

R Woman 115

Chapter 115: Request

The military officer wanted to say more, but upon seeing Song Shiqin's taut face, he swallowed the words on the tip of his tongue.

So-called military orders are like mountains, and even though he had much hesitation in his heart, he could not defy a military order.

Obedience is a soldier's sacred duty.

"Yes!"

Song Shiqin glanced across, feeling inexplicably that the hostage being held by Dick seemed familiar. Because of the distance, the features were somewhat blurred, but the slender figure reminded him of someone he had seen somewhere.

Chu Jin's ears twitched slightly, capturing every word of the conversation from across the way.

Although she knew that Song Shiqin wasn't targeting her personally, but rather considering the bigger picture, she still felt somewhat upset upon hearing those words.

She was no saint, just an ordinary person with flesh and blood, who feared death, and moreover, this chance at rebirth had come at great difficulty.

She still had unavenged deep-seated hatred.

Now, her only option was to find a way to save herself.

Who would have thought that in the pursuit of accomplishing a task, she would find herself in such a predicament, possibly facing death at any moment - what a loss.

"Damn it!" Zi, in her Tarot cards space, cursed with her hands on her hips. "These humans are too heartless, downright inhumane! Actually considering sacrificing our Jin to save others' lives, on what basis? What makes you think that Jin is in cahoots with that so-called K? Motherf*ckers!"

Zi spewed all the profanities she had learned online in recent days.

It was a pity that, except for Chu Jin, no one else could hear her.

"Did you hear that?" Chu Jin's red lips parted lightly, her voice composed, "They don't plan to save me, so holding me hostage does you no good at all. It just means you've got an innocent life on your hands for no reason."

The girl's somewhat ethereal voice traveled through the moving air and into the eardrums.

Song Shiqin's ears also moved slightly; he hadn't expected that in such a situation, this young girl could remain so calm.

Did she not realize that the man holding her hostage was a brutally vicious, world-class fugitive?

The number of innocent lives that Dick's hands had tainted was unknown; did he even care about one more?

And here she was, attempting to reason with a world-class fugitive, which was truly comical.

Having carried out countless missions, Song Shiqin had never seen someone with such an active mind.

But that voice...

It sounded familiar, as if he had heard it somewhere before!

Song Shiqin's eyes narrowed slightly as he looked across again, the events of the morning at the milk tea shop unwittingly surfacing in his mind.

The girl's every frown and smile, every gesture.

And that teasing, melodious voice.

The voice, bit by bit, overlapped with the voice by his ear.

Eventually, they blended into one.

Song Shiqin's pupils contracted.

It was her!

The girl who had made the Dongying people yield and spontaneously bow in a Samurai salute.

How did she end up here and end up being held hostage by Dick?

Song Shiqin had witnessed Chu Jin's capabilities in the milk tea shop and knew that she had some skills.

But compared to Dick, that Onmyoji was completely outmatched.

Ten Onmyoji weren't comparable to one Dick.

The girl was way too impulsive.

Overconfidence is arrogance, foolishness.

Since Song Shiqin could hear Chu Jin's voice, the other officers naturally could as well.

One of the officers paced over to Song Shiqin's side. He was dressed in a pine-branch green military uniform with two bars and four stars on his shoulder.

His complexion darkened as he coldly said,

"Has that young lady got shit for brains, actually trying to reason with Dick! Brother Song, let's not beat around the bush and take direct action!"

If this silly girl provokes Dick with her foolish words, the consequences would be unimaginable.

Dick snorted coldly, pressing the dagger tighter; the sharp blade pierced the flesh around the waist, staining the white fabric red.

"Enough talk! Doesn't your Hua Nation have an old saying? 'Be prepared to die in the company of a gentleman!' Even if I die, I'm taking someone with me as a cushion!"

Zi exclaimed, "Damn it! What does a world fugitive have to do with a gentleman?! 'Be prepared to die in the company of a gentleman' is not meant to be used like this! Please don't insult the five-thousand-year culture of our Hua Nation!"

Feeling the icy blade against her waist and a sharp pain on her skin,

Chu Jin's brows twitched, and she suddenly thought of the 'Fool' Tarot card, as well as the glint in Dick's eyes when he saw that card.

The Fool is not foolish.

It represents deception and caution.

Chu Jin's red lips parted.

"Mr. Dick, it's okay if you want to kill me, but I have a request. Could you please move the dagger to a different place, like my neck, instead of striking at my waist? Would that be possible?"

There had been numerous hostages held by Dick, but few had ever been as composed as her.

Most hostages either wet themselves out of fear or went limp all over.

Yet this person from Hua Nation had not shown any fear from beginning to end; even though the dagger had wounded her, she didn't beg for mercy or cry out.

Such courage and spirit was somewhat admirable to him.

Though a fugitive, he did admire brave warriors with spirit.

It had to be said, he found the spirit of the people of Hua Nation quite impressive.

Dick narrowed his eyes in confusion, "Since you're going to die either way, why does it matter where the blade goes down?"