

Beautiful 45

Chapter 45: Leaving the hospital

Ling Qingyu didn't know rumors about her had be spreading for days. She had no idea that Mo Yunxi's colleague would compare her with a vile evil rich villainess from movies.

Nor would she bother if she heard them by chance, because there would always be some topic people might talk a. A legd of a father with his son and a donkey traveling depicted the gossiping sides of humans.

Wh Zhao Xiurong pushed Ling Qingyu to the vehicle in the parking lot, she was flabbergasted. A red Bugatti, reflecting the sunlight. Its gorgeousness, the curves and the bumps. Every man's wet dream, which didn't include Ling Qingyu's previous life though.

But this didn't prevt Ling Qingyu from admiration. The only annoying factor soiling the sce was a couple, where a girl made various seductive poses, touching the car's skin while a man photographed everything.

What made it more disturbing was this woman lay on the hood, sprawling all over. Ling Qingyu looked upward at Zhao Xiurong to see the expression of her secretary.

Wh they arrived near the car, a man suddly exclaimed. "Hey, you're interrupting our photograph session. Please leave."

Zhao Xiurong took out the keys and pressed the button. The Bugatti beeped twice as its blinkers flickered, scaring the model out of her wits. The couple hugged together as they stopped short of their action, ashamed and speechless.

"Now, it seems you're the one, blocking our way." Zhao Xiurong spoke elegantly as she placed Ling Qingyu on the passenger side and opened the door. Ling Qingyu sat on the seat while her secretary folded the wheelchair and put it on the back hood.

When Zhao Xiurong sat in the driver's seat and ignited the engine. The couple had already disappeared from their sight. Ling Qingyu teased: "Now I just saw a domineering side of Secretary Zhao."

Zhao Xiurong blushed as she pushed Ling Qingyu's shoulder softly like a soft pat. "But I'm not one-tenth of yours."

Ling Qingyu smiled and shut up, because it was the truth. She reached for her phone, dialed a number and put it on a speaker mode.

A voice appeared: "Hello, where're you now Sister Ling? Have you left the hospital yet?"

It was Tang Ziyi answering her call.

"Inside Sister Zhao's red Bugatti. Where are you?"

"Still in the parking lot, two cars waiting for you on the side of the road before the gate. A black and a ."

Zhao Xiurong began driving to that spot. As the Bugatti approached the scene, Ling Qingyu saw the vehicles, Tang Ziyi described.

Afterward, the three vehicles exited the hospital and soon joined the traffic.

A quietness spread the two inside Bugatti and buildings after buildings flew behind. Even though they were inside a racing sports car, Zhao Xiurong followed traffic rules strictly.

In fact, Ling Qingyu thought she was overcomplicating some stuff. Ling Qingyu didn't speak out of fear—a typical female driver losing concentration on her wheel. She didn't want to be on that ride leading to a terrible incident. Not to mention, she recovered from an accident not long ago.

After a while, Ling Qingyu confirmed Zhao Xiurong was a good driver; she relaxed, nudging her back on the seat behind and closed her eyes.

"Where're we going?" Ling Qingyu broke the ice first.

"Your home, President Ling." Zhao Xiurong answered.

"Speaking of my house, how are they?" Zhao Xiurong understood Ling Qingyu's question. The 'they' referred to Ling Qingyu's mother and her housekeeper.

"They're doing fine. Except for the time wh your accidt was revealed on the news, they called me and asked about the situation." Zhao Xiurong replied. "I told them, you were doing fine and don't list to any other news because you're implemtng some plans."

Zhao Xiurong's style of informing her mother brought a smile upon Ling Qingyu. It was indeed a better method.

"Do you have any idea what happed during that night wh I wt unconscious?" Ling Qingyu was curious, how she was rescued from a possible fireball.

"That Presidt Ling, if you hav't asked, I would've told you soon." Zhao Xiurong described the incidts which relied on the reports made by the two m inside the police station. "I've thanked them in place of you and told them anything they need, I can provide help."

"Thank you, Sister Zhao and remember Sister Ling or Qingyu, not Presidt wh we're alone." Ling Qingyu shook her fingers at the driver. Afterward, she sighed at the two m's courage.

Although the real Ling Qingyu had already died and they failed to save her, this body survived so that her soul could ter without problems; it meant these m were no differt from her saviors in another sse.

"I'll meet these two later. After all, formality should be as complete as possible from my side, both as a person and as the presidt of 'Spirit Beauty & Clothing.'" Ling Qingyu said to herself and also to Zhao Xiurong, who didn't reply, implying her agreemt.

"Let's talk about our work," Ling Qingyu directed the topic in another direction. "I presume you've handled all the situation. Three days later, I'll come back, since the situation returns to calm and I want some rest. But don't fret as I'll remain in touch with you. I'll be troubling you again for a few days."

"No trouble, Sister Ling. It's what I'm supposed to." Zhao Xiurong spoke without losing her concentration.

"Hmm, then make a shareholder meeting the day after I sit on the office chair. That's four days later." Ling Qingyu added. "And in the meantime try to obtain as much share as you could buyback. It's better to have 70 percent in my hand."