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Yang Ning was a little confused, the light and shadow fell on his lips, she looked carefully, and found that An Tianxiang's blurred eyes were completely exhausted.

"No, there will be a meeting later, just let me sleep."

He had a sick face and a hoarse voice like a thirsty desert traveler.

I am so sick that I am still thinking about what to do in the meeting.

Yang Ning didn't say what was in her heart. Her heart tightened, and her palm was placed on his forehead. The scorching temperature made it impossible for her to compromise.

She said firmly: "Since you don't go, it's okay, I'll go down to buy medicine with you, you must have a good rest for an afternoon."

Yang Ning's tone could not be rejected. An Tianxiang was lying on the sofa, his brows moved, and he closed his eyes and was too lazy to speak.

It was rare for her to care about herself strongly. However, his next meeting was very important, and he couldn't delay it at all. Even if he didn't want to go, he had to go.

Seeing that he didn't speak, Yang Ning just took it as acquiescence. She was about to put down An Tianxiang's head and go buy medicine herself, but found that he was pressing hard on her lap, and she didn't mean to move at all.

"Why don't you let me go?" Yang Ning's tone was poor, looking at her handsome face with anger, but there was nowhere to vent.

She looked like she was about to collapse, yet she was still able to use so much strength to stop her.

Is his meeting more important than his life?

An Tianxiang heard the dissatisfaction in her tone, he opened one eye and glanced at her.

His fair cheeks were blushing, and the sweat and hair on his forehead were sticking together. The extremely uncomfortable state made him have no extra thoughts to take care of Yang Ning's emotions.

He dried his throat and said weakly, "It's easy to fall asleep after drinking the cold medicine. I'll have a while later, so I can't drink it."

Yang Ning was too lazy to listen to his rhetoric. He thought that if she suppressed herself, she would not be able to go out to buy medicine, right?

An Tianxiang definitely didn't expect that when he came up, he had already saved the secretary's phone number. As long as she sent her a text message, it was not a simple matter to bring two boxes of medicine.

Thinking of this, Yang Ning simply didn't bother to deal with him anymore, took out his mobile phone and sent a text message to the secretary, asking him to bring a box of cold medicine and a box of antipyretic medicine.

No matter what, she would never allow An Tianxiang to be willful in front of her today.

An Tianxiang closed his eyes, opened his eyes slightly and glanced at Yang Ning, wondering why she suddenly stopped struggling, did she just give up?

Although he was puzzled, it was a good thing. An Tianxiang obediently shut up and rested without asking Yang Ning's thoughts.

There was silence in the office for a moment. After ten minutes, the brown door was opened. Yang Ning craned his neck and glanced at it. It was the secretary who came with the medicine.

"Miss Yang, this is the medicine you want."

The secretary closed the door, approached the sofa and handed the medicine to Yang Ning. He glanced at An Tianxiang, who was lying on the sofa with his eyes closed, and was a little surprised. This was the first time he saw the president look so weak.

After checking the medicine box in the medicine bag, Yang Ning asked for a lot, and even more medicines. She thanked the secretary and asked him to take another cup of hot water.

An Tianxiang's burning was getting worse and worse. He was lying on Yang Ning's lap. He heard a sound in his ear, but he didn't know where it came from. He tried to open his eyes, but his eyelids seemed to be heavy and heavy, pressed against the eye socket.

"Who... is here?"

But after saying three words, his throat felt tight and painful. An Tianxiang frowned in discomfort. He clearly felt that he couldn't hold it any longer, but he still wanted to hold on.

Yang Ning wiped the cold sweat on his forehead, sighed, and quickly divided the medicines in the medicine box into doses and put them in the palm of his hand.

"Hurry up and take your medicine, you will die if you hold on."

Passing the medicine in his hand to An Tianxiang's lips, he turned his head subconsciously as soon as he smelled the medicine.

"Do not."

An Tianxiang refused with a single word, not wanting to give Yang Ning a chance to put the medicine in his mouth.