

Rebirth as the Richest Woman in the World

Chapter 22: 022 Not avoiding you.

He was handsome and talented, a prominent figure in Capital City.

All those wealthy ladies and film stars, which one of them didn't try to get close to him whenever they saw him?

How come in front of this little girl, he was like a flood-beast to be avoided at all costs?

It indeed was interesting, though he didn't know what kind of thoughts were hidden behind this interesting scene.

After all, with his wealth and status laid out there, countless women performed all sorts of tricks in front of him, just to catch his attention.

Mo Zhixuan slowly exhaled a puff of smoke, his phoenix eyes slightly narrowed, his gaze locked on that hurriedly departing slender figure, deep and prolonged, with a smile that wasn't quite a smile, he said, "She's not avoiding you."

"Ah?" Li Hanjiang looked up in surprise, he hadn't expected Mo Zhixuan to pick up on his words.

Having been with Mo Zhixuan for quite a while, he knew full well of Mo Zhixuan's aloof nature, a man of few words, usually leaving him talking to himself.

Mo Zhixuan didn't say much, his lips thin, drifting smoke wispily between his fingers, the depths of his profound eyes dark as the night, still that aloof celestial demeanor as if the person who spoke a moment ago wasn't him.

Even Li Hanjiang started to wonder if he had just experienced an auditory hallucination.

After a moment, Mo Zhixuan finally said slowly, "I'll step out for a bit."

It was still that deep, cool voice, revealing no emotions.

With that, he turned and walked in another direction.

Li Hanjiang scratched his head, somewhat puzzled as he watched Mo Zhixuan's retreating figure, feeling that something was off about Mr. Mo that evening.

Could it be, an illusion?

Chu Jin's plan to get some fresh air in the back garden was interrupted, so she had no choice but to continue heading toward the direction of the banquet hall.

Zhou Keting was still standing in the same spot, her left hand grasping her right wrist, a look of agony on her face, large beads of sweat covering her pale forehead.

Her brows were tightly furrowed.

She was fearful that if she didn't get to the hospital, her hand might just become useless.

Chu Jin quietly sighed, and when she arrived next to Zhou Keting, she ultimately couldn't resist stopping.

Zhou Keting instinctively hugged her arm, gazing at Chu Jin in front of her with fear, tremblingly asking, "What, what do you want to do?"

Chu Jin didn't bother to explain and directly reached out to grasp Zhou Keting's wrist.

Panicked, Zhou Keting's face grew even paler as she desperately tried to break free from Chu Jin's hold, "Let go of me..."

Chu Jin lazily lifted her eyes, casually saying, "If you don't want to die, don't move."

Her tone was casual but tinged with a faint chill.

It sent shivers down one's spine, and Zhou Keting was genuinely frightened, not daring to move an inch.

As soon as the words were spoken, her fair, jade-like hands twisted Zhou Keting's wrist slightly, followed by a 'crack' sound.

The pain of setting a bone was not any less than that of dislocation; Zhou Keting cried out in pain immediately.

She was fast, and her methods were precise; from the moment she took hold of Zhou Keting's wrist to the bone being set, the whole process took less than 2 minutes.

Chu Jin lightly let go, giving Zhou Keting a cool glance, her clear eyes revealing no particular emotion, merely saying lightly, "There better not be a next time."

The voice was soft and indifferent, yet it made Zhou Keting's heart shudder.

She instinctively looked up at Chu Jin.

"You're not Chu Jin! Who are you?"

The Chu Jin she knew definitely didn't have such a presence! Nor such fierce methods!

"Of course, I'm not Chu Jin..." Chu Jin's lips slowly curved into a smile, at once roguish and sharp.

An entirely unfamiliar Chu Jin, as if ready to swallow her whole at any moment.

Zhou Keting's eyes widened more and more, a wave of terror engulfing her body, her fingertips trembling with fear.

Just as Zhou Keting was about to scream in terror, Chu Jin extended her hand, slowly placing it on Zhou Keting's shoulder, her lips parting slightly, "Remember, from now on, call me Brother Jin."

"Ah!" Zhou Keting let out a sharp scream, shaking off Chu Jin's hand, and ran away in a panic.

"Heh," Chu Jin chuckled with amusement, her arms crossed, watching Zhou Keting's frantic departure, "That's all the courage she has."

As soon as her words fell, a deep, cool voice with a magnetic quality came from behind her, "Miss Chu seems to be rather bold."

Chu Jin turned her head slightly, and before her eyes stood a tall and cold figure, still holding a half-lit cigarette, under the dim, yellow light, his sharply contoured face appeared even more distinguished and cool.

It was him.

Apparently, he must have witnessed the whole process; otherwise, he wouldn't have known her last name was Chu.

Chu Jin frowned, quickly withdrawing her gaze, not intending to pay him any attention, continuing on as if she hadn't seen him at all.

Being targeted by someone so powerful that even the Tarot cards had predicted it would terrify anyone, especially when that person had once made a fool of her.

The next second, Chu Jin ran into a sudden 'obstacle'.

It caught her completely off guard.

At the same time, a uniquely cold breath enveloped her entire body.

Even though it was a sweltering June, it made her feel chilled to the bone.

"Hiss!" Chu Jin touched her nose and let out a light gasp. That really hurt. She hoped her nose wasn't broken.

She slowly lifted her eyes, and to her shock, the man who had been behind her a second ago was now standing in front of her.

Chu Jin looked at him warily while also stepping a few paces back.

Mo Zhixuan extinguished his cigarette butt, and, against the light, it was hard to see the expression on his face. His voice was somewhat deep, "Are you avoiding me?"