

Beautiful 251

Chapter 251: Miss System vomits and closes the chat

The next competition raised the interest of the onlookers. The fight between the two spartans had transformed into the battle between Beauty and the Beast. Oh no, A gentleman with an inner beast.

The price Ling Qingyu uttered out loud no longer brought surprises. Their hearts were already numb by Ling Qingyu's prior wanton money-burning behavior.

As long as her mouth opened, the number scared many babies to death. Their fragile heart and wealth definitely limited their outer view.

In fact, Mister Shen wasn't feeling any better and felt his family might have underestimated Ling Qingyu's strength.

Counting the number Ling Qingyu spent within a few days blew everyone's mind. But only sane people noticed the phenomenon and regarded Ling Qingyu as an existence to avoid provoking.

Usually, very wealthy individuals without sufficient background were seen as fat sheeps, where wools after wools would be shaved.

Businesspeople in the past suffered under the hands of aristocratic families, officials, and the big politicians, harvesting the leek without impunity.

With the rise of capitalism, things might have changed but one truth stayed the same—might was right. Without protection, your money capital really meant nothing.

However, although Ling Qingyu was a newcomer to the circle, her wits and methods deterred many and abolished those who had malice, while the powerful didn't care about her existence because she was too small.

After their perceptions of her had altered, influential parties couldn't help but think to make some moves and shivered later, thinking of the consequences. Ling Qingyu was no longer the soft persimmon everyone believed.

With Yang Qingyue backing though she couldn't transform into a crab, walking sideways, she had become a strong powerhouse.

Wealth, connections despite only a freshman state, and talents followed Ling Qingyu's steps.

"950 million." Lin Fan shouted, after being stunned for a while, never expecting another woman to enter the race.

When he discovered it was Ling Qingyu, the corners of his mouth curled up. Finally, this woman tasted vinegar and fought back. The sourness could be smelled from a distance, Lin Fan laughed inwardly.

How cute! Ling Qingyu used another method to attract his attention. How should he react to avoid overly expressing his inner emotions? Lin Fan thought.

[*vomit*]

Ling Qingyu's face turned as dark as the bottom of the hot clay pot. Miss System vomited in her ears. It sounded no different from mocking her act of saving a damsel in distress.

'Miss System, stop annoying me. I'm seriously preventing dirty hands from laying on the goddess.'

Ling Qingyu didn't know Miss System's reaction was due to reading Lin Fan's thought and expressed her protest. Meanwhile, Miss System rolled her eyes at Ling Qingyu's remarks. If Lin Fan and Young Master Xia represented horny stallions who messed around with many women, Ling Qingyu was the woman version of the stallion 2.0.

Well, Miss System decided to block reading other people's inner psychology, especially the male protagonist. It was too much and exceeded her tolerance.

She had been paying attention to him, so long as Lin Fan was near Ling Qingyu's figure.

"1 billion." Ling Qingyu followed and made fierce eye contact, declaring war or so she thought her behavior was.

In contrast, Lin Fan smiled with joy, seeing his 'ex-fiancée' expressing protest subtly in a roundabout manner. Afterward, his face turned into disbelief. He didn't hear Ling Qingyu wrongly. 1 billion?

"1.2 billion." Lin Fan refused to think Ling Qingyu could come up with more, forgetting her recent total spending.

Having investigated thoroughly to prepare for the marriage, Lin Fan thought he knew her inside out but her later actions proved him wrong.

"1.5 billion." Ling Qingyu said.

"2 billion." Lin Fan gritted his teeth.

"2.2 billion." Ling Qingyu was also courageous.

"..." The site became a theater play just for the two. Others, as audience, serving as a background, gasped in fright. What happened to their means—already throwing away billions like trash?

Fan Xi was trembling. As the cause of the two nations fighting, she resembled a beauty reaching a disaster level. She had complicated emotions, seeing another woman protecting her.

Miss System: [???

Finally, Lin Fan patted hard on the desk, speaking through his clenched teeth. "3 billion."

This was the maximum he could offer. Although he highly doubted Ling Qingyu could afford to continue, her expression told otherwise.

Before returning to Country C to retire, Lin Fan asked his subordinates to transfer the money to his home bank account. Despite his companions' advice to transfer more, Lin Fan decided more than 3 billion was sufficient and replied he could ask for help later.

Now, he realized he kicked a steel plate, not a normal one but made of Edman Alloy. For the first time, he regretted his arrogance and simple mindset.

In the auction where the host was calling the rhythm, time was the essence. Lin Fan had the confidence to race monetarily with Ling Qingyu till her exhaustion settled in.

Nonetheless, no matter how quick he could transfer from overseas into his card, his speed would never be faster than the host's hand. He really hoped the hammer struck quickly but his hope vanished.

"4 billion." Ling Qingyu knew she had won again, seeing Lin Fan's deflated face. She covered her mouth and chuckled, feeling better after playing the protagonist to death.

Lin Fan sighed and looked miserable. Lan Xi, who prepared to scold his behavior, closed her mouth and hugged him instead. She felt for the first time, Ling Qingyu was so cute, removing her next possible opponent from the palace.

She gave a silent thumbs-up to Ling Qingyu, who was confused at the female gang leader's exhilarated gesture.

Sister, I just whack your man till he loses face and you're happy, Ling Qingyu was puzzled and later understood Lan Xi's mind.

Seeing the situation was set, the host concluded. Fan Xi's underwear now belonged to Ling Qingyu. No matter what the host said, it sounded weird and Ling Qingyu blushed slightly.

Fan Xi controlled her trembling palms and nearly stood up and exclaimed. Her biggest problem had been solved and the burden on her shoulder dissipated as if it never appeared.

Lin Fan's heart shattered. He felt a strange loss inside as if something important which should have belonged to him would never return. It was a mysterious intuition.

Breaking Lin Fan's pretense and returning the same face-slap, Ling Qingyu was satisfied like never before. The audience, especially men, cheered Ling Qingyu's victory as if they had won too.

In their simple mind, since they couldn't obtain Goddess Fan Xi, no men should. They rather destroy her than let others take advantage.

This was the common mindset, agreed among the men in tonight's auction. Luckily, it was a woman, who took the prize.

In any case, many men comforted their Goddess Fan Xi was saved and her innocence was protected. Fortunately, Miss System had turned off her see-through ability. If not, she would roll on the floor and laugh till she choked.

Save? Innocence protected? Non-existent!

Ling Yunxiang, Yang Qingyue and Zhao Xiurong were the most fierce, beating the table excitedly. They protected the idol, whom they had admired from a young age.

Although they were scared by Ling Qingyu's commotion of mercilessly burning billions in cash, all they had in mind was they succeeded.

Rolling her eyes at their childish act, Ling Qingyu sighed and shook her head—as if it was them who spent billions. My money, Ling Qingyu cracked her eyeballs and rubbed the pair to soothe her fragile loss.

The only warmth was remembering Athena's money-making capability. Billions per day. Even though she felt ashamed of exploiting Athena and using her daughter's wealth, Ling Qingyu admitted she couldn't earn similarly.

No way, she must improve her situation and seek wealthier paths to surpass Athena's ability.

Chapter 252: The clown turned out to be herself

"Why are you following me? Don't you have to talk with the bigshots?" Ling Qingyu had black lines over her forehead as she asked Yang Qingyue beside her.

The auction had ended but very few people left the venue, where individuals in the same circle rarely had time to meet. Who would be willing to waste the time, going back?

Business deals, cooperations and news exchange—these benefits no one wanted to lack behind.

Apart from a real solitary person, everyone stayed. Missing opportunities meant loss measured in millions.

Of course, the cooperation intent didn't include Ling Qingyu because she planned to return to the manor after picking up her items from the auction.

She had had enough of staying around the polluted air. Even though they called themselves upper class, Ling Qingyu thought no better.

Ling Yunxiang, Zhao Xiurong, Tang Ziyi and Xiao Yue were also following Ling Qingyu's steps while admiring the masterpieces on the side.

Although the rest of the girls had no idea what was going on in Ling Qingyu's mind, they would obey.

"What's the matter with your tone like an old grandmother?" Yang Qingyue said. "I rather spend time with you girls than lazing and dozing in a flattery competition."

Her words sprouted touches of laughter, causing every eye to lay on them. The beautiful melody coming from their mouths seemed to be an ear massager.

"When will we see Goddess Fan Xi?" Ling Yunxiang asked and hopped around. The rest of the girls looked toward Ling Qingyu, who chuckled nervously.

What was going on with their scary eyes? Ling Qingyu replied: "Wait a moment. I'll take my stuff and bring you to meet her. Right now, my stuff is more precious than your meeting."

"Elder sister, your ancient relics are a real eye-opener." Ling Yunxiang rolled her eyes and spoke the truth everyone agreed.

The girls nodded their heads. They had no idea why Ling Qingyu spent willfully on mere useless stuff.

"What do you know, it's the treasure I'm telling you. Unfortunately, you will never know. Only those who deserve it and those who were born to be great beings will know. Hahaha." Ling Qingyu teased and mocked everyone, darkening their faces.

If it weren't for the public occasion, everyone would have already rushed up and delivered a profound lesson for Ling Qingyu worth remembering for ages.

Particularly, Tang Ziyi and Xiao Yue, their hands were itchy. They decided to hold it in until tomorrow morning's practice to see if Ling Qingyu was still as brave as tonight.

Cold air rushed from underneath the gown and Ling Qingyu shivered. The air even reached between her inner thighs. The air must be hent@i.

She fixed her dress to warm herself and prevent any leakage. She was still confused, studying the ground carefully whether the venue installed covert fans on the floor.

'Speaking of Sister System, is Goddess Fan Xi part of the harem members?' Ling Qingyu asked her conjecture because her guts told her.

[Oh! I didn't expect your judgment to become so high. Yes, she is part of the member.]

'As I expected. There isn't loss to curry away one of the members to my party.' Ling Qingyu laughed evilly inside. 'Based on the brainholes of stallion, maybe there's another member who might be a singer. I just don't know where to find one.'

After a while, the group reached the area sealed off from onlookers and solely allowed people like Ling Qingyu to come in. Auctioned items were shelved here waiting for the buyer to take away after confirming payments and the identity.

Ling Qingyu was alone, waiting for the waitresses to bring out the items, while the rest of the girls stood outside, impatient to meet with Goddess Fan Xi.

Soon, Ling Qingyu's eyes were drawn to the items on the tray. A bracelet, a tablet, pearl jewelry and a pair of cute leopard underwear with plastic wrapped around it.

She imagined seeing Fan Xi's figure in sexy lingerie and almost had a nosebleed. She rubbed her nose to soothe the sudden itchiness.

Her attention went toward the relics. The bracelet had lost surface coating, telling its vicissitude of time but it still amazed many how could it survived for more than a millennium.

Unlike the coiled design, this ancient bracelet design didn't lose its color compared with modern jewelry but its survivability enhanced the status. The bracelet was like a golden chain, connecting several large oval pieces, consisting of tiny inscriptions, wrapping around the hand.

Ling Qingyu immediately picked it up and wrapped it around her wrist. The waitress almost shouted at Ling Qingyu's behavior of not treating the bracelet as an antique but rather as a piece of jewelry.

The pearl jewelry competed by many women and desired even by her girls was naturally taken away and hidden in another small box, which Ling Qingyu put in the underwear plastic wrap inconspicuously.

She didn't dare to show off when the heat hadn't dissipated yet. Women could become scarier when their eyes laid on the beautifying items, not mentioning the pearl worth more than hundreds of millions.

Of course, Ling Qingyu didn't forget to swipe the card and pay the full amount. Putting the tablet in a special box, Ling Qingyu carried it and Fan Xi's underwear to leave.

Although she wished to smell to tell the difference in the fragrance emitted by Goddess Fan Xi, her reputation was more important. Or else, if the waitress spread her non-inclining behavior, her cold glamorous CEO script might collapse.

'Sister System, quickly tell me how to use the storage space.' Ling Qingyu requested help on the way to the threshold.

[Hold up, let me absorb unnecessary features first. Yep, done. You just need your mind to concentrate and tell yourself, I'm looking inside.]

'What? No blood drops, no ID recognition system. What immortal item if anyone could access the bracelet.' Ling Qingyu's face drooped.

Miss System almost summoned an energy hand to slap Ling Qingyu's head. [Oh, of course, I skipped the step for you. No one other than you can access the bracelet. Now take a look.]

Before Ling Qingyue went out, she paused her steps and followed Sister System's guidelines. Her vision changed; it was a dark space, nothing else. She was wondering why she didn't even see other treasures saved by the female immortal and then understood the reason.

Cursing nonstop at Miss System scholarly, she regained her consciousness. She realized why she felt at a loss even if her negotiation with Miss System seemed to be to her beneficiary.

Miss System gained more than the merits contained inside the bracelet. Who knew what precious materials she took? Ling Qingyu's smile turned stiff.

Nothing remained apart from the dark space requested by hers. In the game of words, she lost. It seemed multiverse boss had IQs of bigger dimensions. The clown was herself from the beginning. Can't compare, surrender first!

Besides, her task to find merits to repay her mother's medicine should have been completed through the merits contained in the bracelet, which was actually more than enough.

Ling Qingyu sighed and thought at least she had what no one in this world possessed. Not to mention, helping others wasn't merely for merits. Her intention from the beginning was to see fewer people suffer.

'So, Sister System, how large is the space?'

Miss System was prepared to outwit Ling Qingyu's outburst but her calm reply threw her off guard.

[Hmm...how much do you want it to be?] Miss System sounded a bit guilty when Ling Qingyu didn't find trouble.

But her reply let Ling Qingyu smile with glee. 'Can it be the size of the earth?'

[You're dreaming. Keep the nonsense out of your head.] Miss System nearly lost her sudden kindness and became sullen.

'Okay, I was kidding. As long as the space is slightly bigger than the largest airport to fit in planes and ships.' Ling Qingyu was prepared for another outburst but Miss System went quiet.

Then, she heard a sign. [Nevermind. I'll fulfill your wish.]

Just when Ling Qingyu was exhilarated, what Sister System said next made her mood crack.

[It doesn't matter to compensate your loss of this space, since the huge space was originally to be served as a spiritual farm with aura to accentuate cultivation of oneself and for the alchemy.]

Ling Qingyu wished Miss System continued to stay quiet. Her psychological tolerance was torn off! She really suffered a big loss in the trading. Miss System was a true capitalist, more utilitarian than her.

The feeling of loss was harsher than her gender transformation. She better chattered with the rest of the girls to cure her emotional damage.

Throwing away Miss System's laughter in the corner of her mind, Ling Qingyu stepped outside with a stoic face, impassively, worrying the girls.

"What happened?" Ling Qingyu found comfort, seeing Yang Qingyue ask.

Chapter 253: Looking for another cheats

Ling Qingyu shook her head at Yang Qingyue's worried inquiry. "Nothing. I feel like I spend the money in vain."

Everyone rolled their eyes at her remarks. Only now did Ling Qingyu regret? Where was the proud peerless businesswoman exuding her queen-like aura during the auction?

One blink one billion. Who else except her possessed such a hand? And Ling Qingyu confided her misery.

Frankly, they stayed with Ling Qingyu for a long time and understood her character thoroughly. Without certainties and an additional backup plan, she never wasted an opportunity or her energy.

It was highly unlikely the reason to be upset was enormous spending. Even outsiders like Yang Qingyue who didn't know much about her, chuckled.

The waitress followed out of the doors and Ling Qingyu was puzzled. "Did I leave anything?"

"No, Miss. I'm here to guide you to the room where you'll meet with Goddess Fan Xi." The waitress said with a polite smile.

"Oh, you call her goddess and me, only miss. That's very impolite behavior there, my darling." Ling Qingyu teased.

The waitress stuttered and defended herself. She was afraid Ling Qingyu was someone with weird kinks, unable to withstand the slightest accidental offense. She would have nowhere to cry and complain, when these big shots were angry at her.

Yang Qingyue clicked her tongue, got close to Ling Qingyu, and twisted her waist muscle. Ling Qingyu cringed and pursed her lips in pain. "You like to joke, huh, seeing others cry? How about continuing to try in front of me?" Yang Qingyue whispered into her ears.

Although Ling Qingyu felt good from the itchiness of Yang Qingyue's lips touching her ears, she didn't dare to indulge and nodded hurriedly. "Well, girl, why are you so frightened? I'm really kidding around. Just being happy." Ling Qingyu had a paralysis in her brain.

Why did this young waitress immediately cry when she teased? Was she really scary? Ling Qingyu rubbed her chin in deep thought, a little suspicious at her attractive trait.

Yang Qingyue released her grip and nudged gently at the area she twisted. "Is it painful?" She asked.

Ling Qingyu nodded with her watery eyes and puppy face. "Very painful. As long as you rub, it'll disappear."

At least, 100 percent guaranteed, Yang Qingyue had begun to fall for her. Ling Qingyu was laughing inside at her success.

Tang Ziyi coughed, interrupted the rare moment, and received Ling Qingyu's deadly glare. She shrugged, if looks could kill she had died long ago. How many times had Ling Qingyu given the same look?

In the end, Ling Qingyu was the one begging for mercy from her. Tang Ziyi smirked.

Ling Qingyu turned and walked toward Tang Ziyi. She pushed the mahogany box with an ancient tablet inside and touched Tang Ziyi's chest, flattening the two mountain peaks.

Tang Ziyi's eyes looked downward and narrowed. Ling Qingyu gulped in trepidation and quickly said. "An accident. Hehe. I was excited when I remembered something important. But yours is big and nice though.

Very firm."

"Should I say thank you?" Tang Ziyi muttered.

With courage, Ling Qingyu stepped forward and brought her mouth close to Tang Ziyi's ears, but was stopped by a powerful hand.

Tang Ziyi judged whether Ling Qingyu was serious or taking advantage of her. Ling Qingyu's eyes gestured toward the box and Tang Ziyi relented.

"Keep this tablet safe. It's very important. The scripture contained in the tablet can allow us to create an exercise or sutra similar to those ancient internal qi cultivation methods or a new innovative way to strengthen ourselves physically." Ling Qingyu whispered everything she knew and what she hoped from Tang Ziyi.

Tang Ziyi was astonished, never expecting to see these techniques. The lost art from the ancient era. She realized the importance of secrecy and nodded, grasping the box from Ling Qingyu's hand.

"Anything else?" Tang Ziyi asked.

"I just hope you can come up with a new method inspired by the scriptures, especially for the woman. After all, every martial art I know is suited more for the males." Ling Qingyu said. "There must be something a woman has the advantage in. The mystery of our body is like the universe."

Tang Ziyi agreed with Ling Qingyu's opinion. She had also perfected every technique to fit her character and physique. It wasn't wrong to say with Tang Ziyi's guidance, Ling Qingyu's guard had dramatically improved their fighting capabilities by a large margin.

In fact, Tang Ziyi wasn't a stranger to the internal cultivation method because in her world she was already a world expert. She had trained her muscles and conditioned her bones to the point, that the skin could easily withstand small caliber bullets from pistols and submachine guns.

The internal energy she could utilize gave her extreme strength and agility. At least, her world consisted of a bit of spiritual aura facilitating her practice. But after being teleported to Ling Qingyu's world, her physique and her internal strength were nullified, only comparable to the top soldier king but still within human specifications.

The limit brought by the world annoyed Tang Ziyi and she was searching for a breakthrough. Now, Ling Qingyu mentioned the possible strengthening of another aspect, in which she had a keen interest.

Although her previous usage of spiritual aura to store them as internal energy wouldn't work anymore to strengthen the muscle and internal organs, it was impossible there wasn't another possibility.

She had read from online novels, using gene technology and input from external machines to gain strength comparable to her heyday. Perhaps, the technology wasn't still mature, the idea merely remained part of science fiction.

They were still inspirations for her to seek another path. In addition, with Athena's strategic-level scientist's help, she didn't believe her endeavor would meet a dead end and what Ling Qingyu gave might also contain other secrets she could learn too.

Of course, the confidence in success was mostly attributed to the mysterious existence which Ling Qingyu spoke about. Otherwise, how would Ling Qingyu know the secrets contained in the tablet that she didn't see herself?

While the two exchanged the conversation in secret, their whispers still managed to reach Xiao Yue. The two knew but didn't care because the secret was the safest among the three.

After hearing about the possibility of gaining additional strength, people like Tang Ziyi and Xiao Yue became eager to know. They satisfied themselves and sought pleasure by strengthening themselves.

Knowing their body and fighting ability to become stronger also raised their self-confidence and demeanor. Who would refuse such an opportunity, not even Xiao Yue.

Thus, Xiao Yue was instantly delighted but controlled her expression. Even though her physical condition was incomparable with Tang Ziyi because of training from childhood without any qi or aura, she wasn't willing to stay behind.

Now, a new method had become possible. If Tang Ziyi succeeded, she could upgrade her body and abolish the weakness she had as a woman.

The rest of the girls exchanged puzzled glances, baffled at Ling Qingyu's sudden secretive behavior. Yang Qingyue was a bit upset, though she understood everyone had something to hide.

Ling Qingyu gave an apologetic smile at Yang Qingyue, who kept watch on her with folded arms, and let the waitress lead the way.

Let's meet with Fan Xi first before going back, she thought.

She should study why Fan Xi was qualified to enter the harem lists closely. Really, not because she sought an alluring woman. She just wanted to compare her beauty.

Chapter 254: Seeing Fan Xi

A/N: Deep apology when I miss the pearl jewelry in the previous chapters. I've modified them in the list. It should be four items. I really don't know why I forget the important jewelry but a reader saves my day. I beg for your understanding.

Ling Qingyu's group went up and reached one of the rooms on the sides of the aisle. The waitress knocked on the door and only opened it after hearing positive replies, then gestured the girls to go in.

The room was close to guests and only those verified by the staff could enter. She had even seen securities, probably addressed to fend off outsiders.

Upon hearing the waitress's affirmation Ling Yunxiang's focus, fumbling around the small box, containing the pearl jewelry inside, changed, knowing she was about to meet her senior soon.

Yang Qingyue and Zhao Xiurong weren't any better. Since the moment to meet with their goddess neared, their hearts were filled with excitement.

Noticing their reactions, Ling Qingyu sometimes wondered would Su Ruomei and Jiang Yu exhibit the same behavior—crazy fans chasing idols.

Or should she call them so that they could meet up? Ling Qingyu thought and asked Yang Qingyue. "Hey, does Sister Cai also want to join our group, given the chance?"

"Of course, she would. Who didn't want an autograph from Goddess Fan Xi?" Yang Qingyue replied as if complaining only entertainment idiots like Ling Qingyue were rarer than extinct species in zoos.

"How about you call her then? I bet Ruomei and Yu will display the same excitement." Ling Qingyu suggested.

Yang Qingyue sighed and shook her head. "It's impossible. Remember their duties, to protect VVIPs. We can't allow the slightest loopholes and endanger our protectees."

"I understand." Ling Qingyu sighed and apologized to Su Ruomei and Jiang Yu in her heart. She did try but they didn't have the luck.

While the two conversed, others had gone in. Ling Qingyu heard an exhilarated girlish shriek and rubbed her forehead. No need to determine the culprit; she recognized the voice.

Who else but her cheap sister? Also as an artist, where was her pride and arrogance? Ling Qingyu complained.

The admiration had reached the fanatic level. However, Ling Qingyu thanked her sister's behavior. She even saw some expressing jealousy and glee, when Fan Xi sold her underwear.

They liked seeing the goddess deflated and fall from the altar. Such types of people were the ones Ling Qingyu hated the most. Luckily, her sister belonged to a lively and innocent one.

She would never laugh at seeing other people suffer. Perhaps, some jokes because of carelessness were acceptable. Clumsy behaviors brought joy to others.

But the event which might traumatize others needed onlookers' support. Even saying nothing but acceptance from the eyes would help a lot.

Ling Qingyu smiled helplessly at Yang Qingyue, but the policewoman ignored her and sprung into the room, without hesitation.

Ling Qingyu: "...!"

Even her beloved had gone far away. Now she felt what was it like to have a girlfriend, whose attention was always on the idol.

Give her back the cuter Q-version of Yang Qingyue. Ling Qingyu exhaled and entered the room.

A suite, complete sets furniture and electronics, including bathrooms and bedrooms.

Even a kitchen was provided for the person staying. Only those with special identities were qualified to reside in this particular kind of room.

Ling Qingyu walked toward the voices coming and saw her girls surrounding an alluring woman. Given her age, the woman appeared very young but Ling Qingyu wasn't astonished.

She knew, that artists working in entertainment always maintained their skin. The cost was astronomical, and inaccessible to ordinary people.

There was a reason why the saying beautiful people were expensive. They were piled with money for the grandest appearance.

The woman was no one other than Goddess Fan Xi, Ling Qingyu was supposed to meet. Her bright oval-shaped face, a pair of gentle eyes like water, and the S-curve along the convex and concave parts of the figure, wrapped around by the black tight gown, with slits and a big fork underneath, showcasing her thigh.

The contrast coming from the sparkles on her dress along with her healthy white skin mesmerized Ling Qingyu to a stop.

As an Asian woman, her height reached 1.7 meters, quite impressive in Ling Qingyu's opinion.

She was smiling at her admirers who were praising around. Fan Xi was confused by the visitors. Wasn't it only supposed to be a single woman—Ling Qingyu?

Being admired by other beautiful women raised her self-esteem and she was satisfied. What was more? The visitors were high-level beauties, tall, charming and graceful.

Fan Xi was amazed. She rarely had seen a collection of beauties apart from the workspace in the entertainment industry.

To be frank, she even felt inferior standing before them. The pressure wasn't small. If not for her experience, seeing so many scenes, she might be stumped, at a loss for words.

Even the assistant who followed Fan Xi couldn't close her eyes, which shone more and more as she dreamed these ladies becoming actresses like Fan Xi.

Among the women, Fan Xi and the female assistant recognized Ling Yunxiang, whose fame ranked very high recently. It wasn't good news but the exposure meant Ling Yunxiang's future looked very promising.

Being called 'senior' cutely by Ling Yunxiang, Fan Xi's heart melted but she craned her eyes to meet the real visitor.

From the corner of her eyes, Fan Xi captured Ling Qingyu leaning on the arch with her shoulders. Their eyes met and Ling Qingyu smiled.

Fan Xi also returned a smile and gladly guided everyone to take a seat. Ling Qingyu was also included and the nearest.

However, Fan Xi's heart was filled with turmoil. She might have gasped if she hadn't met Ling Qingyu's companion first, raising her acceptance level.

Her Goddess throne seemed unstable with Ling Qingyu's entry. She was overshadowed in every aspect but jealousy was out of the equation. She only had admiration.

Perfect face, figure and aura. Everything was invincible. Talents and strength.

"First time seeing you, Miss Ling. I'm honored." Fan Xi clasped her chest and said. "Thank you for your help!"

"Likewise Miss Fan," Ling Qingyu said. "Your reputation precedes you. Your name and popularity shine like a star and it's my luck to speak with you. I've admired you since childhood and you're the rarest woman I've met. I'm sure many are jealous of my luck right now."

"Why, Thank you. In fact, I admire you more and wish I had a talent like yours in the past." Zhao Xiurong flattered back.

Yang Qingyue, Ling Yunxiang and Zhao Xiurong looked upward at the ceilings. Ling Qingyu lied without changing her face. Who was the one who inquired the identity of their goddess like a fool?

Even Tang Ziyi and Xiao Yue coughed uncomfortably. The female assistant quickly rushed to the kitchen and brought cups of water. The mouths of the two twitched and expressed thanks stiffly.

Ling Qingyu ignored her girls' tease and spoke without blushing. "Please, Miss Fan. I must sigh to say you're gorgeous. It's not wrong to call you, Goddess."

Fan Xi blushed when she noticed Ling Qingyu's eyes as she spoke. She had no idea why the feeling was weird, especially from a woman. "Miss Ling is also beautiful. You have no idea how stunning you look. I'm sure men fell on their knees under your pomegranate skirt."

"I'm not sure about you, Miss Fan, but it always came with troubles." Ling Qingyu shook her head.

"Everything has a price. You have what many women are envious of." Fan Xi thought silently to change the topic because she didn't want to discomfort Ling Qingyu, reminding her about the fat guy.

"I'm surprised you think in this way." Ling Qingyu said. "Speaking of, you've met my friends and my sister Ling. They were extremely excited to meet you. I fear I might not go back home alive if I fail to meet their expectation."

Fan Xi chuckled at Ling Qingyu's flattery joke. "I have to express my deep gratitude. Maybe you might not know what happened but you save me from fire."

Ling Qingyu's eyes lit up and gestured to hear more. She wanted to know how Fan Xi's brain worked to even sell her underwear, the most precious for the girl, who valued chastity and loved herself.

Under what condition had Fan Xi been coerced? Her impression of Shen family had plummeted from acquaintance to worse than strangers though she had no clue what their involvement were.

Chapter 255: Speak less if you lie

Ling Qingyu's brow furrowed more and more as she listened. Fan Xi began by describing her naive childhood and a dream to become popular like the famous actresses on the screen.

The girls put their heads on their palms as they listened to her stories. They never expected Fan Xi to narrate her experience.

In fact, Fan Xi had no idea why she wanted to speak out about everything she held in. She was afraid, the girls admiring her would misunderstand her action.

She was scared Ling Qingyu would regard her as an unchaste slut, not being reserved as a woman. Fan Xi was a strong person and shouldn't care about other's opinions. She had experienced her own ups and downs for years.

Why should she care about Ling Qingyu's opinion? Was it because of the amount of money? Well, part of it indeed made sense. Or was it because she was grateful for Ling Qingyu's action?

Throughout her speech, no one interrupted. Ling Qingyu merely smiled and displayed no expression, beckoning Fan Xi to continue.

Nothing out of the ordinary, her step-by-step struggles. Her success and effort. Sometimes, the girls would gasp once in a while as if they had become the protagonists in the story.

Ling Qingyu felt speechless and hopeless with their reactions. Fangirls were truly amazing existence and an eye-opener. Why were they so fanatic?

Well, even Tang Ziyi and Xiao Yue listened with relish, including Ling Qingyu when the story described Fan Xi's battle of wits. A wrong step meant the downfall of her career and faced a ruined reputation.

Tang Ziyi and Xiao Yue had lived a life, dancing life and death on the edge of the sword. But Fan Xi's arena raised their interest, facing so many conspiracies from strangers and so-called acquaintances.

If one was never on edge, they might be swallowed, including Fan Xi's bones. Compared with life and death battle, Fan Xi's predicament looked childish but these could kill people without knives.

Ling Qingyu admitted her previous life self didn't deserve to be Fan Xi's high heels. She wondered how she had lived in the same manner yet hadn't changed her lifestyle.

According to Fan Xi, troubles began years ago when she offended the boss of the company she sighed for refusing to go through unspoken rules.

She had dined and wined with powerful people but she was clever enough to dodge the bullets aimed at her. However, this time she met a blockade and people tore their faces.

Because of unhappiness between the two parties, problems started to erupt one after another. Fast forward, her endeavor to leave became more intense than ever.

It was a matter of time before she entered the gateway to hell and she must find ways before everything was too late. So, sacrificing her reputation, she planned to auction her personal belongings to pay off the compensation and break away from the company once and for all.

The most relieving part of leaving the company was her assistant also followed suit, without any questions. Years of companionship weren't for nothing. She now had faith in humanity.

Ling Qingyu's timely help increased that faith. Of course, Fan Xi admitted, she never agreed to have a private meeting at all and only wanted the fund.

The girls were outraged and swore they would help her indignantly. Ling Qingyu remained composed and continued speculating on Fan Xi's behavior.

This superstar before her couldn't be judged according to common sense. Believing her based on the exterior sounded stupid. Not to mention, Fan Xi was a talented actress.

For now, Ling Qingyu said nothing but reached out for her spectacles and put them on. Her action brought Fan Xi's attention but no one said a thing.

Tang Ziyi and Xiao Yue understood and exchanged helpless glances. Ling Qingyu was too suspicious of people, they complained and were relieved afterward because when she began to believe she gave her full trust. There was really nothing to say about her character although it was uncomfortable for many at the beginning.

Ling Qingyu wanted to check Fan Xi's words with Athena's investigation and drew her own conclusions. "Excuse me," Ling Qingyu apologized for interrupting.

"It's nothing. I didn't expect Miss Ling to wear glasses." Fan Xi said.

"It's alright. My vision is okay but my head becomes dizzy if I don't wear glasses for a longer period of time." Ling Qingyu lied without a sweat. "Please continue."

Tang Ziyi: "..."

Xiao Yue: "..."

Zhao Xiurong: When did President Ling have eye issue?

Ling Yunxiang: My sis is acting suspicious.

The funding which was originally announced for donation, going to other areas didn't raise any shock. Ling Qingyu was now used to the elite circle and numerous methods individuals manipulated.

In order to evade tax, they could come up with anything. For capitalists, morals and ethical considerations were the last aspects they considered.

Ling Qingyu didn't blame Fan Xi's behavior. The underwear was her belongings. What she decided to do was her choice. Even if selling for money. But she hated Shen family's calculative manipulation.

Even arbitrarily forcing Fan Xi to date with the buyer, how was the scene different from the ancient brothel? Of course, that was only if what Fan Xi spoke was the truth.

Nonetheless, Ling Qingyu already believed more than 85 percent of what she mentioned. She lamented the life of artists, comparable to toys for powerful people. The urge to quickly become stronger came up again and Ling Qingyu suppressed the emotion.

Only the strong made rules and bent them to their will. If she wanted to avoid Fan Xi's similar outcomes, she must grow up. Although the two's careers were different, the situation remained the same. Ling Qingyu abhorred becoming someone's plaything.

If Miss System heard Ling Qingyu's sudden insecurities, she would be pissed off. So many cheats and useful confidantes and Ling Qingyu still had fears. Why did Ling Qingyu become a careful person, always thinking more than she should? What was the use of her trillion yuan and fortress-like manor?

Fan Xi finally stopped and reached out for a glass of water. The girls sighed and comforted, especially Ling Yunxiang who expressed her sympathy.

"I'm certain if Miss Fan makes her autobiography a movie, it'll definitely enter the classic." Ling Qingyu said. "As woman, how could I bear to see another experiencing difficulties, despite the consequences your choice had made and you must be responsible? Not mentioning my sister who's always urge me nonstop since she heard your name."

Fan Xi understood Ling Qingyu's implication—people must face the results they had decided. Fan Xi agreed and she felt fortunate Ling Qingyu intervened.

Under Young Master Xia's watch or another mysterious handsome man, Fan Xi's life would become more difficult later on, without a fair chance to protect herself.

She escaped the tiger den, just to enter the wolf den. If Ling Qingyu wasn't present, her escape might become a misery.

"Then, I should thank my junior's persistence and love for me." Fan Xi teased Ling Yunxiang and expressed her gratitude subtly. "I'm now actually feeling guilty about accepting Miss Ling's magnanimity and generosity while I decide to close one eye when Little Sister Ling suffers."

Ling Qingyu waved her hand. "I didn't know this girl was in trouble until I met her face to face."

Fan Xi was stunned. Ling Yunxiang's so-called black material was so famous across the internet among so many entertainment scandals. Ling Qingyu, who previously expressed admiration for Fan Xi, should read the news and know straightaway, right?

Did Ling Qingyu even read or was the admiration merely her politeness? If so, Fan Xi must thank Ling Yunxiang for asking her sister to help her.

Poor Ling Qingyu didn't know her lies were exposed from her own mouth.

Tang Ziyi and Xiao Yue had their eyelids twitched, worrying Ling Qingyu's pretense.

Chapter 256: Important person for Ling Qingyu

"As soon as I heard the news, I cleared up the misunderstanding." Ling Qingyu continued. "Some people always using their status to bully others should now have a clear mind. Fortunately, I have to thank my cheap sister, for having a stronger psychological tolerance and the measure wasn't too late."

Fan Xi almost gasped, hearing Ling Qingyu's words. She understood what was going on. Someone powerful had intervened and now the answer was before her.

In fact, Fan Xi sympathized with Ling Yunxiang's experience but she rarely helped others, not because she was selfish but because she was already having troubles, treading carefully for self-preservation.

Not mentioning Ling Yunxiang's background wasn't simple with Ling family standing behind. Perhaps, ordinary fans might not be aware; artists like her knew the information.

A party who could suppress Ling Yunxiang, regardless of her background, must be stronger, which meant Fan Xi's support meant nothing but a pebble in a pond.

What amazed her was that Ling Qingyu easily solved Ling Yunxiang's difficulties within a short period of time. Her mind couldn't fathom Ling Qingyu's strength.

Of course, Ling Qingyu subtly said this with intention. One, to show her strength and overwhelm Fan Xi's mindset; and two, to facilitate her next plan.

Fan Xi wasn't stupid to think, Ling Qingyu spoke without having any plans and waited for her to continue. A woman, who suppressed everyone at the venue during the auction, was never a simple character.

Every gesture, every word and every tone from Ling Qingyu had deep meanings. And exactly what she thought, Ling Qingyu's next words confirmed her conjecture.

"So, Miss Fan doesn't need to put her mind too much, regarding my sister. It is fate for us to meet." Ling Qingyu said. "I wonder if I can ask for help from you. After all, I'm usually busy with work and don't have time to control my sister."

"Of course, Miss Ling. It's not wrong for me to say I owe her a lot." Fan Xi replied.

"I'm glad Ms. Fan sees this way but you don't have to burden yourself with favors. Even without our intervention, I'm sure, a strong woman will remain strong no matter the dire circumstances." Ling Qingyu said with a smile.

"You praise me too much, Ms. Ling. What can I help your sister with?" Fan Xi said.

Ling Qingyu leaned a little forward. "There's one thing the public has gotten correct regarding my sister. She's too inexperienced and her skills are still inferior as an artist, particularly in acting. I hope Miss Fan can give guidance."

"I'm happy to interact more with my junior." Fan Xi looked at Ling Yunxiang, who fiddled her hands, gently.

Ling Qingyu had a weird idea flashing through her mind. Why Fan Xi acted like an old lady though she was merely in her mid-thirties? Please, mid-thirties meant still young.

"I'm grateful, you agree, Ms. Fan." Ling Qingyu said.

"Why call me Ms. Fan, how about calling me Elder Sister Fan or Sister Xi? The rest of the girls too, please. I'm sure we'll be meeting each other very often." Fan Xi said with a glint in her eyes.

Drawing in a relationship closer, especially with a person like Ling Qingyu worked in her favor. In order to avoid showing her edge too much, she invited everyone.

"Sister Xi, I'll be disrespectful."

"Sister Xi, I believe others will be envious of us."

Even without Ling Qingyu, every girl already expressed their stance. Ling Qingyu's mouth twitched. Her hands were tied with their presence, so annoying.

Indeed, old gingers were spicy. Fan Xi immediately made close ties with everyone, without being too obvious. Yang Qingyue was included.

There was no way Fan Xi didn't know Yang Qingyue's identity based on the commotions, dealing with the fat guy who had bad ideas about Ling Qingyu. Either she pretended or she really forgot.

The latter was more possible since Yang Qingyue's appearance was very short. Put her among many beautiful women, her distinct features might be blurred.

"Sister Xi, if you have any similar events or unfair treatment toward you, you can come to me." Yang Qingyue patted her chest. "I'm the current Police Chief of City N. Even if you're outside my jurisdiction area, I can provide some guidance too."

"Oh, our Sister has such an identity. I'm disrespectful, forgive me for not noticing." Fan Xi stood up and bowed. She really didn't know whether to lament her luck, receiving so many big shots in this meeting with her 'fans'.

"Why is Sister Xi doing this? It's also my duty to enforce law and justice." Yang Qingyue stepped forward and prevented Fan Xi. She didn't want an elder generation to bow before her, especially when the person didn't make any mistakes.

Ling Qingyu narrowed her eyes as she realized Fan Xi didn't recognize Yang Qingyue. Well, Fan Xi wasn't as calculative as she thought.

"Can I call you Sister Ling?" Fan Xi asked.

"Of course, why not? I guess from today onwards many of your fans will be envious of us." Ling Qingyu replied. "Speaking of, if I may know, what are your plans after leaving the company?"

"Well, I have nothing to do at the moment. You know being moved around by others and suddenly having nothing to do, the feeling is strange." Fan Xi said.

Ling Qingyu understood her mood. It appeared since young, Fan Xi's every movement had been under the control of others. Even if a person became mature, the feeling from the youth, which Fan Xi was used to for a long time, suddenly disappeared and caused her to be confused for a while.

Certainly, after a while, Fan Xi could recollect herself and come up with her goal.

"I understand you. If you need help, you can ask the sisters around. Believe me, your fans here aren't simple." Ling Qingyu said with a joke. "Besides, if you are going to teach my sister, how about coming to my home?"

Ling Qingyu struck while the iron was hot.

Fan Xi was hesitant and gave a polite refusal. "Wouldn't my appearance be ruining your house and disturbing your family's rest?"

Ling Qingyu pressed hard. "Please, you think too much. Look at them, controlling their excitement. I'm sure interaction with their beloved goddess closely will make them happy. An advice though, be prepared to get your hands tired from signing autographs."

Fan Xi chuckled but still remained cautious. People from wealthy circles like Ling Qingyu had to be treated carefully. Her experience and intuition told her to wait a while before making a decision. Without expressing too much refusal, she dragged the time.

"I'll come in when I have time. Please don't refuse me by the doorsteps by then." Fan Xi said.

"I'll be honored." Ling Qingyu replied with a nod. She knew this actress just used dragging tactics but wasn't she the same?

Fan Xi currently desired freedom and Ling Qingyu comprehended her state of mind. Her original plan to take Fan Xi under her wing seemed impossible.

Nonetheless, Ling Qingyu had never stopped thinking of setting up a new media entertainment group under her control. If Fan Xi worked for her, everything from personnel, connections, and reputation would be easily solved.

Too bad, her idea went down the drain. However, Ling Qingyu decided to try in another manner. Fan Xi was an important chess piece, too indispensable for Ling Qingyu to let go.

Perhaps, she thought.

Chapter 257: A collaboration

After a pause, Ling Qingyu said: "Will you continue your acting career?"

"Of course, I'd love to." Fan Xi instantly replied. "Even though my exposure might be dipping low, with all of your presence and support, I regain the confidence."

"That's good to hear." Ling Qingyu said. The rest of the girls nodded.

Yang Qingyue said. "We're worried after this embarrassing event, you would no longer act."

"Please don't worry. You'll see me on the television soon. Just don't forget to support me when the time comes." Fan Xi said happily but drooped her shoulders.

"But what senior?" Ling Yunxiang inquired.

"Perhaps the generation similar to yours might still support me but the majority might not. After all, I'm old." Fan Xi said with a smile.

"Nonsense! If you're old, I'm an old lady too." Ling Qingyu chided. Fan Xi smiled when she was scolded.

Although she wasn't sure if Ling Qingyu was her admirer and a fan, her supportive scolding brought a smile to her face. Her aura as a queen returned, causing Ling Qingyu to click her tongue.

Ling Qingyu added: "You don't need to care about age even if you're old, there can be many scripts pertinent to your age."

"I know. How could I haven't thought about it?" Fan Xi shook her head. "It's probably okay in the Alyssia Continent and Continent N, where people accept and demand more on the skills. Here in the East, the audience puts too much emphasis on appearance. Unforgiving might be an understatement here."

Everyone went quiet—there was nothing to refute. Too demanding that it sometimes caused the artists to commit suicide due to depression. Several similar cases had occurred.

"But I don't think you look old. Come on, many fans like us exist and still look forward to the days you'll be the main protagonist." Ling Qingyu interjected.

"Maybe." Fan Xi sighed and scrubbed her hair. "Actually being popular and successful in my career is my dream. It's not wrong to say I've achieved my goal. But I can't always regard acting as my career for my whole life; I need to setup my own so that I won't starve in my old age, depending on other's mercy."

Fan Xi continued: "I have to thank Sister Ling for your help. Otherwise, who knows how long my plan might take to complete? With the money I obtain from buying my underwear," Fan Xi blushed and coughed, "and the possible amount I can borrow from the bank, it's not hard to create a new entertainment company. I have friends and talented experts in my contact lists.

It won't be a while before becoming a behemoth."

Ling Qingyu smiled at the woman, whose brain was working in the same direction as hers. Nothing was more comfortable and powerful than working behind the scenes.

Seeing another similar person, Ling Qingyu felt gratified the world gave birth to another strong woman, who was willing to strive independently, rather than relying on others for everything.

Of course, people did depend on each other and only a team would survive. A successful person couldn't endeavor the journey alone. Behind every one of them was the tea who were loyal to them and agreed with one's philosophy.

Likewise, the past Ling Qingyu had teams whom she hadn't met yet but each working on their own. Fan Xi could come up with a team for her quickly, provided she solved the initial predicament of being suppressed by powerful ones.

The future laid out by Fan Xi wowed everyone, including her assistant who thought the superstar she worked along with would only change to another entertainment company. She never expected her friend to have such an ambition.

"I'll be honest with you. I also had the same plan as yours when I saw my cheap sister being bullied. The entertainment company she worked for didn't protect her enough. Now, I'm sure even if the problems were solved, no one dared to hire her as an actress unless she goes on her own." Ling Qingyu said.

Ling Yunxiang wanted to complain Ling Qingyu's way of calling her. What cheap sister? It should be dearest.

Fan Xi and the assistant covered their mouths and sniffled while envying the love Ling Qingyu had for her sister. How many percent of the relatives really went through deep water and fire to help out? Ling Qingyu did.

In fact, even if Ling Qingyu was powerless, she would never stay far away from helping because her conscience hurt her more than the dire future.

"Well, if Sister Ling thinks this way, I don't know if I'll succeed." Fan Xi replied with worries later. "After all, competing or going at the same time with you meant I already lost."

"Please, have some confidence, Sister Xi." Ling Qingyu chuckled. "Actually, I said I only have the idea. I haven't implemented it yet."

"What was your plan, if you don't mind telling me?" Fan Xi inquired. She was initially frightened when Ling Qingyu's plan coincided with hers and sighed in relief later.

"Not at all. I already intend to speak about this issue with you, the first time we met." Ling Qingyu replied. "My plan was to have you work under mine, after I set up a new media company."

Fan Xi listened patiently. She heard was, not is.

Ling Qingyu: "But after I heard your story, I understood you vied for freedom, and the plan was deemed impossible. You already escaped from the restraint, not to enter the cage again."

Fan Xi and her assistant nodded. They were also terrified at Ling Qingyu's ability to speculate in a short period of time.

"With your talents, experience, and connections, once I obtain your help, your wealth will facilitate my creation. It's something hard to ask for in a business. Now, instead of asking you to work for me, how about we collaborate to set up a new corporation—Sister Xi will own one and work, while I'll be just an investor." Ling Qingyu added.

"Of course, it's just my idea, you can agree or disagree; I'm not forcing anything on you. I respect your decision."

"How many shares will I have if I agree?" Fan Xi asked.

Ling Qingyu wasn't upset at her questioning. It showed Fan Xi was interested in her offer. "You'll have 6, I'll own 4, but I'm more of an investor and will not intervene in the company affairs apart from the finance and internal enforcement. How about?"

"Why? You're at a disadvantage and I'll feel guilty taking advantage of Sister Ling." Fan Xi said.

"Worry not. I'm willing to do so. As your fan, if I didn't even help my idol, the girls around would ostracize me." Ling Qingyu replied.

Everyone listening to her rolled their eyes. Even Fan Xi and her assistant had their expression stiff. Keep lying, till the sun rose from the west, which was their thoughts.

Poor Ling Qingyu didn't realize her words were exposed because of her mismatched behaviors.

Nonetheless, Fan Xi was persuaded by the offer. She had no idea why Ling Qingyu was kind to her in contrast to the titles she earned.

She gained benefits without giving anything. The so-called collaboration and Ling Qingyu's wanting jurisdiction over finance and internal enforcement was instead a huge help. She might have experience regarding the company's management affairs but the financial and human relations handling was better to hand over to Ling Qingyu.

"What says you?" Ling Qingyu said, waiting for an answer.

Chapter 258: Forgetting the old and loving the new

"Can you give me some time?" Fan Xi stuttered, feeling guilty in spite of all the benefits she gained, she had done nothing but to let others wait. "I'll definitely give you an answer after I did true research. After all, everything is just my idea and I haven't discussed it yet with experts and my friends. I fear when I.."

"You don't need to say more Sister Xi. I trust you." Ling Qingyu was relieved if Fan Xi thought in this direction. It proved she was serious about the plan and worried she would hurt Ling Qingyu by mistakes. "Don't feel apologetic. In fact, when I heard your words, I was very gratified with your meticulousness."

"I'm relieved hearing you thought so this way." Fan Xi patted her chest. Although the two were addressing each other as sister, she didn't want to offend Ling Qingyu even the slightest.

Chatting with Ling Qingyu was walking on a thin unstable rope. Perhaps, her fame and rumors played a role, in intimidating Fan Xi.

That was also the reason, why Fan Xi requested a timeline so that she could discuss with her companions about the cooperation with Ling Qingyu.

No matter how convincing Ling Qingyu's idea was, she dared not become careless. Ling Qingyu was in the blind spot that her reputation was making a play against her.

Even if she knew, she wouldn't mind. "Alright, you don't need to give me a direct answer. My doors are always open for you. But remember I can't wait for more than a month. It'll be better if we can cooperate within a week so that we can exploit your and my situations, avoiding our opponents' sharp edges." Ling Qingyu said.

Her explanation already allowed Fan Xi to make a decision. Indeed as Ling Qingyu said, the shorter the time frame from Ling Qingyu's wanton spending gossip, the better to deter malicious parties.

"I'll bear that in mind, Sister Ling. I'll give you a reply which will satisfy you within a week." Fan Xi replied with a nod.

"You can give me a direct call or visit my house after having made a decision." Ling Qingyu handed over her contact card, which Fan Xi grasped it in her hand, rubbing with her thumb gently.

Afterward, Ling Qingyu diverted away from serious talk and the group chattered sharing adorable memories. Ling Yunxiang remained like a crazy fan girl, prompting laughter from everyone.

This time, Fan Xi got to know more about the rest and she was impressed. Chairman, Secretary, famous artist, Police Chief, and two unknown women, whose status stayed a mystery. The gathering was like a big shots' party.

At the same time, Fan Xi was delighted to see more successful women like her. She was thrilled, knowing she could survive. Her confidence surged again.

The conversation changed into signing an autograph and the chatter turned weird, because none of the girls from Ling Qingyu's group had pieces of blank papers with them.

And none of them liked using lipsticks, damaging their properties. Fan Xi even wondered whether the girls were her fans.

But she understood, no one knew there would be such an opportunity with her. Not to mention, every girl had a special identity, unlike her usual fans.

An hour later, the two parties parted ways, promising to meet again soon. Ling Yunxiang was the happiest. She met her beloved senior and had a good talk. And she would be guided soon.

Her future days looked promising. Apart from Tang Ziyi and Xiao Yue who were lazily following around to provide extra protection, everyone gained something.

Ling Qingyu's other plan could be advanced. With Fan Xi's involvement, the pace would only become quicker.

Even Yang Qingyue obtained benefits. Of course, it was from Ling Qingyu's promise—armored trucks and more.

In any case, tonight seemed to not waste anyone's time. Ling Qingyu invited to Yang Qingyue for dinner.

Surprisingly, her invitation was accepted. Yang Qingyue asked her to wait a while before walking away to talk with Cai Ning, who had to work in place of an unscrupulous boss.

She must comfort her sister before recklessly leaving her under the piles of work. Otherwise, Cai Ning might leave in depression and anger. Yang Qingyue couldn't bear to lose a friend, whom she grew up with together during childhood once again.

They had separated at the beginning of their careers. Not now, not again. Especially, when her position as a chief had become more and more stable as days passed by.

Although Cai Ning wouldn't leave because of these reasons, Yang Qingyue must express her views. In addition, she had to give Cai Ning, her car keys.

Turning her head to the rest of the girls, Ling Qingyu said. "Why don't you all ride on Tang Ziyi's Cadillac this time? Me and Sister Yang have something important to chat."

Tang Ziyi & Xiao Yue: "..."

Zhao Xiurong: "???"

Ling Yunxiang: (^-_-^)

Nobody spoke but they narrowed their eyes. "Okay, I'll take your silence as a yes." Ling Qingyu said.

Gosh, how could they bear to withhold the outburst? Ling Qingyu was definitely asking for a beating. They were stunned not speechless.

Forgetting the old and loving the new. Such behavior must be publicly defamed. Everyone rolled their eyes.

The slowest learner in the group, Zhao Xiurong, now knew something was going on between Ling Qingyu and Yang Qingyue. The signs were too obvious.

Well, Zhao Xiurong never expected Ling Qingyu to be a la la. Now, she understood why Ling Qingyu sometimes watched her in a weird manner. Did something happen after the accident, causing Ling Qingyu to change?

Becoming braver and more straightforward after surviving life-and-death scenarios. Oh, no. Zhao Xiurong thought. The cold and prestigious magnetic aura of President Ling had collapsed, in her eyes.

Now, Ling Qingyu became an existence similar to a wretched uncle. Zhao Xiurong's thoughts conflicted and turned indecisive—to continue without recognizing or change her interaction style.

Ling Qingyu sneezed and immediately glanced at the girls, who straightened their backs and turned their faces away in a guilty conscience. Someone must be talking behind her back.

Tang Ziyi and Xiao Yue snorted, dragging Ling Yunxiang and Zhao Xiurong with them to the Cadillac.

Zhao Xiurong patted Ling Qingyu with complicated emotions and followed the duo, while Ling Yunxiang happily made some faces and cheered for her success, ensnaring Yang Qingyue. Ling Qingyu chuckled gleefully and was secretly pleased, that her cheap sister could be taught.

Tang Ziyi's party planned to go back first. Anyway, Ling Qingyu's security was guaranteed here. There were their guards dressed as Special Police members, a couple of meters away. Their presence was unnecessary.

And Ling Qingyu rode on the modified armored Bentley, comparable to the Beasts, nation leader frequently used. Nothing left for them to worry about.

The guests had gone back and the venue became deserted apart from the staff and police, maintaining security here.

Even if something went wrong during the return journey, Tang Ziyi knew with Athena's response, controlling the Bentley and its protection level, and the presence of the guards nearby, everyone could reach Ling Qingyu quickly and kept her safe.

Please, the sedan itself could easily withstand explosives. The technology Ling Qingyu utilized had reached at least 20 years ahead.

Chapter 259: Time has come

Night time. 8:30 p.m.

Above the sky, clouds covered the stars and moons. It was dark and musky. Yet clatters of lightning brightened occasionally ensued by a thunderclap.

No rain fell.

A lone vehicle was driving on the two-lane road. High beams of lights moved up and down a little. A closer look revealed a sedan class.

Ling Qingyu drove back to the manor, after waiting for Yang Qingyue. The girls who followed her to the auction had taken the first step.

Only half an hour later, Yang Qingyue finished and came back. Ling Qingyu stood alone in a daze, regretting she should have followed.

Even Fan Xi greeted her and returned. Well, for the sake of love, she was very patient. Anyway, Yang Qingyue was doing something important and she understood.

Inside the Bentley, an awkward silence prevailed. Both sides knew each other's inner thoughts. No one was a child. Their deep mind had seen everything clearly.

While Ling Qingyu concentrated on her steering wheel, Yang Qingyue looked outside through the window and leaned on her elbow.

Not long after, the thunderclap shuddered Ling Qingyu's ears. Her body quivered in response.

Her thoughts slowed down. Memories of the accident splashed through her mind one by one. The scenes of the helpless her stuck inside the Bentley, watching the murderer coldly waiting for her death.

Another clap.

Tires screeched and the loud rumbling of a big engine uttered, followed by a loud bang. Her Bentley being thrown away shattered the picture.

Ling Qingyu gasped, tightening her hands on the wheel. Only a second, she almost lost control. Bit by bit, every picture cascaded before her eyes within a short time frame.

It was a wonder how the brain worked processing the information quickly as if it had bent the time.

In any case, Ling Qingyu breathed in deeply and was puzzled in her mind. She hadn't experienced the accident personally that nearly killed her or it did; but, why would it still dwell on her mind and have the capacity to harm her psychology?

The same weather conditions, thunderclaps and lightning flashes, though without any rain. Driving the same brand of car. Perhaps, matching the factor recalled her nightmare?

She must ask Sister System carefully and check what is going on. If she had experienced the accident in person, she had no complaints.

Was the body's reaction so strong that it was beginning to overwhelm her? Numerous thoughts flew through her mind and Yang Qingyue's voice calmed her down.

"What's the matter?" Yang Qingyue was confused and asked worriedly, seeing Ling Qingyu's trembling figure and her face getting paler by the second. "I'm sure you didn't drink anything that much, surpassing the limit for driving?"

"Nothing's wrong. It's just I recalled something." Ling Qingyu calmed down, breathing in and replied.

"If you can't hold on, let me drive." Yang Qingyue suggested. "You should tell me anything uncomfortable; don't keep everything to yourself."

Ling Qingyu sighed and explained. After hearing the issue, Yang Qingyue raised her brows and sincerely advised. "I think you better get psychological counseling soon. It would be too late if you don't care about it now."

"I know myself. There isn't a problem"

"All those who have problems said the same thing." Yang Qingyue muttered.

Ling Qingyu stopped talking but the awkwardness between the two dissipated.

Meanwhile, Ling Qingyu and Miss System communicated where Ling Qingyu inquired about what was going on.

'System, you gotta explain quickly. What's inside my body? Does the original soul still stay inside mine?'
Ling Qingyu shuddered when she thought of the original Ling Qingyu gritting her teeth in anger, watching someone else take over and ruin her hard-earned original personality.

[Tsk...Tsk...What if there is and there isn't?] Miss System clicked her tongue.

'Damn System, you're no longer my sister.' Ling Qingyu flashed a middle finger.

[Oh it seems, some people don't appreciate my help; it seems I have to look for others in need.] Miss System complained coquettishly.

'Don't. Don't. I was wrong, Miss System, no...Sister System.' Ling Qingyu immediately changed her face. Although she could continue struggling now without the system's help, she would never get used to someone close to her disappearing.

Sister System was the closest friend in this world. If she was asked who she trusted the most, the answer was quite obvious. Despite the bitter banter, she loved and hated Miss System.

Love because who didn't want someone caring? Hate because every word coming out of Sister System, raised her desire to hit someone.

[Where are you wrong?] Sister System asked a weird question.

Ling Qingyu had a premonition as if a certain wife was asking her husband—what went wrong.

In any case, she had to maintain a play, though she knew Sister System was joking around. 'Everything was wrong. I shouldn't doubt my lovely sister. I shouldn't ever talk harshly. It's all my fault.'

[Even if I do something wrong, it's because of you?]

'Yes, indeed. If you say right, I'll never walk left.'

As long as Sister System listened to her and stopped the dangerous idea, Ling Qingyu could bend and stretch. People bowed under the eaves.

After the two finished roleplaying a couple, Ling Qingyu went to the main theme. 'So, what happened just now with my body?'

[Nothing unusual, it's just the remnant soul at play.]

'Wait! What!' Ling Qingyu panicked. 'She is still inside me?'

[Of course not. What I meant is don't you feel a relief inside, sublimating your soul when you cured your mother.]

'Yes.' Now that Ling Qingyu thought of it, it was indeed as Sister System described.

[Even though the body is yours and the soul is only you, there'll be some unwillingness in the body.]

Ling Qingyu understood. 'So, you're telling me because I haven't settled the grievance, like those who try to kill me?'

[Bingo.] Miss System made a pop sound.

Ling Qingyu's face darkened at her playful behavior. 'I also want to return the grudge and seek justice, but I don't know who the real hand is. Look, I have avenged her and slaughtered those gang members who participated in the assassination. I'm also trying.'

Miss System comforted. [Indeed, you did as long as you have a clear conscience.]

'Fortunately, my willpower is strong enough to withstand the PTSD or trauma. Or else, I might have another accident due to psychological distress.'

[Thank yourself for having a strong soul. Otherwise, your reaction will be more hazardous. Oh! Looking at your reaction, when you cringe and become soft, especially your perfect figure made my mind blown, I really like to bend you over and XXX you hard.]

'XXX my foot. F**k you! Whether you'll bend over or I will remain unclear. Hmph!' Ling Qingyu's finger almost slipped of the steering wheel.

[Come on] Sister System beckoned with her index finger.

Speaking of bending over, the world she currently resided in, especially in the male stallion world, Ling Qingyu always found many male characters playing flute with their female secretaries or enjoying adult dancing posture.

The world wasn't derived from the novel. Every living being had their own thoughts and plans. Nobody followed others' will.

So, Ling Qingyu was curious whether the secretaries here behaved similarly, working under the men.

In every scene, they would be seen pleased by the women around. A famous saying came out of this— if there was work, let the secretary work; if there wasn't, do the secretary.

Ling Qingyu remembered her own most beautiful secretary, Zhao Xiurong, dressed in an OL style. Particularly tonight, her eyes indulged in her curvatures.

She even dreamed of pushing Zhao Xiurong over the desk and recalled she had no tools. Now, it appeared she must study the subject thoroughly before answering for the real 'exam'.

In fact, Ling Qingyu understood the current style was completely objectifying women as sex objects. Every time a man saw them, showing off their figures, their first thought was to blame for looking for the opposite gender.

Some might even have the extreme thought that the man must fXXX around his subordinates so that they would only obey him or women should be treated as such.

They had no idea—sometimes a woman just wanted to satisfy themselves, appear more beautiful and gain confidence. Other times, she drew attention to quench her vanity and might not be interested in seeking sex at all.

Of course, if a woman changed her style all of a sudden, the scenario became different.

Yang Qingyue on the sideline was observing Ling Qingyu's behavior from the corner of her eyes.

Seeing Ling Qingyu alter several expressions, sometimes gloomy, sometimes weird, Yang Qingyue's worries increased.

Out of nowhere, she felt another hand on her palm and looked down. It was Ling Qingyu, gently fondling and grasping her hand.

Yang Qingyue asked: "What are you doing?"

"Sister Yang, let me hold you for a while. I feel safer sensing your touch." Ling Qingyu said tremblingly. "I need your warmth right now. As soon as my skin touch yours, the murky darkness inside disappear."

Hearing Ling Qingyu's words, Yang Qingyue snorted. Given Ling Qingyu's past, if not for feeling her thumb always grazing over Yang Qingyue's hand, she might have believed her smooth talk and helpless quivering acting.

Please stop, fiddling before you speak. Yang Qingyue rolled her eyes.

Ling Qingyu's courage rose as she saw Yang Qingyue didn't resist. Her behavior during the auction already told Ling Qingyu the answer but sometimes people must test out before making a decision.

Tonight, she must take Yang Qingyue down. Holding her palm gently, with one hand over the steering wheel, Ling Qingyu hummed a youthful romantic song she heard recently and swayed as she drove along under Yang Qingyue's helpless eyes.

Chapter 260: Rising emotions

Inside the Bentley, a heartwarming atmosphere ensued. Yang Qingyue attempted to withdraw her hand but failed 'miserably'.

Whether it was due to Ling Qingyu's powerful grip or an act of symbolic resistance remained a mystery.

A gentle tug of war between the two brought smiles upon Ling Qingyu's face. She went to the next stage and interlocked the fingers.

Yang Qingyue glared at Ling Qingyu bashfully and resigned to fate, sighing at her shameless level. She asked for the first time. "What do you think you're doing?"

"I'm seeking the only warmth in the Arctic." Ling Qingyu replied with a shrug.

Yang Qingyue almost vomited Ling Qingyu's cringy and cliché remarks. She wasn't really prepared to face Ling Qingyu's sudden change in attitude, who became so bold in her move.

But she didn't hate nor had any disgust. Something inexplicable rose from her heart. She wanted to see which direction Ling Qingyu was going to take.

Ling Qingyu was in a gleeful mood and her IQ dropped, unable to see what Yang Qingyue thought. She was satisfied Yang Qingyue didn't resist her approach too much.

As long as there was a breach and thick-skin weapon, the city wall would collapse soon. Now, the police chief, who had solved various serious crimes, was at a loss.

"Why don't you let me drive?" Yang Qingyue decided to change the topics and suggested. Given Ling Qingyu's prior explanation of her sudden paling skin, Yang Qingyue had trouble, trusting Ling Qingyu's driving ability.

Although the crash in the past week wasn't Ling Qingyu's fault, she made in the list. Sometimes, people believed in weird luck, if there was one, there would be another time again.

"Nope, I must drive. Only after I overcome my own fear, I'll be cured." Ling Qingyu disagreed righteously. "And I'm driving under the speed limit, no need to worry."

'Then, you better release my hand and hold the steering wheel with both hands. Or I'll revoke your license.' Yang Qingyue threatened.

Ling Qingyu coughed. She forgot Yang Qingyue was a serious policewoman. What she said must be taken seriously but Ling Qingyu was also reluctant to release her grasp.

"Which law even stated you must drive by two hands?" Ling Qingyu remembered the key point and retorted.

Yang Qingyue humphed in response and spoke angrily. "I'd be watching carefully. As long as you break one rule either by mistake or on purpose, you must pullover."

Ling Qingyu sighed—where had the romantic moment gone? She was just about to brew the atmosphere and legal wind brushed everything away.

To be frank, Ling Qingyu definitely felt better and no more flashback interrupted her mind. The saying, love improved health, wasn't wrong, provided the ups and downs hadn't been experienced yet.

If betrayal or glass shattering moment occurred, a cure became a disease. The worst disease and the hardest to solve.

Ling Qingyu heard people suffering and couldn't stand up again, no matter the medicines provided, because they lost love. No one could save them but themselves.

Anyway, those things were too far to think for a single dog like herself. With courage in an attempt to reclaim the romantic ambiance, Ling Qingyu brought Yang Qingyue's palm and kissed the back of her hand softly. The journey to love was stepping over several minefields.

Sensing a wet silky touch, Yang Qingyue shivered and she was in shock. How dared Ling Qingyu do this to her?

She was angry but not so much. The dichotomy of her mood forced her lips to part and close repeatedly. Yang Qingyue was speechless against Ling Qingyu's behavior, complaining in her mind—there must be control. Why was the situation getting more and more out of control?

Yang Qingyue stared at the back of her palm and saw a red lipstick imprint. Seeing the crime evidence, Yang Qingyue stole a subtle glance and sighed, feeling complicated.

Wasn't this what she hoped for, trying to see where the journey between the two would go? Why when it indeed happened, she became hesitant.

While Yang Qingyue swam in a sea of complicated emotions, Ling Qingyu was immersed in the smell and sensation, she genuinely liked and wanted to explore more.

She even felt reluctant, moving Yang Qingyue's hand away. So, this was the feeling, she experienced when she touched someone she liked intimately. The short electric impulse ran through her vein, sparking excitement and causing her to breathe rapidly.

Her breaths shortened in arousal. Just touching Yang Qingyue's skin with her lips raised Ling Qingyu to an oblivion. She wondered if the car would overturn should she touch other serious place, like mountainous peaks and some contour lines.

Ling Qingyu's expression combined with her prior brave behavior exuded a wretchedness like a old uncle. Nonetheless, this wretchedness with the addition of Ling Qingyu's iceberg goddess aura and her perfect beauty, raised the attraction point by several levels, Yang Qingyue had a hard time looking away.

Now that she looked carefully, Ling Qingyu was indeed more beautiful than the rumors described. The application of makeup transformed Ling Qingyu's exquisite face like a fairy.

The air inside the Bentley crackled with a tension that neither Ling Qingyu nor Yang Qingyue could ignore. Ling Qingyu, having reluctantly moved Yang Qingyue's hand away, now found herself compelled by an unseen force.

The atmosphere shifted from playful banter to a charged stillness, both women acutely aware of the unspoken desires lingering in the confined space. Well, the source mostly came from Ling Qingyu's shortness of breath, Yang Qingyue noticed while she was merely affected.

Yes, she regurgitated she wasn't the culprit and that Ling Qingyu played like a ruffian, plucking the strings inside her heart. The previous goosebump from the kiss on the hand must be an illusion. Yang Qingyue shook her head and looked outward.

As Ling Qingyu continued to drive, a magnetic pull seemed to draw her gaze back to Yang Qingyue. The subtle scent of Yang Qingyue's perfume, mixed with the lingering warmth of their previous interaction, filled the car.

Ling Qingyu's fingers drummed nervously on the steering wheel, a telltale sign of the internal struggle she was facing.

On the other side, Yang Qingyue sat in contemplative silence, her eyes flickering between Ling Qingyu and the passing scenery. Ling Qingyu's audacious kiss had disrupted the equilibrium, and Yang Qingyue found herself caught between wanting to maintain her desire to the lowest level and succumbing to the allure of the unexpected intimacy.

Her curiosity was piqued about the journey ahead if the two's romance exploded. Once this thought planted a seed inside her head, it spurted and grew uncontrollably. The pictures wouldn't stop appearing in her mind.

Although the two formed an acquaintance not long ago, they were progressing too fast. Perhaps, the wine drunk during the auction played a vital role, prompting Ling Qingyu's brain to take a first step. And Yang Qingyue's desire to prevent the oncoming erupting dipped after every passing second. Her resistance had dropped to the lowest level.

Two small figurines of Yang Qingyue flew in front of her eyes. Yang Qingyue was speechless again at herself. She was certain, she wasn't drunk.

She watched the two argued endlessly. One had a pair of white wings behind like an angel and a golden halo loop over her head. The other contrasted with a pair of black wings and two horns like a demoness.