

Beautiful 189

Chapter 189: Ling Qingyu's solution

Cough. Cough.

Ling Qingyu patted her chest, coughing nonstop. It just didn't halt. Her hand covered her mouth as she darted toward the nearest basin and spurted out.

Panting heavily, Ling Qingyu alleviated the discomfort inside her throat and lungs. Amorette rose from her seat and palmed hard on Ling Qingyu's back.

"There. There. You're already an adult and still choking on water." Amorette spoke in a blaming tone. "You need to keep up your concentration level."

Ling Qingyu wanted to roll her eyes at her mother. What concentration? Wasn't it Amorette's word that caused the mess?

"Are you okay, Sis?" Ling Yunxiang asked.

"I'm fine." Ling Qingyu coughed a few times and glanced at her sister, hearing her inquiry. She instantly regretted her behavior.

Her eyelids twitched. Laugh, just laugh, stop controlling yourself.

Ling Qingyu worried her sister's fragile bone might hurt from her trembling body.

"Why's your reaction so extreme? It's only about marriage." Amorette shook her head.

Ling Qingyu almost shed tears at her mother's words. She thought, Mom, your daughter's orientation had already changed; finding a husband would only make me puke.

At least, the most worrisome hadn't happened. Her mother likely had overcome her mental obstacles.

She didn't mind Ling Yunxiang's presence and that made Ling Qingyu sigh in relief.

"Alright, since you're fine, you, two sisters, carry on your chatter. I'll walk around for a while." Amorette said and nodded at Ling Yunxiang.

"Okay, Mom."

"Yes, Auntie." Ling Yunxiang stood up and sent away Amorette.

Soon, the maid arrived with the dishes and the two ate, without any conversation. Ling Yunxiang's eyes gleamed—her sister was right, eating here was better than at the restaurant.

As foodies, the two sisters enjoyed the meal till their stomach was full, without ever caring about the weight issues.

Ling Qingyu didn't need to care because of Miss System's intervention and her daily exercise routine.

Ling Yunxiang meekly forgot whenever she ate what she fancied very much. She rubbed her belly and leaned back lazily.

Ling Qingyu ordered an additional dish and continued her lunch. While she was regretting eating too much, Ling Yunxiang was amazed at her sister's stomach capacity.

The amount had surpassed an average strong man's intake. Could Ling Qingyu ingest such high calories?

Ling Yunxiang stared at her sister's body and made a guess. Was Ling Qingyu a legendary no-matter-how-much-you-eat-you-won't-get-fat physique?

She quickly envied her sister. How much did she also desire to eat like Ling Qingyu?

Ling Qingyu sensed a piercing gaze and found her sister with a pair of jealous eyes, burning across her skin.

"Don't look at me like that. The amount of exercise I go through perfectly matches the intake." Ling Qingyu said.

"Really? Can you describe them?" Ling Yunxiang had a hard time believing, that the relevant exercise should demand the same amount of calories.

After Ling Qingyu's description, Ling Yunxiang was flabbergasted. Was her sister really an officer worker, oh no, office boss, or a hidden special force king?

Why else would Ling Qingyu's training be so strenuous and horrifying to her ears, aside from this possibility?

Ling Yunxiang had her interest piqued high, since she met with her sister.

After the two finished their lunch, Ling Qingyu led her way upstairs. Ling Yunxiang's eyes studied every masterpiece inside the big house as she followed.

Ling Qingyu brought her sister to the floor, she spoke with Tang Ziyi before. This time, the room was interior, enclosed inside with glasses on every side.

On the open corridor, Ling Yunxiang could see the magnificent designs of the floor—streams of water flowed across where live fish swam in it. Flower decorations above.

To the right at the edge, a cluster of large boulders served as a wall—a man-made and natural combination. There was also a swimming pool near the perimeter, which she observed from the outside.

From the interior room, Ling Yunxiang gasped at the outdoor swimming pool architecture, multiple staggering pools from top to bottom floor, in staggering steps.

Like a small waterfall, the water pump circulated the water and ensured the flow always continued.

Seeing this scene, Ling Yunxiang had the urge to tear off her clothes and take a dive. Ling Qingyu noticed her sister's eyes direction.

Frankly, she had lived for days and hadn't tried swimming. Except for Xiao Yue, who swam early in the morning, none took a dive.

Perhaps, Tang Ziyi did, who knew?

"You wanna swim?" asked Ling Qingyu.

"Are you kidding? Yes!" Ling Yunxiang nodded. "Just from the sight, I have to control my urge."

"Me too. Honestly, I bought this residence recently, not a week-long yet." Ling Qingyu sat on a cushion and Ling Yunxiang took a seat beside her, facing the pool. "I haven't tried everything yet. There's also a gym in the basement if you want to workout."

"Nice. I even feel your manor has everything. It's not wrong to say, I'm in a resort." Ling Yunxiang said. "I'm sure the vacation will never be boring for now, even if I stay at home here all the time."

Ling Qingyu accepted her compliment and grinned. "It's good that you're satisfied. Now that we're alone, without any distraction, you better tell me about your work." Ling Qingyu's face turned serious. "As my Mom says, although our relationship isn't close yet, I'm willing to help you."

Ling Yunxiang sighed and rubbed her face. "Although I have talked about this with Sis, on the phone, there is a lot that I haven't said."

Ling Qingyu nodded, knowing the past conversation didn't explain anything. But she had Athena—if she declared she was the second, nobody dared to be the first.

Athena listed out the summary of the events. The details should be better with a first-hand account from Ling Yunxiang.

That was the reason, why Ling Qingyu urged her sister. "You already told me, none of the black materials are true; what do you want to do next?"

"I don't know. Stay silent and disappear from the world for a while." Ling Yunxiang shrugged. "The netizens and fans will one day get tired of the bombardment."

"Come on if it is only the public, the terrifying effect shouldn't reach this level. You are not a kid, nor am I. We know what happens. So, who is it?" Ling Qingyu was direct with her question.

If everything was so simple, Ling Yunxiang's method should solve the entire problem. But with some parties leading the rhythm, and others trying to step on Ling Yunxiang to gain fame, her career should be over.

With Ling family behind, Ling Yunxiang should have no further trouble. Instead, the situation was the exact opposite.

If the enmity forged this time reached so high, it didn't matter how much preparation Ling Yunxiang made, every time her figure entered the entertainment industry, someone would blast her out.

The only solution, Ling Qingyu preferred was to face them head-on.

"I'm not so sure but I have a guess." Ling Yunxiang said, hesitating to speak next. "It's likely the male god, which I make a CP with, or someone with power who is in love with him."

"You're sure, you didn't mess up in any relationship behind the scenes." Ling Qingyu asked again.

"Of course not, Sis. How many times do I have to tell you, my innocence is still there?"

"Your innocence?" Ling Qingyu was confused.

"Sis, are you that dumb, you know what I meant." Ling Yunxiang covered her face, helpless against Ling Qingyu's dubious expression. "I'm still a virgin!"

"Oh, you mean that. Don't be ashamed I'm also a virgin too." Ling Qingyu said.

Not that my sis, Ling Yunxiang wanted to cry. What's there to be ashamed of being a virgin? Was her sister really a foreigner? Ling Yunxiang snapped her head down, burrowing between her knees.

"That's good to hear. The problem becomes easier to solve, given your words. I ask you because what I'm about to plan next don't want your past holding me back." Ling Qingyu continued, ignoring her sister's facade.

Ling Yunxiang's head rose again. "You have a solution then?"

Ling Qingyu nodded and stretched out two fingers. "Soft and violent methods. Which one do you prefer?"