

Beautiful 44

Chapter 44: Give Mo Yunxi a contact card

Inside the hallway of a hospital.

The corridor of the floor, Ling Qingyu stayed on was deserted, especially when compared with others. She could see Dean Han purposely arranged it.

She was on the befitting side; who was she to complain? Ling Qingyu gazed at the clean wall and marble floor passing by her sides as she sat in the wheelchair and was pushed by her secretary.

Room after room, with a few staff still grossed in their tasks. She only wanted two rooms and it appeared the whole floor was booked. She had told Dean Han not to be troublesome if the situation was bad outside.

Perhaps today was one of the days very few patients came.

After eating a sumptuous breakfast, a long time passed before Ling Qingyu could stop being addicted to resting after meals. She decided to stroll a and asked others to prepare to leave.

As for wheelchairs, it was for outsiders to see. Secretary Zhao pushed her wherever she desired. Although her feet wanted to stride out, she managed to control the urge.

While the two shuffled a the hospital, they also conversed about the company's affairs.

"Presidt, is it possible our business opponts attacked you?" Zhao Xiurong asked out of nowhere.

"Why do you say so? I prefer the answer unlikely." Ling Qingyu stated calmly.

"The only motive to wipe you out is to remove your influce or swallow our company while the evt unfolded." Zhao Xiurong talked about her judgmt.

"It's not wrong to think this way. But the losses by doing so ar't worth the gain if something goes wrong with their plan. In business, you never execute such plans."

"What if they're gamblers?" Zhao Xiurong didn't give up.

"Don't think too much. We'll find out soon." The two stopped, waiting for the elevator to go down.

Swish!

The doors slid to the side and they tered. Afterward, Zhao Xiurong pressed the button and the machine descded.

Ling Qingyu remembered a joke in her previous life, how a high-rank person forgot to press the elevator button. They were worried after retirement they didn't know how to use the elevator anymore.

Now she understood their situations. Personal habits were indeed scary. Getting used to others helping always for tiny stuff must be avoided.

As some vibrations rumbled inside the closed space, Zhao Xiurong asked her suspicions about the three women. "And how about those girls? I don't think I'm familiar with them."

"Neither am I. For now, ask them to work as assistants for temporarily alongside you, Sister Zhao. Don't ask, they're also part of my plan." Ling Qingyu shut the topics.

Ding! The sliders moved away and Zhao Xiurong pushed Ling Qingyu out. The stilt atmosphere was gone as several murmurs rang from all directions.

Heavy quick footsteps clubbed the floor. The mixed smell of disinfectants and from various people entered Ling Qingyu's nostrils. Sweats and grease. A frown appeared on her face.

She looked at the other side, far away in the distance, capturing the moment Mo Yunxi walked into the dining hall of the hospital. A canteen likely and saw her lining up for a meal.

The area appeared to be reserved for medical staff only and Ling Qingyu signaled Zhao Xiurong to go to that area regardless.

The distance was long until Ling Qingyu arrived to see Mo Yunxi already having a seat. To be honest, she could have left because she had already said goodbye during the discharge procedure.

However, something in her heart was reluctant to leave simply and Ling Qingyu decided to gage once more.

The two received glances from everyone a. Mo Yunxi was sitting with her colleagues, chatting gleefully.

They noticed her immediately wh Ling Qingyu approached Mo Yunxi, who returned a surprised expression.

"I thought you already leave, Miss Ling. Why? Is there anywhere uncomfortable?" Mo Yunxi inquired nervously. Her anxiousness wasn't wrong—there were many stories where a patit seemed good on the outside after a severe trauma and suddly wt into shock.

"No, no, no. I'm fine, Doctor Mo. Before I leave, my eyes catch you and I reckon to say a proper farewell." Ling Qingyu didn't know what to say.

"Oh! So, there's a time wh you're reluctant." Mo Yunxi joked.

Ling Qingyu shrugged it off with a chuckle and turned toward the other. Slightly bowing her head with her hand over the chest, she said, "Hello, Doctors. Sorry to disturb your meals."

Ev though she wasn't familiar with any one of them, proper etiquette never hurt to avoid leaving them out of the conversation.

"Not at all, Miss."

"It's alright."

"We're doing fine."

"Are you a frid of Doctor Mo?"

This question caused Ling Qingyu to glance at Mo Yunxi subtly and Mo Yunxi answered. "She's my patit."

"Oh! Doctor Mo only regards me as patit. My feeling's injured." Ling Qingyu pretted to cover her chest, receiving a eye from Mo Yunxi. "I thought we were like sisters."

"Okay, Miss Ling. Have you eat anything? Why don't you join us for lunch?" Mo Yunxi was merely polite. Ev if Ling Qingyu agreed, there was nothing wrong.

The hospital's biggest donor before her could go a the loopholes for those small details ev though the cante was barred from non-medical staff. Ling Qingyu became a god-like existce in the tire hospital.

"No thank you, Doctor Mo. I just ate not long ago." Ling Qingyu turned her head to the side and looked up. Zhao Xiurong lowered her head to list Ling Qingyu's whisper.

Afterward, Zhao Xiurong took out like two business cards from her purse and hand them over to Ling Qingyu.

Ling Qingyu gave the two cards to Mo Yunxi.

"What's these?" Mo Yunxi reached for them and read them carefully. "A business card of yours."

"One for you and the other for Sister Yin. I forget about these during the discharge procedure. Since I couldn't find Sister Yin, could you do me a favor, giving it to her." Ling Qingyu said to solve Mo Yunxi's confusion.

"Nurse Yin probably is off-duty today. It's her holiday and she is most likely at home." Mo Yunxi replied. "Don't worry, I'll give it to her."

"If you need any help or anything, just reach out for it, okay?" Ling Qingyu neared Mo Yunxi as she whispered these words. "I'll always be there. The same for Sister Mo and Sister Yin."

"You don't need to do this to thank us. It's our duty and obligation." Mo Yunxi shook her head.

"Of course, I know. But consider it as my willfulness and this isn't repayment. It's merely my reluctance to separate from you two. As friends." Ling Qingyu patted Mo Yunxi's arm calmly and soon skid away.

"Who's this young lady?"

"Yeah, she seems closer to you than a patit."

"..." Her coworkers' curiosity flew all over the meal until Mo Yunxi relted.

"She's the number one gossip topic in our tire hospital." Mo Yunxi said while Ling Qingyu and Zhao Xiurong furthered themselves out of her vision.

"..."

"!!!"

"Wait! Oh! Doesn't it mean, it's our huge mysterious donor?"

"Gosh! I just met a rich lady. Her demeanor wasn't like those depicted in the movies."

"Why do you think everything in the movies is correct."

"Yep, this lady is so wealthy, yet calm and composed unlike those bitches in the series we watched yesterday."

Mo Yunxi continued her meal as she ignored the discussion from a wealthy Miss who just passed by to the sces in the drama last night. She muttered siltly. "Frids?"