

Chapter 702 Test

Standing at the entrance of the black market, Julie felt a surge of courage, poised to step in. She faintly recalled a crescent-shaped tattoo marking the neck of the assassin. That emblem told her everything she needed to know. He was a member of the Moon Silence Organization.

This was the leading assassin guild in the delta region, easy enough to investigate. They were so notorious, they'd even assassinate government figures for the right price.

Julie realized she needed to find not just the assassin but also the person who had hired him.

Just as she was about to step inside, Sarai arrived in haste and halted her.

Without another word, Sarai grabbed Julie's hand and led her away, not letting go until they were alone.

Frustrated, Julie gestured wildly. "Why hold me back? Think I'm not up to it? I have to avenge madam's death!"

Sarai replied icily, "Revenge? You're just walking into your own demise."

Julie fell quiet. She knew Sarai was right, but felt powerless.

After all, she was too vulnerable and she couldn't even utter her own thoughts. How could she seek revenge? She simply wanted to do it to ease her own discomfort.

Silently, Sarai led Julie away, not towards the dock but in another direction.

Soon, they arrived in front of a building.

Confused, Julie asked, "What's this place? Why bring me here?"

"If you're set on revenge, hatred won't be enough. You need a plan, otherwise, you'll just die," Sarai said, her tone icy as ever.

Julie took a deep breath and inquired, "What's the plan?"

"First, we join the Moon Silence Organization.

Once we endure their brutal training, we can both discover who killed madam and gain the power to enact revenge," Sarai explained.

Julie sighed, realizing her own impulsiveness. She endorsed Sarai's more strategic approach and decided to coordinate her actions with hers.

Before arriving here, Sarai had discovered that the organization was on a recruitment spree. If they could pass the initiation, they'd be in.

Soon, they stood before the evaluator, who tossed them a wooden dagger, remarking, "If you manage to tag me with this fluorescent-coated dagger, you're in."

Before he even finished his sentence, Sarai sprang into action. She snatched the dagger from the ground and closed the distance in a heartbeat.

"Quick on your feet, aren't you?"

The evaluator grinned as he effortlessly sidestepped Sarai's thrust.

The moment her first strike failed, Sarai

swiftly gripped her dagger with her other hand and launched another assault.

Having spent considerable time with the old lady, she'd picked up an array of assassination techniques. Her rapid shifts in attack strategy left the evaluator momentarily perplexed.

By her seventh maneuver, an artful sleight of hand had Sarai's blade grazing the evaluator's sleeve.

Grinning, the evaluator clapped his hands. "Impressive. You've got some skill. You've passed the test."

After speaking, he took the dagger from Sarai and tossed it to Julie. "Your turn now."

Grasping the dagger, Julie steeled herself to engage the evaluator.

Yet, without formal training, her attack was disorganized, making it easy for the evaluator to evade.

The more Julie persisted, the deeper the evaluator's frown became. At last, he lifted his leg and sent Julie sprawling. "Admit

defeat. Your strength won't even let you graze the edge of my clothes, even if I offer you an entire day!"

Julie locked eyes with the evaluator and made hand signs. Confused, he turned to Sarai for translation.

"She can't speak. She's saying that if she can't succeed today, she'll be back tomorrow and the day after. She won't stop until she does," Sarai explained.

Amused, the evaluator chuckled. "Persistent, aren't you?"

He barely got the words out when Julie lunged again, dagger in hand, only to be evaded once more.

While her emotions fueled her actions, they didn't boost her skill.

After one hundred attempts, Julie was drained but resolute, her eyes tinged with red.

At last, her dagger managed to graze against the edge of the evaluator's clothes!

It wasn't due to any newfound skill or a reward for her tenacity. The evaluator had

simply taken a liking to her determination. She had potential.

Otherwise, he could've easily sidestepped her efforts.

Patting his sleeve, the evaluator grinned playfully. "All right then. We could use some extra hands. I'll give you a shot."