

R Woman 117

Chapter 117: People on the street all call me Brother Jin

With Song Shiqin's aid, Chu Jin's task became much easier.

The pair worked together seamlessly, displaying a great degree of tacit understanding.

Dick, sensing that the situation was turning sour, turned to flee.

Chu Jin pursued relentlessly, flanking Dick from both sides with Song Shiqin!

—The next second!

Bang!

A loud crash resounded as Song Shiqin leaped into the air; his leg transformed into a sharp blade, carrying full force as it slashed fiercely towards Dick.

Dick spat out a mouthful of blood and collapsed to the ground.

At the same time, the system's voice echoed in his mind.

[Ding! Mission accomplished, 50% Faith Value acquired!]

Zi was in the Purple Thunder space, shouting 'Long live Brother Jin.'

Chu Jin and Song Shiqin stood face to face, with the curled-up Dick lying at their feet.

The basement lights were bright, casting a somewhat cold and aloof air on the girl's face.

A red stain spread on the white fabric around her waist.

The red, against the white backdrop, appeared somewhat shocking.

But it didn't look disheveled, instead, it added a touch of enchanting charm to her.

Song Shiqin hadn't expected to subdue Dick without a death,

even less had he anticipated that the same girl would bring him two different surprises in the same day.

"Young lady, how should I address you?" Song Shiqin finally turned his full attention to Chu Jin, "You have remarkable skills."

"Hmm, I'm honored I didn't disappoint you," Chu Jin slightly curved her lips, her delicate chin lifting gently, "People in the underworld call me Brother Jin, you can call me that too! I have other matters to tend to, so I'll take my leave now."

Chu Jin smiled faintly and walked towards the exit.

"You're injured?" Song Shiqin's eyes narrowed, noticing something amiss around her waist.

"Don't worry, it's not fatal," Chu Jin waved her hand back at Song Shiqin without turning her head as she bid him farewell.

Wherever she passed, that band of valiant men uniformly cleared a path for her.

These men, who had traversed blade-covered mountains and leapt through seas of fire, lived lives sweet with the taste of blood on the knife's edge.

Never had a woman left such a profound impact on them.

This girl, thinner and younger than all of them.

Zhang Zijun watched her retreating figure, determination flashing across his face, and shouted loudly, "Salute!"

Instinctively standing at attention, they rendered a perfectly standard salute.

Everyone did the same.

The scene was quite moving and stirred the spirit.

A proper salute is the most straightforward way for warriors to express their respect.

Only after her figure vanished into the long corridor did the group of passionate men lower their arms.

"Brother Song!"

Two men hurried over to Song Shiqin's side.

"Brother Song, you're not hurt, are you?"

"I'm fine," Song Shiqin kicked at Dick, who was still curled up on the ground, "Take him back."

"Yes!" The assistant waved his hand, and immediately three or four people stepped forward with handcuffs and escorted Dick away.

After the assistant had taken Dick away, Zhang Zijun turned to Song Shiqin and asked.

"Brother Song, who was that person just now? To fight side by side with you and match you so well, do you know her?"

When had Capital City produced such an incredible figure, and why hadn't he heard a thing about it?

With her ferocious skills, she must be no ordinary person.

She must have undergone rigorous training.

Why hadn't he ever seen her before?

Song Shiqin shook his head, "I don't know her."

"You don't know her," Zhang Zijun rubbed his chin thoughtfully, "That's strange then, who is she really?"

Zhang Zijun raised an eyebrow as if he had thought of something amusing, teasingly said, "By the way, Brother Song, didn't that young girl ask you to call her Brother Jin just now?"

Song Shiqin, although reluctant to admit it, still nodded and hummed a brief acknowledgment, "Hmm."

Zhang Zijun's laughter grew even louder.

Never had he thought he'd see Song Shiqin on the back foot; instantly, his curiosity about Chu Jin's identity deepened.

"Brother Jin?" Zhang Zijun rubbed his chin and smiled, "Quite interesting."

Song Shiqin pulled a cigarette from his pocket, placed it in his mouth but didn't light it.

His dark eyes grew deeper, the inkiness intensifying.

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Meanwhile, Chu Jin, naturally unaware that a bunch of people had become curious about her identity after she left,

simply exited the club and caught a cab back, her clothes stained with blood, clearly unable to rejoin Miao Xinran and the others to continue playing Fight the Landlord.

She needed to go back and tend to her wounds first.

Just as she was about to take out her phone from her pocket to call Miao Xinran and the others, she discovered her phone was missing.

Only then did she remember that she had tossed her phone into the elevator earlier.

Frustrated, Chu Jin smacked her forehead.

On the other side, Miao Xinran, noticing Chu Jin hadn't returned, picked up her phone to call her.

An assistant holding a black object approached Song Shiqin and stopped, "The lady from earlier left her phone behind."

Just then, a pleasant ringtone began to play.

