

R Woman 112

Chapter 112:

In the private room, Chu Jin was playing the card game "Fight the Landlord" with several people.

Initially, it was just Mo Qingyi, Miao Xinran, and Zi, but halfway through the game, a man and a woman joined them—Gu Feng and Ouyang Yue.

The two brazenly insisted on joining the Three Man Gang. At first, they were a bit shy, but before long, they completely let loose.

At the beginning, they thought Chu Jin was rather aloof and somewhat haughty, but later they realized that Chu Jin was actually easy to get along with and not much different from them. It didn't take long for them all to blend together as one.

"A pair of twos!" Gu Feng slammed down two cards,

"No one can beat that! Now it's my turn to rise, hahahaha," Gu Feng laughed tremulously, the white paper strips sticking to his face trembling along, which looked absolutely comical.

Paper strips were plastered all over everyone's chins, especially Mo Qingyi, who had several stuck to his forehead.

Even Chu Jin couldn't avoid it, but her situation was slightly better than the other four, with only one strip stuck to her delicate jaw. This was forcefully applied by Mo Qingyi, claiming it was for the sake of atmosphere.

Otherwise, if everyone else had paper strips and she didn't, how embarrassing would it be to the others if word got out?

Just as Gu Feng was basking in triumph, Chu Jin calmly laid down two cards and slightly parted her red lips, "Bomb!"

It was at this moment, after a long silence, that the system suddenly pinged a notification.

[Ding! Deploy on an urgent blue mission: Help General Song Shiqin capture the global fugitive, Dick! Reward for completing the mission: 50% Faith Value!]

"Holy shit! A bomb!" Gu Feng's eyes widened as he looked at the two cards on the table and wailed, "Jin, can't you leave a way out for your little bro here?"

This round, Gu Feng was the landlord, and the other three were smugly pasting paper strips on Gu Feng's face.

Gu Feng pulled a long face and passively let the three manhandle him,

Chu Jin pocketed the phone on the table and said to the group, "You guys play on, I've got something to take care of, I'll step out for a bit."

The others, engrossed in sticking paper strips, didn't even lift their heads as they responded, "Go on, be sure to come back soon."

Chu Jin stood up and headed for the exit of the private room.

This mission had two target individuals. The first was General Song Shiqin and the second was the global fugitive Dick—neither of whom she recognized. This mission looked quite challenging.

"Hmm, Jin," yawned Zi from the Purple Thunder space, "That was such a refreshing nap!"

Zi flipped through the mission bar, eyes sparkling, "Wow, 50% Faith Value! Jin, you're about to strike it rich! When you make it big, would you consider promoting your humble servant?"

Chu Jin, while walking out, replied, "Sure, no problem. But this mission is pretty tough, any tips?"

"Hold on, let me check." Zi got serious, "The target individuals are in this club. Just follow the map."

With a wave of Zi's stubby hand, a transparent screen immediately appeared in the air, displaying two red letters, an uppercase 'S' and a 'D'.

Zi explained, "'S' stands for: General Song Shiqin, and 'D' for: the fugitive Dick. According to the map, they are now on the third floor. Let's hurry up."

Chu Jin nodded and turned towards the staircase. Meanwhile, on the map, the 'D' was slowly moving, while the 'S' moved in the opposite direction, brushing past the fugitive.

Being a general, Song Shiqin should definitely recognize that fugitive. So why did he show no reaction when he brushed past the fugitive?

Could it be that he was in cahoots with the fugitive?

Chu Jin slightly narrowed her eyes, puzzled.

The closer she got to the third floor, the fainter the two letters on the map became until they vanished completely. Chu Jin frowned slightly, "What's going on?"

Zi began to explain.

"It's a magnetic field effect. Everyone carries a different energy, which is inversely proportional to the system's energy. The closer the two energies are, the more they attract each other, eventually engulfing and fading away. This means we've entered the range of our mission targets. Jin, put your back into it, any one of these people could be Dick!"

Chu Jin lifted her gaze and scanned the surroundings. The third floor was an open rest area.

At the moment, there were about a dozen people in the rest area. Five were sitting on the sofas to the side, engaged in conversation, clearly having arrived together.

There were also two waitstaff pushing trolleys, serving drinks and water back and forth.

Enveloped in a cloud of smoke, a man leaning against the entrance appeared somewhat weary.

A couple was kissing passionately in the corner, nearly lost to the world.

Two well-dressed men were walking towards them, having just pushed open the door of an inner private room.

Including herself, there were thirteen people in the area.

That meant, apart from her, any of the twelve people could potentially be the fugitive Dick.

"Found it!" Zi from the Purple Thunder space put down the iPad excitedly, "Jin, I just hacked into the national network and found Dick's photo and his detailed information. Take a look, this is him."

