

Beautiful 46

Chapter 46: Back home

Zhao Xiurong nearly lost her grip on the steering wheel when she heard Ling Qingyu's words. That amount of money calculated should be too much for President Ling, she knew deeply.

That realization had overturned since the day, Ling Qingyu gave her a huge sum from an unknown source. It was at that moment, Zhao Xiurong understood Ling Qingyu hid too deeply, even from her secretary.

What caused her mouth to twitch uncontrollably was that Ling Qingyu took advantage of her own accident. When others controlled the rumors from worsening and prevented the downfall from happening, Ling Qingyu just did the opposite.

Now that she asked Zhao Xiurong to buy off 70 percent, it appeared she wanted to play it further. The only doubt remaining on Zhao Xiurong's mind was—were they playing too big by also damaging oneself.

The move was like gaining 00 by hurting 800. Although Ling Qingyu would strengthen and consolidate her power over the company, wouldn't the net worth drop and hurt the financial situation?

As a secretary, even if she knew it, she wouldn't question the order. Perhaps there were some factors, she couldn't fathom or make use of, which was indeed the case.

Ling Qingyu's best confidence originated from her enormous possession, given by the system. trillion compared to her company's pitiful net worth of 30 billion yuan.

By her own worth, she was already the richest person in the country, despite every yuan that might be spent on infrastructure for the future plan.

While her secretary was still in shock, she added another blockbuster. "And, Sister Zhao, help me find another residence to live in—possibly a large villa or mansion. Money isn't a problem. Of course, I'm not going to ask for free."

"Oh, Sister Ling's generosity, I'll never question." Zhao Xiurong joked but choked afterward.

"Oh! It's percent of my share if you achieve my goal's requirement." Ling Qingyu said. "Steady! I don't want to be in another accident because my driver coughs. It's true; don't give me a look of disbelief."

"Cough, President Ling, you willingly give me percent without hesitation?" Zhao Xiurong said after she patted her chest.

"Well, come on. After what I've been through, I think you deserve this, Sister Zhao. Don't reject it and there's an additional clause." Ling Qingyu replied with a smile, looking outside through the glass while the Bugatti roared.

"I knew it. I know our President Ling Qingyu never does anything without profiting her." Zhao Xiurong's reason fluttered Ling Qingyu's eyelids to twitch non-stop.

Was that how her subordinates saw her as? Ling Qingyu glared at Zhao Xiurong after her comical remarks.

"Nonsense. I'm a rule-abiding person, never exploit my employees. How did I become evil in your eyes?" Ling Qingyu gave a eye and continued. "It's nothing but to work as my secretary for life, Sister Zhao. No contract, just a single promise."

The interior was quiet for a while until Zhao Xiurong broke the silence. "Are you serious?"

"What do you think?" Ling Qingyu asked back.

Zhao Xiurong didn't speak and Ling Qingyu didn't press hard. Her ambition needed a trustworthy confidante and the one beside her was one of them.

This was also a test for her decision and to reward her secretary too. Let Zhao Xiurong have a time frame to contemplate; that was her plan. If Ling Qingyu pressured for an answer, the result might be just counter-productive.

Given the silence, Ling Qingyu played with her phone and remembered something. She called Su Ruomei, whose phone was naturally answered by Jiang Yu, because she was the driver of a sedan following the Bugatti.

"Tell Sister Su to go back to the company and arrange the accommodation for them. You, girls, don't need to keep on following." After hearing agreement from the other side, Ling Qingyu hung up, satisfied.

"What's up with these three girls?" Zhao Xiurong asked sully from the side. "I can understand your two friends and two colleagues from our company, but the three girls..."

Zhao Xiurong shook her head at the final part, expressing her doubts. So, Ling Qingyu regurgitated the horrible event the girl went through, leaving out what Tang Ziyi and Xiao Yue did.

It wasn't a trust issue or related to confidentiality. Something might be better not known.

Zhao Xiurong naturally noticed some loopholes in the stories but she didn't inquire more. She expressed pity and condolences for the suffering of the girls and supported Ling Qingyu's plan.

In fact, when she initially heard the culprits were related to officialdom, she hesitated. After realizing how firm Ling Qingyu was in her pursuit, all that remained was to stand by her side.

She believed these obstacles were a mere piece of cake for Ling Qingyu, except for posing as a nuisance.

Afterward, the two went quiet, each in their own world. Ling Qingyu watched in the side mirror as the sedan following the Bugatti from the last spot left the convoy at the intersection, driving toward her company building.

Only two vehicles continued their journey, a red and a black.

Condominium, Residential Area. Ling Qingyu's home.

Of course, Ling Qingyu's house was a luxurious apartmt with a whole floor inside the condo. After passing through the security gates by showing her idtity, the two cars parked at a designated spot for allocated rooms.

Ling Qingyu was in contradiction of whether to reveal herself by waiting for a wheelchair or stand up and do things personally. Zhao Xiurong wt out to pick up the wheelchair from her trunk and placed it on the passger side before pulling up the door op.

Tang Ziyi and Xiao Yue were also with them; Ling Qingyu planned for them to settle in her apartmt for a while. Anyway, there was ample available space.

Ling Qingyu exited the vehicle while pretding to be a bit weak. She decided to joy a further ride along the way.

On the other hand, Zhao Xiurong was in deep contemplation mode as she pushed her boss toward the elevator followed by Tang Ziyi's group a couple of steps away. About Ling Qingyu's previous question still played in her mind like an addicted musical theme, unable to get out of her head.

Ev though Ling Qingyu only required a nod from her and not a strict rule-biding contract, Zhao Xiurong thought more. As someone who worked with a code, a word was important and she took everything meticulously and personally.

She understood her boss had a grand scheme for the future and she would be a part of it as long as she said a word. But the dilemma was betwe freedom and bondage.

As a secretary, her annual salary was humongous, especially under the generous offer of Ling Qingyu during their first encounter, for which she was deeply grateful. She could buy a Bugatti and a luxurious residence; she also invested in some stocks, including her company.

Just from a mere dividend per month was hard for her to spend. Although compared with other riches, she was nothing. Her life was nothing but satisfactory.