

Beautiful 163

Chapter 163: Treatment

Until Ling Qingyu coughed and explained the AI technologies, everyone around, including the maids, regained their composure and muttered in wonder.

They were thinking in their mind—had the autonomous vehicle reached this level of flexibility?

Mother Zhao, who was a generation away from the latest trend, didn't understand but she sighed and lamented her age, separating from scientific development.

"It's us being old. Young is good."

Shaking her head at Mother Zhao's words, Ling Qingyu turned her face to Lin Xiao, who quickened her pace toward her from a distance, after probably hearing news of her arrival

"Prepare lunch for us and the guards too. There might be more visitors coming in later; so, please be ready to treat the guest any moment." Ling Qingyu said out her request to Lin Xiao.

"On it, Miss. How many visitors?" Lin Xiao asked.

Ling Qingyu thought for a while till she received answers from Athena before she was about to ask.

"It's two." Ling Qingyu answered. "Where's my mother?"

"Madam's having an afternoon nap. I've requested two maids to stand on watch around her."

"Thank you. Arrange the meals and don't let them wait for me to eat. I'm going to my mother first. Lastly, prepare accommodation for Sister Zhao and her mother." Lin Xiao nodded at Ling Qingyu's order and trotted away first to complete her request.

Under Ling Qingyu's introduction, Zhao Xiurong and her mother had a tour before arriving at the dining hall.

Xiao Yue also followed the group after she and the rest of the guards parked their vehicles in a designated spot.

"Yu'er, what a strange day! You've returned to eat back home." Ling Qingyu heard Denise's voice and looked over.

"Have you eaten, Aunt Denise?" Ling Qingyu saw her Aunt dressed simply yet with a fashion sense. A green gown hugging her voluptuous curves.

"Of course, my dear. Your mother and I ate two hours ago. Oh! Look who's here." Denise smiled at Xiao Yue accompanying beside Ling Qingyu and finally noticed the existence of Mother Zhao and Zhao Xiurong.

Denise greeted Zhao Xiurong and her mother. She grasped Mother Zhao's hand firmly and took away, chattering nonstop, as they remembered the deep memories together.

Zhao Xiurong smiled and chuckled at the two elders who were reminiscing their old days.

"Sister Zhao should eat with the rest. I've told Lin Xiao to prepare the meal. Don't wait for me. I have something to do first." Ling Qingyu walked away after leaving everything to Zhao Xiurong.

"Don't worry. Do you need my help?!" Zhao Xiurong shouted, receiving Ling Qingyu's waving hand.

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Ling Qingyu walked toward Amorette's room, following Athena's green arrow guidance. The two maids watching over her mother immediately noticed Ling Qingyu's presence and saluted.

After greeting them back and saying hard work, Ling Qingyu entered the room and slowly shut the door.

Inside was a spacious bedroom, with its own bathroom and private reading space. Ling Qingyu only studied her mother's living space now.

As a daughter, she definitely failed in filial piety. After living in this manor, this was the first time she visited her mother's place.

Looking around, the decorated room appeared like a garden. At a distance, Ling Qingyu found a grand kingsize bed and a bulge above covered by blankets.

Her mother should be the bulge, taking an afternoon nap. In fact, Amorette's age wasn't yet too old to nap longer, but her psychological disease drained the energy.

The lighting effect inside brought praises from Ling Qingyu. She could see the design of the inner structure was specifically aimed to brighten during daytime without requiring any lamps.

Two windows had their curtains covered. There were two layers and only the first layer was. This type of curtain didn't completely blocked the light and allowed a small amount to permeate across the room.

Walking over gently and minding the sound of her footsteps, Ling Qingyu approached her mother. Mindful of the cool temperature, Ling Qingyu felt the maids adjusted the air conditioner inside very well.

Lifting the chair effortlessly adjacent to the mirror and softly putting it down near the bed, Ling Qingyu's eyebrows were raised.

After she sat down, her eyes were drawn to her fist as it clutched and released repeatedly several times.

She realized her strength had grown somehow and it was only a few days workout? How was this possible? Miss System's work, she guessed.

Well, it didn't matter the reason, as long as she became stronger. Her mother's muttering disturbed her trail of thoughts and beckoned her eyes.

Ling Qingyu felt happy inside her heart, watching her mother flip around the bed. No matter how disgraceful it seemed, to Ling Qingyu's eyes, Amorette was perfect and beautiful.

To cure her mother, Ling Qingyu only needed to connect with Miss System and gained a pill. It was too simple that Ling Qingyu had a hard time believing.

As for the price, probably released on a whim by Miss System, Ling Qingyu didn't even feel the difficulty.

Gaining merits came from various sources. Everything flowed from the inner kindness and people's life changing for a better.

The only problem sourced from gaining popularity and receiving admirations. Frankly, Ling Qingyu had fans all across her countries among females.

Of course, it only included those who were interested in business sectors. She wanted to remain low-key and Miss System's request was contrary to her prior goals.

Upgrading oneself without other's eyes laying on her and swooped the enemies ass in one move were the Kingsly way.

Every time she saw her mother in a similar dementia state, her eyes watered. Even if their interaction since coming to this world was countable by hands, Ling Qingyu's feeling didn't diminish at all but increased instead.

It wouldn't be wrong to say, Amorette's existence was the full drive for the original Ling Qingyu toward success. Without Amorette and Ling Qingyu being betrayed, her potential would never be tapped out at all.

Perhaps, a universe had its reason for everything. Sometimes, Ling Qingyu even wondered if her transmigration was as perfunctory as Miss System initially stated.

Anyway, forget about these thoughts. Don't know why her inner mind was restless nowadays. Perhaps a certain creator forgot the pen?

Author:

'Miss System. Oh!! Miss System.'" Only calling her system in a weird way, Miss System would pop up.

'Com'on, Miss System. I need your help.'