

Beautiful 105

Chapter 105: Lessons to arrogance

"It's me." A male voice came out of the speaker.

Ling Qingyu guessed the caller's identity through his voice but she decided to pretend she didn't know.

Since this guy wanted to talk pretentiously and made a mysterious entrance, Ling Qingyu must thwart his act.

She abhorred these types of people who always behaved from a top-down sentiment and would never give them face.

"Okay, if you want to keep pretending, I'll hang up," Ling Qingyu replied.

"...Wait!" The voice sounded pissed but Ling Qingyu ended the call straightaway. She found Zhao Xiurong throwing a weird glance and shrugging at her secretary.

"A bastard who likes mystery. I give him a small lesson," Ling Qingyu explained her action.

Zhao Xiurong had her mouth twitched from seeing Ling Qingyu's style but nodded and opened the door. A female staff stepped forward and whispered in her ears.

Ling Qingyu glanced at Zhao Xiurong for an answer. Zhao Xiurong said, "I got a call from the reception that your home has delivered the lunch."

To be frank, Zhao Xiurong was surprised Ling Qingyu had now behaved in a healthy lifestyle on time, no matter how constricted the schedule was.

"Probably by the cooks in the manor. I believe they have cooked more, enough for several of us." Ling Qingyu said.

She requested the previous staff member to bring the meals and invite Tang Ziyi's duo to her room. The female staff nodded and happily went for her request.

Very few received 'please' from their boss, Ling Qingyue. So, the staff was naturally delighted to show her good face.

"I'm glad to have a taste too," Zhao Xiurong's brows softened after hearing Ling Qingyu bring the meals cooked by her manor chef.

Although Zhao Xiurong missed the meals during her last visit, she understood Ling Qingyu's character.

If Ling Qingyu preferred her house chef to the restaurant, it must be because her personal chef was better without a doubt.

Who didn't like to enjoy their life? Zhao Xiurong was no exception.

Ling Qingyu's conversation with Zhao Xiurong was disturbed by her ringing phone. She expressed an apology to her secretary. "Excuse me."

She picked up and answered the call, striding toward her chair. "Hello."

Since it was the same number, Ling Qingyu only replied with a monotonous tone. Sitting down on the chair, Ling Qingyu turned her torso toward the outside view, crossing her feet.

"Can't you give me some face to me?" The man asked, probably grinding his teeth.

"Oh! You are still the same. Have you adjusted the mood? If not don't worry, I can give you more time." Ling Qingyu said calmly but her hand holding the handrail of the chair gripped harder.

"Wait, wait! Young one, always hot-blooded. Can I not even call my daughter for a conversation?" The old voice sounded tired.

"Since the day you've disappointed our mother and daughter, I don't even want to talk with you," Ling Qingyu replied. "Being able to speak now is the greatest tolerance and face, I have given to you."

"Alright, alright. Let's not talk about the past. How's your injury and your health?" The man asked after sighing out, depressed.

"When did you start to care about me, Mr. Ling? Okay... you have never asked about my well-being in the past years and it seems pig flies today with your inquiry." Ling Qingyu mocked her father.

"I heard about your accident and I'm worried about you." Ling Muchen continued his questions, not disturbed by Ling Qingyu's chiding.

"Oh! If you're worried, you should have come and met me in person and asked these questions. Or you could have tried to contact me when I was in hospital...How many days have passed? Huh?" Ling Qingyu wasn't easily persuaded.

"My apologies, my daughter. It's your sister's problem giving me a headache to solve that I didn't know about your situation." Ling Muchen calmly explained.

"..." Ling Qingyu didn't speak because this reason should likely be the truth according to Athena's words—Ling Yunxiang's mess, didn't she understand the situation?

"I'm not your daughter and it's best if you stopped calling me in the future." Ling Qingyu spoke after a short pause.

"You already inherit my surname. Your birth certificate proves I'm your father."

"That's by law but I'm not accepting you yet. I don't mind changing my name completely to Country F style, input my ancestry following my mother." Ling Qingyu retorted, her fingers clanking the furniture.

Zhao Xiurong immediately realized who was on the other side of the line based on Ling Qingyu's reaction.

Although she appeared composed, it was likely turmoil on the inside.

A knock and a door partially opened with a head slightly in. It was the previous female staff, peering at Zhao Xiurong, who gestured for her to come in.

She nodded and strode in carrying lunchboxes. Behind her, another two females in a simple dress followed with another several boxes.

Zhao Xiurong guessed they were from Ling Qingyu's manor. She signaled them to keep quiet with her finger over her mouth.

The others were stunned until they heard Ling Qingyu's aggressive words. They understood Ling Qingyu was arguing with someone over the phone and naturally obliged Zhao Xiurong's request.

After they placed the boxes on the glass table between the sofas, Zhao Xiurong expressed her gratitude in place of Ling Qingyu. No one made a loud noise to avoid disturbing Ling Qingyu's argument over the phone.

Zhao Xiurong waved off her hands to leave, causing the three women to stare wryly at one another.

"Okay, old man. I'm gonna hang up since you know what you need to know," Ling Qingyu said.

"Girl, at least stop threatening me with hanging up the phone. I haven't finished yet.....How's your mother?" Ling Muchen was speechless but was happy inside because he was able to chat with his daughter longer than ever before. m vl _emp y,r the story platform

Before, once she heard his voice, only a disconnected tone remained in his ears. Ling Muchen felt relieved things were finally going in a better direction.

"Don't ever include my mother in our conversation?" Ling Qingyu's voice turned harsh. "You're not worthy to call her at all."

Ling Qingyu's previous calmness collapsed when her vile father mentioned Amorette. Her heart ached thinking about the emotional damage and shock suffered by her mother from Ling Muchen's betrayal.

Perhaps if he didn't say a word about her mother, Ling Qingyu might be able to talk properly.

"Okay! I know. I won't ask. If you need any help, just ask." Ling Muchen repaired his mistakes quickly.

"The last person I'll ask for help in this world is you and your entire Ling family." Ling Qingyu said and took a deep breath. Her emotions were affecting her judgment and she didn't like the current her.

Ling Muchen stopped talking instantly.

"Look if you wanna ask about my health. Don't worry, I'm alive and very well. In order to save myself from high blood pressure I'll end the call." Ling Qingyu shut down the communication.

Ling MuChen only heard beep: "..."

Ling Qingyu gyrated her office chair around and saw Zhao Xiurong's hands flagging away the three guests.

She patted her forehead and smiled at the scenes. Her secretary's gesture of driving away the guest was funny and cute to her eyes.