

## Beautiful 219

Chapter 219: Oops, Ling Qingyu offends Zhao Xiurong

Swish! Swish!

On the large road, two black vehicles sped past other road users. After a while, three supercars quickly roared and flew by, seemingly following the trails of the black convoy.

The people inside the surrounding cars were stunned and spewed out curses after they realized what happened.

In the broad evening, nearing rush hour, some drivers even raced disregarding the law. They hoped the law enforcement could solve them although they knew the probability was really thin.

Most of whom with such expensive cars had connections high above. A mere fine and money to bail out, if the punishment became harsher, could answer anything. The world was unfair.

Fortunately, everyone had cleared the outermost lane, so that the other road users weren't affected by the commotion.

None of the cars that whistled away cared about their thoughts. One was staying away and the other was chasing.

The three supercars drivers thought they were playing cat and mouse game. In fact, it was Ling Qingyu's reluctance to add more troubles and desire to stay silent during the turbulent times.

Otherwise, those bastards who were troubling others likely faced Ling Qingyu's ruthless iron fist. Not that Ling Qingyu wouldn't retaliate, it was just not the time yet.

The more they chased Ling Qingyu's group, the more their eyes widened. The distance between the two parties widened as they drove on a straight line.

Their supercars had a top speed of 250 mph, which should have easily narrowed the gap. But the reality slapped their face into disbelief.

As time passed, Ling Qingyu's party furthered more and the mood of the people in pursuit changed from initial disbelief to surprise, then to shock and finally their expressions turned livid.

They had one word, yelling inside. Impossible!

If they knew the Bentley and Cadillac they pursued were modified to an extreme, including increasing weight to strengthen the armor to resist ballistic impact and explosion, they might crash their vehicles.

This was a super tank cruising at the maximum accelerated speed of Kawasaki. No, an appropriate comparison should be a land jet flying over the surface.

Tang Ziyi and Athena had upgraded every vehicle of the fleet, belonging to Ling Qingyu. Her personal Bentleys and Tang Ziyi's Cadillac were the most upgraded.

Normally these cars only reached over 200 mph at top speed. After several enhancements, it was no problem to go over 300 mph. But that wasn't the speed Ling Qingyu could control; so, she cruised around 270 mph.

Her hands shaking and stiff on the steering wheels. Under her lead, Tang Ziyi could only follow with the same speed.

After several miles, Ling Qingyu's face darkened at the sight in front. More cars occupied all lanes ahead, and heavy traffic albeit the flow remained steady. How on Earth could she lose these bastards if she had to slow down again?

Tang Ziyi noticed the speed slowing down and directed her vehicle a little to the side and looked ahead. Her brows raised and she instantly said. "Athena, take over your mother's vehicle and quickly pass through ahead."

"Yes, Aunt!"

For the three pursuers, the atmosphere transformed from decadent to joyful, seeing the situation of the traffic ahead was in their favor. If They could keep pestering the girls, perhaps they might even sleep in the hotel soon.

Ling Qingyu was calculating all the options when Athena spoke through. "Mom, I'll take over the driving. You should sit back, relax, and enjoy the show."

Ling Qingyu was stunned, and then freaked out. "Athena!" She blurted out.

"Athena?" Zhao Xiurong's eyes landed on Ling Qingyu. She knew what existence was Athena, when she saw the little cute AI chatting with her mother. She wasn't too surprised.

"Athena?!" Ling Yunxiang sounded confused.

But Athena didn't seem to hear Ling Qingyu's disagreement and took control of the vehicles. Even if Ling Qingyu didn't press the manual autopilot button, the car moved itself.

Ling Qingyu released the wheel and lifted her foot. "Are you sure, you can drive?"

"Trust me, Mom." This time, Athena showed up on the LED screen in the middle. Before Ling Yunxiang and Zhao Xiurong exclaimed—how cute!—they realized what Athena said.

"Driving on its own? At high speed?" Zhao Xiurong asked.

"That's Athena." Ling Yunxiang's expression turned weird, now knowing the identity.

The steering wheel moved itself. Under Athena's control, the Bentley rushed through a crowded space, weaving through the gap and snaked its way out, without losing too much of the speed.

Athena's control preserved efficiency and solved the main problems. But Ling Qingyu heightened her fears when she knew the car moved autonomously, especially when she couldn't control anything and the car drove at a high speed.

Ling Qingyu and the rest grabbed the handrail above and the cushion underneath to plant themselves firmly on the seat. Their bodies leaned left and right.

"What the hell are you doing, Sister Ling?!" Zhao Xiurong exclaimed. "Freeing your hands and letting the AI drive!"

"I don't want to but..." Ling Qingyu wanted to explain.

"Don't worry, Mom. Aunt Tang knows your difficulty and wants me to take charge. I'll give back control in a while." Athena replied

"Mom?!" x 2 — Zhao Xiurong and Ling Yunxiang. Now they noticed how Athena addressed Ling Qingyu.

"Now, is not the time." Ling Qingyu retorted, knowing well what the two women meant. "Athena, you're sure you'll do fine."

"Don't worry, Mom. As long as all sensors work properly, I got this."

Ling Qingyu's mouth twitched and her face darkened. It would have been better if Athena didn't mention the devices. Every piece of equipment was prone to faults.

Murphy's law stated things that could go wrong would go wrong. What if Athena possessed a crow's mouth? Then, Ling Qingyu had nowhere to shed tears.

Fortunately, what worried Ling Qingyu never happened. The two cars snaked out leaving behind the commotion, blocking their pursuers. They didn't stop until they broke away from the main road toward their destination and slowed down.

Ling Qingyu regained control of the vehicle amidst Athena's coquettish apology and sighed. Inside the Cadillac, Tang Ziyi and Xiao Yue exchanged glances and were relieved.

Instead of fearing real foes, they had to deal with immature youths. The problem was they couldn't deal with their fists. Tang Ziyi called Yang Qingyue straightaway, explaining what had happened and their reaction.

Yang Qingyue promised to deal with the aftermath and guaranteed this wouldn't ever occur again. Special task force would be created soon to fight against these similar reckless drivers.

Ling Qingyu, on the other hand, requested Athena to record the supercars' registration and owners' names. She would tell these young men why her name brought fear across the Province.

It was a small episode except for having a rush of excitement for a short while. The girls quickly forgot and discussed the oncoming auction.

Soon, they saw long columns of cars lining up in front of them. Super sports cars like Lamborghini, Bugatti, Ferrari, Porsche and many more came in different colors, flaunting their existence.

There were also famous brands of luxury brands, from Rolls-Royce, Bentley, BMW to Audi. But they were in a few proportions.

Usually in this particular kind of banquet, unless their status was already determined, many rich competed with their properties.

So, flamboyant super racing cars were in a majority in a line. Hoping to come to Shen family's ceremony and build a network was the primary goal. Flaunting wealth was another.

"Tsk. Tsk. Look at those supercars. How dazzling? Those engine revs and smooth beautiful curves." Ling Yunxiang said. "Sis, I don't know why you don't drive a supercar but the old Bentley.

Our appearance is too low. That's why other underestimates us."

Ling Qingyu humphed. "Only little kids focus on showing off. Don't you remember the bastards in those supercars? Anyone owning them has the same issues." She complained. "They're the same type—arrogant, narcissistic, lack of respect for others. We don't bother to relate ourselves with the one using race cars."

"Sis is mighty. As a younger generation, you're the first one I see someone so mature matching these old gentlemen and ladies." Ling Yunxiang boasted, flashing a thumbs-up.

From the copilot seat, Zhao Xiurong coughed and gave a dead stare at Ling Qingyu, who swallowed her words. Her eyelids trembled as she remembered her assistant drove a Bugatti!

"Of course, there's always an exception for everything." Ling Qingyu quickly remedied her sentence, to save her life.

Ling Yunxiang threw back and covered her mouth as she giggled hard. She decided to plunge another knife: "So, Sis, what about our Sister Zhao? What do you think of her?"

Suffering a critical strike, Ling Qingyu's expression remained unchanged. "No one can compare with our Sister Zhao. She is unique and the best. Everything I achieve, more than 50 percent are due to Sister Zhao." Ling Qingyu flattered without blinking an eye.

Ling Yunxiang gasped, unbelievable at Ling Qingyu's behavior.

Zhao Xiurong snorted and looked away, a wide smile stretched on her face. Her eyes glimmered with joy at Ling Qingyu's praise.

Oh, shoot! How many times had she heard her secretary's snort? When did her secretary possess the ability to exude a domineering vibe? Bring the wifey version back. Ling Qingyu cried out inwardly.

