped her up and looked at the reporters who were stopped by the bodyguards and did not dare to take photos again. His eyes were cold.

"I didn't know that your job was to interrogate a weak girl."

"..."

The reporters looked at each other.

Everyone in the industry knew that the Yan family lived overseas all year round and had always kept a low profile domestically.

Although Yan Sichen had not returned for long, everyone knew that he was famous for his good temper. Now that he was willing to be angry for Ning Qing, their relationship must not be simple.

For the sake of the so-called headlines, someone risked death to ask, "Is there a special reason why Young Master Yan is so concerned about Madam Nian?"

[Chapter 32](#)

Don't Report Her to Me Again

Yan Sichen looked at the person. It was a female reporter in her twenties.

Out of final courtesy, he smiled at her.

"Qing Qing is an old friend of mine. In my heart, she's my sister."

The female reporter did not expect the truth to be like this. She lowered her head and did not speak.

The crowd fell silent.

Yan Sichen and Ning Qing maintained a suitable distance. It was neither ambiguous nor distant.

He helped her up and asked gently, "Can you walk?"

Ning Qing nodded mechanically, her eyes still colorless.

She took two steps with him, but her steps were unsteady.

Yan Sichen frowned in heartache and could only say, "Qing Qing, blame me when we get back."

Ning Qing's wet eyelashes trembled, but she did not object.

He lowered himself and picked her up.

Amidst the crowd's surprise, he carried her to the backseat of the car. His hand, which had been suppressed for a long time, finally landed on her head.

His comforting words were gentle. "Qing Qing, it's okay."

Ning Qing lowered her eyes and was as dull as a soulless doll.

He sighed and said, "Wait for me." Then, he left the car.

Behind him, the bodyguard held an umbrella.

Yan Sichen watched as another person ran over from the crowd. He lowered his head and asked, "Young Master Yan, how are we going to settle this?"

He stared at the group of restless people, his usually gentle facial features revealing a ruthlessness that did not belong to him.

However, he still had to be rational.

He said, "There's no need to deliberately hide what I announced. Remind them not to write too much about today. Don't write anything else unless it's true."

If they did not write it, they would naturally not do anything to him. However, it was difficult to say for Ning Qing.

He had to think for her.

"Then the photos..."

Yan Sichen's calm eyes looked at a car by the roadside. The tightly-shut car window covered the person's happiness and anger.

His lips thinned. "I don't want to see anything ugly," he whispered.

The subordinate understood and rushed to the crowd.

When Yan Sichen returned to the car, Ning Qing's mood had already improved a lot.

She shouted hoarsely, "Brother Sichen."

Yan Sichen sat beside her, separated by a fist-sized space. "Were you frightened?"

Ning Qing lowered her head and nodded.

Yan Sichen was afraid that she would think too much and changed the topic. He smiled leisurely and said, "The time is just right."

Ning Qing did not understand what he meant. He pointed at his expensive watch.

The clock pointed to 12 o'clock.

"Perfect. We can eat together."

Ning Qing hesitated.

Then Yan Sichen said, "If you go back alone, they might follow you."

He was referring to the group of reporters from earlier.

Ning Qing felt a lingering fear as she grabbed her shirt.

When he saw this, his heart ached so much that his brown eyes darkened. He made the decision for her.

“To Jing Yue.”

The chauffeur replied, “Yes.”

Ning Qing quickly asked, “What about those people?”

“Don’t worry. I’ll handle it.”

Only then did Ning Qing’s nervousness ease a little. “Thank you, Brother Sichen.”

Yan Sichen looked at her gently. “If you want to thank me, thank me later after dinner.”

The car slowly drove away from the scene of the farce.

Outside the supermarket, the crowd gradually dispersed.

In a car by the roadside, the temperature fell sharply and it was cold.

Lu Zhui did not dare to breathe too loudly. He looked at the man in the backseat whose face was extremely cold. “Young Master, the major media have already called. There will be no more reporters chasing Young Madam.”

“...”

His cold gaze followed the car the woman was in until it disappeared.

“Young Master, Young Madam... was taken away by Young Master Yan again.”

The man’s lips curled into a mocking smile.

As soon as he finished speaking,

“You don’t have to report her matters to me again.”

[Chapter 33](#)

Qing Qing, Do You Want to Divorce Nian Lie?

Jing Yue.

In a private room.

The environment was elegant, and the table was filled with exquisite and delicious dishes.

Ning Qing and Yan Sichen were both silent. The only sound in the room was the occasional clink of chopsticks.

Yan Sichen looked at the unusually calm Ning Qing and stood up. He picked up a prawn with the chopsticks and placed it in her bowl.

Ning Qing suddenly looked up, her eyes filled with shock.

Yan Sichen’s heart softened.

He whispered, "What's wrong? You're still distracted."

Ning Qing did not want him to worry. She wanted to smile, but no matter how hard she tried, she could not smile.

She sighed.

Yan Sichen said, "Qing Qing, you don't have to force yourself."

"..."

"Laugh if you're happy, cry if you're unhappy. You've always been like this. Why have you grown up instead? Your emotions are not as pure as before?"

Perhaps it was because she had heard him speak of the past, or because of the repeated questions from the reporters earlier, or... because when she was alone and helpless, she did not expect the first person in her mind to be Nian Lie...

She felt it was ridiculous, and she felt even more helpless and sad.

He was the person who had put her in such an embarrassing situation, but she actually subconsciously thought that he would suddenly be kind and help her!

Ning Qing was ashamed of her delusion.

"..."

Her hand, which was holding the chopsticks, trembled slightly. She used so much strength that her fingers hurt, but she still exerted strength as if she did not know the pain.

Yan Sichen realized that his hand on his thigh was about to raise to stop her from hurting herself, but he finally gave up.

The atmosphere turned from silent to heavy.

Ning Qing put down her chopsticks and said with slightly red eyes, "I'm sorry, Brother Sichen. I embarrassed myself in front of you again."

Faced with her pretended relaxed tone, Yan Sichen forced a smile.

"It's okay if I see it."

"..."

Ning Qing lowered her eyes and avoided his.

Yan Sichen's expression darkened as he said softly, "Qing Qing, when I came back this time, it seemed like you aren't living well every time I see you."

Some sadness that had just been buried surged out, almost drowning Ning Qing's mouth and nose.

Her breathing was very light and slow.

"Yes, ever since I woke up, the entire world has changed.

With my sister gone, everyone thinks I caused her death.”

Ning Qing said softly, her words drifting.

“Dad and Mom blame me. The reporters who don’t know everything blame me. Even my husband is blaming me...”

Her smile was sad and dull, but it was also extremely touching.

“Actually, I think that sometimes too. If it weren’t for me, my sister wouldn’t have died.”

“...”

Yan Sichen clenched his fists tightly, his eyes slightly red.

The woman’s guilt, sadness, and despair were vividly reflected in her few words.

She had always been an angel in the past.

But now, it had been ruined.

He even had a part in it.

His heart was twisted by a knife, and his face was pale. The woman’s faint words shattered his last line of defense.

“If she didn’t die, or if I was the one who died, everything might have been different...”

“No!”

Ning Qing was stunned and looked at the man who had spoken with an intense tone.

Yan Sichen endured it silently, his eyes turning red. He gritted his teeth and asked, “Qing Qing, do you want to divorce Nian Lie?”

Ning Qing’s lips parted, surprised by his words.

“Brother Sichen...”

“I can help you.”

Yan Sichen no longer restrained himself. He held her wrist as if he wanted to say something earth-shattering.

“As long as you really want to divorce him, I can help you!”

His hand was hot as steel and he restrained her.

His words were hurried as if he would never have the chance to speak if he did not say it now.

“Qing Qing, you have to know that everything is not what you think. Ning Su’s death shouldn’t be your fault. It was just an accident, and...”

Bang!

The door to the private room was kicked open.

“And what?”

[Chapter 34](#)

Wife, Your Husband is Here

Nian Lie stood at the door. His dark eyes swept past the two of them holding hands inside as thousands of waves surged.

“...”

Outside the door, the manager and Lu Zhui were both there. When they saw the scene inside, no one dared to speak.

The scene was stagnant, almost frozen.

“Lu Zhui.”

The man was stunned and immediately understood. He shielded the manager from interfering with their conversation.

The door closed.

Nian Lie strode forward with his long legs. His tall figure was especially tall and oppressive in front of the two of them.

Ning Qing’s lips trembled. She wanted to say something, but Nian Lie took the initiative.

He glanced at the dishes on the table with a cold expression.

“Young Master Yan, you’re really in high spirits.”

Yan Sichen naturally let go of Ning Qing. His hand, which was wearing an exquisite watch, leaned against the table and held it weakly.

He raised his head slightly and looked into Nian Lie’s eyes.

His tone was not to be outdone.

“I could say the same to you, President Nian.”

Nian Lie grabbed the bench and placed it behind him.

He sat down and naturally crossed his long legs and leaned back in the chair.

“Young Master Yan is my wife’s young acquaintance. Since you’re her friend, you’re naturally my friend as well.”

“...”

He lit a cigarette and held it between his fingers. His king-like aura was firm and cold.

Ning Qing faced him diagonally and did not feel any friendliness from him.

His cold eyes flashed past her face. Ning Qing subconsciously lowered her eyes to avoid looking into his eyes.

The coldness on Nian Lie increased.

He asked, "What were you two talking about earlier? Tell me, let me hear it too."

His roguish demeanor made Yan Sichen momentarily speechless.

Ning Qing hated his attitude. Her bright eyes were filled with coldness. "Don't speak to us like this."

"Us?"

He raised his voice slightly and Ning Qing's back tensed.

Nian Lie sneered. "Dear, did you get the wrong person? Your husband is here."

"..."

Ning Qing trembled uncontrollably.

It was not because the word "dear" was sweet, but because she could hear his threat and warning.

The cigarette burned halfway. The ashes fell to the wooden ground and shattered into dust, never to be seen again.

A cold smile hung on his lips. "You have nothing else to say, right? Then come with me."

His expression changed so quickly. He stood up and crossed the distance between them. He grabbed Ning Qing's arm in a rough manner without any pity.

Ning Qing's face turned white.

Yan Sichen suddenly stood up and held Nian Lie's arm. He stopped him sternly. "Nian Lie!"

"..."

"You're hurting her!"

Nian Lie's smile grew wider. His deep facial features rippled with some craziness and even a little twisted.

"She's my woman. It's up to me if it hurts. Young Master Yan can't find a woman to play with anymore, so he's controlling my wife?"

Ning Qing looked at him in shock. He... he could actually say such ugly things!

"Nian Lie, what are you talking about?"

At the same time that she felt aggrieved, her eyes turned red.

"In your eyes, are all men and women gathered together to do that kind of unbearable thing?"

Nian Lie did not speak.

Ning Qing smiled bleakly. Water filled her eyes. "That's true. You even suspect your own wife. Who else will you trust?"

He said coldly, "If you really think of yourself as my wife, you should know your limits."

Ning Qing asked, "When rumors spread outside, did you treat yourself as my husband?"

Nian Lie gritted his teeth. Anger dyed his dark eyes red. "Then who do you think he is?"

"A good person." Ning Qing looked at him and defined, "Someone better than you."

"..."

Nian Lie closed his eyes tightly.

He knew that if he continued talking to her, he would not be able to control himself.

When he opened his eyes again, it was already cold and silent.

He looked at the silent Yan Sichen with malice.

"He just finished meeting a few women at the hotel this morning. Now, he's meeting you privately here. Ning Qing, you have good taste."

[Chapter 35](#)

What is a Brother Without Bloodline?

The sarcasm was directed at Ning Qing, but it easily messed up Yan Sichen's behavior.

He turned his head around in a panic and looked at the woman. "Qing Qing, it's not like that!"

"I believe you."

Ning Qing was very calm and did not show any distrust.

She responded too quickly, causing his explanation to be stuck in his throat.

Ning Qing stared at Nian Lie intently and retorted, "Have you slept with fewer women?"

Nian Lie looked at her coldly and pressed the cigarette butt between his fingers into his palm.

It hurt and made him remain indifferent.

However, his silence was a silent agreement in Ning Qing's eyes.

Her brows were filled with mockery, and her words were even more hurtful than blades.

"What right do you have to criticize others?"

A cold smile appeared on Nian Lie's thin lips.

"What about you?"

"..."

“You went to the old residence to see my mother this morning. Then, you went out with him.”

Nian Lie raised his hand and pointed at Yan Sichen, his eyes red.

“Ning Qing, it turns out that your judgment of a person’s character varies from person to person.”

How could Ning Qing not hear his mockery? Her pale face tensed up. “Brother Sichen and I didn’t do anything. We’re not afraid of being criticized. We’re not like some people who have dirty thoughts and look at everything dirty.”

Who could not understand this metaphor?

Nian Lie’s face was as cold as ice. The fatigue in his heart made him not want to argue with her in front of a third person.

Otherwise, the situation would only become more and more ugly.

He grabbed Yan Sichen’s hand and forced it down inch by inch.

“This is the end, Sichen.”

“What are you trying to do?” Yan Sichen’s heart hurt, and he stubbornly resisted him secretly. “I won’t let you hurt Qing Qing...”

Nian Lie narrowed his eyes. “Who are you to stop me?”

“...”

Yan Sichen’s jaw clenched.

He felt helpless.

This was his weakest link to Nian Lie.

No matter what, Nian Lie was her legal husband.

And he was nothing.

But how could he be willing...

No!

He could not lose to him!

Competitive and indignant emotions intertwined. Yan Sichen held the man’s wrist tightly again. He said calmly with hidden strength, “I’m her brother.”

Nian Lie suddenly smiled faintly and bewitched everyone. However, he seemed to be laughing at his stupidity.

He opened his mouth to expose his own lie: “A brother without blood ties is nothing.”

Something shattered in his heart.

Yan Sichen did not have much strength to stop him. Nian Lie lowered his head and pushed him gently. Then, Yan Sichen's hand let go and fell powerlessly.

Nian Lie easily pulled Ning Qing into his arms, and Yan Sichen's eyes pricked.

Surface peace need not be maintained.

"I know your identity."

Nian Lie warned coldly: "You... better not look for her again."

"..."

"No matter what the reason is."

As soon as his cold words fell, Nian Lie ignored the woman's struggle and resistance. He hugged her forcefully and opened the door.

Yan Sichen wanted to chase after her, but he realized that he could not take that step no matter what.

The tense atmosphere suddenly disappeared, leaving the entire room silent.

He lowered his eyes, the pain in them obvious.

He raised his trembling hand and touched his forehead, which was already covered in cold sweat.

The corners of his eyes turned red as he fell into deep thought.

Did she really trust him just now, or was it because... she did not care if that matter was true or false?

And that man was so bad to her, but she still relied on him.

It was because he was not good enough that Qing Qing did not like him, was it?

One after another, seemingly correct reasons could not hide the sadness from him.

Yan Sichen smiled bitterly.

He sat down slowly as if in slow motion.

He was like a statue and did not move for a long time.

[Chapter 36](#)

I Don't Like You Talking About a Divorce, Understand?

Ning Qing was grabbed by Nian Lie and pulled back to Yun Jing No.1.

As soon as they reached the living room, he pulled her and threw her on the sofa.

"Ning Qing, are you ignoring my words?"

He had warned her not to contact Yan Sichen again.

Not only did she not listen, but she even ate with him!

Ning Qing felt dizzy for a moment. She looked up and shouted angrily, "Why should I listen to you?!"

Nian Lie took a step forward and raised one leg. He knelt beside her leg and grabbed her struggling hand.

It was extremely oppressive from top to bottom.

"I'm your husband."

Ning Qing sneered. "What husband? A husband who is fooling around with other women and has scandals?"

"..."

"I don't need it!"

Nian Lie had always thought that he was a rational person who was almost cold. Even if someone really provoked him, he could calm down his fluctuating emotions in a short time and resolve the problem calmly.

Just like in the past, he thought that he could calmly resolve today's matter.

He even thought so before he went home.

However, at this moment, when Ning Qing said that she did not need him as her husband, his calm heart was broken again.

It was as cold as winter.

"Say that again."

Ning Qing glared at him with grievance and said word by word,

"I said, I don't want to be with you. I want to divorce you!"

A large hand suddenly attacked her neck.

Ning Qing's eyes widened as she looked at him in disbelief.

In the light, the man in front of her clearly still had the same face, but it was so cold that it made her shudder.

Nian Lie's expression was cold and emotionless.

However, his hands were constantly exerting strength.

Ning Qing frowned. Her other free hand pinched his wrist. "Let go of me... Nian Lie, uh..."

There was no light in the man's dark eyes, he was like a statue.

"I don't like you mentioning the word divorce, understand?"

"..."

The suffocating feeling slowly piled up in his chest and became more and more obvious.

Ning Qing's face turned red, and she almost did not have the strength to fight him.

At this moment, she was like a tiny ant. He only needed to use his hands to crush her.

Fear finally crept into his heart.

A tear slowly fell from the corner of Ning Qing's eye.

Her hands drooped down.

Just as she thought that she would die in his hands, Nian Lie suddenly shook her off.

"Cough..."

The moment the oxygen entered her lungs, Ning Qing felt like she had been reborn. She began to cough violently, and her tears gushed out.

When he heard the strong cough, Nian Lie's consciousness returned. His trembling hands slowly fell to his sides.

"From now on, don't see Yan Sichen again."

Ning Qing nodded as she cried.

She was afraid. She was really afraid.

He was a lunatic!

At that moment, she really thought that he would strangle her to death...

Nian Lie clenched his fists. "Don't go again if the people from the old residence come over again."

Ning Qing covered her neck and could not make a sound. She could only nod again.

"..."

Nian Lie reached out toward her neck.

Ning Qing stepped back in fear. Tears hung at the end of her eyes, but she was still trying to dodge his touch.

His eyes darkened, and he could not force out a word.

She retracted her hand in midair.

He turned around, strode away, and left.

Ning Qing looked at his departing figure, and her breathing slowly stopped.

After a long time, she stopped trembling and wanted to get up to fetch the water on the table.

She reached out, and the redness on it made her stop in her tracks.

Where did the blood come from?

[Chapter 37](#)

He Can't Care About Me Until the Day I Die

After searching her entire body, she did not find any wounds other than bruises.

Ning Qing did not want to think too much about it. She returned to the bedroom on the second floor, trembling.

The familiar place made her feel a little warm.

She was extremely tired and afraid.

She lifted a corner of the blanket and got into it.

The sun was shining brightly outside. She hid in the room with the window closed and wrapped herself tightly.

After a long time, she fell asleep.

— —

When Ning Qing woke up, the sky was already dark.

Her mind was in a daze as she got out of bed. She pulled open the curtains and opened the window to look at the night sky.

When the cold wind blew, she realized that she was drenched in sweat.

She hesitated for a moment and went to the bathroom.

After showering, Ning Qing looked at herself in the mirror. The bruise on her neck was even more obvious.

She touched the bruise and smiled sadly.

In the mirror, she was pale and weak.

She was like a soulless doll.

Ning Qing went downstairs and planned to cook something to fill her uncomfortable stomach. Unexpectedly, she bumped into Lu Zhui, who had just entered.

"Young Madam."

He nodded at her. The bag he was holding looked familiar.

Ning Qing was not very energetic. "What's the matter?"

He would come only because he had received that person's order.

Lu Zhui said, "This is the meal Young Master ordered for you. Please eat it while it's hot."

He placed a box of food on the table and lifted the lid. The fragrance filled the air.

"And this." Lu Zhui took out a box of ointment from the bag. "This is a medicine for bruises. Use it three times a day. It can be used on the wounds on your legs and..."

The wound on her neck.

Lu Zhui did not say this.

He put down the ointment and looked up at her.

Ning Qing's gaze swept across the exquisite dishes and she replied coldly, "I understand."

Lu Zhui looked at her and hesitated.

She looked at him. "Is there something else?"

Lu Zhui hesitated and still advised, "Young Madam, don't be angry with Young Master. This morning, Young Master originally wanted me to turn around and pick you up, but you left with Young Master Yan. Young Master cares about you, that's why he's angry at you..."

"Care?"

Ning Qing pursed her lips slightly and looked at him with an abnormally sharp gaze.

"Assistant Lu, I'm afraid you're mistaken. He can't care about me until the day I die."

As he had said, if he really cared about her, would he let her be attacked by reporters under his nose?

If Yan Sichen had not appeared in time, she might have been driven crazy.

Ning Qing did not say anything else. She picked up her chopsticks and ate.

To her, those delicacies tasted like wax.

Under Lu Zhui's gaze, she swallowed all the vegetables.

Ten minutes later, she put down her chopsticks and looked over with a cold gaze.

"I'm done. You can go back and report."

Lu Zhui knew that she had a huge misunderstanding, but he did not know how to explain.

Thinking about her almost self-destructive eating speed, he hesitated and wanted to clean the dining table for her.

Ning Qing blocked him. "There's no need. Go."

"..."

Lu Zhui left.

Ning Qing finally could not stand the fullness and discomfort in her stomach. She rushed into the bathroom and vomited.

She had eaten too fast earlier, how could her empty stomach withstand it?

Ning Qing had never thought that eating would become such an uncomfortable thing.

After she vomited, her face was already as pale as a ghost.

Exhaustion engulfed his heart. He had never been so tired.

She washed her face, her eyelashes trembling slightly.

It revealed her numbness and sadness.

She walked out of the bathroom.

When she passed the dining table, the mess was still waiting for her to clean up.

She did not keep the packaging carefully in the trash bag. When she saw the box of unopened medicine, she was stunned.

The next second, she waved her hand.

The ointment fell into the trash can under the table.

[Chapter 38](#)

Brother Sichen, Don't Deal with Me Again

Ning Qing spent the night in a daze.

During this period, she had nightmares again and again. When she woke up, she did not know what she had dreamed of. Her pillow was filled with tears.

She changed out of the pillowcase and felt very depressed in the morning.

In the morning, she received a call from Yan Sichen.

"Qing Qing, it's me."

At that time, Ning Qing was lying on a deck chair on the balcony. Her lifeless eyes were fixed on the road below. Cars and figures flashed past from time to time.

"Brother Sichen."

"Are you okay?"

Ning Qing lowered her eyes. The slightly dazzling sunlight poured down from her long eyelashes, revealing a fragile beauty.

Her voice was a little hoarse. "I'm fine."

Seemingly sensing that she was not in a good mood, he asked, "Qing Qing, did he make things difficult for you when you went back yesterday?"

Ning Qing suddenly recalled what Nian Lie had said to her.

"From now on, don't see Yan Sichen again."

He hated Yan Sichen so much. If she continued to contact him, what if Nian Lie found out...?

Ning Qing did not know.

However, she knew that he could not do anything good.

She had already brought too much misfortune to too many people. She could not implicate Yan Sichen anymore.

She forced a smile and her voice was a little light.

"No, I'm his wife no matter what. What can he do to me? Brother Sichen, don't worry about me."

"..."

"What about you? Did he make things difficult for you after I left yesterday?"

There was a faint electric sound on the other end of the line, making Yan Sichen's voice sound a little obscure. "No, he doesn't dare to do anything to me yet."

"That's good."

Then, there was a short silence.

Yan Sichen sat in the car. His distant gaze passed through the car window and landed on a certain spot on the second floor of the European-style building.

He could not help but mutter, "Qing Qing..."

"Brother Sichen."

Ning Qing interrupted him.

Yan Sichen's grip on the phone tightened. "Yes, I'm here."

A soft and clear female voice was heard.

"Thank you for your help these few times. Without you, my situation would only have become worse."

"..."

"Also, sorry to trouble you about yesterday."

Yan Sichen asked softly, "What?"

Ning Qing smiled. "There were so many reporters yesterday and so many photos taken of me. It must have been difficult to handle, right?"

It was clearly such a big matter, but she did not see any news on the Internet today.

Who else could be so considerate of her other than Yan Sichen?

Ning Qing said sincerely, "Thank you very much, Brother Sichen."

Because of the phone, Ning Qing could not see Yan Sichen's stiff body.

"Also..."

Her voice lowered as a bad feeling hit her heart. Yan Sichen breathed heavily. "What's wrong?"

"I've thought about what you told me yesterday."

"..."

Ning Qing was almost lying on her back as she looked at the bright blue sky and the passing birds. Her vision was blurry for a moment.

She envied its freedom.

As for herself, she was locked in a cage. She could not escape.

She smiled bitterly and said, "There are some things I really can't change. So, Brother Sichen, you don't have to worry about me anymore."

"Qing Qing!"

The man's slightly painful voice was heard. Ning Qing's eyes overflowed with tears. She said, "I hope that Brother Sichen will be fine in the future." Then, she hurriedly hung up.

Then, the man called again and again. Ning Qing hung up completely and did not pick up another call.

She only knew that she could not let him offend Nian Lie for her.

In the eyes of some people, she was already unforgivable.

Therefore, she could not add another crime to his name.

Ning Qing did not know that outside the manor, on the other side of the wall, the man in the car had tears in his eyes. His heart ached as he cried in regret.

[Chapter 39](#)

Ning Qing, Do You Think I'm Caring For You?

At night, Ning Qing sat in the living room in a daze.

Nian Lie returned in wet clothes.

When he saw her in the living room, he was a little surprised.

Ning Qing was also surprised. As he ignored her, she stood up and said, "Is it raining?"

Nian Lie stopped in his tracks when he passed by her. He turned around, his gaze dark.

"It's raining so heavily. Can't you hear it, Madam Nian?"

Ning Qing's face turned pale.

"Or are you so engrossed in your thoughts that you didn't hear me?"

Ning Qing clenched her fists. "...No."

She was so calm and obedient, unlike her yesterday.

Was it because she was so sad about the man who had been waiting outside for the entire day that she could not even be angry at him?

Nian Lie's face turned cold as he mocked, "Who are you so lost for? Ning Qing, you can't possibly say that it's because of me."

Ning Qing opened her mouth and was speechless.

Nian Lie's cold gaze moved past her neck and he did not want to say anything else to her.

He strode forward and was about to leave when he saw something familiar from the corner of his eye.

He frowned and walked over.

In the clean trash can was a box of untouched ointment.

His cold eyes suddenly returned to her.

Ning Qing suddenly panicked. "No, I..."

With a cold laugh, he suddenly turned cold.

Under her flustered gaze, the man squatted down and reached into the trash can.

Under the dim yellow light, Nian Lie's face flickered. Ning Qing could clearly see that it was the calm before the storm.

She pursed her lips, wanting to explain, but she did not know how.

Nian Lie weighed the things in his hand and came to her.

"Ning Qing, the stupidest thing about you is that you think you can threaten me by hurting yourself."

Cold air invaded.

"In fact, the only people you can threaten are those who really care about you."

He opened his mouth coldly and looked at her with cold interest.

"Don't tell me you think I'm actually concerned about you?"

Coldness seeped into her limbs and bones. Ning Qing's mind went blank from the humiliation in his words.

She took a deep breath. "I know my limits."

She would not think too much of herself to think that he cared about her.

Hearing this, the light in his eyes settled and turned into a wisp of black on this night.

The cream was thrown on the table as he brushed past her shoulder.

The footsteps walked away and the door to the room on the first floor was slammed shut.

Ning Qing pursed her lips and then moved upstairs with difficulty.

After confronting the man, she felt a cold sweat on her back.

She went to the bathroom to shower. When she came out again, there was someone standing in the room.

Ning Qing was stunned.

She was only wrapped in a towel, her fair skin exposed. Under the orange light, she was charming and attractive.

She clutched the towel around her chest and looked at the tall man nervously. "What's wrong?"

Nian Lie had already changed into gray pajamas. He was handsome and expressionless. His hair was not as meticulous as it was in the day. His short hair was a little messy, and his slightly wet hair indicated that he had just finished showering.

This way, he no longer had the imposing aura he usually had. He felt more real.

Ning Qing never denied that Nian Lie was good-looking.

That beauty was fierce and oppressive. With just one look, one would be afraid of him from the bottom of their heart.

However, in this fear, there was also yearning and curiosity about his cold and melancholic temperament. It was like a poison that made one afraid and unable to help but pursue.

Wasn't it like a moth flying into a flame?

Nian Lie looked at the shy woman and sat on the sofa. His voice was still cold as he said, "Come over."

[Chapter 40](#)

It's Been Four Months

Ning Qing pursed her lips and walked over very slowly.

She was wrapped in a towel, revealing her slender and well-proportioned legs as she stood in front of him cautiously.

There was no change in Nian Lie's eyes. They were cold and elegant.

He patted his thigh. Ning Qing looked at him in confusion.

Nian Lie lifted his eyes. "Lie down."

"..."

"Ning Qing, my patience is limited."

She stirred her hands and breathed deeply, lying on his lap.

From this direction, the light poured down. The light was so bright that she could not open her eyes. It took a while for her to get used to it.

Then, she saw the man's slightly hairy chin clearly. The outline of his face was clear.

Nian Lie frowned slightly. Her eyes were clear and bright with circles of light as if she wanted to see through his heart.

He reached out and pressed his fingers to her eyes.

“Don’t look at me with those eyes.”

The back of Ning Qing’s neck stiffened, and her lips twitched.

People who had seen her and Ning Su said that they were ridiculously similar, be it their faces or their overall facial features.

Except for her eyes.

Ning Su’s eyes were like willow leaves, and the ends of her eyes were flat. Her smile was like a crescent moon, and she was gentle and calm at times.

The ends of her eyes were slightly raised. There was always a cold and aloof feeling. When she looked around, she would often feel a little charming.

Her eyes made him feel that she was no longer emotional?

As Ning Qing thought about this, a chill suddenly came from her neck, making her shiver.

“...”

Nian Lie lowered his eyes. With the ointment on his fingers, he gently opened the wound on her neck.

Sensing his movements, Ning Qing opened his hand. “I don’t need you to help me...”

She was about to get up when Nian Lie grabbed her shoulder.

“Don’t move.”

Ning Qing did not listen to him. Nian Lie warned in a low voice, “Ning Qing, you don’t want to know what the consequences will be if you rub against a man’s thigh.”

Ning Qing’s entire body froze. Her grip on the towel around her chest tightened.

Nian Lie glanced at her and stopped talking.

The room was unprecedentedly quiet.

Ning Qing’s heart beat like thunder. She could only hear her own heartbeat and deliberately slow breathing.

This nervousness came from the fact that she had never been so close to a man of the opposite sex.

She could not even breathe.

Just as she was about to suffocate, the man finally stopped.

She turned over, her face flustered and her eyes avoiding his.

She actually said, “Thank you.”

The warmth from Nian Lie's fingertips did not dissipate as he looked at her with dark eyes.

Ning Qing's face was a little hot. She stood there awkwardly and helplessly.

When she calmed down a little, she looked up and said tactfully, "It's late. I need to rest."

For the first time, Nian Lie replied, "Okay."

Then, she watched as he stood up and wiped his hands with a tissue on the table. His movements were slow and organized, pleasing to the eye.

He stepped closer and looked past her.

Just as she thought he was going out, Nian Lie walked straight to her bed and lifted the blanket to lie down.

Ning Qing was shocked. "What are you doing?"

His voice was still clear and calm.

"Didn't you say you were resting?"

Ning Qing did not know if he was doing this on purpose. She could not control her nerves, which had been tense the entire night.

She resisted the urge to remind him. "This is my room."

"Let me remind you that this house is under my name."

"..."

Nian Lie looked at the speechless woman and said coldly, "This is the master bedroom, and you are my wife."

Ning Qing's face turned from red to white.

Her stubbornness was a silent resistance.

However, Nian Lie said, "From now on, I'll sleep here forever."

The two words were very heavy, so heavy that Ning Qing felt powerless.

Her face was pale. She took a deep breath and gritted her teeth. "Then I..."

Before he could finish speaking, he responded to her next words.

"As a wife, Ning Qing, you know your obligations.

Don't tell me you're not even mentally prepared for this after four months. "