

Beautiful 220

Chapter 220: Deep sisterhood

After successfully placating her dear secretary with sweets and candies, Ling Qingyu sighed in relief. Ling Yunxiang snickered as her eyes shone with cunningness.

Unfortunately, Ling Qingyu was unaware her cheap sister was thinking of something bad behind her back.

"But others might look down on you when you're too hidden." Ling Yunxiang said.

Zhao Xiurong thought for a while and agreed. Ling Yunxiang had some truths in her words. Sometimes, people couldn't hide because they would complicate the situation if they did.

Showing strength could easily solve going around the circle unnecessarily. Others might bully if they saw one as a soft persimmon.

Ling Qingyu nodded. "I agree but sometimes having status is more important than flaunting wealth." She said. "When somebody knows you deeply enough, they'll have awe and respect, no matter how you dress, how you live, or how you spend the money. Anything will be praised. Even wearing the cheapest watch will flatter you like reaching heaven."

No girls rebutted, because this was the universal truth. Nothing could stop people's mouths. They would praise you one moment; later, they would diss you until you doubted your birth.

According to Ling Qingyu's words, it appeared status was important. Ling Yunxiang said. "So, Sis, you don't care about the wealth?"

"Of course, not. Without wealth, your status is more like a piece of paper. Both accommodate one another and create prestige." Ling Qingyu replied with a smirk. "How about those famous actors and actresses? Aren't they staying low in front of us, no matter how high their statuses are to the public."

Ling Yunxiang pursed her lips. She felt Ling Qingyu was cursing her but she had no evidence. She could only snort her dissatisfaction.

Zhao Xiurong curled her lips at the two sister's interaction. Even though they weren't close before, they still pressed each other whenever the opportunity arose.

"There is no high and low. Everyone lives and dies once. " Ling Yunxiang knew she lost but she retorted indignantly.

"Oh! I never knew you had a Buddhist mindset." Ling Qingyu raised her eyebrows.

Ling Yunxiang: "...???"

When did Buddhism come into play in this argument?

Ling Qingyu: "Everyone has one life but who lives comfortably with ease and struggles for their entire life, seems how people rank high and low."

Ling Yunxiang rolled her eyes. Why couldn't the eldest give in to the younger generation?

Had Ling Qingyu heard what was in her sister's mind, she would have choked and slammed the brakes, then got into the backseat to show her prestige and tell why the flowers were red.

After some silence, Ling Qingyu opened her mouth. "Actually, wealth and status must complement one another. Otherwise, others will see you as easily bullied."

She said: "In fact, what I desire isn't satisfying vanity from other's awe. Flaunting wealth is a child's play in my eyes. I want power, with a twist of my finger, I can make someone down or someone rise. The power, where everything lies under my grasp."

Her eyes shone with hunger for more to master leverage and control.

Noticing Ling Qingyu's change in temperament, Zhao Xiurong felt her doubt clear. She couldn't point out the difference between the current Ling Qingyu and the one prior to the accident until now.

Ling Qingyu's thirst for power grew and the method of problem solving became more ruthless than ever. Which version of Ling Qingyu did she like?

Zhao Xiurong didn't mind the change, especially when self-control and discipline remained the same.

Amidst the seriousness, Ling Yunxiang interrupted. "Power corrupts a person. Sis, when you gain one, you might not be the real you anymore."

"Right and wrong depends on one's will and righteousness, upholding morals as the final ground, what you worry will not happen." Ling Qingyu said softly.

"Nah, Sis. Although I don't mind you getting more powerful, just don't indulge in it too much and live a normal mortal life sometimes." Ling Yunxiang replied.

"I only swing my sword for justice and against those demons hidden in the world. To fight against a powerful enemy, you must become one yourself."

"When you stare at the abyss, it will stare back."

"If I don't go to hell, who will?" Ling Qingyu glared back and said righteously. Find exclusive stories on [m_v | e-NovelBin](#)

"Sis, why do I find you're more similar to those INFJ personality type villains in the movie scripts." Ling Yunxiang said.

WTF, I, who possess a system is regarded by you as a villain, Ling Qingyu thought. Even though she was preparing to f**k the real protagonists up, she shouldn't be villainous, right?

Well, if going against destiny child meant villain, she had no words to say.

Ling Qingyu creased her forehead and ignored her sister's chatter. The solemn aura dissipated with Ling Yunxiang's participation. She was dead serious when she told the girls—her thirst for power.

Zhao Xiurong chuckled at the adorable interaction but she flickered her gaze on Ling Qingyu and remained silent in thought. What was the real goal of President Ling?

Now that there were so many cars in queue, Ling Qingyu boringly trekked at a snail's speed.

"It seems like Shen family is so majestic to let others wait in line." Ling Yunxiang expressed dissatisfaction.

Ling Qingyu and Zhao Xiurong didn't speak. They were certain they weren't the only party full of complaints. Perhaps, the others were fearful of Shen family's strength, badmouthing between closed ones occurred.

But that didn't include Ling Qingyu. She didn't attend the banquet or an auction, to raise her connection or curry favors from the Shen's family.

It was the personal invitation of the current Head of Shen family, which made her hard to refuse. As the two biggest in Province N, Ling Qingyu would offend less if she could.

"So, Sis, compared with Shen family, what's your real wealth?" Ling Yunxiang asked with her cunning eyes.

She knew her elder sister possessed more than she displayed through several interactions and some behaviors which didn't add up. Zhao Xiurong perked her ears too.

"Well, compared to those bigshots, I can press them down and rub them across the floor with my wealth." Ling Qingyu told the truth.

"Ha!" Ling Yunxiang laughed out. "Says someone who hates flaunting wealth."

Ling Qingyu shrugged. "I'm really telling the truth. In my available time in the early days, I made incomes from other sources."

"Bragging. Keep bragging." Ling Yunxiang muttered. But her intuition told otherwise but she refused to believe it.

Zhao Xiurong was the first person to know Ling Qingyu's hidden wealth. Even she wasn't sure if Ling Qingyu cracked a joke. Studying her boss's expression, it might just be the truth.

Ling Qingyu, from the corners of the eyes, realized nobody believed her statements. Why did no one ever believe her when she said the truth in either an arrogant or humble way?

Time passed as they neared and saw a checkpoint, where the police officers interviewed and searched meticulously. She even saw her own guards, leaning on the back of the recently modified Toyota Foresters and Alphards, with their rifles slung on.

The combination of police officers and her guards appeared natural. She even saw some of her guards, chatting with the officers.

It seemed her subordinates were having fun.

Soon, it was Ling Qingyu's turn and she rolled down the window, then smiled at the officers. Inquiring the details and her identity, asking for proof of invitation.

Ling Qingyu saw one of her guards, waving at her inconspicuously, and greeted back. Their mere presence had assured many guests, worried about their safety.

Ling Qingyu's guards, mistaken as police special task force, after being seen in the footage of their battles against the perilous gangs, were very prestigious among the public. No doubts or questions arose about their professionalism.

Finally, they were allowed to go into the venue after mirroring the underneath of the vehicles. Since she already vouched for Tang Ziyi's Cadillac, two vehicles quickly searched for parking area.

As for driving straight to the entrance, they were only meant for high-tier personnel and VVIPs. Ling Qingyu certainly wasn't included yet.

Unfortunately, because their statuses weren't very high, they didn't gain any exclusive spots. Nevertheless, the venue security guards took over the responsibility of guiding the guests to find their parking spots.

Ling Qingyu and Tang Ziyi parked, a couple of cars away and the people dismounted.

Shen family rented this large venue so that the guests could fit in the cars. It also displayed their grandeur and spending ability among the rich circle.

Ling Qingyu called Yang Qingyue and informed their arrival, then brought the girls to the entrance. She saw her own guards patrolling around.

If she wasn't mistaken, it seemed her guards far outnumbered Yang Qingyue's subordinates. There must be a reason.

As for where Su Ruomei and Jiang Yu went, she would know only after meeting Yang Qingyue.

There were crowds of wealthy individuals, bringing their companions along and heading toward the entrance. Various fashions and brands worn on these individuals.

When the group reached the entrance, Yang Qingyue stood by, neck craning for a better vision. Certainly, the police chief intended to scan around for their presence after receiving a phone call.

A discordant exclamation disturbed the atmosphere and attracted many's attention.