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An Ning's words made Xiaodong feel a little confused. She raised her eyebrows and didn't quite understand: "However, you don't study thoroughly like this. Why don't you go to the gym?"

Seven years later, the gym has been flooded with disasters. However, seven years ago today, the gym is still a rare thing. Anning's remuneration for "Peerless Fenghua" has been used up, but fortunately, she still Keep some, enough for her to go to the gym to get a card.

She smiled, nodded and said, "Of course, I plan to come and charge myself in the past three months, Xiaodong, you don't have to worry, there is no problem with my money for another three months."

Xiaodong didn't worry about money, but it was really useless to think too much now. She nodded, believing An Ning's idea.

Time passed quickly. One month later, An Ning did not receive any job during this period of time. In addition to spending time at home studying classic movies, he was exercising in the gym all day.

She turned on her phone and looked at the number of fans she had grown, and was quite happy.

Fortunately, she used the Weibo platform to continuously upload photos of herself exercising and studying. Before the Qixi Festival, she also specially posted a picture suggesting that she is single.

In this way, because Yang Qingfeng pays attention to her people, they can also feel her ordinary hard-working side, most of the black fans not only did not dismiss her, but gradually became her fans, calling her "down-to-earth".

"An Ning, you are reading Weibo again, show me quickly."

In the evening, Xiaodong just came out of the bath, and when he looked up, he saw An Ning sitting there giggling, and couldn't help but step forward to join in the fun.

"Wow, wow, your number of fans is growing a bit fast. Which of Yang Qingfeng's fans are still scolding you?"

Xiaodong couldn't understand the boring behavior of netizens following the trend and scolding others. Seeing An Ning's increase in fans, she thought it was Yang Qingfeng's fans who learned that she had opened a Weibo to scold people.

"Hey, your Miss An is not always annoying, okay?" The always calm An Ning suddenly showed a childish side, and a little unconvinced, he clicked on the latest comment on Weibo, and Xiaodong was stunned.

"What's the situation, why are you praising you?"

[Suddenly I feel that you are just an ordinary girl, and you have had a better life than me.]

[In good shape, I envy those who can work hard and keep fit.]

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The seventy-eighty-eighty comments made Xiaodong incredulous. Obviously, she didn't understand what the netizens were thinking, and she said in a rather puzzled voice: "What's the situation? I was scolding you a month ago, and now I'm starting to ask you for advice. What's your fitness secret?"

An Ning smiled without saying a word, and sneered: "People are like this, forgetful, as long as something doesn't really happen, after a while, they will spread their anger elsewhere, and besides, who doesn't want to live every day? Work hard to get better? I can't be a big star now, but I have to live better than them, and let them envy me, recognize me, and follow me."

This set of remarks is like witchcraft. Xiaodong stared blankly at the girl who was the same age as her. She didn't understand why she knew so much. The emotions in those eyes were so gloomy and decisive.

She was stunned for a long time before she reluctantly said, "An Ning, you think more thoroughly and comprehensively than most women, and you will definitely rise to the top."

In the past, saying this kind of words was somewhat consoling, but now Xiaodong has thoroughly felt that An Ning is not a simple woman.

"Muzan, Muzan." An Ning shook his head suddenly with a smile, patted Xiaodong on the shoulder, and lightly resolved the tense atmosphere in the room: "Don't look at this, Weibo has been quite interesting recently. , I'll see what the hot searches are today."

Ever since she broke the gossip to Qiwei, An Ning regularly looks at the hot searches on Weibo every day, because she told him before that Weibo has the fastest circulation, and he agrees with this.