

Beautiful 177

Chapter 177: Buying Hongqi (Need Revis)

The two adults stopped messing around and went serious. They went inside and took a seat around the refreshing furniture, an exclusive spot for sightseeing.

Both Ling Qingyu and Tang Ziyi had decided to buy the entire Hongqi company, saving it from bankruptcy after several discussions back and forth.

Ling Qingyu's desire wasn't as strong as Tang Ziyi to own the Hongqi Company. To her, this mere icon for people like Tang Ziyi to look up to didn't make any sense.

Not to mention, the failed version. But, Tang Ziyi's persistence and reasoning prompted Ling Qingyu to follow Tang Ziyi's idea.

Nobody knew whether Tang Ziyi's seduction put a heavy factor on Ling Qingyu's choice, selling favors for her confidante. Anyway, only Ling Qingyu and Tang Ziyi were around the vicinity.

In fact, Ling Qingyu would rather register a new company and start from scratch. Naturally, both choices had their merits and demerits.

"I have seen from the video footages and some secret files Athena shows me but I like to hear first-hand account." Ling Qingyu leaned her back against the cushion and asked lazily.

Tang Ziyi raised her eyebrows and paused. Her eyes seemed to wander back as she narrated her experience.

Ling Qingyu listened with relish, her expression followed Tang Ziyi's rhythm. Sometimes she smiled and chuckled; sometimes, her hands gripped hard on the handrails.

Only after hearing Tang Ziyi's description, Ling Qingyu discovered why first-hand accounts never disappeared from news outlets, even with increased sophistication in technology.

She felt the emotion and rode along the decision-making process. Although Tang Ziyi spoke as if the event was nothing, Ling Qingyu wouldn't think so.

Well, indeed, compared with her line of work, today was really nothing. However, this was based on the premise that Tang Ziyi possessed excellent leadership skillsets and vast experience.

One time, Ling Qingyu clutched her stomach as she laughed and her body trembled along with the quivering chair underneath her, especially when Tang Ziyi talked about her maniac driver with a pair of helpless eyes.

Awakening weird attributes among her subordinates—this must be the first time for Tang Ziyi. The two stopped talking and enjoyed the rare quietness, away from congested and quick-action life, after Tang Ziyi finished her account.

Ling Qingyu said after a while. "Sister Tang, you've heard Yang Qingyue will visit again when she has time to see the training facility and the SWAT office. Any ideas?"

Ling Qingyu never asked if Tang Ziyi was confident because she already knew the answer. Tang Ziyi replied with arrogance. "No need. As long as you provide me tools and money, everything can be arranged."

"Well then, tell me your plans." Ling Qingyu steepled her fingers.

"The 8 stories villa will be our office along with armories, and internal training rooms. Give me a large open space nearby for me to build an outdoor range training venue and obstacle course."

"As expected, you never fail my expectation. Take what you need from Athena for your renovation plan. Bear in mind, although Sister Yang agrees with our plan, she hasn't expressed or given any promise until she sees our team clearly." Ling Qingyu said.

Even though she was aware Tang Ziyi didn't need her permission, Ling Qingyu requested Athena to help her confidante's plan.

Despite having seen Yang Qingyue's satisfaction because of her support, Ling Qingyu couldn't guarantee Yang Qingyue's psychology.

Relying on Cai Ning's unwarranted assistance, Ling Qingyu was fairly certain, that things would develop as the way she envisioned.

The two became quiet again until Ling Qingyu coughed and said. "Sister Xiao seems very tired today. I can see she really cares about you. You better accompany her now."

"What's the matter?" Tang Ziyi asked nervously, hearing Xiao Yue was exhausted. She knew this younger sister was a strong independent woman who rarely displayed tiredness to outsiders.

"What's with your worried expression?" Ling Qingyu clicked her tongue and didn't forget to mock Tang Ziyi. "Other than you, who else could affect her? She's merely worried about your safety. Speaking of, you're so busy that you didn't ..."

Ling Qingyu's words hadn't finished yet, Tang Ziyi had sprung up from her seat and quickened her pace away, without further ado. Ling Qingyu's lips twitched, blinking at the empty seats.

She sighed and gazed outward, savoring the natural beauties. Remembering her plan to buy out Hongqi, Ling Qingyu made a call to Zhao Xiurong.

"Yes, Sister Ling." Zhao Xiurong answered after two rings. Ling Qingyu explained her thoughts and asked her secretary to negotiate with Hongqi's owner.

She stated the cost didn't matter much to her but the progress must be fast. Zhao Xiurong, in spite of initial sluggishness, responded and made plans in her head.

After Ling Qingyu hung up, Zhao Xiurong's face remained as confused as ever; she stared at her phone screen for a minute and shook her head.

She was working on her laptop in an allocated room, arranged by Lin Xiao, when Ling Qingyu's call came through. Although the workers below enjoyed free time, as the person closest to the President, she really had no rest.

Zhao Xiurong enjoyed being a workaholic, achieving success following Ling Qingyu's path, and insisted on working even when Ling Qingyu advised her to take a rest.

Now, Ling Qingyu's call disrupted her rhythm and focus. She accepted the task amidst her short moment of stupor.

She didn't even have time to ask where Ling Qingyu's fund came from. But by Ling Qingyu's tone, there weren't any worries.

As a professional secretary, she never delved into Ling Qingyu's secret, yet her boss's repetitive behavior of drawing wealth out of the mystery box piqued her interest.

Zhao Xiurong reckoned the old hags, whom Ling Qingyu had liquidated, must be in full regret if they knew how prosperous it was to follow the chairwoman and her hidden wealth.

As expected from the most recognized talented woman in a business circle, Zhao Xiurong expected nothing more and short.

While Zhao Xiurong followed Ling Qingyu's order, Ling Qingyu slouched on the chair and squinted her eyes, spoiling her laziness. Her phone placed on the small circular table before her.

Nevertheless, it seemed fate didn't want Ling Qingyu to indulge in a cozy atmosphere; a buzz interrupted her daydreaming state, beckoning her attention.

She stretched her hand and looked at the screen. An incoming call from Mo Yunxi. Ling Qingyu's eyes narrowed as she adjusted her posture from the previous salted fish.

Tapping the answer button, Ling Qingyu put the phone on speaker mode. No need to worry of others overhearing because her spectacles were already connected to her phone.