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Looking at the car he was leaving, Yang Ning felt as relaxed as if he had been bathed in the spring breeze. It seemed that Cheng Hao had a hard time in Las Vegas.

The clothes and glasses that had disappeared from his body should have been taken for granted. When he returned to China this time, he was being watched. It was hard to say whether he came to negotiate, or came to Tuouhao as a human being.

But these things are not for her to think about. Now that she has completely handed over this mess to Yang Yue, she would like to see what kind of drama these two people can sing.

The next morning, before dawn, Yang Ning was awakened by a nightmare. Ever since she came back from encountering Cheng Hao, her heart always seemed to be blocked by something, and she was quite uneasy.

She held her forehead and wiped away a cold sweat. When she thought of An Tianxiang who had appeared in a dream just now and said fiercely that she wanted her to die, her rigid body trembled uncontrollably.

It seems that there is no way to delay the question that has been stored in his heart. This time, if he comes back, he must try it out.

For this reason, Yang Ning made a special call to ask when An Tianxiang would come back, but what he learned was this afternoon.

He didn't expect him to arrive so quickly, Yang Ning hung up the phone and hesitated again, but it was pointless to think about it all the time.

The time flickered, and it soon came to the afternoon. In order to provide a buffer for his own purpose, Yang Ning specially asked Sister Wang to cook a meal, waiting for An Tianxiang to come back to eat and chat.

Sitting at the dining table, Yang Ning rested his elbows on the edge of the table, looking thoughtful. On the mobile phone on the side, it is showing that time is passing minute by minute.

She was a little uneasy and didn't want to guess all the possible outcomes.

“Crack.”

At this moment, the closed door was suddenly opened, Yang Ning looked back and saw An Tianxiang strolling in with a bag.

She stood up quickly, got up and walked quickly to the door.

“You're back.” With a simple greeting, An Tianxiang glanced down at Yang Ning's obviously worried face, and the smell of the food reached the tip of his nose.

He naturally handed the bag in his hand to Yang Ning, wrapped her waist very smoothly, and pressed it into his arms.

“Aren't you busy today? I'm still cooking.”

Yang Ning accompanied him to the dining table and sat down, opened his mouth, and was embarrassed to say that this was done by the part-time worker aunt.

She put the bag on the dining chair aside, the warmth of An Tianxiang's palm still remained around her waist, which made her heart feel anxious.

“Well, I took a day off today, and I have nothing to do.” Yang Ning's interest was not high, and he was worried at first glance. An Tianxiang looked at the food on the table, and he probably understood what Yang Ning was thinking.

He folded his arms and leaned on the dining chair, took a sip of water, and looked at him with a look: “If you have something to say, just say it. After you've said it, you can eat these dishes happier.”

An Tianxiang got straight to the point, but Yang Ning became more and more nervous, but after thinking about it carefully, she felt that what she said was not a tearful accusation, and there was no need to be so difficult to speak.

Taking a deep breath, Yang Ning didn't hesitate any longer, she raised her eyes and looked at An Tianxiang in front of her with a heavy light: “Actually, I always wanted to ask you, are you familiar with Cheng Hao?”

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In the last life, it was President An who instructed Cheng Hao and Yang Yuelai to kill him. If An Tianxiang and Cheng Hao in front of him had friendship, then there was at least a 90% chance that Mr. An would be him.

If so, what should she do...

Yang Ning clenched his fists unconsciously, held his breath and stared at the silent man under the light. The bangs slightly covered his eyes, but judging from his expression, he had no doubts.

Hearing Yang Ning's question, An Tianxiang raised his amber pupils and glanced at the person in front of him, his lips pursed slightly and straight.