

Beautiful 49

Chapter 49: Denise wasn't simple

Dise patted the two audices and gestured out. Tang Ziyi and Xiao Yue understood, and hugged each other tightly, trying not to make a noise.

In fact, Tang Ziyi and Xiao Yue were puzzled at Ling Qingyu's behavior. Was she too deep in the act? They knew for certain, this meeting was the first time for Ling Qingyu.

Unlike Dise, who thought, Ling Qingyu was as usual. Although their questions were in conflict, they didn't bother to delve further.

Ling Qingyu's behavior was indeed guine from their perspectives and it seemed there existed a mystery related to the souls which wasn't explainable so much so that a new one was affected by the old after replacemt.

"Well, I guess Ling Qingyu never told her frids. So, let me tell you a tale." After creating a certain distance away to avoid disturbing Ling Qingyu, Dise turned a and narrated the evt.

Detailing her growth from childhood as a result of a sudd change in vironmt. Her struggles and her vows. Dise shook her head wh she reached this layer of the story.

On the other hand, the eyes of Tang Ziyi and Xiao Yue showed admiration for the young lady who thrived for her goals no matter the obstacles. Comparing her to another person's excellce, they snorted inwardly.

They felt their idol was desecrated but they remembered the mysterious existence choosing Ling Qingyu for some reason, dissipating their dissatisfaction.

Ling Qingyu finally coaxed her mother to sleep with great difficulties. She had no idea, someone had been snitching on her back as her full concentration was only on her mother.

Her mother's name was Amorette Roux; she was a Caucasian, from Country F in Alyssia continent or Continent A. A French woman, whose background Ling Qingyu had no knowledge of.

Except for the paternal lineage, Ling Qingyu wasn't aware or knew any bloodlines from her maternal side. Why was there no one to help her during the predicament? Was she always alone? But that possibility was null whenever she realized her mother had an additional maid.

Even though she had investigated her mother's surname, the road met a dead end as there were too many such surnames in Country F. Her power was still too small to investigate further.

Standing up from the bed, she covered her mother with a blanket and set a suitable temperature on the air conditioner. Despite her being the first time apart from her memory with her mother, Ling Qingyu sensed a deep connection.

Perhaps it was the wonder from the closeness of the same blood. She was adorable in her sleeping posture and Ling Qingyu certainly inherited beautiful features from her.

Her face, her nose, her lips, her eyes, and everything else. She appeared very young even if her age was 44. If they went out together, no one would believe they were mother and daughter but more like sisters.

The only differences they had were the hair color and the degree of plumpness. She had very long blond hair. Her plump stature exceeded Ling Qingyu's without destroying the attractiveness while Ling Qingyu leaned a little toward petiteness. And her height was a bit short of Ling Qingyu.

Ling Qingyu bent over and softly combed her mother's head with her finger. She moved away and began studying her mother's paintings.

She had no idea what her mother drew but she was proud of her anyway. Ling Qingyu's artistic sense was nowhere, not even scoring out of .

She smiled when she recalled her mother chiding her helplessly at her talent in arts.

Not before, not even now.

The best thing she could portray was a hairy stick figurine. Ling Qingyu chuckled and continued, roaming around the room.

Scrutinizing each of her mother's possessions—artworks such as paintings and clay pots—Ling Qingyu gasped at the sheer wealth each work represented.

For example, those decorated vases and teapots cost a lot of money. Ling Qingyu found them miraculous and magnificent.

As she looked into more, Ling Qingyu remembered her mother's financial wealth before separating from her father.

Although the three, mother and daughter, and Dìse, weren't wealthy, they had no shortages. But they couldn't spend lavishly in the past. And the three refused to accept any form of financial support from the paternal side.

Her mother suffered a mental illness after that separation, hurt from love; even the psychologist shook her head regarding the treatment for recovery.

Unless she herself desired to come back; there was nothing anyone could do. That was the expert's words.

Exiting her mother's room, Ling Qingyu strode toward hers. Everything here was in order, clean of dirt, and organized. Dìse regularly took care of the room in her absence.

Anyway, most of these chores were handled by her. Even though Dìse always said she was a maid, Ling Qingyu found a hard time believing.

Because without her help, Ling Qingyu would never be able to be prosperous in the fashion business. Her connection was her immense help. The designers in her company were recruited due to hers.

Ling Qingyu refused to believe a mere maid would have a strong network in fashion and design areas.

But that didn't matter right now because despite Dise's finished cleaning, she didn't touch the materials she thought were deemed very crucial. There was an organized mess on her table where she usually worked.

Lying on the desk were data, tables, graphs, and charts all printed out on the paper. No unrelated person would comprehend her work. Ling Qingyu reviewed them one-by-one as she sorted out the mess.

She even drew out some points she must pay attention to with markers on the board, next to her desk. Time passed very fast.

Two hours later, she completed everything and understood her company thoroughly, not just merely through her memories. It appeared except for her sudden accident, she was satisfied with the direction it was on.

She was so immersed in her work that she never looked at the clock, a behavior most lazy people would always adhere to. A knock disrupted her and Ling Qingyu discovered Dise waiting for her with a smile.

"Young Lady, you should also pay attention to your rest. Your injury has recently recovered," Dise scolded her gently and Ling Qingyu scratched the back of her neck.

"I didn't know time flies so fast."

"Let's have lunch. You're so thin now after returning from the hospital; you must put more into your stomach. You must've suffered." Dise's words caused Ling Qingyu to roll her eyes. Where was she thin? She expected the contrast. She ev felt, she'd gained weight.

"But there are still..." Ling Qingyu's speech was interrupted by Dise's snort.

"What do you say?" Dise's voice was gtle and she had a smiling expression. But if one thought so, they would deeply be mistak.

Ling Qingyu gulped and muttered. "Nothing, I'm finished. What's for lunch today?"

"Hmph...just as I thought." Dise twisted her waist and walked away, followed by a dumb Ling Qingyu out of the room.