

## Beautiful 55

Chapter 55: Fed dogfood!

Crack!

The glass shattered and the debris flew away. Inside an unknown area, the man in his late fifties, still possessing a strong physique of a warrior, threw the bottle at his subordinate who was reporting to him.

The bottle hit the head, but his subordinate dared not move an inch, as he knelt down for forgiveness.

"Idiot. No news, nothing!" The old man cried out in frustration. "What has become of the group that I founded myself."

"I beg your forgiveness, Boss. We couldn't find any hints. All the CCTV recordings were down. Even the officials we bribed were helpless."

"Fuck! Don't tell my Tiger Gang is thwarted by two girls, whose milk sweat hasn't dissipated yet." The man bellowed. "I even suspect my subordinates are joking me as if not for everyone accounted the same description. Two women...an impossible act."

"But it really happened, Sir. And they weren't simple women, we are used to seeing." His subordinates interrupted.

"Th, find them, ev if it means to turn the earth over." The man struck his palm at the pillar. "And my bastard son. Who killed him?"

"No lead sir," the subordinate stammered wh he saw his boss's face darking. "We suspect it was also the work of two wom. Besides our moles on the official side advise us to stay low, the ctral authority has its eye on our province rectly...and..."

"Get lost!" The old man helpless, sighed in exasperation and sd his subordinates away. Losing his son and now to placate his wife who always spoiled her child screeching a him.

The next early morning at Ling Qingyu's apartmt.

Natural beams of light cascaded over Ling Qingyu's bedroom, tering through the glass window, which she didn't cover with curtains on purpose.

The morning sunlight gtly draped over Ling Qingyu's face and its warm temperature woke her up. Having a good sleep and waking up naturally was always a good feeling.

Ling Qingyu could attest to that as she felt fulfilled. Tumbling over her bed left and right, Ling Qingyu prodded herself into a prone position and did some stretching.

She gazed at her phone's clock and it was 6:30. Usually, she woke up a 8:00 and wt to work before 9:00 because she slept late at night, overworking.

Ling Qingyu had decided to change the old behavior into a new healthy lifestyle; it began with having a natural sleep cycle so that the hormones inside worked properly.

Afterward, she went to the bathroom to wash up and exited her room. Walking down the aisle, Ling Qingyu entered the kitchen to find some food.

She saw Tang Ziyi, in a yoga suit, making a meal. She wasn't surprised she found Tang Ziyi getting up early as most martial artists behaved similarly. Ling Qingyu even saw wet marks on Tang Ziyi's clothes and towels, properly from exercise.

Tang Ziyi's eyes shone yesterday during the first visit to Ling Qingyu's luxurious apartment, particularly at the gym equipment and swimming pool. Ling Qingyu knew her Sister Ziyi would soon utilize everything.

"When did you get up?" Ling Qingyu asked and took a cup, preparing to drink water.

"5 o'clock. Your place has excellent gym equipment." Tang Ziyi praised. "I'm making breakfast, why don't you wait for a while and taste my skills?"

Ling Qingyu raised her brows, astonished by Tang Ziyi's ability to cook. "You have cooking skills. I didn't know that."

"Hey," Tang Ziyi chuckled, amused at Ling Qingyu's expression. "Why do you presume I can't cook?"

Ling Qingyu didn't answer as she found most indepdnt wom usually didn't or sucked at cooking like mostly depicted in plotlines. She must wait before she had a taste to commt.

Tang Ziyi said while she cooked. "I've be living alone for a long time and cooking is one of the esstial skills."

"I thought cooking is part of femininity and since more masculine ergy gathered in yours, I assume you couldn't." Ling Qingyu drank a sip and said.

"What does this have to do with masculinity and femininity? Since ancit times, most cooking particularly in restaurants was done by m, except in private households where m were usually busy with the fieldwork and wom took over. Or vice versa." Tang Ziyi explained.

"Nothing about the topics but it's messed up back in my previous world." Ling Qingyu gave a reason. "Toxic this, toxic that. Have you ever heard of those words like toxic masculinity and toxic femininity?"

"No, but I understand where you're going." Tang Ziyi looked back and smiled. An alarm wt off from the air dryer, beckoning her atttion.

Ling Qingyu asked with a smile. "What're you cooking?"

Tang Ziyi after scooping the meals, placed them on the tables. "Frch fries, fried dumplings, and soup. Come, have a taste."

"Gladly, Chef Tang," answered Ling Qingyu. The alluring scent palpitated her sensory glands and her mouth watered. The dishes were more than edible, a masterpiece.

Ling Qingyu nodded in appreciation as her tongue rolled over the food in her mouth. The cure, the temperature, no criticism came out of her.

"So, about your so-called rivalry thing," Tang Ziyi brought back the topic. "Everyone has two sides. Masculinity is where you strive for survival, doing work...etc. Femininity is where you cherish, spreading love and compassion. In my opinion, there's no toxicity. Although I admit, I don't like your previous views."

Ling Qingyu listened and she never stopped relishing her meals. This demoness had skills. She initially presumed her only talent was fighting.

Tang Ziyi's voice caused her eyes to narrow at her mentioned misogyny from the previous life. Tang Ziyi knew deeply about her previous life? Likely from the system. But she didn't blame the system or argue against Tang Ziyi.

"To be honest, it's useless to argue between the two, when in fact it works together." Tang Ziyi muttered but her hands didn't stop picking food.

"Alright, let's not talk about these personalities for now. Where's Xiao Yue?" Ling Qingyu asked after her eyes studied a, not seeing the figure.

Tang Ziyi gestured her chin toward the swimming pool. "I think she's still swimming. She seems to enjoy a lot rather than exercising. I nearly forgot; who cleans the gym and the pool, I hope it's not Dise."

"Of course not," Ling Qingyu protected herself instinctively after noticing Tang Ziyi's wrong eyes. "The condominium offers cleaning service regularly. Dise only tidies the rooms wh she had nothing to do."

"Dise told me she was your maid but I don't think you treat her like that."

"She's my elder and my second mother from my childhood..." Ling Qingyu narrated everything from her memory.

"Are you not getting attached too much to the character? I mean it's good but don't lose your true personality." Tang Ziyi leaned forward and asked.

"I don't lose one. I'm happy to have loved ones a." Ling Qingyu didn't think as Tang Ziyi said.

Xiao Yue came in, covered with towels. Her wet skin color after taking a shower mesmerized Ling Qingyu and the hairline sticking to her body exhibited another style of beauty.

Tang Ziyi coughed and warned Ling Qingyu with her glance to behave; Ling Qingyu obliged and whistled.

Xiao Yue sat down and joyed Tang Ziyi's cooking. "Excellt cooking, Sister Ziyi."

Xiao Yue's remarks brightened Tang Ziyi who put in more effort by picking up pieces of food into Xiao Yue's place. "Com'on. Eat more."

"Thank you," Xiao Yue replied with a sweet face.

"You're welcome. I'm happy you joy it." Tang Ziyi's expression melted over Xiao Yue's cutess.

Ling Qingyu's eyes wafted back and forth, unsure about the air here. Why did she smell Lily's fragrance? Her eyelids twitched at the blatant affection displayed in front of her.

Her supposed subordinates oply showed heart bubbles in front of the boss without any regard, and the boss didn't dare to op her mouth. It wasn't she couldn't bear to interrupt; it was fear from if she did...

Tang Ziyi's frosty eyes subdued Ling Qingyu long before she spoke. She simply puffed her cheeks with food, grinding them into pieces as if the food turned into her emies.