

MISS BEAUTIFUL C.E.O AND HER SYSTEM

Chapter 3: Woke up

One of the private rooms in the hospital.

The light sieved through the window beside and shone on the bed. A girl lying down on the bed weakly oped her heavy eyelids.

Her pupils remained out of focus but wh she heard a monotonous beeping sound from the machine beside her, she frowned. The whole room was clean and mostly , filled with disinfectant and some perfumes.

Why was she in the hospital? What happed? Wasn't she dead?

In contrast to her weak appearance, she raised her body to sit up straight. No one would believe it if this girl got up with strgth not long after an accidt.

Despite her sick and pale appearance, she was still beautiful. Her flawless oval-shaped face, although covered by some plasters to address the wounds,

had perfect alignment along with the long black hairs draping behind her soft shoulders. Her thick strong eyebrows filled in the picturesque with her eyelashes twinkling every time she blinked.

She licked her soft thin lips, which would never fail to captivate any man. The combination brought out a strong temperament unconsciously in her. It was as if her behavior was deep to the bones.

She had both the attractiveness of Asian and Caucasian features. Perhaps her blood was mixed such that it brought out the utmost stunning effect. The obvious fact was listed on her chest, where the heavy delicious weight was firm and soft. It wasn't too large nor small, not even medium. Her breast was measured roughly at double Ds, despite being hidden under the gown; any expert could figure this out.

The blanket covered her lower parts but even showing her upper body informed the rest, her body was alluring. The black pupils seemed curious, gazing at the thin pipelines connected with her hand.

IV drip.

Her nostril sniffed and her lips pouted in dissatisfaction. She never once liked being in the hospital, nor anyone did.

Even though she showed confusion in her eyes, every gesture exuded her confidence in herself. Combined with her strong air, anyone would realize the girl was in fact someone in a higher position. Power and authority were at her fingertips.

As she scrutinized the tired simple room, her attention was on the television opposite her bed. It wasn't the device but the reflection from the screen which shocked the girl.

Her eyes widened when she studied her arms and hands and the reflection copied her movement. She was in disbelief.

'Why am I a woman?'

Still thinking she was inside a dream, she pinched her chest lightly and couldn't help but moan out. It was a stinging pleasure. Her brain nearly shut down from a blissful sensation. The touch had already foretold, it wasn't a dream. She had really changed her gender and she didn't know what happened.

A door creaked. Someone was here.

Calming herself from panicking, her eyes scanned the visitor. A female doctor entered the room, watching several papers in her hand until she came nearer and discovered the patient was awake.

Surprised but the doctor smiled at the girl.

"You're awake! I'm glad seeing you sat up."

The girl meekly nodded as she never took off her eyes from the doctor, who was definitely gorgeous. Wearing the medical long shirt over her blue T-shirt inside and tight black pants, her youthful air charmed the patient.

The conventional spectacles on the face added to the intellectual atmosphere. Her hair and eye color remained the same as the girl on the bed. The doctor put the papers on the desk and leaned over with her hands on the handrail on the edge of the bed.

"Miss Ling, how do you feel right now?"

A name rang inside her mind—Ling Qingyu. Hearing the language different from what she already knew but somehow able to understand, Ling Qingyu now knew what her situation was. She had somehow transmigrated into another body but she had no idea if she was in the same world.

She wasn't new to the idea as she had read a few webnovels depicting the same theme. Being able to speak the unknown language straightaway didn't faze her. Since she had no memory of this body yet, she must be vigilant to not make others aware of her change. It must be done gradually.

"I'm fine. There's no pain. Just hungry and thirsty."

The doctor immediately picked up a plastic cup and filled the water. Ling Qingyu drank and soothed her throat. Looking at the name tag on the doctor's left chest, her name was Mo Yunxi. Ling Qingyu asked her doubts to know about herself.

She saw the doctor eying her strangely and explained her memory was a little chaotic. The doctor appeared unconvinced and said: "According to the CT scan, we find no damage to the brain luckily. You shouldn't suffer memory loss, but sometimes the brain registered the evt as trauma and selectively tries to forget."

She was in a car accident and reached the hospital on time. Even electric shock was used and the heart no longer beat but a few minutes later it resumed. Ling Qingyu instantly noted the possible time her soul entered this body. Mo Yunxi's narration cleared her confusion.

Suddenly outside this room, she heard someone calling for Mo Yunxi. Doctor Mo in front of her sighed and said, "Actually, I admire you, Miss Ling. To be able to struggle and found a company at this age. I'm very fortunate to have a small talk with you. I'll be going now."

Now more mist filled Ling Qingyu's brain. Admired by a stranger gave her the hint—she must be someone influential and famous. It was definitely not from the uncertainty as she personally founded the company. The desire grew to inquire more, but her new friend left.

Yes, she regarded Mo Yunxi as a friend although she believed the two had never met. Because in this sudden strange world, she was the first person who made her comfortable.

Ling Qingyu wished to regain her memories to find out her identity. But first, she was about to forget why she became a woman.

[System initiation successful and the identity found: Ling Qingyu]

[Loading data...]

As electronic female noises sprung out inside her body, Ling Qingyu didn't panic because most transmigration novels appeared to have system to help the protagonist. She wasn't sure if she was one but she must speak with the system.

"System..."