

# Rebirth as the Richest Woman in the World

## Chapter 5: 005 Yan Yuzhai

A group of people marched boldly towards the interior of the bank.

The plan had been interrupted, so Chu Jin had to switch to another bank.

After completing all the procedures, she took a bus to the First People's Hospital of the city.

Chu Jin first went to the first floor to pay the fees and only then went to the inpatient department.

Though the Zhao family lacked grace, they were very good at keeping up appearances and had arranged the best VIP ward for Zhao Yan.

There Zhao Yan lay on the hospital bed, her eyes tightly shut, wearing an oxygen mask, with machines plugged in all over her body, and if not for the still-beating ECG beside her, it would be hard to discern any signs of life.

Chu Jin sat quietly in front of the bed, as beautiful as if she were a painting.

The door had just been pushed open by the nursing aide, who then saw such a scene.

"Are you... Miss Chu?" The nursing aide was startled and asked with some confusion.

Chu Jin slightly lifted her gaze and smiled at the newcomer, "Auntie Liu."

"Miss Chu, is it really you?" Astonishment filled the nursing aide's eyes.

Actually, this was really no surprise to the nursing aide.

In the past, every time Chu Jin came to the hospital, she was always tear-stained and dispirited, dressed very plainly, without any of the appearance of a girl in the bloom of youth.

"Yes," Chu Jin nodded slightly, "Auntie Liu, I entrust my mother to you. I have something else to attend to and must leave first. If there are any problems, you can call me."

Now for her, time was life, and she had another matter to attend to.

That was to buy a bookstore located in a bustling area of Capital City.

——Yan Yuzhai.

The bookstore was not large, only two floors.

Five hundred square meters.

But it was the culmination of her previous life's effort.

After she graduated from university, the first pot of gold she earned was invested in this bookstore.

Opening a bookstore named Yan Yu was her childhood dream.

She wanted to leave a light on for the city, to provide a glimmer for the weary travelers.

This was a bookstore that did not aim for any profit.

It was simply a matter of interest and a childhood dream.

After her death, because Yan Yuzhai had no profit value, it became a discarded piece in Shen Lingtian's hands.

It didn't take many days for Shen Lingtian to sell it off.

From its original form as Yan Yuzhai, it became a commercial coffee shop, and eventually transformed once again, into a Sichuan restaurant reeking of frying oil.

Chu Jin stood in front of Yan Yuzhai, looking at the familiar building with a sense of sourness in her eyes.

She never thought that one day, she would come to Yan Yuzhai in such a capacity.

Aside from the sign hanging over the door, everything inside Yan Yuzhai had changed.

From the original bookstore, it had become the current coffee shop.

From the originally antique decor, it had switched to the current lavish European-style decor.

...

Chu Jin found a spot near the window to sit down.

Soon, a waiter came over.

"Miss, what would you like?" The waiter handed over the drinks menu.

Chu Jin took the drinks menu, flipped through two pages, and said, "A Blue Mountain coffee, please."

"All right, just a moment."

The waiter was about to turn away when Chu Jin's voice came again, "Additionally, I would like to meet with your manager."

The waiter sized up Chu Jin without a sound. She had seen plenty of such people offering themselves up—just another one using their youth and beauty to make a living off of "youth meals."

Ever since Zhou Yiheng had appeared here, every day there'd be a variety of beauties coming up with all sorts of excuses to throw themselves at him.

However, it was the first time she had seen someone this young.

Not only young, but also, that face was pretty enough.

A trace of disdain surfaced in the waiter's eyes, "I'm sorry miss, our cafe doesn't offer that kind of service."

In her past life, Chu Jin had mingled with various crowds, so naturally, she understood what that look from the waiter meant.

It was also her fault for not clarifying her intentions, which inevitably led to people looking at her through tinted glasses. Chu Jin didn't fuss over it with the waiter, "My surname is Chu. I have an appointment here to meet with your manager, Zhou. Now that I've arrived, please kindly inform him for me."

When she planned to get the fifty million from the Zhao family, she had already had Zi arrange a meeting for her on the internet with the person in charge of this cafe, Zhou Yiheng.

The waiter took another look at Chu Jin.

Ordinary, too ordinary.

Aside from that not-so-ordinary face,

She really was too ordinary.

Not a single item on her was branded, and the material of her clothes was very common, not any sort of pure handcraft tailoring.

Plus, she'd never been seen in Capital City's socialite circles with that face, so how could she have an appointment with Zhou Yiheng?

A commoner sparrow dreaming of becoming a phoenix perched atop a branch?

What a fantasy.

The corner of the waiter's mouth curled up in a mocking smile.

"Sorry," the waiter said apologetically, but without a hint of sincerity, "Miss, our General Manager Zhou might not have time to see you right now."

Chu Jin had never before been sized up with such a look in her life.

It was also the first time she realized so profoundly how important power and status were in this world.

If it were a glamorous socialite from a wealthy family sitting here today, would the waiter's attitude still be so tough and... disdainful?

A slight arc formed at the corner of Chu Jin's mouth as she gently lifted her eyes to look at the face of the waiter.

Upon a closer look, Chu Jin suddenly realized that this face seemed somewhat familiar, as if she had seen it somewhere before.

Moreover, that unique temperament, even clad in a waiter's uniform, couldn't hide the arrogance emanating from her.

She certainly wasn't an ordinary waiter, and Chu Jin decided not to engage with her any longer.

The waiter also turned and left nonchalantly.

"Zi, send Zhou Yiheng's contact information to my phone."

Zi, who was sitting on a stone bench holding a tablet in the Purple Thunder Space, responded immediately after hearing Chu Jin's words: "Okay, give me ten seconds."

After getting Zhou Yiheng's contact information, Chu Jin immediately took out her phone and called Zhou Yiheng.

The voice answering the phone was rather rough. The person on the other end said he would be there in 30 minutes.

"Hello? Is this Miss Chu?" A tall and straight figure stood at the edge of the table.

At that moment, Chu Jin was looking down, her consciousness engaged in researching the Purple Sound Spirit Box in the Purple Thunder Space, an object that claimed to be able to contain all things in the world.

Upon hearing the voice, she immediately exited the Purple Thunder Space with a thought.

As she raised her eyes to look directly ahead,

She saw a man as gentle as jade, with a distinguished air about him—a modest but handsome young gentleman. He was very young, around twenty-three or twenty-four, which Chu Jin had not expected at all.

Based on the voice on the phone, she had thought she would be greeted by a middle-aged man with a receding hairline...

Seeing her confusion,

Zhou Yiheng took the initiative: "I didn't expect, Miss Chu... to be so young, and so beautiful."

Chu Jin smiled faintly, stood up from the chair, and extended her right hand to Zhou Yiheng, "Hello, General Manager Zhou, I'm Chu Jin."

## **Chapter 6: 006 I'm not a businessperson!**

Zhou Yi Heng also smiled, and said, "Hello, Zhou Yi Heng."

As he spoke, he reached out with his right hand and gently took hold of the girl's white, jade-like fingertips.

The girl's hands were soft, delicate, and her slender fingertips carried a hint of a coolness that touched people's hearts. This coolness traveled straight to his heart through his fingertips, causing him a momentary daze.

After they took their seats, Chu Jin took out the prepared contract and got straight to the point, "President Zhou, here's the contract. Please take a look."

Seeing her straightforwardness, Zhou Yi Heng asked with some confusion, "Miss Chu, don't you want to take a look at the interior of the coffee shop?" Or perhaps some other information about the cafe?

And after all, 12 million is not a small sum.

This girl in front of him seems to be only around seventeen or eighteen years old...

Zhou Yi Heng narrowed his eyes, and when he looked at Chu Jin again, there was a different look in his eyes.

"It's not necessary," Chu Jin shook her head. "President Zhou, please review the contract first. I've already signed my part, so if you find it satisfactory, you can just sign it."

"I apologize," Zhou Yi Heng chuckled, "if I may ask bluntly, Miss Chu, how old are you this year?"

She wasn't some rich kid with nothing better to do than to play around with him, was she?

Chu Jin, of course, understood the implication of Zhou Yi Heng's words and said with raised eyebrows, "President Zhou, rest assured, I'm already of age, so the signature has legal force. Besides, today I've brought a check with me."

Perceiving that there was not even a trace of jest in Chu Jin's words, Zhou Yi Heng continued to inquire, "May I know what you plan to do with my coffee shop after you buy it?"

At that question, Chu Jin's gaze grew distant as she lifted her cup and took a sip of coffee, speaking slowly, "I was very fond of the former Yan Yuzhai."

Her expression now bore a touch of melancholy, longing, and also a fleeting hint of past splendor.

But that was only for a moment. Soon enough, she returned to her usual nonchalant demeanor.

The former Yan Yuzhai.

The former Yan Yuzhai was a bookstore. Could it be that she wanted to...

Zhou Yi Heng had not expected her to say something like that.

Girls of her age usually had heads full of whimsical and unrealistic thoughts.

Like his niece, who had also asked him for this space, saying she wanted to open some sort of specialty store for her idol.

"Are you planning to open a bookstore again?" Zhou Yi Heng asked, voicing his puzzlement.

"Yes." Chu Jin gave a slight nod.

"Do you know that the previous bookstore was not very profitable and was in a state of loss every year, which is why its owner transferred it to me, and in fact, the coffee shop's daily profit is quite good now. Are you sure you want to reopen a bookstore?" Instead of a coffee shop?

This man sure does meddle a lot!

Chu Jin bit her lip and said, "I'm not a businessman."

Businesspeople prioritize profit, but she was just a young girl. Does a young girl need to consider so much?

Does a young girl need a reason to be capricious?

Chu Jin had the air of someone with money to indulge her whims.

The smile at the corner of Zhou Yi Heng's mouth began to grow, and he couldn't deny that this girl was much more interesting than he had thought.

This lively and pleasant conversation was fully observed by the waiter standing at the bar.

All she did was go to the washroom to touch up her makeup.

And she hadn't expected this woman to actually have some tricks up her sleeve, managing to arrange a meeting with Zhou Yi Heng.

She watched the two chatting and laughing with resentment, then picked up a cup of coffee from the counter and walked towards Chu Jin's table.

In her hand was a cappuccino ordered by the table behind them.

Then, in heels about ten centimeters high, she walked elegantly toward them.

Meanwhile, Chu Jin was just finishing up the last issue in her negotiation with Zhou Yi Heng.

Just as Zhou Yiheng held the pen and was signing the last character on the contract.

A waiter happened to walk by them when suddenly, she stumbled, her body leaning sharply forward, and the cappuccino in her hand was not steadied, spilling directly onto Chu Jin's clothes.

The snow-white shirt was stained with the thick cappuccino, and the viscous liquid immediately spread from a small patch to a large one.

It was indeed a sight too pitiful to endure.

A stroke of ill-luck, Chu Jin thought, she must have forgotten to check the almanac before leaving the house today.

But when she saw the waiter's face clearly, she no longer thought so; this waiter was clearly the same person who had attended to her earlier.

The waiter still maintained her posture sitting fallen on the ground.

Chu Jin watched her, and she watched Chu Jin, with not a hint of apology in her eyes.

On the contrary, there seemed to be a provocative meaning in them.

This was getting interesting—when had she offended her?

Seeing this, Zhou Yiheng immediately stood up anxiously and asked Chu Jin how she was, "Miss Chu, are you alright?"

Then he frowned and scolded the waiter who had fallen on the ground:

"What's going on? Which area are you from? How can you be so careless? Get up and apologize to the guest right now."

The waiter turned her head pitifully and said with a grievance, "Yi Heng, it's me."

Yi Heng?

Was she... an old acquaintance?

Chu Jin silently watched the pair.

Zhou Yiheng also seemed to be stunned; he had not expected that the waiter would be—

"Manyao, it's you?"

Sun Manyao spoke with some grievance, "Yi Heng, I've fallen and it hurts."

At Zhou Yiheng's words, Chu Jin seemed to recall something.

Manyao, Sun Manyao, could it be that this waiter was in fact the only daughter of the Sun family in Capital City—Sun Manyao?



The Sun family was considered a century-old household in Capital City, and Sun Manyao, as the sole heiress among their many descendants, was normally coddled and pampered.

Chu Jin remembered having met her once at a banquet in a past life; no wonder she seemed familiar.

Zhou Yiheng quickly helped Sun Manyao up, "Are you alright? Where does it hurt? Do you need to go to the hospital?"

Sun Manyao shook her head, "I'm fine, Yi Heng, it doesn't hurt anymore."

"I'm sorry, Miss Chu," Zhou Yiheng apologized to Chu Jin politely: "This is a sister of mine, she has been quite mischievous since childhood, I'm really sorry. Manyao, quickly apologize to Miss Chu."

"I won't!" Sun Manyao stubbornly turned her head away, "It wasn't on purpose!"

"You..." Zhou Yiheng was about to scold her, only to see Sun Manyao's gaze quickly shift to the contract, and a hint of fury ignited in her rather attractive eyes, "Yi Heng! What is this? Why are you giving her the shop? Wasn't it agreed that I would take over this coffee shop?"

Hadn't she endured humiliation and worked as a little waiter in this coffee shop for so many days just to make Zhou Yiheng see her in a new light?

She wanted to prove to Zhou Yiheng that she was not just a prodigal daughter who only knew how to spend money.

She had practical abilities; she had a business mind; she would manage this coffee shop well and make it outstanding.

It was all agreed upon; how could Zhou Yiheng go back on his word!

Sun Manyao's gaze turned towards Chu Jin, her almond-shaped eyes filled with intense resentment.

It must all be because of her! This woman with the Chu surname!

She must have bewitched Zhou Yiheng.