

Beautiful 130

Chapter 130: Her guards weren't simple

The saying money could solve anything appeared to not work in this scenario. Ling Qingyu scratched her hair on the back of her head like crazy.

Her connections were too short to provide sufficient help. Spending money on the gangs? It likely worked but what if they didn't follow her script?

These unstable factors would never suffice. This didn't work. That didn't work. AHhh! Ling Qingyu wanted to scream.

Except for directing the public sentiment, nothing was available on the table. Ling Qingyu watched Tang Ziyi from the corner of her eyes.

Now the only help was from her General Tang. But what could one person accomplish? She shook her head inwardly.

After she heard the announcer on the television exclaim: "Ladies and Gentlemen, we heard another terrible news, that a gunfight is going on as we spoke. I feel like what Mr. Qing predicted just a few minutes ago had come true. Let's see the videos uploaded by Mr. X where he captured the scene with his phone camera."

Ling Qingyu's eyes were drawn to the shooting video between a team of police officers and a group of men, wielding weapons.

Although both sides only utilized small arms, the chaos, and tension were palpable through the screen.

"That's terrible." The screen returned to Mr. Qing as he spoke about worries and terrible outcomes, putting dreadful facts for the viewers.

In fact, the whole point of this news outlet was to threaten the public into thinking the old days were better.

They understood it was hard to fool intelligent people but as long as they could control the viewpoint of the majority of the people, their mission was a success.

Ling Qingyu snorted and the screen turned black. Her hand held the remote control and threw it on the sofa.

She had no desire to continue listening to the lies weaved by others. She wanted to see their movements and now everything was as she had anticipated.

Her movements alarmed Tang Ziyi, sitting near her with a laptop over her lap as her fingers scrubbed on the keyboards. "Why do you close the TV? What happens?"

"Nothing, the news just pisses me off." Ling Qingyu replied with a dubious reason.

Tang Ziyi's eyes grew wide and her lips twitched at Ling Qingyu's words. But she understood how it felt when someone sprouted lies in front of someone who experienced it personally.

The content on the media, even if she hadn't watched, Tang Ziyi got a general idea of what direction it went and how the public perceived the news.

Under Athena's guidance and her hacking skills, Tang Ziyi quickly discovered the location of the shooting incidents.

She even observed some complex ambushes initiated by the police and frowned. As someone who possessed a wide range of military experience and understood the art of war, Tang Ziyi could now conclude Yang Qingyue's opposition wasn't easy.

Completely different from her oblivious attitude, she paid more attention. Tang Ziyi hopped out of her seat and sat beside Ling Qingyu.

Placing her laptop on the glass table in front, Tang Ziyi showed her new video feeds.

"What's this all about?" Ling Qingyu leaned forward and studied the videos.

Of course, she gained nothing except seeing Yang Qingyue's colleagues in trouble. Sooner or later, reinforcement from the police would arrive and solve the problems.

She found no problem apart from an increase in chaos, matching the 'expert's' prediction. Likewise, many ordinary people would think the same way.

"You really sense nothing from the videos," Tang Ziyi asked.

"Well, I find them organized and prepared." Ling Qingyu spoke after some contemplation.

"Anything else?"

"Although the police are in trouble, I think reinforcement will alleviate the problem." Ling Qingyu answered and shook her head, showing she found no problem with the videos.

"These attacks are coordinated and show someone who has a tactical mindset and sufficient energy is planning from behind. If before I only have a suspicion, now I realize the opponents are likely to be those old factions against your sweetheart." Tang Ziyi explained.

Ling Qingyu nodded and exclaimed in admiration, listening to Tang Ziyi's methodical analysis. Expertise wasn't something one could copy without experience.

Tang Ziyi could analyze these factors out of the videos told her ability. But wait a minute, why did her mind say there was something wrong with the way Tang Ziyi spoke?

Oh! Sweetheart. What did she mean? Who was she talking about?

Ling Qingyu gave Tang Ziyi a blank look, confused about her wording. Tang Ziyi clicked her tongue and reminded. "Don't you know who your sweetheart is?"

At first, Ling Qingyu was dumbfounded—she never had a sweetheart. Until she understood, Tang Ziyi's words pointed toward Yang Qingyue.

Her brows creased and there were blacklines over her forehead. A speechless expression hang on her darkened face.

"Stop joking. She and I aren't even related." Ling Qingyu rebutted and her eyes rolled at the thoughtful Tang Ziyi.

"Could it be I was wrong?" Tang Ziyi's palm held her chin as she leaned on the pleated arm of her cushioned seat. "It shouldn't be."

Ling Qingyu almost desired to slap the back of Tang Ziyi's head but finally patted her forehead softly instead, hearing Tang Ziyi's mutters.

She wasn't a fool, looking forward to abusive training. A gentleman's revenge isn't late for ten years.

Unless she could overpower Tang Ziyi, her tail remained curbed and hid its edge. When she felt confident, she would show Tang Ziyi her fangs and what it meant to be a hero.

"Where do you have such ideas? I rarely met her." Ling Qingyu was curious at how her friend's brain worked.

"Of course, I know that." Tang Ziyi replied and gazed at Ling Qingyu's face as if a fool asked why she was born. "It's just my personal guess but after studying your expression, it doesn't seem like what I say is false."

"Studying me?" Ling Qingyu pointed at herself. "Okay, Professor Tang explains why you think I like her."

"Whenever I mention about Yang Qingyue, your eyebrows wiggle a little and your lips twitch. Even your eyes move around uncontrollably. Your breathing quickens." Tang Ziyi shrugged and listed out her observations.

"Did I really have these signs?" Ling Qingyu was dubious. She highly doubted Tang Ziyi pouring black stuff over her head.

"In addition, Sister Zhao speaks about your weird expression on the day you met with Officer Yang." Tang Ziyi paused and recalled her memories as she said. "She described your facial features vividly and didn't understand why you behave like that."

She continued: "But don't we understand you deeply. Your crooked perverted desire cannot be hidden from us. And your worries about Yang Qingyue are too obvious. Your crumbling fingers prove my conjecture. I even suspect you have uniform kinks."

Ling Qingyu blushed, coughing out to alleviate the shame, gave up, and sighed in depression. Never expecting Tang Ziyi to uncover her deep-hidden thoughts, Ling Qingyu didn't know herself.

"Well, I might have. But it doesn't matter now."

"Right," Tang Ziyi replied and stood up, preparing to pack her stuff.

"Where're you going?" Ling Qingyu expressed puzzlement.

"Of course, to save your sweetheart."

"You alone?" Ling Qingyu asked hesitantly. "But why are you in a hurry? Their reinforcement would soon arrive and everything is over."

Ling Qingyu believed the crisis wasn't a big deal except for the damage to the reputation and credibility of the City N police station.

Tang Ziyi didn't speak, just returned a glance of studying a weird specimen. Ling Qingyu's hair stood upright, goosebumps flew across her skin.

A moment later, a light bulb flickered on top of her head and her perplexed face gradually transformed into a chill resolute one.

Her eyes demanded an answer and Tang Ziyi gave an imperceptible nod. Ling Qingyu realized she thought too optimistically.

No reinforcement would be available and there wouldn't be anyone to help Yang Qingyue. It was clear the opponents were willing to drag the entire police force down, just to shift the blame on Yang Qingyue.

Delaying, disobeying, uncooperative, and excuses. Various schemes flowed through her calculation.

"We must help her then. How?" Ling Qingyu asked for advice. Her usual scheming brain could no longer work in this type of scenario.

"It's us. Remember your bodyguards?" Tang Ziyi reminded.

"I'm not worried even if you enter a tiger's den but these women's skills aren't enough. I didn't want to see them harm. My heart aches from a mere thought."

"Ling Qingyu, you underestimate them too much." Tang Ziyi shook her head and sat down again. "Your female guards all came from the military background and it wasn't simple. They were from Special Force Brigade."