

Chapter 53 Don't Think About Weird Things Next Time

Cathy rolled her eyes in exasperation.

She thought that she could hide out in this stall until the woman left, but the plan was now ruined.

Timing herself, Cathy picked up her things, got up and left her stall the moment Quinn pushed on the door to the third stall.

"Here I am."

"Cathy, why were you so slow? I thought you fainted... Why didn't you respond when I called out to you?" Grabbing Cathy's hand, Quinn began to lead her out of the washroom.

However, when they passed the woman on the phone, the assassin reached out and grabbed Cathy's arm. "Were you here the whole time?"

The assassin was dressed in pitch black, making her look ominous and dangerous.

Cathy nodded. "Yes, I was."

The woman's brows furrowed in frustration, like a mercenary facing down a challenger. "Did you hear everything?"

"Would you believe me if I said I did not?" The woman stared at her, slit eyed, evidently suspicious of the laughing Cathy.

Cathy raised her hand to shake Quinn's grip off her arm. "Quinn, go out first."

Her instructions made Quinn pause, but when she saw the assassin's attitude, she knew that something was going to happen.

"Cathy..."

"Leave us. I will deal with it." Cathy whispered with a frown on her face.

Grimacing, Quinn glanced at the woman dressed in black as she let go of Cathy and dashed off.

"How dare you run off? I will deal with you, then I'll finish her." The assassin squinted at Quinn as she ran away.

The mission was supposed to be confidential, but these women overheard her conversation! She had to take them out no matter what!

With her anger mounting from her ruined plans, the assassin drew a knife out from the back of her clothes. "Would you end your life yourself, or would you like me to do the honors?"

She had no reason to fear Cathy, who was slight and petite!

However, Cathy grinned as she stretched her muscles. "I have a third option – to end you!"

Immediately she rushed towards the woman.

Seeing how petite Cathy was, the assassin did not expect her to be able to retaliate.

However, after Cathy had landed a few hard punches, the assassin realized that she had severely underestimated her opponent!

As the women continued to attack each other in the small washroom, Quinn searched her phone to call the police as she waited outside. Suddenly a black Mercedes screeched to a halt in front of her.

Swinging the door open, Adrian leaped out frantically. "Where is she?"

Quinn could barely keep her tears of fear back when she saw Adrian, she then pointed at the washroom.

"Cathy is inside with a scary woman!"

Adrian frowned and strode into the washroom.

The assassin had pinned Cathy to the wall inside the narrow washroom with her knife nearly biting into Cathy's fair neck.

Adrian's pupils contracted when he saw how precarious the situation was. "Let her go!"

When the assassin saw Adrian, she smiled with glee.

"Early birds get the worm' they say. I guess they were right! I was wondering about how to lure you out of the comforts of your hotel, but you came to me!"

She looked at Cathy. "I guess you are his Achilles' heel, aren't you?"

Cathy blinked at her. Am I his Achilles' heel? Am I worth it?

"Adrian Bolton!"

The assassin circled her arm around Cathy's shoulder, raising her knife to Cathy's neck and drew a line across, breaking her soft and white skin. A crimson line bled.

"Choose – die by my hand or watch her die."

Before Adrian could respond, Cathy bit her lip before yelling, "Kill me then. My life isn't as precious as his."

She was not the chink in his armor. They haven't even been married a month!

They may be married, but they had no affection for each other.

"Don't be stubborn!" The assassin tightened her grip around Cathy's throat, silencing her. "Adrian Bolton, choose your poison!"

Rooted to the ground, Adrian stared daggers at the assassin. "Let her go. Let me take her place."

Cathy's eyes nearly popped out of her sockets.

"What are you talking about, Adrian?"

She wanted his life! She was the one who stabbed him last night! He might not survive this if he compromised with the assassin!

"Cathy."

Adrian's voice cut through her panicked inner voice. "You are my wife. Divorce never crossed my mind – I don't want to outlive you either. If I die, I will die before you."

Cathy stared at him in horror.

The assassin bellowed with mirth. "I came here thinking I would meet the Adrian Bolton people described as a sadistic pervert, but in reality, you are just a weak lover."

A cruel smile took the place of her mirth immediately as she growled. "It doesn't matter in the end – Adrian Bolton will cease to exist after this!"

She released Cathy and dashed to Adrian's side in an instant, but before she could stab him, the cold barrel of a gun caressed her forehead.

The assassin could not believe her bad luck – she did not even see him draw his gun!

Adrian plucked the knife out of her grip.

"The gun was always hanging from my belt. I took it out while I was confessing my love to my wife, using my coat to block your view." Adrian explained slowly with a smile on his face when he saw the shock on the assassin's face.

"Do you have any other questions?"

The assassin began to sweat. "No... No..."

This man is formidable. He was able to remain calm in such a harrowing situation and used a confession to lower her guard!

Cathy blinked, just as confused about the situation as the assassin was.

After a moment, Cathy came to her senses and dashed toward Adrian to pick up the coat he dropped on the ground. "I'll go out now.""

Now that the assassin was de-armed and Adrian had gained the upper hand, she decided that sticking around was going to inconvenience him.

"You..."

Once Cathy left the scene, the assassin shuddered as she stared at Adrian. "What do you plan to do?"

"Nothing."

The corner of Adrian's lips rose as he took a few steps back, away from the woman.

'Bang! Bang!'

The woman slumped into a pool of blood as excruciating pain ripped through her knees.

"I will not kill you since you are a mercenary. My assistant has called an ambulance, so rest assured – you will not bleed out."

Adrian slipped this gun into his waistband, his voice as cold as ice when he instructed the assassin. "Tell your master to not think of strange things next time."