

## **Rebirth as the Richest Woman in the World**

### **#Chapter 11 - 011 can also be called Jin Ge. - Read Rebirth as the Richest Woman in the World Chapter 11 - 011 can also be called Jin Ge.**

#### **Chapter 11: 011 can also be called Jin Ge.**

Because they were not in the same class, they parted ways by the second academic building.

South Bridge No.2 Middle School is the largest high school in Capital City, with as many as 15 classes set up just for the senior year.

With college entrance exams looming, nearly every student's desk was piled high with stacks of books and review materials, the most prominent being "Five-Year College Entrance Examination, Three-Year Simulation".

Looking around at this familiar yet strange surroundings, Chu Jin's eyes began to warm up.

How many times in midnight dreams had she returned to this most naive age, but alas, they were only dreams.

I remember reading a sentence online once: Once, I thought I had finally left hell, only to realize now that what I had left behind was heaven.

Now that she had returned to this age, she would cherish every minute of her life.

The last term of the senior year, at a crucial time, Chu Jin had just sat down when a stack of test papers was already piled on her desk.

Her desk mate, returning from the restroom, was stunned the moment they saw the test papers on the desk.

"Holy shit! So many test papers, why didn't you pass them back?"

Hearing this, Chu Jin looked up at Miao Xinran and spoke faintly, "These are all yours."

"Damn it!" Miao Xinran cursed under her breath, "When will this ever end..."

Miao Xinran was her desk mate and the only good friend of her predecessor in this class.

Miao Xinran could be described as a super top student - indulging in eating, playing, and gaming, even reading novels in class was almost routine, but unfortunately, she was just naturally talented. No matter the problem, she understood at a glance, grasping the teachers' points immediately and treating study as if it were play, always ranking first in the class and third in the grade.

"Haha," Chu Jin calmly flipped the test paper to the next page, "you speak as if you would really do these test papers."

A student as outrageously talented as Miao Xinran was the teacher's pet; she didn't have to take test papers seriously at all.

Even those routine exercises, it was rare to see Miao Xinran completing them at any time.

"That's also true," Miao Xinran took out her phone from her pocket, "Jin, let me tell you, I've recently found a really fun and brain-burning game, do you want to join me?"

"No thanks," Chu Jin began to attempt one of the proofs on the test paper with a pen. In truth, subjects like math were really difficult. Most of what she had learned in her previous life had been returned to Marx.

"Holy shit!" Miao Xinran turned her head and was astonished to see Chu Jin seriously working on a proof, and couldn't help exclaiming, "Jin, have you decided to mend your ways? That's great, I've always been saying, you need to study hard. Otherwise, how can you attend the same university as me? If we don't go to the same university, how can we hang out together? Play games? Check out cute guys..."

Logically, with Miao Xinran being a top student and her being the bottom, these two should never have become desk mates, much less good friends.

The reason why Miao Xinran could become desk mates with Chu Jin was because Miao Xinran's influence was too great. Anyone who had shared a desk with her saw their grades plummet, and to prevent her from harming other students, the teacher arranged for her to sit with Chu Jin instead.

Because Chu Jin was inherently a poor student, there was no need for her to be influenced by Miao Xinran.

"Jin," Miao Xinran stopped playing her game, propped her chin with both hands, and watched Chu Jin, demanding, "Tell me the truth, are you still hung up on that scumbag Wen Junxi? Are you trying to reform for him? Are you still hoping to be with him?"

Miao Xinran wore an expression of deep sadness, "Sigh, Jin, I have to say, you should really let go of that notion as soon as possible. What's so good about that scumbag Wen Junxi that you would do this for him? I'm really disappointed in you..."

Chu Jin stopped writing, shifted her gaze away from the test paper, turned her head, and spoke with a cool tone, "It's not for him."

Just those five words, spoken softly, carried a persuasive power that made Miao Xinran suddenly close her mouth.

She gazed at Chu Jin somewhat dazedly.

After a long while, she finally uttered, "Are you really Jin?"

The person before her had picturesque brows and eyes, white teeth and red lips, and even wearing a simple school uniform couldn't hide her distinct air of uniqueness.

She didn't resemble the Jin she knew.

Chu Jin smiled slightly, "Of course, you can also call me 'Brother Jin'."

Miao Xinran: "...". She hadn't even begun to compliment when Chu Jin had already started to inflate her own ego.

At that moment, Zi, who had been silent for a long time, suddenly spoke.

"Jin, the second task has arrived, do you want to take it?"

Chu Jin raised an eyebrow, "Can I say no?"

Zi, with legs crossed, responded, "Of course not, if you decline, the system will erase you."

Chu Jin said, "Then why bother asking?"

Zi: "...". With such sharp words from the host, what can I say? I'm helpless too, okay?

[Ding! A second-level task has been triggered. Task type: Acquire a heart of faith. Task objective: Help Miao Xinran get out of her current predicament!]

Help Miao Xinran get out of her predicament!

Chu Jin glanced at Miao Xinran who was engrossed in her game. The kid was doing well—eating, playing, drinking, sleeping, and studying. What predicament could she have?

"Jin, don't forget that you are now a high-level fortune-teller. Try using your Tarot cards," Zi reminded.

"Alright," Chu Jin gave a slight nod, and with a thought, a deck of Tarot cards appeared in her pocket, "Xinran,"

"What's up?" Miao Xinran returned to reality from her game.

Chu Jin held up the Tarot cards, "Let me do a reading for you."

Miao Xinran laughed upon seeing them, "Wow, look at you. You've become a fortune-teller after a three-day break, and now you're into Tarot cards."

Chu Jin said earnestly, "It's a family tradition. Want to give it a try? No charge if it's not accurate."

Miao Xinran hesitated for a moment, then nodded, "Sure."

The Tarot cards kept changing hands as Chu Jin shuffled them in various fancy ways, then swiftly laid out the Sacred Triangle spread.

Chu Jin looked at Miao Xinran with slightly cold intonation and a serious demeanor, "Xinran, say the question you want to ask and then flip over three cards at random."

Miao Xinran's downcast eyes quickly flashed with a hint of desolation before she raised her eyes; the playful demeanor on her face had already vanished, "I want to ask about the question that's in my heart."

## **Chapter 12: 012 The Tarot Master**

Miao Xinran flipped open the first card: The Upright 'Tower.'

In the picture, a towering structure was struck by lightning and bursting into flames, with two men falling from the tower.

"Xinran, your background seems complicated; you must have experienced some natural and man-made disaster when you were young."

As soon as the words were out, Miao Xinran incredulously lifted her gaze to Chu Jin.

Miao Xinran flipped open the second card: The Reversed 'Sun'

In the picture, a smiling, confident child riding a horse leaped out from a walled enclosure. Behind him was a vast field of sunflowers, above which shone the radiant sun.

"After that disaster, you were rescued, probably by the person who is now raising you, right? See this wall?" Chu Jin pointed to the wall in the picture and said, "You used to

live within these walls, but life has been kind to you. Someone brought you out from there, giving you a new life and freedom."

Miao Xinran's face had already begun to turn pale.

But she still trembled as she turned over the third card: The Upright Five of Cups.

In the picture under a gloomy sky, a person in a black cloak, head bowed, observed three overturned cups on the ground. Behind them stood two upright cups, and in front lay a wide river with a bridge leading to a village.

"Xinran, you're now facing a decision, on one side the person who brought you endless hope and freedom, on the other, the person who gave you life..."

Chu Jin had no sooner spoken when Miao Xinran could no longer contain her emotions and clutched Chu Jin, bursting into tears and sobbing out, "Jin, what should I do? I don't want to go back with them..."

All these days, she had been repressing herself, remaining the carefree Miao Xinran in front of others.

Only in the solitude of the night would she cover herself with her quilt and secretly cry in her bed.

Now, embracing Chu Jin as if holding on to a lifeline, she was reluctant to let go.

"Xinran, just follow your heart, if you don't want to leave, why should you care about those who once abandoned you,"

Miao Xinran stopped crying and said in a broken voice, "But... he doesn't want me anymore..."

The person who raised her, she hadn't seen him for three days now, and she felt anxious. She was terrified of being taken away, afraid of being abandoned a second time.

Chu Jin pulled out a tissue and offered it to Miao Xinran, asking, "He? You mean the person who gave you hope?"

Miao Xinran accepted the tissue and nodded, "Yes, I haven't seen him for three days."

Chu Jin smiled, "Silly girl, he hasn't abandoned you. He's just giving you space, letting you have enough time to choose."

"What?" Miao Xinran looked at Chu Jin somewhat confused.

"See this bridge?" Chu Jin pointed to the 'Five of Cups' and said, "On the surface, this card brings endless sorrow and loss, but isn't it also a card full of vitality? If you're willing to look back, the bridge is always there; you can return any time. So, Xinran, what's most important now is to follow your heart, look back, and there might be a surprising joy waiting."

Miao Xinran's emotions gradually stabilized, and a look of determination appeared in her eyes, "Thank you, Jin, I know what to do now."

"You're welcome," Chu Jin shrugged, "but if you really want to thank me, then help tutor me in math."

It has to be said, math is really difficult.

She needed a beacon of light.

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In Capital City, the highest floor of a towering skyscraper in the most bustling district.

"Mr. Mo, all of Miss Chu's information is here. Please take a look."

Mo Zhixuan took the documents handed over by his assistant and flipped through them, his eyes swirling with a chill.

After a moment, he curved his lips into a dangerous arc and instructed his assistant, "Cancel all my appointments for this afternoon; also, get ready, I'm going back to the main house."

The assistant was taken aback. Cancel all the appointments for the afternoon? Including one involving a ten-figure project?

In his memory, Mr. Mo had never done something so impulsive — could it be for that — fiancée?

At the thought of those three words, the assistant couldn't help but shiver. There really were people brave enough to marry Mr. Mo —

Those people must be after either wealth or power —

"Very well, Mr. Mo."

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After school in the evening, Mo Qingyi was already waiting at the gate.

Mo Qingyi waved at Chu Jin, "Jin, over here, over here."

"Xinran?" Mo Qingyi looked surprisingly at Miao Xinran next to Chu Jin, "You know Jin too?"

Miao Xinran was also stunned; the world could be so small, "Yeah, Jin is my deskmate..."

Miao Xinran glanced at Chu Jin and said softly, "So people do call you Jin."

Chu Jin: "..."

To celebrate their serendipitous meeting, Mo Qingyi suggested they go eat to celebrate.

"Let's go for a snack; I know a place with secret recipes, their delicacies are super authentic..."

Chu Jin habitually lifted her hand to brush through her hair, then nodded, "Okay, let's go."

After all, the Zhao family wouldn't be keeping dinner for her.

Miao Xinran had no objections.

The three walked side by side, moving forward.

Suddenly, a black car surged out from the intersection and blocked their way.

"Damn it!" Mo Qingyi kicked the car door, "Who's car is this? Daring to block my way, do you have a death wish or something?"

Click.

The doors on both sides were opened, and two tall, strapping men in black suits stepped out.

"Miss Chu," one of the men spoke with some politeness, "our master requests your presence."

These two men, with golden halos shimmering on their temples, were clearly no ordinary individuals.

"What for?" Mo Qingyi stretched out her hand to shield Chu Jin behind her, "In broad daylight, are you guys planning to abduct a young woman or what?"

Miao Xinran took out her phone, intending to call for help, only to find that her fully charged phone had instantly run out of battery.

Moreover, the usually crowded road had oddly not a single person in sight at this moment.

The surroundings were eerily quiet.