

Rebirth as the Richest Woman in the World

Chapter 7: 007 Sun Manyao

Zhou Yiheng said, "Manyao, you're still a student, and the college entrance exam is right around the corner. You should be focusing on your studies..."

The contract had already been signed, and Chu Jin had no interest in getting wrapped up in this dispute. She calmly took a tissue and started to wipe the stains on her blouse.

Just then,

Sun Manyao snatched the tissue from Chu Jin's hand and bellowed, "You shameless woman! Give the cafe back to Yi Heng right now, or else I'll make you pay!"

"I'm sorry, Miss," Chu Jin said, raising an eyebrow. "Mr. Zhou's cafe has already been sold to me."

"Sold to you? Where did you get the money?" Sun Manyao looked Chu Jin up and down with disdain. "It's obvious you seduced Yi Heng with your lies and tricked him into giving you the shop!"

The corners of Chu Jin's mouth lifted in an arc. "Do I need to trick anyone?"

Sun Manyao's eyes turned red with anger. "How dare you be so shameless! Just look at yourself; there's no way you could have that much money. Even if it is your money, it must be ill-gotten! What else can you do besides seduce men?"

As soon as these words were out, the other customers in the cafe turned their attention to the scene.

Of course, the girl next to them was at most seventeen or eighteen years old, and buying the cafe would require a capital with at least eight digits...

In their minds, they had already linked Chu Jin to a greasy, rich backer.

"Manyao!" Zhou Yiheng's gaze grew stern. "Stop it! Apologize to Miss Chu this instant!"

"Me, apologize?" Sun Manyao glanced at Zhou Yiheng. "What is she worth? Can she even take it?"

"And you, Yi Heng, I trusted you so much, how could you deceive me..."

Sun Manyao said as she cried.

Zhou Yiheng remained silent. In fact, he too doubted the origin of Chu Jin's money. Could it be that someone had heard some rumors and deliberately sent her to get close to him?

He was also looking forward to Chu Jin's reaction next.

He was even more eager to find out what kind of person Chu Jin really was.

The cafe's patrons had already imagined a high-society love triangle.

How could such a pretty young girl be so thoughtless as to become that sort of person...

The customers all wore expressions of pity.

Having been pampered from a young age, Sun Manyao had never endured such an insult. She could not control the primal force within her.

Gazing at Chu Jin's face, which was as beautiful as a flower, she grew even more eager to tear it apart, to stop her from seducing men!

And she did exactly as she desired,

except that it turned from 'tearing' to 'slapping.'

She raised her hand swiftly and fiercely slapped Chu Jin's face.

There was a 'smack.'

A clear, loud slap, as expected.

At the same time, a pained moan echoed through the air.

The onlookers were almost in disbelief at the scene in front of them, barely able to react.

Soon, Sun Manyao, who had been acting arrogantly, now had a vivid handprint on her face, twisting in pain.

Meanwhile, Chu Jin stood with her arms crossed, watching her with composure, her tone indifferent. "Originally, I didn't want to stoop to your level. But seeing how vicious you are at such a young age, this slap is to teach you how to behave, on behalf of your parents!"

This plot twist happened so quickly. Everyone thought Chu Jin would be at a disadvantage, but in the end, Sun Manyao was the one who received the slap.

"You!" Sun Manyao's eyes blazed as if coated in wildfire. "You lowlife! How dare you hit me!"

At this moment, she was so consumed by rage that she had completely forgotten all the high-society etiquette she had been taught since childhood.

"Everyone says that the Sun family of Capital City is a century-old household that values etiquette and upbringing," Chu Jin turned her head, speaking coldly, "Today I have witnessed it myself, Miss Sun's upbringing is just this!"

As soon as these words were spoken, a gasp resonated around her.

It turned out that this waiter was actually the eldest Miss of the Sun family, no wonder she was so arrogant and overbearing.

This young girl actually knew Miss Sun, she must also be no ordinary person.

Looking at her extraordinary demeanor, she must not be the kind of person they had imagined.

Chu Jin turned her head and continued, "Here's a phrase for you, 'Those who act despicably will eventually be punished by heaven! Do you really think I'm a soft persimmon, for you to knead at will?'"

A faint smile appeared at the corner of her lips, the pale crystal light illuminating her body, casting a shallow halo around her.

Even the stain on the front of her chest could not conceal the peerless elegance emanating from her at this moment.

After she finished speaking, she waved Sun Manyao's hand, and Sun Manyao staggered and fell right into Zhou Yiheng's arms.

Without lingering too long, she picked up the backpack on the chair and walked step by step towards the exit under everyone's gaze, with each step as graceful as a lotus.

At that moment, everyone's gaze changed.

At this time, they all felt a sense of satisfaction as if witnessing justice, was this... an illusion?

Sun Manyao had not expected that Chu Jin could change the others' views of her in just a few words.

Even, those who had been prejudiced against her were now all shifted onto herself.

As a pampered heiress from a distinguished family, she had never been so publicly humiliated. The more she thought, the more indignant she became, clenching her fists in humiliation and angrily staring in the direction Chu Jin left.

Zhou Yiheng appeared not to have anticipated the plot to take such a turn, watching the departing figure of the girl with a profound gaze.

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As Chu Jin walked away, she slowly exhaled, her plan to buy Yan Yuzhai was now half complete, the contract would take effect in three days. Although the process was somewhat frustrating, the result was good, after all.

When she passed by a clothing store, she went in, initially only intending to buy a piece of clothing to replace the one she wore.

But then the scene of opening her wardrobe that morning suddenly came to her mind, the closet full of black and grey garments that were too old-fashioned and stiff, none of which suited her age.

She had missed the bloom of her youth in her previous life, and in this life, she did not want to miss it again, so she stayed in the clothing store and picked out a few more pieces.

By the time she left the clothing store, the sky had already darkened.

The streetlights along the road were already lit.

Carrying her bag, Chu Jin walked slowly on the road, and as she passed a narrow alley, her ears picked up something.

A gruff voice came through, "Wow, what a pretty girl."

Then came the voice of a girl with a crying tone, "The money, all the money is yours, please, let me go..."

"Of course, we want the money, but you..." lewd laughter followed.

A middle-aged man with dyed yellow hair, rubbing his hands, grinned and slowly approached the girl leaning against the corner of the wall.

A few young men with steel pipes stood beside him.

Even though she was several hundred meters away, Chu Jin could see everything clearly and even hear each breath they took.

The girl's expression of terror intensified as the middle-aged man drew closer.

Suddenly, she grabbed a stone in her hand and fiercely smashed it towards the middle-aged man's head.

The middle-aged man, evidently not a pushover, knocked away the stone from the girl's hand with a sweep and smirked, "You're not getting away today!"

Chapter 8: You don't know who I am, Jin?

The menacing expression on the middle-aged man's face made the young girl burst into tears in an instant. She clutched her chest tightly, biting her lip, "Don't..."

Just then, a figure swiftly sprinted in their direction.

The speed was tremendous, covering the distance in mere seconds, leaving no time for the gangsters to react. Several loud bangs—'bang—bang—bang'—rang out.

Several gangsters dropped to the ground instantly.

Chu Jin silently retracted the Golden Needles in his hand and kicked the middle-aged man's head, "Kid, quite bold, aren't you? Daring to make trouble on my turf! Don't you know who I am, Jin Bro?"

Jin...Bro?

The middle-aged man was instantly kicked into confusion. He was familiar with the people in the underworld, but he had never heard of someone named Jin Bro...

And besides, she was a delicate beauty, so where did the 'Bro' come from...

He had always looked down on women, who, besides crying, seemed to serve no other purpose. A sharp glint flashed in the eyes of the middle-aged man.

If the young lady wanted to play a role, then he would play along.

A look of terror crossed the middle-aged man's face, "I'm sorry! Jin Bro, I'm sorry, please forgive us, we'll never dare again!"

Chu Jin's lips curved into a smirk. She bent down, picked up a metal pipe, and 'wham', she struck the back of the middle-aged man who was trying to stand up.

"Don't try any tricks with me," Chu Jin narrowed her eyes slightly, a sharp chill in the clear depths of her eyes, "Remember, if I ever see you doing such heinous acts again, this metal pipe will be your fate!"

No sooner had her words fallen than the metal pipe that had struck the middle-aged man snapped into two.

At that moment,

'Pfft'—a mouthful of blood spurted out of the middle-aged man's mouth, and he fell to the ground convulsing.

This time, the middle-aged man was genuinely scared, the excruciating pain from his back reminding him that this was someone he truly could not afford to provoke.

"Jin Bro, Jin Bro, I'm sorry, I won't dare again, please spare me,"

The other gangsters were also stunned by this display and began to kneel and beg for mercy.

Chu Jin glanced at them coldly and spat out one word, "Scram!"

"Thank you, Jin Bro, thank you for sparing us." As he spoke, the middle-aged man led his brothers, scrambling and rolling away from the alley.

Chu Jin turned around, squatted down, and asked the girl, "Are you alright?"

The girl threw her arms around Chu Jin and then buried her head in her shoulder, sobbing.

After all, she was just a seventeen- or eighteen-year-old girl. Faced with such an ordeal, she seemed to have no other outlet but to cry.

Chu Jin gently patted the girl's back, reassuring her, "It's okay now, the bad guys are gone, stop crying."

It took a while for the girl to stop crying.

Chu Jin took out a white T-shirt from her bag and put it on her. They were of similar height, though Chu Jin was slightly slimmer, so the T-shirt fit the girl quite well.

"Thank you. My name is Mo Qingyi, you can call me Qingyi." Mo Qingyi sniffled and extended her right hand to Chu Jin.

Chu Jin smiled, "Nice to meet you, Chu Jin. People on the streets call me Jin Bro."

"...Ah? You? With them..." A clear wave of panic crossed Mo Qingyi's face.

Chu Jin raised her eyebrow, "Just a joke, they all call me Jin, if you don't mind, you can call me that too."

"Okay," Mo Qingyi nodded, her eyes shimmering with immense admiration as she gestured, "Jin, those moves you just did were really awesome."

Chu Jin said indifferently, "It's because they're too weak, I'll take you out now."

Walking one in front of the other, Mo Qingyi spent the whole way expressing her admiration for Chu Jin.

Girls establish friendships quickly—it wasn't long before the two had already exchanged their QQ and phone numbers.

"Brother Jin, which school are you from?" After nearly half an hour of interaction, Mo Qingyi had slight changes in how she addressed Chu Jin.

Chu Jin took a sip of the milk tea in her hand and answered, "South Bridge No.2 Middle School."

"You're from South Bridge too?" Mo Qingyi said excitedly, "What a coincidence! I'm from South Bridge too; strange, how come I've never heard about you before? Did you just transfer here?"

With Brother Jin's demeanor and looks, she would definitely be one of the beauties at South Bridge No.2 Middle School, how come I've never heard of her before?

Chu Jin raised her hand to flip her hair and said very seriously, "I was too low-key before."

"Oh, I see." Mo Qingyi nodded thoughtfully.

As they were talking, a Bugatti Veyron slowly stopped next to them.

Then, the door to the driver's seat was opened, and a driver uncle stepped out with great respect and bent towards Mo Qingyi, "Miss."

"Brother Jin, someone has come to pick me up. I'm going home now, and we'll see each other at school later," Mo Qingyi said as she opened the backseat door and got into the car, waving at Chu Jin, "Goodbye, Brother Jin."

"Goodbye," Chu Jin waved back at Mo Qingyi.

Just as Mo Qingyi pulled open the car door, Chu Jin clearly saw the dashing sharp profile and that ice-sculpture-like exquisite side face, with lips pursed almost too thin to be seen.

No wonder I felt the car seemed oddly familiar, it turned out to be him.

The man whom Li Hanjiang revered to the utmost degree.

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The atmosphere inside the car was very cold.

Mo Qingyi shrank to one side, wishing she could be ten thousand miles away from this older brother, if possible.

Perhaps it was the age difference, or perhaps it was the naturally dominant aura he exuded that made her somewhat fearful of this brother who was more than a decade older than her since she was young.

The man's face was stern as he spoke coldly, " You're not allowed to associate with those kinds of people in the future."

Even though Mo Qingyi was afraid of the authoritative air her brother carried, she still had to defend the reputation of her dear Jin, "My Jin is not the kind of person you're talking about."

As soon as she finished speaking, the atmosphere in the car seemed to turn even colder.

Mo Qingyi didn't dare to look at him again; under the stark white light, the man's angular features seemed to be covered with a layer of impenetrable thin ice.

It was chilling to the bone.

Not that kind of person?

Not that kind of person, yet he managed to encounter her twice in a single day?

How can there be so many coincidences?