

Beautiful 38

Chapter 38: Spirit Beauty & Clothing Co.Ltd

Two days after, Ling Qingyu stood up from the bed. It was morning and today was the day she planned to leave the hospital. Ev with her scale of accidt, it was a miracle for her to recover fast within 3 days.

So, she couldn't just walk out like a normal person would. She had to pretd for some time. Perhaps a wheelchair might be a good option.

Tang Ziyi was also in the room, sleeping on the bch. Of course, there was another Jiang Yu, who sat on one of the chairs.

The rest of the girls should be in the room the hospital had prepared for them. During these three days, the girls became more familiar with each other and their relationship wt upward dramatically.

Ling Qingyu clicked her tongue, what was she, a tool to bring the girls together? She joked at herself.

A quivering muffled vibration attracted her ears. It was her phone in silt mode. She eyed the scre and it was from her Secretary Zhao.

These days, Zhao Xiurong always reported the situation of the company and it was definitely not good. Ling Qingyu acted perfunctory as long as there wasn't a major evt because she had expected these to happ.

"Hello, Sister Zhao," Ling Qingyu spoke after she pressed the answer button lightly on the screen and put the phone near her ears.

"President Ling, Good morning." Zhao Xiurong's voice rang in her ears.

"Good morning as well."

"Do you need my help at the hospital?" Zhao Xiurong asked this question many times, every time she called in the morning.

"No need, there are many sisters here, Sister Zhao. Don't worry about me." Ling Qingyu replied ever so gently. The most change after transmigration might be that Ling Qingyu's behavior toward women became more gentle.

Those who were familiar with her noticed this character but they attributed the reason to the accident. After all, those who faced near-death experiences always tend to change their characters, most in a better path.

"Alright, President Ling. Today is just like the routine but there's definitely bad news or the worst news." Zhao Xiurong said in a low, hesitant voice.

"Please, calm down, Sister Zhao. It's not the end of the world for any of us. We've predicted the outcome and the company is going under tribulation. If it survives, I assure you, it will surpass itself in the future and grow into a behemoth." Ling Qingyu was relaxed as ever, trying to soothe her subordinates. Everything went downhill, nothing surprising.

Ling Qingyu had confidence, and her confidence derived from the system, especially her massive fund available inside the black card.

Although she had no idea what black technology the system utilized, everything appeared legal on the outside.

"That's a big if, President Ling! You should announce yourself soon. Otherwise, your C.E.O. position is currently unstable now." Zhao Xiurong warned Ling Qingyu of her initial plan.

"What do you mean? My position? What happens?" Ling Qingyu asked in confusion.

"Ahh! President Ling, did you have some amnesia? Of course, it's the board of directors. They are now having a discussion about whether to abolish your post."

"Damn! These old nuts! Always slipping my feet when I walk. If not for my grandfather's face, I would've kicked them out." Ling Qingyu snarled at her phone.

Ling Qingyu was a chairman, CEO, and president; she took all three posts and was the largest shareholder of the company, naturally. Her share made up 35% and the second largest only constituted a 5%.

Legally, these shareholders had the right to dispose of her if they were synchronizing their plan, because she didn't own 50% shares. However, for that to happen, they must persuade the rest of shareholders, who had a quota of shares to vote, to a common goal.

In addition, Ling Qingyu possessed three positions which were way harder than removing a single post. The directors only had less than 0% of the shares and they were spread among a few. What's more Ling Qingyu was also a chairman or chairwoman.

Nonetheless, they could appeal through a different process. Rather than removing her, they would create a temporary post for an executive officer and slowly take away her company.

These weren't true problems for Ling Qingyu. As long as she showed up, the facade would stop. But Ling Qingyu didn't want to as her interest was piqued to see what the old hags had decided behind her back.

"Didn't they just like to put one of their family members on my post? They had been planning this for a long time and my accident gave them an opportunity." Ling Qingyu said with a smile and froze at her words. "Or is the accident related to them?"

The timing matched and at the same time, based on the motives and who benefited from her death, the arrows pointed right toward them. But her system stated her enemy was not what she could eliminate completely yet; so, the possibility being them was very low.

Zhao Xiurong expressed her thoughts in silence; she agreed with Ling Qingyu's hypothesis.

"If that is the case, they have done it long ago," Zhao Xiurong finally dispelled the possibility and she was correct.

There had been several attempts to introduce their children or family members into her company as high-level posts. The previous Ling Qingyu firmly disagreed with their move since she founded the tire company through her hands.

Their acts merely directed her company, which struggled through sweat and a huge amount of time toward destruction. Just because of their greed, Ling Qingyu would never jeopardize her creation.

And Ling Qingyu didn't do their try; she only asked them to begin from the bottom and rise through merits but fancied her suggestion.

Ling Qingyu recalled these events in her mind as she spoke with Zhao Xiurong on the phone. She chuckled at the experience of a coup held in the company, aimed at removing her authority.

"Sister Zhao, buy back those public shares, which are currently dropping as we speak. I bet that's enough to bring my percentage to 50 and prevent this notion from happening."

"President, our available funds could only buy additional shares estimated to reach 45%." Zhao Xiurong explained the situation in detail.

Another percentage increase might change nothing but it proved the available fund she possessed was huge. It seemed Ling Qingyu must use her cheats.

"Tell me how much additional funds are required. Making it 55% is better; I have my own channel to transfer money," Ling Qingyu replied with confidence and her arrogant remark must have stunned Zhao Xiurong, because her secretary was suddenly speechless.

