

# Rebirth as the Richest Woman in the World

## Chapter 9: 009 Tarot Heart Sutra, High-level Diviner

Zhao family.

In Chu Jin's room.

She was sitting in front of the dressing table, and if someone were there at the time, they would certainly scream in fright.

Because the reflection in the mirror wasn't the exquisite, jade-like beauty of Chu Jin's face but a lively and adorable face that looked as if it had stepped right out of a New Year painting.

Inside the mirror, outside the mirror, two different worlds.

"Jin, just a friendly reminder, you only have 52 hours left until your first mission."

"Got it, coming in right now," Chu Jin thought to herself and immediately entered the Purple Lightning space.

The Purple Sound Spirit Box looked only the size of a palm, but it contained many things inside.

A deck of Tarot cards, a Crystal Ball, a copy of "Tarot Heart Sutra"

Besides, there was also a blue-bound ancient book titled "God Doctor's Poem".

Zi moved closer and started to introduce the functions of the items in the box to Chu Jin one by one.

"This is the Life Tarot, an important tool for you to become a High-level diviner; this is an energy Crystal Ball, a very powerful crystal ball that can bring you energy, and the first step to become a fortune-teller is to thoroughly study this 'Tarot Heart Sutra'. You must not only read it thoroughly, but you must also memorize the meanings of each card, then, through the meanings of the cards, deduce unknown and known events..."

Chu Jin listened intently to Zi's introduction, her lips curving into a distinct smile.

The Tarot cards and the Crystal Ball are Western, while "God Doctor's Poem" includes some other divination methods that are left behind by the ancestors of China mainland.

So this is about combining the Eastern and Western methods?

"Alright, I've got it," Chu Jin said, picking up the "Tarot Heart Sutra" and addressing Zi, "So I should memorize this entire book, right?"

In her previous life, she had been the talented lady of Capital City with a photographic memory.

Memorizing a book was relatively simple for her.

"Correct, but also not quite," Zi said, somewhat conflicted, "Jin, it's not just about memorizing; you also need to learn how to calculate, to understand the meanings of the cards, and there are many taboos. Tarot cards have souls, too; you need to achieve unity with your cards..."

Chu Jin nodded thoughtfully, "I understand."

The "Tarot Heart Sutra" was quite thick, totaling 586 pages.

The cover was pure black.

Opening the first page revealed an introduction to the Tarot cards.

Following that were some explanations of the Tarot cards,

There are a total of 78 Tarot cards, divided into Major Arcana and Minor Arcana.

The main cards are the Major Arcana, 22 cards, from the 0 card, the Fool, to the 21 card, the World.

The support cards are the Minor Arcana, 56 cards, from "The King of Wands" to the King of Coins.

During divination, one may use the Minor Arcana, the Major Arcana, or a mixture of both.

Chu Jin flipped through the pages one by one; she started by reading the book merely to complete a task, but now she was deeply engrossed, unable to extricate herself.

The words and images in the book seemed alive, dancing before her eyes and imprinting themselves deeply into her mind.

The book seemed to possess a magic of its own, captivating her intensely. Although she had just come into contact with the book, Chu Jin felt as if she had known it for many years.

Looking at the deck of Tarot cards, Chu Jin even felt a sense of nostalgic reunion.

Time ticked by, and when she turned the last page of the book, Chu Jin closed it with a sense of reluctance.

Just then, the Crystal Ball placed to one side emitted a blinding light.

The next second, a peculiar current flowed through Chu Jin's entire body in an instant; she could even feel that something tangible had been added to her mind.

She was able to communicate with her mind and merge with it, in a truly magical way.

At the same time, the system's notification sounded, [Ding! Level 1 mission completed.]

"Congratulations, Jin," Zi said, arms crossed over her chest, a look of pride on her face: "You truly are the one chosen by this system. Just two hours, and you've already achieved unity with your cards."

Chu Jin: "Heh, you talk as if you were the Purple Lightning System itself."

Zi: "... " Damn! I got a little too excited and almost revealed my identity!

After completing the level 1 mission, Chu Jin left the Purple Sound Spirit Box, took a bath, and then climbed into bed to sleep.

After all, she was still an 18-year-old girl, and sleep was very important.

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The next day, Monday.

Chu Jin had to face the fact that she was still a student and needed to go to school.

It had been almost 12 years since her high school days in her past life...

When Chu Jin finished getting ready and went downstairs, there was nobody in the dining room.

The table was also bare, with nothing to eat.

Chu Jin wasn't surprised; this kind of situation wasn't a first for the memories of her former self.

Moreover, just yesterday, she had swindled a large sum of money from the Zhao family, a whole fifty million...

Under such circumstances, they certainly wouldn't show her any kindness.

"Miss Chu, you're up," Aunt Li said as she saw her come down, hastily stuffing a box of milk into her arms and speaking softly when she saw no one around, "Jin, this is specially for you."

In this house, Aunt Li was probably the only one who truly cared for her.

Seeing Aunt Li, Chu Jin felt as if she were seeing the only relative she had in her past life, her grandmother.

If only she had listened to her grandmother back then, she wouldn't have ended up in such a tragic situation.

Chu Jin's eyes were slightly red as she said, "Thank you, Aunt Li."

"Silly child." Aunt Li affectionately pinched her nose, "Hurry up and go to school, or you'll be late."

"Yes," Chu Jin nodded slightly, "Goodbye, Aunt Li."

Aunt Li watched Chu Jin's departing figure with a relieving smile on her lips.

She could feel that Jin was different from before.

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As an outsider, the Zhao family naturally would not arrange a driver for her.

Fortunately, the villa area where the Zhao family lived was not far from the school.

A twenty-minute walk was all it took to get there.

Chu Jin, holding milk in one hand and the strap of her bookbag in the other, walked casually towards the school. Halfway there, she suddenly heard a familiar yet foreign voice, "Chu Jin?"

She lightly lifted her eyelids, giving a faint glance at the person standing in front of her. The person before her was handsome with a pair of glasses and a somewhat scholarly air.

Chu Jin furrowed her brow slightly, pondering for a moment, and information came flooding into her mind:

Wen Junxi, male, 18 years old.

The object of her former self's affection and Chu Jin's ex-boyfriend.

Despite his gentle and refined appearance, his bones hid the soul of a complete scumbag.

While he was entangled with Chu Jin, he was also madly in love with another girl from the school.

Of course, given her former self's status, Wen Junxi couldn't care less about anything other than the bit of money in Chu Jin's hands and the Zhao family behind her.

"What's up?" Chu Jin asked lazily as she cast a glance at Wen Junxi.

She remembered that, one week ago, after Wen Junxi had conned all of Chu Jin's savings,

and realizing she held no status in the Zhao family, he proposed a breakup.

Then, the very next day, he moved on to seduce the principal's daughter.

## **Chapter 10: 010 The Passerby A**

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The person before me had skin as smooth as cream and a visage like a painting. Even in an utterly plain school uniform that couldn't be more ordinary, she couldn't hide the transcendent quality about her.

Despite her bare face, she was so beautiful it could drag one into the abyss.

"You... you, you really are Chu Jin?"

Wen Junxi swallowed hard, unable to believe his eyes. Was this truly the Chu Jin he knew? He had been with Chu Jin for over a month but had never realized that this simpleton could be so stunning.

Suddenly, Wen Junxi felt a pang of regret. Why hadn't he taken this simpleton for himself before breaking up...?

However, just three days ago, he received a love letter from this simpleton begging for reconciliation. Thinking of this, Wen Junxi's vanity inflated once more.

With his charm, winning this simpleton over was a matter of minutes. With just one word from him, she would lay down her life for him.

Chu Jin took a sip of milk and raised an eyebrow, "You? What is it?"

Puffing up his chest, Wen Junxi spoke with a tone of bestowing a favor, "I've thought it over, and seeing as how much you love me, I've decided to reluctantly accept you again. However, you can't overstep. You can only be my secret girlfriend. Nobody can replace Qingyi in my heart."

Qingyi, Liu Yike, is Wen Junxi's current girlfriend.

Chu Jin suddenly felt an urge to laugh. This scum, who on earth gave him such confidence?

Still dreaming of embracing one in each arm?

"Um," Chu Jin gently lifted her eyelids, a bright curve emerging on her lips, "Are you done?"

Her voice was faint, but Wen Junxi detected a hint of excitement in her indifferent tone.

Indeed, the moment she heard he would accept her again, could this simpleton hide her inner joy?

"Yes, you heard right," Wen Junxi narcissistically continued, "Chu Jin, I have decided to accept you again. From today on, as long as you obediently do as I say, I agree to let you be my secret girlfriend."

"But, I have to emphasize, no matter what, you will never compare to Qingyi. Qingyi will always be my official girlfriend. You're not allowed to be jealous of her, got it?"

"Heh," the curve at the corner of Chu Jin's mouth grew more pronounced, "Wen Junxi, did you look in the mirror when you left home this morning?"

"What?" Wen Junxi looked at Chu Jin, confused. Had this simpleton gone stupid with happiness upon hearing he would take her back?

Wen Junxi suddenly realized something was off with the simpleton's response; she was too calm.

In the past, she would've been so thrilled she might've jumped for joy. Moreover, he had already agreed to get back together with her. By all accounts, she should be falling over herself to ingratiate him...

Swallowing hard, Wen Junxi knew that getting this simpleton back was the most important matter at hand.

"Chu Jin, stop playing hard to get. I've already agreed to your reconciliation," Wen Junxi glanced at her, continuing, "Do you still think you can replace Qingyi? Let me tell you, that's impossible. Qingyi is my one and only official girlfriend. If I'm willing to be once

again involved with you, you should count yourself lucky. Don't be too greedy! This is your one and only chance. If you lose this opportunity, even if you beg on your knees later, I won't spare you a second glance!"

Because he was certain Chu Jin was still deeply in love with him, Wen Junxi made his narcissistic declaration with full confidence.

"You?" Chu Jin glanced sideways at him and spoke lightly, "I find even one look at you to be a waste of my time."

The sarcastic tone was thick and unmistakable, an undisguised mockery...

For a moment, Wen Junxi couldn't believe his ears.

Someone who loved him to death one day speaking to him in such a tone.

Nobody could take such an unexpected blow. Wen Junxi lost it: "What did you say? Say it again!"

Had this simpleton not woken up yet? To dare speak to him like this!

Chu Jin slightly raised her eyebrows, "Wen Junxi, what's this? Can't understand human speech? I said you're dirty, do you need me to repeat it?"

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Upon hearing those words, Wen Junxi's face instantly turned ashen.

"Chu Jin! You idiot!" Wen Junxi stepped forward, his eyes bloodshot, angrily raising his right hand.

He had always been proud of his appearance, which surpassed that of Pan An—when had he ever been subjected to such humiliation!

Chu Jin slowly raised her hand and grabbed Wen Junxi's descending wrist.

Her grip was really strong, causing Wen Junxi such pain that he nearly went into a spasm, bewildered by how someone as weak as Chu Jin could have such strength.

"Wen Junxi, remember to look in the mirror before you leave the house," Chu Jin's voice was cold and chilling, "I am not someone you can afford to mess with."

Especially the last sentence, she said with an air of authority, much like a queen.

Moreover, the faint curve of her lips seemed sinister and wanton, no matter how one looked at it.

Having spoken, Chu Jin took a blue handkerchief from her pocket and began to wipe her fingers, one by one.

She cleaned them meticulously as if her fingers were stained with some sort of rubbish.

Wen Junxi, on the other hand, was somewhat dispirited as he collapsed to the ground.

He watched incredulously as Chu Jin wiped her fingers.

For the first time, he felt a strong sense of fear towards this "idiot" known as Chu Jin.

Enduring immense pain, Wen Junxi lifted his eyelids, his mouth slightly agape, about to say something more when a crisp female voice interrupted him, "Jin."

At the sound, Chu Jin turned around, it was Mo Qingyi.

"Brother Jin!" Mo Qingyi hugged Chu Jin's neck tightly, "Brother Jin, it really is you, I thought I had seen someone else."

Chu Jin, holding the handkerchief, smiled slightly and said, "How could you recognize the wrong person, who else could have my kind of charisma?"

Despite being an extremely narcissistic remark, it didn't feel out of place at all.

After finishing, she accurately tossed the handkerchief into a nearby trash bin.

Mo Qingyi: "... I'm at a loss for words!

"Let's go," Chu Jin took Mo Qingyi's wrist and walked towards the school gates, "We're going to be late for class soon."

Mo Qingyi walked along while looking back, "Brother Jin, who was that? I just saw you two..." The rest was unsaid.

Chu Jin was unfazed and, without turning back, simply replied with three words: "A nobody."

The voice wasn't loud, but it clearly and powerfully drifted into Wen Junxi's ears.

Wen Junxi's face contorted instantaneously.

After they had left, a black Koenigsegg Agera slowly pulled away from the curb.

The rear window of the car lowered slowly, revealing a sharply defined face, perfect as if carved, with thinly pursed lips almost invisible in their slenderness, and a commanding aura that seemed impossible to resist.

His gaze fixed in the direction where the two had disappeared, then he lit up a cigar.

In the swirling smoke, that stunningly beautiful face appeared even more elusive.

After a moment, he gave his assistant a slow command: "Check her background."

It was a voice very deep and icy.