

Beautiful 161

Chapter 161: Meeting Mother Zhao

"Mom!" Zhao Xiurong exclaimed as she snickered.

"Yes, Daughter Zhao. Mom must concentrate on driving." Ling Qingyu teased her secretary, who patted her arm with a fierce face.

"Alright, this AI?" Zhao Xiurong got to the point.

"She is my AI daughter. Very capable. She says, she is the most most most most most capable in the universe." Ling Qingyu introduced Athena. "Say, hello to Aunt Zhao."

She was preparing Zhao Xiurong a taste when she unveiled everything in the future, mentioning Athena's presence.

"Hi, Aunt Zhao. You're very beautiful." Athena waved her hands from the screen.

"Hello to you, Athena. Is that your name?"

"Yes."

"Nice to see you." Zhao Xiurong turned her head after conversing with Athena and eyed Ling Qingyu up and down. "Perhaps the most most most narcissism must have been learned from you."

What the? Ling Qingyu was stunned. She was shot while lying down. She swore she had never taught her daughter, whose behavior was derived naturally. As for whether this statement was correct remained unsure but where was she a narcissist?

Except for being very beautiful like an immortal unattainable to mortals, she was never a narcissist, okay?

Zhao Xiurong continued making fun: "Look at Athena, how adorable and innocent! She likely copied your behavior; you must watch yourself in the future."

Ling Qingyu was too lazy to reply to her joke until Zhao Xiurong talked about the car. "I've never seen such a heavy and thick door. Are your car brands built in this way?"

"Nope, the car was modified just recently." Ling Qingyu shook her head. "Adding protections against firearm and many lifesaving functions."

Zhao Xiurong marveled, her hands touching around. "Where do you modify?"

"You can ask from Sister Tang. She'll be happy to help you." Ling Qingyu replied, while thinking about Tang Ziyi's hobbies.

"Okay. I'll ask her later whether she can modify my Bugatti too."

"Go ahead. I'll pay the cost."

"Sister Ling..."

"Please take this as a benefit for your work all these years. It doesn't cost much." Ling Qingyu shrugged.
"And I also have to transfer my 10 percent to you."

Besides, it really didn't cost a dime. Ling Qingyu's Bentley and the vehicles which were about to be donated to Yang Qingyue, were modified without any cost.

All the required materials were printed out by Athena. If not for Tang Ziyi's persistence, the process should have finished by now.

Zhao Xiurong accepted it after a staring contest between the two. Ling Qingyu looked outside and saw Xiao Yue comforting the guards and leading the team.

Even though she was noncommittal for these arrangements, she observed and studied behind the scenes from Tang Ziyi and Su Ruomei.

As a warlord, leading a large number of troops, and managing a team didn't cost a sweat. Even if sophisticated technology and ingenious doctrines stumbled her a little, she felt effortless.

Having consoled her new subordinates, Xiao Yue entered Cadillac and noticed the destination already displayed on the GPS console. After receiving a positive answer from Athena, Xiao Yue gave her orders.

Everyone entered their vehicles and departed from the company. Even though no guards under Ling Qingyu remained in the company, there were still guards belonging to the buildings.

The high-rise building was rented by Ling Qingyu annually for her company; she didn't own it. Although she retained many good memories, she might have to move out in the future.

She could have bought it easily with her wealth but the gain wasn't much apart from memory.

Ling Qingyu palmed and moved the steering wheel; her excited expression said everything. Zhao Xiurong looked deeply and asked. "What makes you so happy?"

She could sense Ling Qingyu's exhilaration from miles away. Was driving this Bentley an excitement? She admitted this vehicle paired with AI system seemed promising.

But shouldn't driving be boring following traffic rules and going through traffic jams? Ling Qingyu answered her doubt: "Since I woke up at the hospital, I've never been able to drive. That Witch Tang prevents me from landing my hands on the steering wheels. I bought this car and I couldn't drive. Can you understand how I felt?"

Zhao Xiurong's expression turned sympathetic. Rich and willful yet forbidden by others to drive her favorite car. Poor Girl. How long had you been withholding yourself?

No wonder Ling Qingyu gritted her teeth when she mentioned Tang Ziyi. What a camaraderie between the two exceeding the limits of heaven.

"Perhaps, Sister Tang is worried about your psychological trauma after the accident." Having said this, Zhao Xiurong studied Ling Qingyu carefully to spot any mishaps.

"Worry not, Sister Zhao. I'm perfectly fine." Ling Qingyu said. As long as it didn't rain and no lightning splashed, her mentality was fine.

Soon, the convoy arrived at Zhao Xiurong's home address and entered the parking space. Ling Qingyu and Zhao Xiurong exited the vehicle, asked some of the girls to wait, and brought Xiao Yue along with two guards upstairs through the elevator.

Zhao Xiurong lived in one of the apartments inside the condominium. With only two members in the family, the demand for spacious living space was low.

Despite her high salary, Zhao Xiurong didn't search for a bigger home and was satisfied. Moving to Ling Qingyu's villa, neighboring the manor, was because of her concern for her mother.

Two women only living together might attract those with malicious intent. And based on Ling Qingyu's current moves, Zhao Xiurong figured staying beside her was the safest.

In addition, her mother was familiar with Ling Qingyu's family members and the relationship was pretty close, closer than relatives.

Arriving on the floor, Zhao Xiurong led the way and rang a bell. After a while, the door opened and an elderly lady smiled. "You're back early, Rong'er."

"Of course, Mom. President Ling gave us three days of paid leave." Zhao Xiurong turned her body, allowing her mother to see Ling Qingyu and the rest.

"Hello, Auntie." Ling Qingyu greeted and the others followed suit.

"Ah! Hello to you dears. We've got visitors. Come in." The group entered the apartment, listening to Mother Zhao's stories and waves of laughter.

She seemed glad to receive visitors. Ling Qingyu observed the decorations. Simple yet elegant. The room layout suited Zhao Xiurong's needs.

Not luxurious but the room gave a comfy feeling. While Zhao Xiurong utilized various tactics to persuade her mother to move out, Ling Qingyu, Xiao Yue, and the remaining two girls sat down under Mother Zhao's urge.

"What do you like to drink? I'm sorry I have only cooked my lunch. Have you girls eaten anything?" Mother Zhao asked from the kitchen, while she conversed with her daughter.

Hearing her words, growls howled from everyone's stomach and the group exchanged glances in embarrassment.

The sound even reached the kitchen, sprouting laughter—Hohoho.

"It's alright. Auntie. We're going back for lunch soon. Please don't do anything, because we don't want our presence to trouble you."

Perhaps, Zhao Xiurong exploited everyone's hunger to urge Mother Zhao to change her dress; Mother Zhao accepted the visit to Ling Qingyu's new house. Afterward, she came out and asked for help to package their important belongings.

Everyone got busy packing and finished it within a short time. The two guards carried out the packages to load them into the vehicles first.

Ling Qingyu and Xiao Yue waited alongside Zhao Xiurong for her mother.