

## Beautiful 48

### Chapter 48: Ling Qingyu's family

Zhao Xiurong paused when she heard Ling Qingyu say this. How could she forget someone threat to kill Ling Qingyu?

Perhaps her boss had a deeper meaning to finding a manor and the responsibility she undertook was to be quick.

"I'll sort out the details and send you three most suitable options later." Zhao Xiurong said, rubbing her chin. "If that's the case I better get going."

Ling Qingyu nodded at her comment, putting her head on her palm, on the handrail as support. "Don't forget to finish my quest, within - days. Otherwise, your percent will be gone."

"You're such a stingy boss, Sister Ling," Zhao Xiurong complained coquettishly and turned her attention toward Dì. "Aunt Dì, I've some works to tend to. I'm sorry I had to leave first without spending time to talk to you."

"Huh! Oh! It's nothing. In fact, I'm very grateful there's someone to help our Yu'er. It's me who should apologize." Dì responded as soon as she heard Zhao Xiurong call her. "Come to our home later when you're free."

Say hello to your mother for me."

"I will. I guess she'll definitely be happy to see you remember her." Zhao Xiurong replied with a smile.

"Sister Ling, Sister Ziyi and Sister Yue, I'll be leaving th." Ling Qingyu nodded in response while the other two smiled and waved their hands.

Zhao Xiurong tered the elevator and wt away. Ling Qingyu saw Dise still in conversation with Tang Ziyi. Listing to their words, Tang Ziyi was mostly informing about her situation.

Of course, she neglected some devastating news on purpose in order to avoid worrying Dise.

While the two were deep in chat, Ling Qingyu rose from the wheelchair as there wasn't any need to prettd, nor any girl here would care for her.

She walked toward Xiao Yue and watched what was on the television. Nothing more than a usual daily family drama. What mistress? What adultery?

Ling Qingyu sighed at people's likes and rubbed her eyes, exhausted from thinking about it.

The living room's floor was piled with large carpets, soft, gtle, and warm to her feet. Near the position of chairs and sofas where guests were likely to stay, underneath lay more decorated ones.

"How's Mom?" Ling Qingyu asked before moving on to the next room.

"Hey," Dize sighed in frustration. "She's still in her own world. Sometimes painting, sometimes just watching drama."

Ling Qingyu nodded and proceeded to the next room. Although Dize didn't describe, she understood everything. Initially, Ling Qingyu was excited to meet her mother in this world.

After recalling her memory in detail, she groaned out in dissatisfaction. Life made it hard. Her mother suffered psychological trauma since Ling Qingyu's childhood and closed her inner world completely.

She really expected her parents' care and nurture since she grew up as an orphan in previous life but her anticipation to at least taste how her mother treated her went away when she realized it was impossible for her.

The room straightaway after the living room was a dining hall, clean and tidy. Numerous kitchen utensils were organized in groups. There was a small basin for washing hands on the side.

To the right was the doorway leading toward swimming pools and a gym. On the opposite side was the kitchen connected with the dining room and there was a glass wall where she could observe the outside scenery at a height.

The perimeter was all in glass, nothing could be seen from outside—it was a one-way glass.

Straight ahead, she walked further and the space inside was no longer possible to see from outside through the glass.

Moving further inward, Ling Qingyu entered a big hallway where the individual rooms to sleep were separated, along with her office room and a library where she would work at home.

Extra bedrooms existed in her apartment, should there be a guest to stay over. Usually, Secretary Zhao also slept here when she worked overtime with Ling Qingyu during the difficult times of the past years.

Since every room had a side view of the outside world, no one ever felt congested inside. Besides, the ceiling was nearing the height of two and a half human beings, an ample amount of space.

Ling Qingyu gently entered her mother's private room and saw a woman painting, sometimes cheerfully dancing on the chair and sometimes kicking her feet in space in exasperation.

Slowly pacing forward and controlling her footsteps, Ling Qingyu walked in, looking at a. She heard her mother burst out giggling, something she would never understand.

Ling Qingyu studied her mother's closet on the side covered in glass. There were several photos of her from a very young time together with a young woman, her mother.

From the baby's photo to the mid-schooler. Little Ling Qingyu's happy moments with her mother. Her mother's face appeared cheerful, beautiful and exhibiting warmth all around. Little Ling Qingyu looked shy and scoffed at the idea of being photographed, folding her arms in the image.

She thought the activities were redundant. Come to think about it now, Ling Qingyu might even wish to go back to experience once again. Achieving awards to playing a, trips...etc.

There were also photo collections inside a big album; Ling Qingyu didn't need to guess what was inside. She traced her finger gently against the glass. Each photo portrayed two characters and showed the obvious. There was no fatherly figure.

Ling Qingyu's eyes darkened at the thought of her cheap dad. Her breath quickened as she removed her hand from the glass. Her right hand tightened into a fist as she brought it in front of her nose, rubbing her thumb against the rest of the fingers.

She exhaled loudly and her hands drooped to the side. Her head gazed upward, gulping a huge air in the process. Helpless, what could she do except cursing under her breath.

Frustrated was she but her business empire was nowhere near her father's family group heritage. Everything she inherited from the previous Ling Qingyu indeed affected her.

Ling Qingyu snorted as her mouth curled. Maybe her strength had already surpassed her father as she had always wished for but she was no longer there.

She laughed siltily in dismay as tears gradually dripped down her cheeks. Ling Qingyu wiped the droplets with the back of her hand and sniffled. Body's reaction, Ling Qingyu accepted the thought.

"Ahh! Our Yu'er is back!" Her mother exclamation captured her attention as Ling Qingyu turned her look.  
"Come my child. How's your school? Is there anything that's still boring to you?"

Ling Qingyu smiled and walked toward her mother. She lowered the posture so that her mother's eyes could gaze at her from above.

"Yes, Mom. The books and lessons teachers give out are boring. I feel like I'll become stupid if I stay with them." Ling Qingyu muttered in a cute frustrating tone.

"Of course, my dear daughter. In front of our little girl, these are boring but Mom wants you to experience childhood at school. When our little Yu'er grows up, Mom will take you to the world..."

Ling Qingyu spoke with her mother but her eyes reddened and threatened to cry, causing her to lower her head each time and rub off the tears.

At the doorway, looking at their interaction, Di'e covered her mouth and turned away from the scene.

Tang Ziyi and Xiao Yue didn't speak but continued to watch where Ling Qingyu acted completely like a spoiled princess.