

## Beautiful 113

### Chapter 113: Short talk with Denise

Glasses and kitchen utensils clinked one another and the entire hall was filled with sumptuous dinner.

Everyone ate in relish. The dinner served today consisted of Beijing-style roasted duck, Malaxiangguo—hot spicy fried noodles, and fresh fruit juices.

The aroma expelled away previous heavy burden on everyone's shoulders and allowed the diners to have only one thought—eating.

Amorette wasn't in a normal state but that didn't affect her in the manor, where care and precaution were available around her.

Ling Qingyu felt glad, she bought this manor along with hiring the staff, who was very responsible in Ling Qingyu's opinion.

Before, Denise might have been burdened a lot of the time, when Ling Qingyu wasn't home, without any opportunity to enjoy her hobby.

Now, Ling Qingyu noticed her brightened face compared to the past, but her eyes always expressed pity and anger when she looked at Amorette.

For Denise, Amorette was her mistress and only childhood friend. The two struggled together even during hard times.

At the end of the dinner, the maids placed refreshments and cleaned the table. Everyone left after a while, continuing their prior hobbies or work.

Watching her mother leave the table, Ling Qingyu asked Lin Xiao to accompany her and spoke to her mother.

"Mom, I'll be talking with Aunt Denise for a while."

"Okay, Sweetie. I'll continue my painting then. Don't let me wait, because I might also need her help with painting. Or else, your pocket money won't be available." Amorette closed her mouth and chuckled. special

"Yes, Mom. Don't worry, it won't take a while."

Ling Qingyu nodded and stopped Denise who was about to follow Amorette; she brought Denise to a quiet place away from the dining hall.

As the two walked along the deserted path, Denise asked.

"What do you want to say to me?"

"How do you know?" Ling Qingyu suddenly forgot what she wanted to say.

Denise gave her a speechless look—for an obvious reason.

"I see worries or guilts in your eyes," Denise spoke. "Why? You can say anything to me, I'm all ears."

Ling Qingyu sighed and walked on, her hands behind her back. "Today is a heavy day for me. Many things happened. But the very one fact affecting my heart is—he called me."

"He? Oh!" Denise felt confused before she realized who Ling Qingyu was speaking about. "Does he say anything to you?"

Ling Qingyu looked suspiciously at Denise. Why didn't Denise feel anything? "Ask about my health and well-being, especially my accident."

Denise uttered an agreement. "En..Why did he call late then?"

"Because of something. A disaster fell on his daughter. According to my investigation, someone is trying to black her and the family." Ling Qingyu confided the situation afterward.

Every two seconds or so, Ling Qingyu studied Denise's expression. As an elder, Denise noticed her behavior and smiled in her heart. "I don't think that's all, right?"

Ling Qingyu nodded hesitantly and said. "I'm thinking about helping his daughter."

Denise laughed and shook her head, responding to Ling Qingyu's strange and worried glance. "So, that's what worrying you. I thought it was something else. There isn't anything wrong in helping a person."

Ling Qingyu sighed in relief, understanding Denise didn't reject her action. "But her parents are more like our—"

"—enemies." Denise cut in. "Listen, Yu'er. Perhaps your father might be a scum or anything. I don't ask you to forgive him. I only ask you to not be blinded by hatred. But I suppose I don't need to worry about your inner emotion since you can let go of your prejudgment over your half-sister."

She continued. "She and her mother were also the victims in the marriage between aristocratic families. What's more, as a woman, why must we make things difficult for a woman? Not to mention, they never hurt us in the first place."

Ling Qingyu paused her steps and nodded. It seemed Denise was more enlightened than her past Ling Qingyu.

"Then I'm relieved, not seeing you bother with my action." Ling Qingyu said. "But don't tell these to my mother."

"Why would I? I'm not a fool. Go on with your idea; don't let our existence hold you back." Denise chuckled and paced onward.

Ling Qingyu followed and enjoyed the night scenery together. The palace structure held a huge space—consisting of several chambers—and the two walked for a long time, while Ling Qingyu described her cheap sister's situation and difficulties.

Hearing this, Denise clicked her tongue. "I really don't know if I should be happy or something else. As long as that bastard is annoyed, I'm fine but to involve someone else. And I don't think this should be the only reason you decided to step in."

"Yes. She'll stay with us in the future to protect her and guide her too. In addition, you could call it a whim—I suddenly have an idea about stepping into the entertainment industry and expanding my business. That's still a plan for now." Ling Qingyu replied.

Denise: "I'm sure, you'll succeed in anything you venture in, my dear."

After a while, both walked outside and looked upward. They were on the west side, where an outdoor swimming pool was within their reach.

The sky remained unclear. They couldn't see any stars, probably covered by clouds.

Decorations of flowerbeds and carefully trimmed plantations were laid on each side of the cobblestone pathway toward the pool.

Remembering the pool, Ling Qingyu asked: "Aunt Denise, what do you plan to do? I mean you couldn't always be like this. Right now, I hired the staff to accommodate everyone. You have free time unlike before—any hobbies, any interests. You must have your dream."

Ling Qingyu continued: "Don't refuse me, Aunt. Remember I always have your back. Pursue something you like, just let me know. And ask Lin Xiao if I'm not there. She'll help you with anything."

Denise's eyes whirled in complex emotions. The little Ling Qingyu, she and Amorette protected and taught, had grown up and already shrouded the two under a strong umbrella.

Time was ruthless; it didn't wait for anyone but luckily Denise felt fortunate. The only dissatisfaction should be Amorette inner heart's problem.

Denise shook her head, confused. "I don't know but I'll heed your words."

"Your bones might become rusty if you do nothing. Try it out, have fun." Ling Qingyu didn't say about the topic anymore and nodded.

Denise chuckled: "You mean I'm already old? Hmph!"

Ling Qingyu quickly amended. "Of course not, if we go out together, I'm sure the other will assume we are friends and sisters."

"Sweet mouth." Denise scoffed but she felt happy.

Drops of water splashed on Ling Qingyu's face, prompting her to look up. More and more drizzles fell from the sky and some flashed twinkled amidst the cloud.

"Let's go back now, Aunt. It's going to rain." Ling Qingyu held Denise's arm gently and treaded inside.

A pity—a stroll enjoying her manor's beauty was gone. To be honest, Ling Qingyu realized the reason why the two elders loved this activity, because she also fancied walking around, savoring nature and architecture mingled together.

The sky roared and heavy water poured down. Ling Qingyu and Denise made their way back under the cover on time.

The two glanced at each other and laughed, reminiscing the past. A warm cozy atmosphere had gone into a naught.

Denise returned to Amorette's side, after patting Ling Qingyu, whose eyes remained on her until she disappeared.