

Beautiful 57

Chapter 57: Speaking Wits with Miss System

After Ling Qingyu finished asking everything, Wang Xiuying return the phone to Su Ruomei. Ling Qingyu asked her head of security guards to come to the new address this eving.

The new manor was too huge and she thought of more companions residing along with her. It would be boring to possess a large residt with only very few people, although there would be servants to take care of the manor.

If not for the system's gifts, she wouldn't waste her money ev if she desired to live in a palace lifestyle. An ample hidd secret realm must be built and the manor was the most suitable choice.

Speaking with Wang Xiuying about their life, Ling Qingyu, since now living in a woman's body, understood more. She was more aware of their difficulties, despite the privileges a woman might have, as most thought of.

[It seems that bringing you here in this world is the right choice.]

Miss System's voice talked in her mind. Ling Qingyu's corner of her mouth twitched.

It was never the correct choice. Where in her right mind should she say the forced transformation was not what she accepted? But at least apart from those areas, her system was very humane.

Look at the trillion yuan in her account. This was only the reward she received once; there might be more in the future. So, ev if she had a complaint, she could never complain.

'At least, I see the world from a broader perspective. After personally witnessing these scums, I don't know what to say about my previous life belief.'

[This system didn't want to say you're wrong. It's just in life—there's both right and wrong. It's the balance and compromises, which made it fulfilling.]

Ling Qingyu picked up the wood chair and sat down facing the glass wall inside the living room.

'Tell me, many people are complaining the gder roles in the ancit time is much better than in the modern era. I highly doubt it though.'

[You're correct to doubt. Let me give you an example...]

Ling Qingyu listed to the system's narration while her eyes never left the outside scery. The warmth seeped through the glass and poured over her.

[In the d, there's nothing wrong with married life. No one could stay alone without a companion to walk down the path of living.]

[But if marriage is everything for a woman; th, the system argued against this kind of norm.]

Ling Qingyu nodded, and couldn't agree more—she herself was also an exception and there might be others in a similar situation to hers. Ling Qingyu's eyes flicked at the strange notion which came into her mind—why her system served more like a mentor here?

She rubbed her eyes, for fear of mistaking. Did she just see the figure of a peerless empress with her hands behind her back, standing proud and tall?

It must be a hallucination.

'How about those television shows in the past life where these men, 'the prester', told what is most remembered for a woman's deeds? Like how many children they bred, how many generations she had looked after and her marriage. What do you say?' Ling Qingyu asked, at least she believed there wasn't anything wrong with those statements.

[Hey..] The system sighed exaggeratedly.

[That's the logic where there isn't anything right and wrong. And those men made use of those arguments to their advantage.] Ling Qingyu even heard Miss System sneering. She was looking forward to what the system would say next.

[Since they said no one cares about a woman's deeds other than her marriage and family, I'll point out a few in your past life. Several Queens of the UK, Catherine the Great, Wu Zetian of Tang Dynasty...etcetera. Does anyone care about their marriages or their successes?]

Ling Qingyu couldn't argue against her system and it seemed these m typically brought these wishy-washy argumts into the show for their agda.

Ling Qingyu could almost say, she was almost brainwashed. Without waiting for her to answer, Miss System continued.

[I almost forget, here in this world, there is another Empress—Alyssia the Great. Everyone only remembered her success in the unification of the contint.]

'Alright, alright. I get it. I was wrong.' Ling Qingyu pleaded, fearing another piles of her system's argumts.

[Nope the system will say more. If every woman only relies on her husband for everything, they're in danger. Do you know in ancit times, how troublesome life was for a widow, especially if they had no talts to express themselves?]

[Most became prostitutes, being forced by others or willingly or out of options. Not every man is like you, kind and gtle...Ahem...No idea if it's true.... There are many scums... This system had no idea why there existed many people wanting to go back in time? Tsk..Tsk...]

[At least everything had improved in the modern era—sure there are narcissists troubling the world but one had to remember the geral trd; everything is going in a better direction.]

Ling Qingyu slapped herself on the forehead. It was her mistake to begin this topic in the first place. The nonstop spray had already consumed Ling Qingyu's desire to make use of her day.

And what do you explicitly mean by no idea about her character? It must be the system's provocation.

Seeing her wilted on the chair, Miss System stopped the chatter and deeply reflected. Maybe the information st over was too much.

Feeling the inside quiet down from the noises, Ling Qingyu exhaled deeply. She couldn't protest her sugar mommy, could she? Except to tolerate the nuisance so that her rewards in the future didn't drop in quality.

Ling Qingyu decided from now on—don't ever talk about those controversies with her system. She didn't want to experience again how her brain was thoroughly bullied in the conversation.

Her phone vibrated again and she glanced at the identity of the caller. It was from Manager Yuan.

Ling Qingyu specifically asked the real estate agency to call through his number; otherwise, she warned she would never answer any unknown number.

"Hello," she connected the line and answered.

"Hello, Miss Ling. I hope my call doesn't disturb you in the morning." Manager Yuan said.

"Of course not, Manager Yuan." Ling Qingyu replied.

The tire pleasantries were exchanged between the two sides and Manager Yuan went into the theme.

"Since Miss Ling states yesterday the desire to move the house today, our agency agreed to provide the service. I believe today at noon will be a good time for both of us. My workers and I will arrive at your house at that time. How does that sound?" Manager Yuan asked for her opinions.

Ling Qingyu thought the timing wasn't bad. By noon, everyone in her apartment would be well prepared. So, she agreed and explicitly expressed her gratitude.

Manager Yuan sounded flattered before the two disconnected. Ling Qingyu's eyes didn't move away from the screen before she inquired her system.

'Miss System, about your last two gifts, especially the AI supercomputer, I presume the space of the residence will attribute to its efficiency.' Ling Qingyu asked a rhetorical question with a smirk.

[Well, it doesn't. Even if the spacing isn't sufficient, the underground level of floor will be increased instead. So, no.]

'What! How could that be? Then, why am I buying a manor then?' Ling Qingyu exclaimed in her mind.

[Because you're rich.] A simple reply from the system choked her.

'Come on, please. Make it something worth my buying.' Ling Qingyu pleaded, her eyes appearing very pathetic.

[Well, the system is kidding you. In fact, the larger the area of your residence, the more space would be created underground, which is a plus if you wanna store additional stuff.]

Miss System eventually learned how to joke and played her feeling.

She didn't know why a song lyric sang inside her head—Strumming my pain with his fingers, singing my life with his words.

Indeed her system plucked her heart through several strings, causing it to roll fervently. Well, replaced the 'his' with 'her'.

There wasn't any pain in buying the manor and spending more, since her wealth allowed her lavish action. But she never craved to waste energy and effort on something without gaining anything in return.

[Besides, the system believes a trillion yuan has already given you everything and you don't need more. Why make you too OP? The system also likes to watch you struggle too.]

Ling Qingyu nearly cursed out loud. Her Miss System wanted her to be an actress in a script. Hell, no!

So, she decided to act spoiled, juggling her limbs across like a dissatisfied child.