

Rebirth as the Richest Woman in the World

Chapter 23: 023 Unluckily

His presence was too commanding, even frosty, making even someone like her, who had lived two lives, feel inferior.

A fake smile appeared on Chu Jin's face as she feigned surprise and said, "So it's the esteemed expert, what a coincidence. I didn't expect to meet you here..."

"Not a coincidence," Mo Zhixuan looked up at her, "I came here specifically to find you."

Chu Jin stood there languidly, her brows slightly raised, "Esteemed expert, are you here for a divination?" As she spoke, she shook her head regrettably, "That's truly unfortunate. With a fate like yours, there's probably no one under the sky who could decipher it."

For a moment, the atmosphere turned a tad chilly.

Mo Zhixuan's eyes darkened slightly, and he swallowed, his voice cool and deep with a magnetic timbre, "Are you still angry about this afternoon?"

It seemed she had not expected him to ask this.

Chu Jin was taken aback for a moment before replying, "I wouldn't dare."

Mo Zhixuan, being a man of few words, just stared at her in silence.

His gaze was deep and icy, carrying an intimidating pressure that made Chu Jin feel somewhat oppressed. Faced with his chilly stare, Chu Jin had no choice but to lift her eyes and say lightly, "If there's nothing else, then I'll be leaving, please be busy with your matters."

As she finished speaking, she turned and walked away, almost without hesitation.

The next second, her hand was abruptly seized.

His hand felt almost devoid of warmth, too cold and too chilled, its frostiness seeping through the palm of her hand, penetrating the skin and bones, reaching deep into her heart.

Chu Jin's steps halted, she turned to look at him, "What are you doing?"

Mo Zhixuan's gaze was lowered, his phoenix eyes reflecting her silhouette.

He was looking down, while she had to look up.

How tall was this man?

With her height of 1.65 meters, she barely reached his shoulder.

He continued to hold her hand firmly, and when she struggled, he tightened his grip.

He could feel the warmth emanating from her palm.

Warm like a coal fire in the snow, his whole body awakened, craving the warmth as if it could melt him completely.

This was the feeling of being alive.

After so many years, he thought there would never be a second person who could bring him this warmth.

A moment later, he finally spoke up, his voice very low, "I'm sorry about this afternoon."

Chu Jin raised a hand to adjust her hair, while the other was still held in his grip. Her fingertips tingled as if electrified, and she flashed a smile, seemingly indifferent, "It's a trivial matter, I didn't take it to heart, and there's no need for you to be concerned."

With that, she tried to withdraw her other hand.

Unfortunately, he did not grant her the opportunity.

"Wait," Mo Zhixuan remained unruffled, even as his hand now held hers, his features obscured under the light, somewhat indistinct.

He seemed to be holding her hand lightly, but only Chu Jin knew how domineering this man was.

"You forgot this." Mo Zhixuan pulled a black mobile phone from his pocket and presented it to Chu Jin.

Chu Jin immediately recognized it as her own phone, thinking that she must have left it on the table during the afternoon's divination. She took the phone and said, "Thank you." Then, she added, "Did you come all this way just to return my phone to me?"

Mo Zhixuan slowly released her hand and spoke indifferently, "Yes, and no."

Unable to fathom Mo Zhixuan's thoughts, Chu Jin held up her phone and said, "Regardless, I owe you my thanks, Mr. Expert. The party is about to start, so I must be going."

This time, Mo Zhixuan did not stop her, his gaze merely following her disappearing figure down the corridor, his lips slowly curving into a faint, nearly imperceptible smile.

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Meanwhile, in the banquet hall...

Having received a message from Li Ruyu, Zhao Yiling made her way toward another area of the banquet hall.

She walked leisurely, looking around for any suspicious figures. According to her mother, Li Hanjiang had just appeared on the second floor.

Thinking that her words from earlier might have been witnessed by Li Hanjiang, Zhao Yiling's heart pounded fiercely.

As she kept her lookout, rounding a corner without paying attention, she collided with a "bang" into a man coming out of the corner.

Her carefully arranged hair came undone in an instant, tracing a perfect arc in the air. If Zhao Yiling with her hair pinned up was a princess high above, then Zhao Yiling with her hair undone was like a fairy who was not of this world, so boldly beautiful.

Just as Zhao Yiling was about to explode in anger, she looked up and saw a suave figure, dressed in a well-tailored suit, his features striking and extraordinary.

The man was none other than—Li Hanjiang!

Zhao Yiling was about to greet him when Li Ruyu's words echoed in her ears.

She forcefully suppressed the restlessness in her heart, striving to remain calm, and pretending to be angry, she blurted out, "Which family's young master are you? Don't you watch where you're going?"

Zhao Yiling was wearing an off-shoulder gown, which due to the fall, had slipped down from one shoulder, revealing a large expanse of snowy skin and the hint of a cleavage, enticingly beautiful under the light.