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Seeing the embarrassment of the three, Yang Ning was a little confused, she didn't really want to embarrass them, she was just joking.

She handed the autograph book in her hand to one of the girls, and shook her head with a chuckle: "It's okay, I was just joking with you, I'd better call your boss, hey, I originally wanted to ask and go straight up of....."

Yang Ning reluctantly took out his mobile phone again, and was about to call, but An Tianxiang's secretary just happened to come across.

Seeing Yang Ning, the secretary looked startled, and ran to her in three or two steps, looking at the scene of three women surrounding Yang Ning, puzzled: "Why didn't you call when you came, you were chatting with the front desk.?"

Hearing this, Yang Ning twitched his lips stiffly, not knowing how to answer him for a while.

"No...it's nothing, let's go up."

Really want to explain, there are a lot of words, she is too lazy to say it now, urging the secretary to take her out of the hall quickly.

The three receptionists on the side looked at Yang Ning's back following An Tianxiang's personal secretary leaving, all of them were surprised. Such treatment has never been experienced by major clients.

Could it be that Yang Ning is an important figure in An Tianxiang?

Following the secretary's footsteps, Yang Ning quickly came to An Tianxiang's office. However, there was no one in the huge room, and there were neat filing cabinets on both sides of the wall.

"Wait here, Mr. An is still in a meeting, I guess..."

The secretary was talking when the sound of the door opening suddenly interrupted him. The two looked back and saw An Tianxiang in a striped suit walking over.

"Mr. An." The secretary walked over to An Tianxiang, took the things in his hand, and greeted him in a low voice.

When Yang Ning saw him coming, she also stood up in response. She looked at his pale face and felt something was wrong.

"What's the matter with you, your complexion looks a little bad." He walked up to him slowly. What Yang Ning wanted to say was suppressed after seeing his pale face. Seems to be sick.

"It's alright." An Tianxiang shook his head in denial, gave the secretary beside him a look, motioned him to go out, forced himself a little bit of energy, and then turned his head to meet Yang Ning's gaze.

"Don't be stubborn, it's not like this when you're energetic." Yang Ning frowned, stood on tiptoe and probed his body temperature with his hand, and suddenly found that his body temperature was terrifyingly high, almost like a glass of boiling water.

She hurriedly pulled An Tianxiang to lie down on the sofa, her expression was quite serious, she didn't even have time to say a word of reproach, and hurriedly poured him a glass of warm water.

"You have a fever, don't you feel it yourself?"

Yang Ning helped An Tianxiang up, put his head on his shoulder, and put the water to his mouth with the other hand. The nervous feeling in her heart made her a little anxious.

"I have a fever myself, of course I can feel it."

An Tianxiang took a few sips of water and lay down on Yang Ning's lap. No matter how sick he was, he couldn't change the way he sometimes looked flat.

Yang Ning was quite speechless, and was about to rebuke him a few more words, but saw that fine cold sweat had already formed on An Tianxiang's forehead, and his expression became more and more depressed.

Seeing this, she paused in her heart and frowned tightly.

With his idle state, it is best to go for an injection immediately, I am afraid that taking medicine will not get better.

"You're in such a bad state, I'll take you to the hospital."

Yang Ning looked at An Tianxiang's uncomfortable expression, and his heart felt as if he was being grabbed by a hand.

She made a decisive decision and dragged An Tianxiang's shoulders with great effort, trying to pull him up, but he was too heavy, and in the next second he fell back onto Yang Ning's lap.

Unable to bear the repeated tossing, An Tianxiang raised his brows unhappily, opened one eye with difficulty to look at Yang Ning, and suddenly stretched out his hand to lower her neck.

Being pulled violently by the external force, Yang Ning's body could not help leaning forward. She was shocked, her eyes widened, her hair fell, and she looked at him, and it seemed that she was about to kiss her lips in the next second.