

Beautiful 91

Chapter 91: Solving the loan sharks

10 minutes later exactly, Zhao Xiurong came in, bringing piles of papers with her. Ling Qingyu threw helpless eyes at her secretary. Not even a single second was wasted.

Ling Qingyu sat on the chair as her secretary put the papers on the desk. Her eyes were directed at Zhao Xiurong.

"These are the papers required to sign by the President personally. Some of them are reports about each department which I've marked important factors for you to look at." Zhao Xiurong answered her questioning glance. "So, Sister Ling now is the time for you to do the job."

Ling Qingyu rolled her eyes but her action didn't hesitate. Reading them one by one, Ling Qingyu was happy at how the events had turned out.

She already possessed 65 percent of the shares in the company. Of course, 10 percent might go to Zhao Xiurong as she had made a promise.

As she immersed herself in the work, time passed unknowingly. Only a rustle of papers' friction and scribbling shrouded her office.

Ling Qingyu rubbed her tired eyes, her glasses already on the desk. She finished what was supposed to be three days of work in a short amount of time.

Athena's contribution mitigated her arduous tasks. Her cheap daughter quickened the process, simplify one, and organized everything she told her to.

Of course, what Zhao Xiurong gave wasn't only paperwork, it also included attachments to her email.

Ling Qingyu watched the time on the corner of the monitor. It was 4 p.m. She had no idea time flew literally.

Rubbing the back of her neck and stretching herself, Ling Qingyu lay down on her officer chair and closed her eyes.

A short nap passed 15 minutes and Ling Qingyu felt refreshed. Outside, the city had lost its brightest luster, shone by the only remaining copper-red setting sunlight.

Ling Qingyu couldn't see the sunset because her office's glass wall was on the opposite side. Ling Qingyu got up from her seat and paced toward the glass wall and put her palm on the smooth cold texture.

Through the glass, she gazed and lost in thoughts until a knock came. Her head turned. "Come in"

Zhao Xiurong walked in and closed the door. "Sister Ling, do you want any coffee?"

"No need. Sister Zhao can take away those papers; I've already finished them." Ling Qingyu replied.

Zhao Xiurong gasped. "I never expect Sister Ling to be this fast. I'll take them away then."

She was preparing to check Ling Qingyu's work again to repair any mishaps. Naturally, she would never do this in front of Ling Qingyu.

Inwardly chuckling at her secretary, Ling Qingyu was aware of her increased efficiency, mostly attributed to her daughter. Even then she didn't ask Athena for everything.

Despite the memory she possessed, this was her first experience in handling office work and managing her own company.

She was learning and improving herself; her confidence grew as she worked more. Until Ling Qingyu was satisfied with herself, she would never rely too much on Athena.

When Zhao Xiurong had packed away some of the documents, Ling Qingyu said, "Sister Zhao, you can also check your email. And call Sister Tang for me, please."

Zhao Xiurong nodded and exited the room.

Tang Ziyi entered after a while and Ling Qingyu beckoned her to come closer. Tang Ziyi's eyes turned strange but still went forward.

She wasn't worried, Ling Qingyu would have indecent thoughts. Even if her boss had one, she hoped Ling Qingyu had ten times the courage.

The two shoulders were only centimeters apart and Ling Qingyu whispered: "Do you have any tools to detect surveillance devices?"

Tang Ziyi understood straightway what agitated Ling Qingyu at the moment. She had seen Officer Yang come out from the office.

According to Ling Qingyu, Tang Ziyi already had a clear picture. She nodded and mouthed: "Where did she stay?"

Ling Qingyu pointed at the room outside. Tang Ziyi sprung into action.

Tang Ziyi searched for any devices using her hands and experience, as Ling Qingyu watched her ruffle through the room where Yang Qingyue had stayed.

Afterward, Tang Ziyi went outside and came back after a few minutes, bringing in sophisticated tools.

Like a security guard, a device squealed several times as she scanned across the room. Zhao Xiurong asked Ling Qingyu with her glance, who returned a shrug in answer.

Her secretary wasn't stupid and recalled Officer Yang's visit.

Tang Ziyi shook her head at Ling Qingyu, who nodded back. It seemed Yang Qingyue's purpose was merely to inform her.

Not that surprised Ling Qingyu as she knew Yang Qingyu grew up in the family always deep in the whirlpool of conspiracy.

It didn't matter; she would continue what she had to do.

"How's my offer? Have you asked your Mom?" Ling Qingyu asked Zhao Xiurong.

"I have. Maybe a week later, we'll move in. My mother is happy to be around your elders." Zhao Xiurong replied.

"I'm glad to hear that."

Time passed quickly and everybody prepared to leave work. Usually, Ling Qingyu worked till late 8'o clock or more but she had changed into a brand new.

Besides, she needed to do something tonight. Ling Qingyu had requested Tang Ziyi to ask Su Ruomei for a few of her comrades and bring guards from her manor.

Everyone had no problems following Tang Ziyi's commands as Su Ruomei already introduced her as their future instructor.

Ling Qingyu descended to the parking lot underground, where there was an area for her personally.

Xiao Yue and Tang Ziyi were with her. In front of the Cadillac and Bentley, five RangeRovers parked with their engines on.

Ling Qingyu knew they were the ones she bought this morning. Inside the vehicles were the female guards she summoned.

Entering the Bentley backseat 'consciously', Ling Qingyu told her plan to Tang Ziyi who just got inside.

Tang Ziyi spoke into the radio and put it down. Ling Qingyu asked. "When do you have a radio?"

"As an about-to-be instructor, I must equip myself, can't I?" Tang Ziyi replied. "I almost forgot but since you asked, when can I get our own weapons?"

Ling Qingyu patted her forehead. "Patience, don't annoy Athena regarding your issue. You can buy them outside, why bother troubling her?"

"It's different. You can get a customized version." Tang Ziyi whined.

Soon, the Cadillac, Bentley, and 5 Range Rovers drove in a convoy and departed the company, drawing eyes around.

Since all of them were painted in black, the grandeur and the air carried by the convoy were surreal.

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Tang San walked back, holding a bottle in one hand, which he sipped from time to time. His feet shuffled dragging the soles of his shoes along the pavement.

Anyone who saw him stayed away from a distance and watched him pass by.

Based on the man's attire, he was definitely from the scum class, draining the earth's precious materials.

An epitome of study materials for young men to avoid, following his example.

Reaching his destination, he lashed out a bad breath and cursed. A warehouse but with allocated rooms for living space.

Usually, Tang San would always sight his subordinates, playing cards, smoking together, or cock fighting. Anyway, it wouldn't be this quiet.

His mind was unclear and couldn't think straight. Was there a football match tonight so the group watched the game together?

These bastards never informed their boss, of good news, only enjoying themselves. His heart felt agitated for no reason.

Entering the warehouse to the threshold, Tang San walked lazily and couldn't help but see the only light source came from the soft yellow lamp.

Darkness crept into Tang San's mind and his breathing quickened. He thought he was devoured into the mouth of a monster.

Perhaps, he drank too much that weird thought flew into his mind.

"Hey! Boys, where are you guys?" Tang San shouted to wave off the fear, looming inside as the second passed by.

No answer.

Tang San clicked his tongue and cursed. "Damn bastards, always know how to kid around and mess with your boss. It seems my prestige needs to be revealed again."

He snorted after speaking, preparing himself for any prank.

The moment he entered the hall, he said, "I know you're here. Stop messing around. I don't have time for this."

The doors behind slammed close and the lights inside brightened. Tang San covered his eyes from the sudden illumination after his eyes got used to the light.

Then, he was dumbfounded. Looking around the room, he saw his boys wrapped in tapes all around, ankles and hands bound, mouths also blocked.

Tang San's pupils constricted at the sight of 2 dozen of his subordinates laying on the floor helplessly.

He wanted to run but the moment his head turned toward the entrance, he saw two burly guys in black suits blocking the path.

Staring at their thick muscles and height, Tang San gulped and turned his head back. Noting the surrounding had been filled with unfamiliar people wearing black attire, Tang San had a crying face.

Where did he offend a big boss? He never stretched his claws too much to avoid this situation from happening.

Sure, there were more women figure among the person-in-black. But their posture and gesture exuded menacing power.

He roughly counted 20 women and 15 men.

Clap! Clap! Clap!

Tang San's eyes glanced in the direction of the sound and found a young woman in white clothing, graceful and majestic. She had an attractive figure most men would surrender under her pomegranate skirts.

That wasn't the current Tang San's focus point; the aura engraved in her gesture exhibited authority he felt hard to resist.

Was she the only female gang leader in Province N? Tang San was quickly calculating in his mind to escape the situation.

He just did the best plan in mind, fighting for his chance.

Tang San knelt and kowtowed like meeting an emperor: "Heroine, the villain does not have good eyes and mouth, I don't know where the villain offends you?"

The large room fell into silence.

powered-by-MvLeMpYr

Ling Qingyu was stunned by the sudden exquisite operation—opera—before her. Not only her, the people around who she brought were flabbergasted.

At least, they thought the leader should have a stronger backbone, especially when his subordinates tried to resist valiantly.

"Hahaha," Ling Qingyu laughed out loud but her laughter sounded like beautiful birds chirping a piece of artistic music to the listener's ears.

Ling Qingyu quickly controlled herself. She never expected the leader to have self-knowledge.