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She stammered and asked, “Could it be...you...”

like me?

Yang Ning couldn't ask the rest of the question, she lowered her eyes, thinking back to every moment when the two of them got along, obviously the two of them didn't feel so in tune with each other, why would he let him say this What about misunderstandings?

“You think too much.” Seeing her blushing cheeks, An Tianxiang knew that the woman in front of her was thinking too far.

He pursed his lips and said calmly, “It's just that my past needs you to fill in, and you are the perfect substitute for Yang Ning so far.”

Hearing An Tianxiang's answer, the pink bubbles in Yang Ning's heart were punctured one by one by him. She squeezed her fingers tightly, her heart was depressed, and she kicked a stone on the side of the road in embarrassment.

“So you thought so.”

An Tianxiang stood up and nodded calmly, Yang Ning's slightly lonely expression reflected in his amber pupils.

“Yes, this is what I really think, and I want to showdown with you here today.”

showdown? Yang Ning sneered. He didn't know how many cards An Tianxiang had. After this one was spread out, there was the next one. Thinking about it was enough.

She spoke coldly, her expression hidden in the suddenly dark sky: “I don't care if you have a showdown with me. If you don't give me expectations, I won't respond. As for your past, what does it have to do with me?”

Is it easier to hurt someone or fall in love with someone?

As far as the party who has both paid their feelings, both are easy, so Yang Ning has been exhausted by the repeated emotions of himself and An Tianxiang.

She warned herself, but she couldn't suppress it all the time. An Tianxiang sneered at her while trying to get closer.

This fickleness makes the relationship between the two confusing.

Hearing Yang Ning's answer, An Tianxiang frowned involuntarily. He looked at the woman in front of him with a stubborn and aggrieved expression that seemed to express her dissatisfaction.

Is there something wrong with what he said?

An Tianxiang didn't understand why Yang Ning was angry, and he didn't understand why he would care about and try to figure out the other person's emotions. This should not be something he would do, but recently, he seems to be doing this kind of thing often.

“There is no need to express anger for this kind of thing. As long as you can do it, then what I will give you will definitely be much more than now.”

Yang Ning looked at An Tianxiang's aloof appearance, her heart became colder and colder, she turned her eyes away, the dim light of the twilight did not brighten the thick darkness in Yang Ning's eyes.

“What if I say no?” She chuckled twice, contemptuously.

An Tianxiang's eyes became cold, and the corners of his lips pursed: “Why, you still want to resist me?”

The woman in front of him is already ignorant enough, and he has given enough tolerance, Yang Ning is now completely challenging his bottom line.

“Yes.” Yang Ning tugged at the corners of his lips expressionlessly, but there was no light in his eyes, dark like the pupils of a doll.

An Tianxiang half-closed his slender eyes, his soft lips hooked stiffly, resisting the anger that had been aroused in his heart.

The two looked at each other, neither of them willing to look away first, as if that would be a loss.

“Do you have to make such a choice?” An Tianxiang said calmly, with the premonition of a storm brewing in his tone.

As for Yang Ning, he clearly noticed that he had to go and never look back.

She tilted her head and chuckled lightly. The strong wind blew her long black hair, and the light in Apricot's eyes became seductive and cold. An Tianxiang watched this scene quietly, as if he felt more than nothingness from that smile. profound loneliness.

So, what kind of mood does she have?

“This is my decision, because I don't want to be the substitute in your heart now. I'm obviously me, right? You want to live in the past, but I don't want to.”

Yang Ning knew what she meant by what she said. She looked at An Tianxiang firmly, waiting for his answer.