

Chapter 700 The Death Of The Old Lady

"Take this, old hag!"

The assassin sneered as he pulled a grenade from his pocket and threw it toward the old lady's feet.

Boom!

With a muffled blast, the grenade detonated. The old lady quickly sprinted a few meters away, taking cover behind the edge of a wall.

Though she was unscathed, the wall had been obliterated.

As she no longer had a place to hide, her expression turned grim. She had no choice but to shift her position constantly to evade the assassin's bullets.

Due to her physical limitations, the old lady couldn't maneuver as effortlessly as she had in her younger years. Up against the top-tier assassin hired by Timothy at a high price from the underworld, she soon found herself sustaining several bullets.

She knew that she would die if she continued staying here, and her eyes hardened with resolve.

Even in death, she would pave the way for Julie.

With that thought, she abandoned all attempts at dodging and took the assassin's bullets head-on. Ignoring her agony, she raised her gun and aimed it straight at his heart.

The assassin's expression shifted as he increased his rate of fire. Gravely injured, the old lady mustered the strength to pull the trigger.

Bang! Bang!

Several shots later, she crumpled to the ground, a wistful smile on her lips, riddled with bullets in her abdomen and near death's door.

As for the desperate bullet she had fired, her excruciating pain had thrown off her aim. It struck only the assassin's leg.

"Julie, this is all I can do for you," she said in her mind.

Gasping for air, Sarai and Julie dashed into the alley, which seemed both intricate and secure.

Gathering her breath, Sarai told Julie, "Stay hidden here. I need to check on madam!"

Julie, however, didn't respond, appearing lost in thought.

Her mind was a whirlpool of conflicting emotions, doubt, anger, confusion, and guilt.

Fighting to quell her inner turmoil, she bent down, burying her face in her hands as she crouched on the ground.

As she caught sight of Julie's state, a flicker of annoyance crossed Sarai's eyes. She believed that Julie's insistence on coming to the delta region had led to the assault on the old lady.

But now was not the time for blame. Sarai hurried off, soon returning to where they had started.

By this point, the wounded assassin clad in black had realized his missed chance and departed, leaving behind the gravely injured old lady.

The moment Sarai saw her, her eyes brimmed with tears. Quickly lifting the old lady, she choked out, "Madam, hold on. I'll rush you to the hospital. You'll make it!"

The old lady shook her head, aware that her end was near. A trip to the hospital would be futile.

Summoning her remaining energy, she gestured to Sarai. "Take Julie back to Sea God Island. Never return here."

Angrily turning her face away, Sarai retorted, "Why should I? If not for her, you wouldn't be in this mess. She's clueless, insisting on coming here on her own. She's not worth your concern!"

Understanding Sarai's anger, the old lady urgently made gestures with her hands. "Don't blame her. I chose to follow her. After I die, only the two of you will remain. Live well."

Later on, the old lady's resilience faded, and her body

displayed no signs of life.

After weeping for a considerable amount of time, Sarai's demeanor grew colder.

Kneeling beside the lifeless body of the old lady, Sarai offered a few solemn bows, whispering, "Rest in peace, madam."

She then rose and dragged the lifeless body back to where Julie was hiding.