

Rebirth as the Richest Woman in the World

Chapter 17: 017 Three Blank Cards!

Mo Zhixuan was also stunned, he hadn't expected that there would still be someone who could break free from his imposing pressure.

They say the eyes are the windows to the soul, and the girl before him had clear-cut features and a pair of bewitching, peach-blossom eyes that were transparent to their depths, unblemished by any speck of worldly pollution.

How could such a transparently clear-cut person harbor such heavy thoughts?

Was she hiding too deeply, or was it all just a coincidence, and she was actually a young girl who kept out of the world's strife?

He had always been arrogant, believing that no one in the world could escape his scrutiny, yet the person before him refreshed his understanding of worldly people.

Suddenly, he felt that this fiancée of his might be quite interesting, of course, provided that her life—was tough enough.

Mo Zhixuan habitually twirled the ancient silver ring on his index finger; the ring was formed by a fierce and grim mutant beast, and under the sun, its ancient silver pattern appeared mysterious and flamboyant.

Seeing him remaining silent, Chu Jin spoke up again to emphasize, "Sir, I have already packed up for the day. If you want a reading, you can come back tomorrow."

"That won't do," Mo Zhixuan's thin lips parted lightly, "there's no time like the present, let's do it now."

His tone, although faint, carried an undeniable air of intimidation.

As he spoke, he leaned forward to sit opposite her.

Chu Jin thought, this man must be used to being domineering, otherwise, why wouldn't he even give her the chance to say no?

As he took his seat.

Chu Jin suddenly had the feeling that 'the little temple couldn't accommodate the big Buddha.' When that auntie sat across from her just now, she didn't feel much.

But this man before her had an aura too powerful, and his phoenix eyes too profound.

And then, there were those long, straight legs, either the stool was too short, or his legs were too long. His legs were slightly bent, and in such a cramped space, it seemed rather unfair to his long legs.

There was also the powerful aura of a dominant force emanating from him, which at any rate, didn't match with her simple stall at all.

It's a blessing not a curse, a curse that can't be avoided, it seems there's no avoiding this man today. Rather than cowering in fear, it's better to accept the challenge openly—what could he possibly do to her, eat her up?

Thinking this way, she let go of her worries. Chu Jin raised an eyebrow and asked, "What would you like to find out, sir?"

In the midst of speaking, Chu Jin spread the previously folded tablecloth back over the table.

She bent forward slightly, and from his angle, he could see her delicate collarbones, and below that, a large expanse of fair, delicate skin, and that hint of softness on her chest that was faintly discernible...

That fleeting glance was so scorching that Mo Zhixuan hurriedly averted his gaze, covering his lips with his fist to cough twice lightly. When he looked up again, the strange color in his eyes had already disappeared.

"I want to know about my past," Mo Zhixuan said slowly, his voice still low and forbidding.

"Alright," Chu Jin nodded slightly, then quickly began shuffling the cards.

The Tarot cards in Chu Jin's hands constantly shifted into various patterns, and in about two or three minutes, she had arranged the cards into a spread.

This time she did not use the 'Sacred Triangle'; instead, she arranged the 'Time Flow' spread.

This spread mainly measures: the past, the present, the future.

Chu Jin looked up, her red lips parting slightly, "Sir, please select three cards."

Mo Zhixuan nodded slightly, then turned over the first card.

Much to Chu Jin's surprise, the first card he revealed was— a Blank card!

A formal deck of Tarot cards consists of 78 cards, 22 Major Arcana, 56 Minor Arcana, but the Blank card is not among them.

The so-called Blank card, also known as the 'substitute card', means that if one of the 78 Tarot cards is accidentally lost, the Blank card can be used to replace the missing one.

Chu Jin clearly remembered that on the first day she took over the Tarot cards, she had picked out the two Blank cards and placed them separately in the Purple Sound Spirit Box.

Could she have remembered it wrong? Were the Blank cards not picked out?

Chu Jin pursed her lips and did not speak.

Mo Zhixuan's mouth curled into a faint arc, and under Chu Jin's puzzled gaze, he proceeded to flip over the second card.

It was still... a Blank card!

Even if the first one was a coincidence, what about this one?

There were only two Blank cards in a deck, so how could both be drawn by this person!

Zi in the Purple Thunder Space was also surprised, stroking his chin and muttering, "It's really strange, how could both be Blank cards..."

Both cards being Blank cards, this could no longer be described as a coincidence.

Chu Jin looked up, her eyes burning as she watched him, trying to decipher something from his gaze.

Regrettably — there was nothing!

He remained indifferent from start to finish, as though nothing could fluctuate his emotions anymore.

Mo Zhixuan casually turned over the third card.

It was unbelievably another Blank card!

Now, Chu Jin could no longer stay calm. There were only two Blank cards in total, where did this third one come from?

Zi widened his incredulous eyes and exclaimed, "A master, a true master!" Then he said, "Jin, we've encountered a hermit-like master. This person's Spiritual Power has

probably reached the peak value, so the Tarot cards are like a pile of scrap paper before him. Under the heavens, aside from himself, probably no one can calculate his fate."

So he came to tease her! Chu Jin was so angry she felt like biting someone, but she forcefully restrained herself!

She kept reminding herself that the man before her was a master! A master! Not to be offended!

"How about it?" Mo Zhixuan looked at the three Blank cards before him, then raised his eyes to meet Chu Jin's peach-blossom eyes and asked teasingly, "Master, care to explain the meanings of these three cards?"

"Sir," Chu Jin raised her eyebrows, retorting, "Are you joking?"

Mo Zhixuan just looked at her, silent.

Seeing that he did not speak, Chu Jin bent down to tidy up the Tarot cards, put them in her backpack, then stood up, met Mo Zhixuan's gaze, and demanded, "Since you are a master, why bother to stoop to make fun of a little girl like me who is not very advanced in her abilities!"

Having said that, she did not wait for Mo Zhixuan's reaction before turning and walking away.

She had no intention of taking the table or chair either, as such things were plentiful in the Purple Thunder Space, and besides, she had already received the Faith Value for the day.

This place must have bad feng shui; she encountered such a deity on her first day of setting up a stall!

She would definitely change locations tomorrow.

Mo Zhixuan watched her retreating back, a slight smile playing on his lips, as though she did not recognize him at all.

Was it a strategy of desiring to capture then pretending to push away, all deliberate?

Or did she truly not recognize him?

Chapter 18: 018 Who's the silly child?

Mo Zhixuan's eyes were deep, and for the first time, he felt a strong curiosity towards an ordinary person.

However, she could hardly be considered ordinary.

How could anyone related to the name Mo Zhixuan be considered ordinary?

Mo Zhixuan stood there for a long while until that slender figure had completely disappeared before he finally withdrew his gaze.

Looking down, he saw the table and stool she had abandoned, and Mo Zhixuan couldn't help but curve his lips into a smile—she sure had spirit.

It had to be said, Chu Jin brought him one surprise after another.

Moreover, he faintly sensed a trace of 'special ability' emanating from her.

No matter how you looked at it, this didn't seem like someone who had been a waste for 18 years.

"Mr. Mo," Li Hanjiang hurried over, panting, "The old master of the Zhao family's birthday banquet is at the Imperial Court Hotel at 7 pm. Are we still going?"

The Zhao family had sent him an invitation before, but he hadn't paid much attention to it, tossing it aside without even a glance. The Zhao family was like an ant in his presence; he simply didn't care for such a small household.

Unexpectedly, today, Mr. Mo suddenly brought up the matter, and from the way he spoke, it seemed he intended to personally attend the Zhao family's banquet, which took him by surprise.

The Zhao family was significant enough to warrant Mr. Mo's personal visit to offer birthday congratulations?

Li Hanjiang really couldn't figure it out.

"Yes, we'll go," Mo Zhixuan said slowly as he lit a cigarette, then added, "Under your name."

Having followed him for so long, Li Hanjiang naturally understood what Mo meant and didn't ask any more questions, just nodded, "Alright, I'll have my assistant arrange it later."

It was now 4:30 pm, still early.

Mo Zhixuan nodded slightly, his eyes half-closed, making it difficult to discern the expression hidden within, his thin cool lips exhaling smoke, his entire demeanor exuding nobility and aloofness.

Li Hanjiang thought, how could such a favored son of the heavens be branded with the label 'devil'?

If those outside knew that the 'devil' in their eyes had such a celestial appearance, they would probably go mad, wouldn't they?

Mo Zhixuan snuffed out the cigarette butt and pointed at the tables and stools on the ground, "Take these back to the car," he said, and then added, "And send them directly to Phoenix Garden."

Phoenix Garden was his private residence.

Li Hanjiang's gaze followed Mo's pointing finger to the tables and stools on the ground.

They were just two ordinary folding stools and a folding table, covered with a black tablecloth with striking letters on it.

'Ancestral Fortune-Telling, predict the future, inquire about later affairs, expel evil spirits, sincerity brings efficacy.'

Li Hanjiang swallowed nervously. When had Mr. Mo started dealing in this business?

'Ancestral Fortune-Telling?'

Could it be that Mr. Mo's ancestors were fortune-tellers?

Li Hanjiang felt utterly flabbergasted.

As Li Hanjiang was packing up the tables and stools, thinking to himself, a black mobile phone slid off the tablecloth and hit the ground with a 'clatter.'

Li Hanjiang turned pale with fright and immediately picked up the phone. Fortunately, it wasn't broken.

He then stood up and handed the phone to Mo Zhixuan, "Mr. Mo, your phone."

"Phone?" Mo Zhixuan glanced at the phone handed over to him, a faint smile curving the corners of his mouth, before he slipped the phone into his pocket.

Mr. Mo was smiling?

The millennial ice was smiling?

Li Hanjiang rubbed his eyes in disbelief. When he opened them again, the man who had been standing before him was gone.

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Chu Jin walked while chatting with Zi.

Sitting on a stone bench with a face full of grievance, Zi said, "Jin, I'm so bored..."

"Bored?" Chu Jin raised an eyebrow, "If you're bored, just scroll through your friends' circle, browse some microblogs, and you'll discover the world is still a beautiful place."

"Sigh!" Zi let out a deep sigh.

"Jin, bro," Zi said with a face full of ingratiating smile, "haven't you noticed something different about me now?"

"Different?" Chu Jin smiled, "... have you grown taller?"

Zi shook her head, disheartened, "No, that's not it."

"... have you gotten fairer?"

Zi continued to shake her head.

"Oh," Chu Jin stretched her word, pretending to have an epiphany.

Seeing this, Zi's eyes immediately brightened, filled with anticipation as she looked at her.

"You've changed your belly cover!" I remember it was red yesterday, but today it has turned light red.

As soon as she finished speaking, the brightness in Zi's eyes instantly dimmed, "... Jin, bro, you really don't love me anymore!"

Chu Jin: "..."

Zi hopped off the bench, speaking somewhat aggrievedly, "Jin, bro, didn't you notice that I haven't eaten sunflower seeds for 30 minutes now?"

"Pfft!" Chu Jin laughed.

After such a big fuss, it turned out to be about this, "There, there, I'll buy you some soon."

Upon hearing the word 'buy', Zi's entire demeanor revived, "I want the five-spice flavor."

"Got it," Chu Jin nodded. While talking, her gaze fell upon a small antiques stall in the corner.

Amidst a pile of various items large and small, a little object emitting a pale green light seemed particularly eye-catching.

Naturally, Zi also noticed her peculiar expression and quickly looked in the direction of her gaze.

Just with a glance, Zi said, "A jade ring from the Song Dynasty; it's a nice piece."

"From the Song Dynasty?" Chu Jin squinted her eyes, "Are you sure?"

Zi folded her arms, "I wouldn't lie to you; there are no seeds for me if I do."

From what she could remember, her grandfather seemed to like these antique trinkets, and in the memories of her previous life, her grandfather was indeed very kind to her.

For her grandfather's birthday party, she couldn't show up empty-handed. Thinking like this, Chu Jin walked over to the stall, glanced briefly at all the items on the table, and found that aside from the jade ring shining with light, the rest were fairly ordinary.

Chu Jin picked up the jade ring directly. Perhaps because it had been placed there too long, the jade ring's surface was covered with a layer of darkened material, obscuring its natural color and patterns.

"Boss, how much for this?"

The vendor, a slightly overweight middle-aged man, looked up at Chu Jin when he heard her voice.

Seeing that the customer was only a seventeen or eighteen-year-old girl, the light in his beady eyes dimmed immediately. He lazily glanced at the ring in Chu Jin's hand.

This ring was given to him as a freebie by the vendor when he bought these fake antiques wholesale. It was obviously a fake, and after being displayed at his stall for more than a year, nobody had even asked about it.

"Two thousand, non-negotiable," the vendor replied indifferently, not really expecting the young girl to actually buy it.

"Two thousand?" Chu Jin raised her eyebrow. For an item from the Song Dynasty, two thousand wasn't expensive. She nodded her head, pulled out her wallet, and handed twenty notes to the vendor.

Holding the red bills in his hand, the vendor stared blankly at Chu Jin as she turned and left. It took him a while to come back to his senses, and he shook his head slightly, sighing.

"Ah! Some family's foolish child..." Spending two thousand just to buy a pitch-black worthless thing.