

Beautiful 47

Chapter 47: Meeting her family for the first time

Underg parking area.

Now her choice hovered betwe a new advturous deavor or a peaceful rich life. Only a fraction of a thought, she chose the former. In life, one must do something achievable to leave his or her milestones.

"Sister Ling, I've made my choice. I'll take your perct." Zhao Xiurong spoke with a sse of humor. It wasn't her greed that made a choice but a rational contemplation.

"...Great!" Ling Qingyu paused for a momt before she realized what her secretary was talking about. "I know you don't really care about the money but it's heartwarming to see you decide to accompany me on a new journey."

Ling Qingyu thought Zhao Xiurong's decision would only be revealed a week later but her final decision stunned her for a second. It showed how much impact she had on her secretary to reply so soon.

As an adult, particularly expericed -collar worker who excelled in her high-rank position, it was impossible this was a spontaneous decision.

Ling Qingyu slanted her head and gazed upward at Zhao Xiurong, whose sight was also looking at her from above. Ling Qingyu smiled. "Welcome aboard, my ship."

Frankly, she didn't need percent of her shares if she wanted to test. But who could ascertain, her talented secretary wouldn't run away in the future, despite her obvious truthful character?

The best method was to tempt her with lucrative material awards so that the possibility of running away dropped to zero. Now since they were on the same boat, Zhao Xiurong would always stay with her.

Zhao Xiurong was also eager for what was next, because of Ling Qingyu's words. A major event might be looming soon and the future would tell, she had never imagined such lengths.

Every time she thought back in time to her decision at this moment—she lamented her intuition. Accompanying a powerhouse's journey and walking side by side with Ling Qingyu, Zhao Xiurong was happy, no matter how gruesome and dangerous the paths were. She had no regrets.

That was only in the future. Currently, Zhao Xiurong pressed the elevator button and waited. Tang Ziyi and Xiao Yue were also behind. Soon a notification dinged and the sliders opened.

After everyone entered, Ling Qingyu took out a card, an identity card for being a resident inside the condominium and pressed it on the scanner.

30th Floor. Out of 50 floors. Not too high or low.

The elevator automatically selected the floor Ling Qingyu resided in. When they reached the designated floor, everyone went out, still, eyes didn't even blink at the sight of a beautiful apartment through the glass wall.

Only two words—too luxurious. Ev if Ling Qingyu had a memory image, she couldn't help but gape a lot.

Zhao Xiurong had come many times and of them ceased to astound her. Wh she noticed Ling Qingyu having the same reaction, she shook her head amused.

"Sister Ling, why are you surprised? You've be here a million of times in the past few years." Zhao Xiurong teased and had a little suspicion.

"Well, I'm just rethinking my struggles from nothing luxurious to this level," Ling Qingyu gave an excuse.

The old she bought this apartmt after her earning increased to a million yuan per month. No one ever learned how she struggled but only looked at her achievemts.

They hadn't tered the apartmt yet and stood before the trance. The transpart glass replaced the wall and didn't become weaker because all the glass was reinforced, ev against bullets.

The elevator location was at the corner of an apartmt and the nearest room through the glass they saw was a gym area, with numerous types of equipmt. Next to it was a huge indoor swimming pool.

Ling Qingyu clicked her tongue inwardly. How expsive, especially indoors? The water system, the electricity. Tsk...Tsk.

She could even glance at the living room for guests inside, closest to the trance. Zhao Xiurong pressed the bell button, but no sound rang in their ears, listing from the outside.

The room's soundproofing effect was excellent.

Ling Qingyu saw a foreign woman looking in her mid-thirties with red hair hustled toward the trance. Her face beamed with joy, after seeing Ling Qingyu's body healthy and sound, except for a slight frown when she noticed Ling Qingyu was in a wheelchair.

Click.

The door opened inward except there wasn't anyone but Ling Qingyu's group entered without any astonishment, because they knew it was remotely controlled. Everyone took off their shoes, sandals, and heels, and aligned them carefully on the cabinet.

Naked feet danced on the floor and Ling Qingyu savored every moment until Tang Ziyi pressed her shoulder muscle a little, prompting her to behave.

After a while, the group stepped into another area where the door was opened personally by a European woman before.

"Je suis content de voir que tu vas bien," the woman greeted Ling Qingyu warmly in French. "Bivoué!"

Ling Qingyu was stunned before she unconsciously replied in perfect French, grasping the woman's hand. Despite the old age, she remained beautiful, accentuating her mature charms between her gestures.

She smiled and turned her face toward others. Back in Chinese. "Thank you for your help, everyone, especially Miss Zhao."

"It is my duty and Sister Ling is my closest friend." Zhao Xiurong replied while Tang Ziyi also said something in greeting. Xiao Yue, in contrast, was awestruck.

One second the woman's mouth spoke something gibberish and another second she spoke something she understood like a native speaker. The woman chuckled at her cute behavior, causing Xiao Yue to feel embarrassed.

"You are not the first to have the same reaction." The woman teased her.

"Aunt, you already know Zhao Xiurong. The other two are my overseas friends—Tang Ziyi and Xiao Yue." Ling Qingyu spoke in Chinese this time. "They have no place to stay at the moment and I call them here."

Ling Qingyu knew her from her memory. She was the maid accompanying her mother since she was young. Even though their blood wasn't related, Ling Qingyu also regarded her as an additional mother, despite respectfully calling her 'Aunt'.

Since childhood, most of the time was taken care of by her. She was a respected elder in Ling Qingyu's heart.

Her name was Dise Bertrand. A French woman, aged 47, 1.7 meters tall, appeared younger. She had red hair and delicate skin. A healthy body and physique, an hourglass figure.

After introducing themselves, Dise was glad to meet another person speaking her mother language as she grabbed hold of Tang Ziyi's palm and drew her further away from the crowd. Both chattered nonstop while Xiao Yue asked Dise if she could watch TV in the living room.

Ling Qingyu said in a soft tone. "Thank you, Sister Zhao. I hope you don't feel troubled."

"Of course, not."

"Before you go, I have another favor to ask. Hehe..."

"Another?" Zhao Xiurong rolled her eyes.

"It's to search for another place to live, safe and luxurious—a manor, alongside villas included on the land, possibly located near the water or seaside. The money amount isn't the problem. Actually, it's better if you can find it soon. Tomorrow the best."

Zhao Xiurong rubbed her eyebrows, tired just from Ling Qingyu's request. "It's really going to be expensive and what's with the time frame?"

"No problem. Money is meant just to be spent. The sooner we move the better we're prepared against our hidden opponents." She relished at the sight of her aunt and two confidantes wonderfully gaged in themselves.