

MISS BEAUTIFUL C.E.O AND HER SYSTEM

Chapter 1: Car accident

In the city suburb under the dark night.

Thunders cracked above in the sky; from time to time lightings forked into several parts and brighted the area underneath.

Rain drizzled, forming puddles of water on the roads. Layers of tall buildings stretched along the path. The convoluted network of traffic was deserted by cars and pedestrians.

Shopping malls and stores located on the sides of the pavemt were all closed. Except for necessary streetlights and some lamps from the apartmts above, the night was dark and lonely.

Despite in the busy area, sometimes some parts of the road wer't fixed and a pool of water gathered. Several ripples emerged due to the rain. The reflection depicted the blurry scery as if a heavily artist had drawn an incredible oil painting of urban backg.

Soon, something crashed above and the water spluttered, recollecting back the image slowly afterward. It was a vehicle with its red taillight shining on the splashes, drawing a long scarlet line.

The car was a black luxurious sedan; the frame and its strong skin showed its value. Nobody would be surprised if they managed to discover how expensive the vehicle was.

Despite the tough exterior metallic appearance, its exquisiteness didn't diminish. The curves and bumps of its design were meant to be aerodynamic and it proved the car also majored in high-speed driving desired by customers.

The driver was a young woman, aged a mid-twenties. Her slim pretty fingers on the steering wheel would twitch occasionally to relax the tension in her muscle. She moved her head a little every now and then to allow her eyes to glance at the rear-view mirror.

The woman was indeed beautiful, having an appearance many other girls would be envious of. Her long black hair cascaded over her shoulders, decorating her face in the center. Her skin was as smooth as silk and, her sparkling dark pupils along with a straight petite nose and gorgeous lips; everything about her mesmerized the viewers.

Even a supermodel would lose in front of her. Not to mention, there wasn't obvious makeup on her face.

She pressed the signal to the right and her turn was smooth. She drove on, listening to the wiper beating on the windshield. Back and forth it cleared the raindrops on the glass. Glancing at the clock on the dashboard, she shook her head.

12:00 a.m.

The time was way past midnight; no wonder. Her right hand reached over the bridge of the nose and massaged it gently with her fingers outlining under the eyes. She sighed heavily, her complaint unknown whether because she feared driving alone or to her exhaustion from work. She braked her car gently to a stop since the traffic light was red ahead.

Her car was at a junction and ahead of her on the right side of the road, workers with yellow helmets and reflecting jackets appeared busy behind a truck with a yellow strobe light swiveling on top. There weren't any cars except hers at the intersection.

Grelight, she put her foot on a gas lightly while her head turned left and right for any speeding cars. Accidts td to occur wh one car doesn't follow the rules. Ev if she followed the rules, caution must be tak. She wt straight bypassing the trucks and glanced at the rear-view mirror.

Afterward, she shook her head and lamted she wasn't the only person overworking. Poor people ev under the rain. She clicked her tongue and her fatigue seemed to become lighthearted. Her cars sped up until they disappeared from her sight. One car on the opposite lane swished past and she felt no longer lonely. At least there were still people outside.

She rarely returned late and this night was an exception. Although she usually worked overtime as required by her job, she always tried to take care of herself. Tonight was unexpected as time passed unknowingly. Her stomach now churned with hunger and hoped that dinner was still there prepared back at home.

More trees appeared beside the road and buildings became sparser. A few houses here and there. She was now exiting the busy area. As time wt on, the young woman's expression turned strange as the street lamps were all out. Now except for her car headlights, she couldn't see more.

Another T-intersection and her destination was on the right but the red traffic light stopped her. Opposite her, a truck came into her view. She differtiated

the vehicle based on the types of headlights. It was huge and disturbing. She frowned and raised her palm to block the intense glaring light from her eyes. It was disgusting.

Some drivers never knew what effects they had on others. To make matters worse, the rain poured harder, and hammering sounds from the ceilings of the car tere her ears.

This truck didn't ev slow down. She knew it was going straight ahead. Typical drivers at night. But the light turned gre and she chuckled whether that driver had already calculated. Never mind, she continued and turned right slowly.

The truck's direction changed and it sped up. A loud gine rumble ev vibrated against her car, grasping her atttion and she glanced left. She was in utter shock. The truck accelerated rolling toward her.

As the large light loomed over, her deer eyes froze. Ev though her brain screamed for action, her foot couldn't stomp the gas. Fear suppressed her. She could barely move. As long as her foot worked. Just a little.

The gine roared and her car begin to rush out. But no...

Bang!

The truck crashed into a small sedan, spun, and hurled it over to the side of the road. Glass shattered and the side of the body hunched inward. The woman felt like she was hit hard by a sledgehammer several times on her whole body. She was stunned and wt unconscious for a while.

Luckily, her seatbelt saved her from further injuries. Although she couldn't move as if drained out of ergy, her eyes had a glimpse of the outside. She watched the driver's side door op and a shadow came out. A man by the looks of it walked a few steps with his hands inside the pocket of the raincoat. A lighting flashed behind and she saw him smoking.

It was never an accidt. This was murder!

She hoped this culprit could rescue her, but her rationale realized it was impossible. Her heart grew cold and blood tickled over her cheeks. Her life was under countdown and in the hands of others. But he stopped. And she understood why.

She captured a small fire from the broken side mirror and her car was soon to be engulfed in flames. Who was her enemy? Who was it? She had never done a thing to offend someone to such a degree of wanting her life.

Her blurry vision discovered the man hopped back into the truck and whooshed away. She was desperate; tears soaked, dripping along her cheeks. Her eyes reddened from both sadness and anger. With remaining strength, she clenched her hand into a fist, trembling in spite of some blood flowing along her arms.

Her eyes dead on the disappearing truck. The flame behind grew bigger and her mouth transformed into mockery. Unwilling, she closed her eyes as the eyelids got heavier and her head dipped. She knew nothing afterward.

Perhaps it was a mercy, she thought.