

Beautiful 115

Chapter 115: Cai Ning

Ling Qingyu only wanted to slap herself on the head. She was cheering for her daughter, not long ago for her sensible mindset but it seemed it was only toward familiars.

To those outside of Athena's concern, she treated everything coldly and merely pursued the highest gain.

Like now, Ling Qingyu asked in curiosity how Athena might plan out the future. The result was terrifying and Ling Qingyu understood Athena must be handled properly.

She didn't blame her cheap daughter too much but only lamented her carelessness in teaching Athena.

Science subjects, involving data and calculations posed no problems for Athena. However, regarding humanity, morals, and ethics, Athena severely lacked all of those.

When Athena was expecting her mother to support her ideas, she heard a sigh. Ling Qingyu carefully constructed her words to not stress and press down Athena's mood.

"Athena, your plan still lacked realities. Without control and conscience, you'll never succeed in these steps. Intricacies in the human world are not as simple as you think. Why don't you read those humanities, social science, politics, histories, and moral ethics on the internet?"

"—Okay Mom." Athena replied softly in contrast to her previous energetic appearance.

Ling Qingyu said to cheer up. "You're still young and Mom is proud, you can plan things out. But bear in mind, that you'll face limitations and obstacles. Not to mention, if you want to be like mom, you must have clear boundaries in your approach."

"Yes, Mom."

"Have you finished reading everything?" Ling Qingyu asked because she knew Athena's computing power could solve any question rapidly.

"Yes, Mom. But I'm still extracting the deeper meaning, likely to take another hour or so." Athena replied in a low voice, obviously frightened her capability might disappoint Ling Qingyu.

In contrast, Ling Qingyu, despite being initially flabbergasted, realized why the results were the opposite of her expectations.

These subjects, unlike science and math, didn't have a universal truth where a simple calculation could achieve.

They consisted of personal truths and ideological truths, where the battles of ideas occurred throughout human history.

It was never a simple yes or no question. Rights and wrongs became gray.

But Ling Qingyu also smiled, probably hoping to see Athena's change. She decided she must guide her daughter to walk on the righteous path.

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While Ling Qingyu planned to spend a peaceful night, guiding her daughter to avoid walking on a crooked path, the others were in a dilemma.

Ancient teahouse—the most gathered place for the political elite.

Rain fell upon the fragile antique renovated roof tiles of the houses. Surrounded by bamboo plantations, the teahouse or the club consisted of several housings and courtyards.

It provided services both indoors and outdoors. The charm from the dynasty era captivating any visitors and soothing them from troubles.

The sound of rain on the tiled roofs and wooden eaves merged with the soft melodies of traditional instruments, creating a symphony that resonated through the air

The teahouse's intricate wooden façade, weathered by the years, exuded an aura of mystique. Red lanterns swayed gently, their warm glow diffused by the rain-kissed windows, casting inviting shadows on the cobblestone path that led inside.

Along the footpath, various flowers were planted in formations and connected ponds where golden fishes dwell happily in the water, splashing ripples and fallen leaves.

In spite of its wooden architecture, mostly relying on the design of the dynasty era, the indoors still followed up time.

The interior was an opulent blend of crimson and gold, its wall adorned with intricately embroidered tapestry that depicted scenes of historical elegance.

Smoke from fragrant incense spiraled and permeated across several connected rooms, along with air conditions and marble flooring.

Yang Qingyue was inside one of the rooms or... a house. The club service also provided the booking of separate bungalows away from the eyes and ears of others.

She stayed inside a huge hall and sat on a strong wooden chair. She was alone yet exhibited fiery energy.

Yang Qingyue focused her hands as they completed the complicated tea arts. Twirling the hot tea with her right hand holding the cup, Yang Qingyu blew a little before taking a sip.

With her eyes closed to heighten her senses, she lavished the deep bitter yet refreshing taste and sighed in satisfaction.

A feat only available in a family with a strong inheritance or when practiced several times in her life.

In contrast to the surroundings, Yang Qingyue wore a leather jacket over her yellow shirt inside with long dark blue pants and a pair of walking shoes.

Simple, stylish and comfy without any seriousness.

She closed her eyes, enjoying her tea and listening to the chatter of the raindroplets until footsteps captured her attention.

Turning her head at the sound of footsteps, Yang Qingyue saw a woman walking toward her, guided by a female staff in red cheongsam, under a particular protected pathway.

Sheltered from rain, there weren't any worries for the club to cause trouble for their customers. But it prevented the guests from relishing their stride and immersing themselves in the ancient atmosphere combined with natural features.

The feeling was different and most guests preferred walking on one. Now that the rain poured, only the choice of walking on an alternative sheltered path remained.

Seeing the familiar woman, Yang Qingyue clicked her tongue at the exaggerated outfits—a straw hat, long mocha brown trench coat, long dark aurora blue jeans and a pair of high-heel boots with silver linings in the center.

Even though today's meeting was important, she complained about her friend's fashion sense. To be frank, no one would know or guess her identity based on the luxurious and trending outlooks.

One might only guess, this woman lived a luxurious life under the parent's shelter, spoiled and arrogant.

Who knew the woman's work could scare the officials to shit in their pants? Who realized under the ladylike appearance was a strong capable and ferocious woman, whose skills Yang Qingyue must admit defeat.

The staff bowed when they reached their destination and left. The woman smiled and continued her pace.

Yang Qingyue snorted. "Hmph, why are you always dressing up beautiful?"

The woman was flabbergasted by Yang Qingyue's response. Instead, she anticipated her friend would spring up from her seat and hug her hard.

What was with this mockery?

Unsure, her head tilted several times, looking at herself. No problem.

"What's the matter? I think I'm normal." The woman rolled her eyes and spoke.

"Not at all for those who understand you deeply," Yang Qingyue folded her hands and retorted.

"Aiya! You should be welcoming your friend warmly," the woman shook her head in complaint. "We haven't met each other for a long time.

"Tsk...It's only been a month or more." Yang Qingyue replied.

"Anyway, it should be me, who must complain your attire. What's with this...hmm...this set? So unfashionable." The woman said bitterly. "I'm sure your mother must cry when she sees you like this."

Afterward, she took out her phone from the pocket of her trench coat and attempted to capture Yang Qingyue's outfit.

Hearing the threat and possible headache from her home, Yang Qingyue stood up and cried: "Cai Ning! YOU BETTER keep your phones out!"

Cai Ning was unfazed as she captured several snaps. When Yang Qingyue rushed to snatch the device, she was prepared.

No matter how Yang Qingyue reached her hand and used multiple techniques, it failed.

Cai Ning was as slippery as a loach, sidestepping, bending her waist or pushing away Yang Qingyue in another direction.

Yang Qingyue's strength was weak in front of her.

The two girls played around until Yang Qingyue surrendered. "No more. No more. I give up. Just don't send the photos to my mom."

"Then, you better let me dress you up. Hehe..hehe." Cai Ning giggled as she waved her phone screen proudly at the young superintendent.

After a pause, Yang Qingyue gritted her teeth. "Deal!"