

## The Killer Queen With Multiple Disguises Chapter 11 - 20

### Chapter 11 Assassination

“Aiden Darlow, my assistant. You can contact him if you need anything.” Preston introduced the man.

“I have only one request, and that is to sleep with you,” Hedy repeated her intention. After washing her hands, she took a seat at the dining table.

Other than that, she didn't need Preston's help with anything else.

Preston raised an eyebrow slightly.

If someone else had said those words, they would have been labeled as a pervert.

He sat across from Hedy, gracefully picking up his cutlery. “I'm not sure about what food you like or can't eat, but I hope this meal suits your taste.”

“I'm not a picky eater,” Hedy replied, her gaze slightly lowered. And she didn't say anything more.

In her previous life, she had eaten wild grass and chewed tree bark just to survive. Compared to that, all human food was incredibly delicious.

Preston nodded.

The word “vigilant” was no longer sufficient to describe the girl before him.

She had completely sealed herself off, impervious to even the slightest breeze. Naturally, there was no need for her to be on guard against anything else.

### Chapter 11 AceaKBİNABOR

She was only eighteen years old. What had caused her to become this way?

Was such a drastic change in her temperament the result of the unrequited love for her fiancé?

The meal proceeded in silence. Thankfully, both Hedy and Preston were experienced individuals who could adapt to different situations.

Unlike the servant nearby, who was already fidgeting due to the overwhelming awkwardness.

After dinner, Hedy made her way to Preston's bedroom.

The bedroom followed a minimalist design with cool-toned colors. There weren't many items present, but each one was undoubtedly expensive.

"Ms. Ellis, the bathroom is on the left. Everything you need is prepared. Childe King is handling business in the study and will join you later to sleep," the servant said, wearing a somewhat bashful expression.

Who could have imagined that Childe King, the dream man of countless young girls, would one day be sleeping with a rural high school girl?

It would certainly shock many people if this news got out!

Meanwhile, Preston finished his tasks and headed towards the bedroom.

Pushing open the door, he found the young girl leaning against the headboard, studying her textbooks. The warm orange glow in the room softened her cold and sharp aura, making her profile appear particularly gentle.

Upon hearing the noise, she immediately looked up. Emotionless indifference filled her eyes as she regarded him **as if** she were looking at an emotionless sleep machine.

Preston lay on the other side of the bed.

Hedy turned off the lights and lay down as well.

The two of them shared the same bed.

Preston could feel Hedy shifting closer and then farther away, seemingly searching for the right distance.

Finally, she turned on her side and lightly rested her forehead against his shoulder. This gesture resembled that of a loving couple, filled with intimacy and reliance.

Before long, Preston heard the sound of steady and shallow breathing beside him.

She had truly fallen asleep quickly.

However, Preston didn't find it as easy to sleep.

After so many years of sleeping alone, having a woman suddenly appear by his side would require some time to adjust.

During the night, a strong gust of wind rose, accompanied by thunderous roars.

The flickering light bestowed a momentary brightness upon the darkness, illuminating the villa and revealing over a dozen figures on the villa wall.

Preston abruptly opened his eyes, and a hint of coldness flashed through his narrow gaze.

There were always people trying to get themselves killed.

Before he could make any further moves, Hedy, with her arms crossed, leaned against the door and parted her red lips.

“Leave it to me.”

Bang!

The bedroom door was kicked open by one intruder, and he quickly assessed the situation inside the room.

Prepared in advance, Hedy struck him with a fierce punch to his nose and eyes, catching him off guard!

“Ahh!”

The intruder instinctively closed his eyes, and with his gun in hand, he fired in Hedy’s direction.

At the very moment he pulled the trigger, Hedy raised his arm, causing the bullet to hit the ceiling. She then delivered a knee strike to his abdomen, disarmed him, and pulled the trigger herself.

Bang!

A gunshot to the head!

The intruder fell to the ground, unaware of who had taken his life.

Everything happened in the blink of an eye!

The sound of gunfire attracted the other intruders, and they came rushing from all directions.

Hedy remained calm and composed. Stepping out of the bedroom, she held a black handgun with her left hand, and with four shots to the left

and two to the right, she took down six assailants, her aim flawless

The remaining intruders became more cautious, closing in for a closer attack. One of them attempted to ambush Hedy at a corner.

Hedy leaned back, quickly got up, and grabbed his wrist. With a swift joint lock, she restrained him and raised her hand to fire a shot at the frosted glass of the balcony.

Bang!

The person hiding behind the glass, planning to launch a surprise attack, died instantly!

Then, Hedy swiftly aimed for the intruder in front of her and executed a headshot with cold brutality and a touch of elegance.

The enemy's numbers were rapidly decreasing!

The battle continued.

But the outcome was already clear.

Aiden rushed into the bedroom and found Preston leaning against the railing, observing the battle below. The hazy light illuminated him, giving his stunning and captivating face an enchanting and mesmerizing allure.

He lightly swirled the red wine glass in his hand, as if enjoying a magnificent waltz.

Aiden was taken aback.

“Isn't it strange for a weak man like me to be protected by a fierce and formidable beauty?”

Preston chuckled softly, unable to conceal his astonishment in his eyes.

He guessed that his grandfather must have been equally shocked when she saved him.

Aiden's lips twitched.

“You didn’t say that you were a weak man when you pinned me down and beat me up.”

“What do you think of her skills?” he asked his assistant.

Aiden observed for a moment, and then his pupils contracted slightly.

It was easiest for those of the same profession to recognize each other. Hedy’s agility, awareness, and habit of going for headshots with precision spoke volumes – she was an assassin.

Compared to elusive secret agents and mercenaries who believed money ruled, assassins were colder, more ruthless, fiercer, and more powerful.

In their world, there was no patriotism, no money, only life and death!

“She’s an assassin,” Aiden said with certainty.

Preston paused the swaying of his wine glass.

He had considered the possibility that Hedy had received training from a martial arts master.

He also thought she might know a former soldier and was thus familiar with firearms.

But it had never crossed his mind that Hedy was an assassin.

“She’s better than me, and she reminds me of Queen,” Aiden, usually

economical with words, added a rare comment.

He had been fortunate enough to witness Queen in action on a mission, and he believed that she truly embodied the essence of a Queen.

The girl before them was no less than Queen!

Preston finished his glass of red wine in one gulp, his deep eyes gleaming with hidden thoughts.

The investigation on Hedy had indeed omitted many details!

Downstairs.

Hedy dealt with the last intruder and looked up at Preston, her tone calm. “Now I’ve paid the rent.”

She was living in his place and eating his food, and she had to pay him.

Paying the rent by killing?

Preston chuckled and looked down at her. "Sure."

The young girl stood among the pile of bodies, with a few specks of blood staining her delicate and beautiful face, unexpectedly enhancing her allure.

Like a flower that blooms on the brink of death, the closer it gets to hell, the more passionately captivating it becomes.

The awakened servants exchanged a glance and silently cleaned up the scene.

They were cultivated by the King Family, not mere monthly wage-earning maids and security guards from the labor market.

That night, Hedy slept particularly comfortably.

Despite a minor interruption, she enjoyed a restful sleep she hadn't had in a long time.

When she woke up, Preston was no longer by her side.

As the leader of a prominent family, he naturally had more important matters to attend to.

After having breakfast, Hedy was sent by the driver to Lowell High School.

Just as they arrived near the school, before the driver even parked the car, Hedy saw Sun confronting a certain male student from a distance.

Behind the boy stood a short-haired girl with a beautiful appearance.

A crowd had gathered around them.

## **Chapter 12 A 15-Day Miracle**

"Why are you holding my girlfriend's hand?" Sun glared at the boy.

“What do you mean your girlfriend? Mia is my girlfriend!” Jayden, the boy, tightly held the hand of the short-haired girl.

Jayden, a student in Class 1, Senior 3, top ten in grade.

“Nonsense! Mia is my girlfriend! Everyone in Class 7 saw her confess her feelings to me!” Sun grabbed Mia’s other hand, his gaze fierce.

Mia shook off Sun’s hand. “Sun, it was just a prank.”

“What?” Sun couldn’t believe his ears.

Mia took a deep breath. “My friends told me that you, the leader of Class 7, had an eccentric personality, and they asked if I could conquer you. I said I could, and then I tried.”

“Tried...?” Sun repeated with difficulty.

She tried.

He believed it.

And now she was telling him that it was all just a joke?

“I admit that my intentions were wrong, but I was your girlfriend for a month!” Mia justified herself.

“You are just a mediocre student from Class 7. Is it your honor that you once had a top student as your girlfriend?”

“Honor...?” Sun’s mind buzzed.

So he had sunk so low that even being deceived should be considered a gift from the deceiver?

“Do you understand now? Mia never intended to confess her feelings to you for real!” Jayden looked annoyed.

At this point, Sun had nothing more to say.

His throat felt dry as he took out the necklace he had saved up for a month and stared at Mia. He let go of it, dropping it on the ground.

It was his heart he hadn’t had the chance to give.

He turned away, his heart heavy with disappointment.

“Who gave you the confidence to think that Mia would like someone from Class 7?” Jayden pressed on, seeking to humiliate Sun further.

“Was it that new student in your class, Hedy? That scheming bitch who only knows how to secretly record videos?”

Sun, who was about to leave, suddenly turned around and punched Jayden in the face, anger seething within him.

“How dare you talk about Goddess Hedy like that?”

Hedy might be aloof and reserved, but she had never looked at them with disdain or disgust in her eyes.

And Hedy almost saved him from Tom’s bullying.

He absolutely wouldn’t allow anyone to speak about Hedy like this!

“Sun, are you out of your mind?” Mia was dumbfounded.

Sun didn’t stand up for her against Jayden; instead, he defended Hedy. What did that mean?

Was she, Mia, not even worth comparing to that village girl Hedy?

Jayden touched the corner of his mouth and retaliated with a punch.

“Sun!” Students from Class 7 immediately rushed to beat up Jayden upon seeing Sun getting hit.

“Jayden!” Students from Class 1 saw their classmates being attacked and joined the brawl.

Sharp-eyed students promptly reported the incident to the relevant teachers.

Mr. Evan was the first to arrive, and it took all his strength to separate Sun and Jayden. “Sun, what are you doing?”

With the arrival of the teacher, the fight subsided, and both groups had bruises on their faces.

“He insulted Goddess Hedy!” Sun pointed at Jayden.



“Even in the face of a big issue, we must act reasonably. You are students, what’s the difference between you and street thugs if you resort to fighting?” Mr. Evan scolded loudly.

The crowd nodded in agreement.

See, that was why teachers were teachers. They were mature and composed.

“See, trash is just trash. No matter how much you teach them, it’s pointless,” Ms. Lee, the teacher in charge of Class 2, commented as she walked over.

Smack!

Mr. Evan threw a punch, grabbing Ms. Lee by her collar in a fit of

rage. “Who the hell gave you the right to call my students trash? They’re not trash! They are living, breathing human beings! You can’t humiliate them like this!”

The crowd stood in stunned silence.

Weren’t they supposed to be reasonable and not resort to violence as educated students?

“Mr. Evan, let me go!” Many teachers hurriedly arrived and separated Mr. Evan and Ms. Lee.

“Mr. Evan! You are a man, how can you hit a woman!” Ms. Lee screamed, covering her eyes.

“Trash teachers teaching trash students, trash students studying in a trashed building – the perfect match! Perfect match!”

“Class 7 students are indeed all trash. I can step on the answer sheet with my foot and still get a higher score than them!” Jayden’s expression was full of disdain.

“That’s right!” Students of Class 1 echoed in agreement.

“Hedy isn’t anything special,” Mia launched a direct attack on Hedy. “She was just dragging everyone down in Class 2, and now she goes to Class 7 and becomes their ‘Goddess Hedy.’ It’s ridiculous!”

“That’s enough!” Sun shouted.

He had heard the word “trash” enough!

“Didn’t you say that stepping on the answer sheet would give you a higher score than us? Then let’s compare our results in the monthly exam! If our scores are higher than yours, you, you, you, and all of you

Sun pointed his index finger successively at Ms. Lee, Jayden, Mia, and the Class 1 students who participated in the fight.

“You all must apologize to Class 7 and Goddess Hedy!”

This was the only and most powerful counterattack!

After saying that, Sun led the Class 7 students away.

Once the fiercely spirited students returned to their classroom, they slumped down, their faces filled with frustration and a sense of powerlessness.

“Sun, I admit you looked cool when you were talking trash, but how are we going to beat those academic geniuses in the monthly exam?”

“Don’t ask me, I have no idea. I was just acting on impulse!”

Sun banged his head against the wall, wishing he could find a tofu to smash himself with.

“Uh—oh! Mr. Evan is going to be fired!” a classmate rushed in from outside.

“Ms. Lee went to complain to the principal about Mr. Evan, saying that he was violent towards women and unworthy of being a teacher.

The principal noticed that our class’s performance has declined since Mr. Evan took over, so they said if our class’s average score in this month’s exam is still below passing, they will directly fire Mr. Evan!”

Everyone grew anxious.

“Ms. Lee has the nerve to say that Mr. Evan is unworthy of being a teacher? Wasn’t it she who went up and asked Goddess Hedy to apologize to Lisa and her child when Goddess Hedy was being slandered? She’s the one who’s unworthy of being a teacher!”

“How can we possibly pass? All of our textbooks are new except for the table of contents!”

“Physically assaulting someone is a stain on a teaching career. If he leaves Lowell High School, will any other school hire him?”

“I remember Mr. Evan’s family is very poor. They even sold their sheep to scrape together the money for his journey to Lowell High School. If he loses this job, then their family...”

The bell for class rang.

Mr. Evan returned to Class 7 with a calm expression. Today’s first period was language class.

“Turn to page thirty in your textbooks.”

He said calmly, picking up the chalk to write on the blackboard.

However, his arm trembled uncontrollably.

It was wrong of him to resort to violence.

But he had reached his breaking point.

Why should children who struggle academically be subjected to such humiliation?

Some girls started crying, and a few boys also wiped their tears away.

“Is crying going to help? Instead of crying, use your time wisely to study and find a way to surpass Class 1!”

Sun almost snapped his pen in frustration.

He not only wanted to pass the exams, but he also wanted to defeat Class 1 and make them and Ms. Lee apologize to them!

“It’s useless. There are only 15 days left until the exams. Unless a miracle happens, you won’t be able to beat class 1,” Mr. Evan said, lowering his arm and speaking in a calm tone.

The gap between Class 7 and Class 1 was too vast.

They were like clouds in the sky and mud on the ground – how could they compare?

“Give me 15 days, and I’ll make the miracle happen.”

Hedy appeared at the classroom door and said.

If it weren’t for Jayden insulting her, Sun wouldn’t have taken action, and it wouldn’t have led to the brawl between the two classes or Mr. Evan striking Ms. Lee.

Since this whole situation started because of her, she would resolve it herself.

She could teach these students through the way the organization educated killers.

It was a method different from the cramming approach of the school.

### **Chapter 13 He Likes Both Versions of Hedy**

As Hedy’s words fell, an awkward atmosphere engulfed the room.

“Um, well...”

Sun tugged at his hair, struggling to find the right words. “Goddess Hedy, have you forgotten that you scored lower than me in the last exam?”

Although they weren’t on par with Class 1, they had received elite education since childhood, giving them a significant head start compared to Hedy, who came from the countryside.

Therefore, Hedy’s statement was quite awkward.....

Mr. Evan was left speechless, feeling like the kids had gone mad in their desire to surpass Class 1.

But in the next moment, Mr. Evan’s expression changed.

He saw Hedy walk up to the podium, pick up his textbook, and start teaching the content from page thirty.

Her approach was different from his. Hedy’s perspective was sharp, condensing what he would teach in one class into a ten-minute presentation.

What was even more remarkable was that she didn’t use complicated vocabulary. Instead, she took a gradual and magical approach with her words.

The students were initially puzzled, but as they listened attentively and followed along, they unknowingly entered a state of focused learning.

Mr. Evan had never seen the students in Class 7 behave so well. The girl standing on the podium seemed more like a teacher than he did!

How was it possible, considering her previous poor academic performance?

Mr. Evan couldn't figure it out, and couldn't continue thinking about it.

His thoughts were captivated by Hedy, and like the students, he too became engrossed in her lecture.

Time ticked away.

The bell rang.

Startled by the dismissal bell, the students, who had been immersed in the ocean of knowledge, snapped back to reality.

They looked at each other, their faces displaying expressions of astonishment.

Goddess Hedy not only taught the class but covered the content of three classes in a single session, and the key point was that they all understood it!

The knowledge and theories that were once incomprehensible were now imprinted clearly in their minds, like the protagonist in a martial arts story who had his meridians opened by a master!

It felt so great!

"Take a ten-minute break. In the next class, we'll cover physics, followed by history in the class after, and chemistry for the final class," Hedy's tone remained as calm as ever.

Mr. Evan was stunned!

Did Hedy plan to teach all the subjects?

Was she a student or a teacher?

While Mr. Evan was still puzzled, the students, led by Sun, had

complete faith in Hedy. Their eyes gleamed with admiration, and they spoke in unison.

"Yes, Goddess Hedy!"

Hedy didn't correct their address. Her name was just a codename; what they called her didn't matter.

In the second class, Hedy taught physics.

In the third class, she covered history.

And for the final class of the morning, she delved into chemistry.

Whether it was humanities or sciences, stories or formulas, Hedy effortlessly presented everything and imparted knowledge to the students in a unique way, enabling the students to understand and learn.

After listening to the remaining three classes, Mr. Evan's doubts vanished completely, leaving him with just one thought –

—

Perhaps, under Hedy's guidance, Class 7 could truly create a miracle!

“When are you gonna stop watching?”

In the principal's office, Kelly approached the floor-to-ceiling window, and standing beside him was the handsome man, Preston.

From this angle, they could see the scene inside the classroom of Class

Although they were far away and couldn't hear the voices inside, the

fact that “Hedy was teaching” was evident enough.

“Are you falling for Hedy?” Kelly asked casually,

“What's so strange about falling for her?” Preston retorted.

Kelly was taken aback. “Hey, are you serious?”

Women who wanted to pursue Preston had lined up from the USA to other countries, including exotic princesses and queens.

And yet, here in San Francisco, Preston himself was paying attention to a high school girl from the countryside?

“It's only natural for humans to be attracted to someone exceptional. I'm no exception.”

Preston said, a slight curve forming on his thin lips as he gazed at Hedy through the floor-to-ceiling window.

The girl at the podium was completely focused, occasionally writing a few words on the blackboard before turning back to explain, eliciting unanimous nods from the students.

This reminded him of the previous night when he stood upstairs, watching her kill and say, “Now I’ve paid the rent.”

On one hand, she was ruthless and decisive, wielding her skills effortlessly as she killed someone.

On the other hand, she was attentive and patient, guiding students through the realm of knowledge.

He had to admit that both versions of Hedy appealed to him.

“Well then!” Kelly climbed onto the boss chair and sat on it, his expression serious:

“So, are you going to invest in Lowell High School or not? In the three years I’ve been abroad, there has been rampant corruption within Lowell High School. After Lisa left, there have been major financial issues. If you’re willing to fill that gap, I won’t look for anyone else.”

This was the reason he had called Preston.

“When have I ever turned a blind eye to your troubles?” Preston placed a card on the desk and pushed it toward Kelly.

Today, the campus forum of Lowell High School was buzzing.

Apart from the pinned “Vote for Campus Beauty Ranking” thread, all other posts were discussing the competition between Class 7 and Class 1 in terms of their monthly exam scores.

The majority of the posts were mocking Class 7 for overestimating themselves.

Only a small portion of them expressed the opinion that no matter how one looked at it, Mia and Jayden were in the wrong. Mia had played with Sun’s feelings, and Jayden had insulted Hedy. Mr. Evan’s act of violence was driven by his concern for the students.

These posts received mediocre responses, but the ones expressing support for Mia and Jayden generated high levels of engagement.

Those students who had barely learned the basics of proper behavior had mastered the art of flattery.

At that moment, a new post appeared titled:

“Breaking News! ‘Goddess Hedy’ Personally Teaching Class 7 Students – Pictures and Evidence Included!”

The poster claimed to have passed by the old teaching building and discovered the so-called “Goddess Hedy” giving a lecture at the podium.

He immediately snapped a photo with his phone to share with everyone.

Due to time constraints, he didn’t have a chance to listen carefully, but it didn’t stop him from finding the scene amusing.

Within three minutes, the comments below the post were filled with laughter.

Even those who had previously spoken positively about Hedy and Class 7 chose to remain silent.

They were at a loss for words.

Hedy teaching the students was seen as no different from “the blind leading the mute to deliver a message to the deaf”.

Days passed by amidst the mockery.

On the day before the upcoming monthly exams, during lunchtime, Hedy finished her meal and went to the library to gather some reference books. Sun followed her.

The library was crowded with people.

“Hey, Goddess Hedy, there are two seats here!” Sun waved at Hedy.

But as they turned around, they saw the two people they least wanted to see: Mia and Jayden.

“We’re taking these two seats, so why don’t you two leave?” Jayden shooed them away.



“We have to leave just because you want us to leave? Don’t you know first come, first served?” Sun’s face turned cold.

“That depends. Sun, do you think it’s more useful for the top students to study here or for the underachievers?” Mia held onto Jayden’s arm, her eyes full of disdain.

“Or do you think that by reading a few more books here, you’ll surpass Class 1 in the exams?”

Sun clenched his fists, feeling the urge to start a fight once again.

Hedy walked over, placing her reference books on the table and casually looking at Jayden and Mia.

“Are you leaving on your own, or do I have to kick you out?”

When it came to matters that could be resolved physically, Hedy always preferred action over words.

## **Chapter 14 Hedy VS Gloria**

Hedy’s remark sent Jayden and Mia into a panic.

The entire school knew about Hedy’s brutal beating of Lisa and her child. Ordinary people couldn’t bear her beating...

“Hedy, is violence all you can resort to?”

A soft and gentle voice echoed through the air, capturing everyone’s attention. It was Gloria, descending from the second floor of the library.

She held world-renowned classics in her arms, dressed in a snow-white high-end designer dress, with her long hair softly curled and cascading over her shoulders. She exuded an elegant and graceful

aura.

The crowd around them immediately grew restless.

“Gloria Rossi! Oh... this is the closest I’ve ever been to a goddess!”

“She’s walking towards Hedy!”

“Speaking of which, aren’t these two love rivals? They both like Oliver!”

“This is going to be interesting!”

Gloria stopped in front of Hedy, her beautiful face now bearing a touch of authority. “As the president of the Student Union, I have the right to take disciplinary action against you if you lay hands on Jayden and Mia.”

Her words sounded just and proper, but there was an ulterior motive behind them.

Hedy’s recent fame at Lowell High School was skyrocketing.

Many people were even speculating about who was more suitable for Oliver between Hedy and Gloria, and whether Oliver would reconsider his choices.

Now, she would show the world who, between her and Hedy, was truly superior!

“When Jayden wanted to take the seats, why didn’t I see you flexing your authority?”

Hedy calmly retorted, her lowered eyelashes concealing the anger in her eyes.

“I only saw you picking a fight, but I didn’t see Jayden trying to take your seats,” Gloria was lying.

This corner of the library was a blind spot, and except for the parties involved, no one knew exactly what had happened earlier.

In this situation, based on the reputation she had accumulated, whatever Gloria said would be taken as the truth!

The students unquestionably believed in Gloria.

As the students around heard that Hedy wanted to fight in the library and falsely accused others, the looks in their eyes turned hostile.

When Hedy beat Lisa and Jack, it was considered self–defense, and no one had any objections.

But now, wanting to fight Jayden and Mia at the slightest provocation and even resorting to lying and deception, wasn’t that inappropriate?

“So you only saw me picking a fight?” Hedy chuckled coldly

“Then may I ask, who was standing on the stairs since 13:17:38? Do you want me to check the surveillance footage?”

She directly exposed Gloria's hypocrisy, a glint of coldness flashing in her eyes.

As a professional assassin, she was extremely sensitive to changes in her surroundings, and she was constantly vigilant against hidden threats and dangers.

The library's exits and entrances, the clock on the wall, and the nearby students were all within her range of attention.

Before Jayden and Mia arrived, Gloria was already standing on the stairs, and she knew clearly what had happened just now.

She told a lie just because she wanted to make things difficult for Hedy.

But was she capable of handling it?

Gloria's smile froze.

Hedy had known she was there all along?

And even down to the exact second?

"Nonsense! Gloria, we'll go to the surveillance room with you and expose Hedy with the facts!"

The first of Gloria's loyal fans expressed their dissatisfaction.

Little did they know that Gloria didn't dare to go to the surveillance room. If she did, she would be the one exposed!

She remained in her spot, her smile faltering.

Anyone with a bit of sense could tell something from Gloria's silence

"Don't try to provoke me, Gloria, or you'll end up like Lisa and Jack!" Hedy warned in a cold tone.

She had originally just wanted to complete her mission and revive Cooper.

But if someone foolish enough came looking for trouble in front of her...

She wouldn't mind granting their wish!

Before Gloria could reply, Oliver briskly walked in and stood in front of her with an angry face.

“Hedy, you don’t have to make things difficult for Gloria because of me. If you have any grievances, take it out on me. She’s innocent!”

Wasn’t Hedy just jealous that he preferred Gloria?

“Because of you? Oliver, don’t think too highly of yourself!” Hedy’s gaze toward Oliver grew even colder.

“Gloria brought this upon herself. If you care about her, just tell her to back off and stay away from me!”

Hedy didn’t want to stay in the library any longer and turned to leave.

Sun, who had remained silent for a long time, looked at Mia and then at Jayden. He said, “In this upcoming exam, Class 7 will surpass Class 1. Just wait and see.”

“And you,” Sun said to Gloria before leaving.

“Don’t even think about causing trouble for Goddess Hedy, or Class 7 won’t let you go.”

He had never really thought highly of Gloria.

If she offended Goddess Hedy, he would teach her a lesson even though she was a popular girl!

Gloria clenched her hand beneath her sleeve, a fleeting trace of malice flashing in her eyes.

Oliver looked angrily at Hedy’s departing figure, feeling upset inside.

How could Hedy speak to him with such a tone?

The library returned to its quiet state.

One person took out their phone, opened the school’s beauty ranking, and silently cast a vote for Hedy.

Others were surprised and asked, “Aren’t you a fan of Gloria? Why aren’t you voting for her?”

The person said. “Well, it’s just that suddenly I feel like Gloria isn’t as perfect as I thought. On the other hand, Hedy gives off this cool, cold, fierce, and beautiful vibe, and I like it.”

A day passed in the blink of an eye.

The monthly exams arrived as scheduled.

Today, the atmosphere at Lowell High School was solemn, as if it were the college entrance examination.

The reason behind it was the competition between Class 7 and Class 1.

Although the other classes were not directly involved, they also had the desire to win. Everyone wanted to prove themselves in this exam.

Especially the students from Class 2 of the senior year, who were previously suspended for collectively slandering Hedy. Their punishment had ended, and they were eager to improve their image in front of the entire school through their exam scores.

Before entering the exam room, the students from Class 7 gathered together, their hands stacked on top of each other, giving each other encouragement.

“For ourselves, for Goddess Hedy, for Mr. Evan!” Sun shouted the slogan and looked at Hedy not far away.

She didn’t join in. Instead, she sat on the edge of a flower bed, one leg stretched out and the other slightly bent, looking up at the sky, her profile exquisitely captivating.

“Goddess Hedy is so lonely...” he murmured.

She had taught them diligently for fifteen days, but she remained detached and cool, maintaining a clear distance from them.

She didn’t let others get close to her, nor did she get close to anyone else.

The two-day exam officially began.

After the last exam, many students gathered on the square, aware of what to expect.

Because on the large screen in the square, the rankings and scores of the students would be displayed in a countdown format.

Everyone tacitly left the front seats for the students from Class 7 and Class 1 who had been involved in the previous fight.

The two classes faced each other.

With Hedy and Sun leading Class 7 on the left and Jayden and Mia leading Class 1 on the right.

Someone captured the scene and uploaded it to the school forum, preparing to provide a live photo and text broadcast for the students who couldn't be present at the square.

Ms. Lee also arrived, and as soon as she arrived, she began talking in a sarcastic tone, "Oh, look, all the students from Class 7 are here? Do you have the nerve to come and check the rankings? Don't you know your limitations?"

Do you think Hedy can teach you anything good?"

Ms. Lee hated Hedy extremely.

Back when Hedy was in Class 2, she was always dragging the class down.

At the faculty meeting, Hedy said that Ms. Lee didn't deserve the title of "teacher," which made her the target of ridicule among her colleagues to this day.

And now, Hedy had taken on the role of a "teacher" herself, teaching Class 7 for half a month.

Ms. Lee wanted to see how many of Hedy's students would pass!

"Ms. Lee, you dislike me, don't you?" Hedy's gaze fell upon the screen about to display the rankings.

"What do you think?"

"Let's make a bet. If Class 7 beats Class 1, you leave Lowell High School. If Class 7 doesn't win, I'll leave Lowell High School. Are you

up for it?"

Hedy's voice was soft.

To her, Ms. Lee was like an insignificant fly—weak and dirty.

But this fly buzzed around her all day, making an incessant noise.

It would be better to just swat it and have some peace.

Ms. Lee was initially taken aback, then burst into laughter, slapping her thigh.

“Hahaha! Keep dreaming! Do you think you can beat Class 1? Alright, let’s make the bet. If the students you teach can beat Class 1, I’ll quit immediately!

But if not, you’ll have to leave Lowell High School!”

As she finished speaking, the screen began to scroll, and the students’ emotions were stirred up.

## Chapter 15 The Rankings

“The rankings are out, let me see who’s at the bottom!”

“Shit, the last place isn’t from Class 7? Something’s not right!”

“Forget about the last place, there’s not a single student from Class 7 among the last ten or even the last hundred?”

The Class 1 students started to panic, and even Ms. Lee became slightly nervous.

“It must be a system error!” Jayden speculated.

“Yeah, the system must have excluded Class 7,” Mia sneered. “Maybe they thought Class 7 always ranks last, so there’s no need to put them on the list!”

This conclusion was widely accepted, and everyone continued to look at the rankings.

Just when they thought the situation was true as they speculated, a name appeared on the screen.

“No. 49, Class 7, Sun Miller.”

The crowd erupted in astonishment!

“Oh my gosh! Sun’s ex-girlfriend Mia is only ranked 67th this time? How did he perform so well?”

“Is Hedy’s teaching really that effective?”

“That’s impossible, Hedy used to perform worse than Sun!”

“Then what’s the reason for his remarkable improvement in this exam?”

Everyone was puzzled.

Little did they know, this was just the beginning of their confusion!

The screen continued to scroll, and one name after another from Class 7 appeared in the rankings.

“No. 42, Class 7...”

“No. 40, Class 7...”

“No. 18, Class 7...”

“No. 12, Class 7...”

When the names of Class 7 students appeared among the top ten, everyone was completely dumbfounded.

How could Class 7 achieve such outstanding results in just fifteen days?

“No. 6, Class 1, Jayden...”

At this point, the large screen changed to a more striking color because the next rankings to be announced were the top five.

Everyone held their breath.

Someone whispered.

“We have... not seen Hedy’s name yet, right?”

Except for Hedy, the rankings of the other Class 7 students had been revealed.

Hedy was a key figure in the ongoing rivalry between Class 7 and Class 1, and it was hard for everyone to ignore her.

“Is Hedy fifth?”

The screen scrolled, “No. 5, Class 1, xxx.”

“Or maybe fourth?”

“No. 4, Class 1, xxx.”

“She’s third?”



“No. 3, Class 1, Oliver Johnson.”

“I bet she’s second, and first place goes to Gloria Rossi!” One of Gloria’s loyal fans exclaimed.

However, the information on the large screen quickly contradicted their claims.

“No. 2, Class 1, Gloria Rossi.”

Finally, the scrolling stopped, and the font on the screen enlarged and bolded:

“No. 1, Class 7, Hedy Ellis!”

At the same time, the rankings of each class’s average scores were also announced.

First place: Class 7!

In an instant..

The audience fell into complete silence.

Even the sound of a falling leaf hitting the ground seemed piercingly loud.

Ms. Lee’s face turned pale, Mia trembled all over, and Jayden covered his face.

The Class 1 students wore expressions of shock, while students from other classes had their mouths hanging open

Compared to them, the Class 7 students remained relatively calm.

They had already anticipated this outcome.

But upon closer inspection, one would notice that they were not as composed as they appeared.

Their eyes reddened, their hands clenched tightly, and they slowly released the pent-up resentment they had accumulated over these days and years.

With their achievements, they proved that they were not trash!

They had stood up for Godde Hedy and saved Mr. Evan’s job!

“Quit! Apologize!” Sun shouted with raised arms.

The victory was sealed, and it was time to settle the score.

“Quit! Apologize!”

The Class 7 students echoed in unison, repeating it over and over again.

With all eyes watching, even those who didn’t want to admit defeat had to consider the consequences.

Jayden was the first to accept the reality. He walked up to Hedy, bowing and speaking humbly, “I’m sorry.”

Then he proceeded to bow and apologize to every Class 7 student.

Students from Class 1 followed suit; they were eager to quickly finish their apologies and leave this cursed place.

Mia, dragging her feet, finally approached Hedy to apologize. She did so half-heartedly, saying, “Sorry.”

“It’s your honor.”

Hedy broke her silence since the announcement of the rankings.

“Because your e

ranked 49th, while you ranked 67th.”

Mia’s head jerked up.

Wasn’t this the exact insult she hurled at Sun back then?

Hedy enunciated each word clearly, “You should also feel ashamed. Sun ate cheap bread for a whole month to save money and buy you a birthday gift, yet you played with the heart of this boy who sincerely cared for you.”

Mia bit her lower lip and covered her face as she ran away.

“Goddess Hedy, it’s so nice of you to get my back!” Sun, the tough guy, burst into tears, approaching Hedy with his snot on the verge of flowing.

He truly adored Goddess Hedy!

Well, it was just admiration!

“I’m just stating the facts,” Hedy replied, turning her face away.

At that moment, a male teacher approached from the direction of the principal’s office and handed a dismissal letter to Ms. Lee, who was still lost in her thoughts.

“Ms. Lee, the principal said you should keep your promises and set an example for the students.”

“Yes!”

The students from Class 7 jumped up joyfully.

Student Union Office.

Gloria swept the documents off the table, her chest heaving with anger. The once gentle look in her eyes had transformed into a fierce expression.

“Why did Hedy get better grades than me?”

It was just a vacation. How could Hedy become so smart?

Last time at the library, as soon as Hedy left, someone went to the surveillance room and reviewed the footage. It was confirmed that Gloria had indeed appeared the stairs at “13:17:38”. She didn’t even

have the chance to make any move!

Gloria could only claim that she was distracted and didn’t notice what happened outside the stairs.

As the president of the Student Union, her every word and action was under scrutiny by the public. This incident spread widely among the students, resulting in a lot of negative comments.

Even the votes for her on the campus beauty ranking had decreased significantly.

Meanwhile, Hedy’s popularity was soaring, surging into the top 20!

“I didn’t notice,” Gloria took a deep breath and adjusted herself,

standing by the window and watching Hedy being surrounded in the square. She muttered to herself,

“Hedy, the future is long. Let’s wait and see!”

“Hedy, there’s a long way to go. Just wait and see!”

Class 7.

The students were still buzzing with excitement from their victory over Class 1. They chattered incessantly.

Hedy packed her bag, intending to head back to the King Family’s villa.

But just as she took a step forward, Sun called out to her, “Goddess Hedy, where are you going?”

Hedy replied, “I’m going home.”

“We have the Lowell High School 20th Anniversary Celebration Gala tonight. Did you forget?”

All the shareholders of the school will be there, including the new shareholder, Childe King. Each class will be performing.” Sun grinned.

“You just transferred here recently, so you can’t perform with us.”

Hedy was taken aback.

In the original host’s memories, there did seem to be something about a school anniversary celebration.

She put down her backpack and sat back down.

In the back row, a male student whispered, “Hey guys, the public account that specializes in stories about assassins just updated. This time, it’s about the top ace of the assassin world: Queen!”

Sun’s eyes widened. “I’ll watch it with you. I haven’t brought my phone to school for the past few days because of the exams!”

“Me too,” several boys gathered around.

They loved stories about legendary professions like assassins and the tales derived from such professions.

The boy with a phone began reading.

“Queen came from a poor family in a small village.

Her parents were illegal immigrants, so she had no passport and spent her entire childhood struggling to survive in the dark corners.

She had a younger brother, but her parents were addicted to drugs and didn’t care about their well-being.

To feed her brother, she stole formula milk and got her leg broken by the shop owner.

To ensure her brother had clothes for winter, she broke into a house to steal clothes but ended up being tied to a tree all night by the

homeowner.

When she was ten years old, her parents sold her and her brother to a drug dealer. She accidentally killed the drug dealer and caught the attention of an assassin organization behind her...”

The male student’s voice trailed off when he reached this part.

According to the story, Queen became an assassin at the age of ten.

That means the leg-breaking and being hung from a tree all night happened before she turned ten.

What was he doing before he turned ten?

Pestering the nanny for toys? Drinking milk and watching TV?

Regardless, it couldn’t compare to shouldering the responsibility of supporting a younger brother...

“What’s wrong? Feeling sorry for her?”

“These are all made up. You don’t believe it, do you?”

“I don’t believe it either. Besides, who knows if assassins exist in this world?”

## Chapter 16 She Sets the **Stage on Fire!**

Laughter filled the room as everyone joked and laughed together.

In the front row, Hedy closed her eyes and, when she opened them again, she saw the information panel from the system.

“Trial mission (1) completed.”

“A new mission will be released tomorrow. Stay tuned.”

Mr. Evan appeared at the classroom door. “It’s our turn for makeup. Hurry to the dressing room and get ready for the performance!”

“Wow!” Sun exclaimed, leading the students as they rushed out.

The classroom was now empty, with only Hedy flipping through her books.

“Hedy, why don’t you go to the dressing room as well? See if you can help with anything,” Mr. Evan suggested with a smile.

He wanted Hedy to integrate into the group.

She was always so solitary.

Hedy nodded. There was nothing else for her to do anyway.

Watching Hedy’s retreating figure, Mr. Evan pursed his lips.

As he reflected on the transformation of these students in recent days, an idea slowly formed in his mind. 0.00%

In the dressing room.

A professional makeup artist hired by the school was applying various cosmetics on the faces of Class 7 students.

Hedy leaned against the wall, arms crossed. There was no need for her to help in this area.

Occasionally, girls from other classes blushed as they approached the makeup artist, asking questions like, “Is my eye makeup smudged?” or “Can you touch up my makeup?” or even “Will I look prettier like this?”

Their cautious yet excited behavior had one reason: Childe King, the new trustee of Lowell High School, would be attending the party.

Childe King was the dream man desired by countless girls worldwide!

If they caught Childe King’s attention during this performance, they would instantly climb up the social ladder.

Any San Francisco corporation that stood before the King Family would have to bow down!

“If I were a girl, I’d want to marry Childe King too!” A boy from Class 7 exclaimed.

“Unlike you, I just want to marry Goddess Hedy!” the girls from Class 7 said, their voices filled with admiration.

Men couldn’t hold a candle to Goddess Hedy!

They were completely conquered by her.

On the stage, the host began to liven up the atmosphere.

After an impassioned speech, the students took turns performing according to the order determined by the draw.

Regardless of the quality of their performances, everyone received a certain amount of applause.

When the host announced the names “Gloria” and “Oliver,” the applause reached its peak in the audience.

The students erupted in excited cheers.

“Gloria, Goddess Gloria!”

“Oliver, Oliver!”

These two people were the most popular students at Lowell High School.

Even though Oliver had his engagement with Hedy called off, and Gloria had been criticized for the library incident, their status at Lowell High School remained unshakable.

On stage, Gloria wore a pue evening gown as she gracefully played the piano, her neck arched elegantly like a swan.

Oliver, dressed in a tailcoat, accompanied her with his violin, his focused expression making him look even more handsome.

They created a harmonious scene with their instruments.

As the music concluded, the applause grew even more fervent.

Some bold boys shouted their love for Gloria, while others rested their chins in their hands, bored and pursing their lips.

“What’s wrong? Wasn’t Gloria’s performance good?”

“It’s wonderful. I’ve just heard it too many times.”

It had been three years since Gloria played the piano at every celebration.

Although the pieces she played were different each time, the piano was always there, and he wasn’t exactly a loyal fan of piano music. He had indeed grown a bit tired of it.

He wanted to see something new and exciting.

Backstage.

The students from Class 7 were getting ready, but just as they were about to perform on stage, the music teacher in charge of playing the drums came over, clutching his stomach.

“Ouch, my stomach hurts. I can’t accompany you on the drums. You’ll have to find someone else.”

Then he quickly ran away.

The faces of the students changed.

“In the piece we chose, the drums are the main accompanying instrument. Without the drums, the entire style of the piece will change, right?”



“Why does it have to be this critical moment? Where can we find someone who can play the drums?”

“I’ll do it,” Hedy walked over and extended her hand. “Give me the metronome.”

The drums, also known as the jazz drums, were rhythmic instruments.

Since the beats of the majority of songs were regular, drummers often

didn’t need to look at sheet music. Instead, they relied on a metronome pre-set in their headphones.

With fixed-frequency pulses, they could accurately control the rhythm of the entire piece.

“You can play the drums?” Sun widened his eyes and handed Hedy the headphones.

“A little bit,” Hedy replied, putting on the headphones.

Playing the drums used to be her only outlet for releasing her emotions.

And she unexpectedly earned the title of “the greatest drummer of the century” according to media rankings.

On stage, the female host beamed with a smile and announced, “Next up, we have the students from Class 7 of the senior year. They will be performing a song called ‘Natural.’ Let’s give it up for them!”

Applause erupted, filling the air with enthusiasm.

Class 7 students took the stage, and the lights dimmed, leaving only a spotlight on Sun.

He began singing softly:

“Will you hold the line

When every one of them is giving up or giving in tell me

In this house of mine

Nothing ever comes without a consequence or cost tell me...”

As the introductory singing came to an end, a second spotlight

illuminated the pianist, and the deep and classical sound of the piano filled the air. The rhythm gradually intensified, and Sun's voice grew louder.

"That's the price you pay

Leave behind your heartache and cast away

Rather be the hunter than the prey

And you're standing on the edge face up

'Cause you're a..."

The third spotlight directly illuminated Hedy.

She struck the drums, driving the rhythm to a climax.

At that moment, Sun also sang out loudly:

"Natural!

A beating heart of stone

You gotta be so cold!

To make it in this world

Yeah, you're a natural!

Living your life cutthroat

You gotta be so cold

Yeah, you're a natural!

The piano retreated to a secondary role, and the main rhythm was controlled by the drums. The tight and orderly beats resonated like

strikes to the core of one's heart.

Under the spotlight, Hedy's gaze appeared somewhat unfocused and fragmented. Her entire focus was on the metronome in her headphones.

This was an incredibly fiery song.

Despite its intensity, her beautiful face remained calm, creating a stark contrast with the passionate lead singer, Sun, in front of her.

This contrast perfectly aligned with the theme of the song itself:

No matter how cruel reality may be, one must be calm and powerful like a hunter, taking the initiative, because you are extraordinary by birth!

In the audience.

Preston leaned back in his chair, his long legs crossed, ignoring the flattery and small talk from other shareholders as he focused intently on the performance on stage.

In his deep, narrow eyes, the image of Hedy's solo under the lights was imprinted.

That girl had set the stage on fire.

If she spared a moment to observe the audience, she would see countless expressions of shock and admiration.

But she paid no attention to them.

And that only made her more captivating.

Chute he tags Cel

## **Chapter 17 The Stage Collapsed!**

The performance concluded with Hedy's final drum beats.

She removed her headphones and was about to leave when Sun caught his breath and shouted into the microphone,

"Wise and mighty Goddess Hedy!"

Hedy looked up, puzzled.

The audience below also looked at Sun, equally perplexed.

Sun then dropped to one knee, holding the microphone in one hand and extending the other hand towards Hedy, as if awaiting divine favor.

The rest of the students from Class 7 also turned their backs to the audience, half-kneeling on the ground, one hand behind their backs and the other reaching towards Hedy.

Their young faces were filled with adoration and joy.

This scene was something Hedy had witnessed when she first joined Class 7.

It was just like this moment.

They all spoke in unison with resounding voices:

“Please ascend to the throne, wield your scepter, and dispel the fog and darkness!”

It was originally just a playful remark.

It was a name that was born out of extreme boredom and the influence of their teenage fantasy.

But Hedy, like a divine being descended from the heavens, had

dispersed the fog around them and allowed them to overtake the long-standing leading Class One in just half a month.

She helped them regain their dignity and self-confidence from the dark corners.

Some people had mocked Hedy, claiming she was unworthy of being called “Goddess Hedy”.

But now they were submitting themselves to her, proclaiming to the world:

Hedy indeed deserved the title “Goddess Hedy.”

“Goddess Hedy! Goddess Hedy!”

The devoted fans in the audience stood up, cheering and celebrating.

“Goddess Hedy! Goddess Hedy!”

Others joined in, intensifying the atmosphere to the extreme.

With a quick response and presence of mind, the host promptly intervened and asked the students from Class 7 to leave the stage. Otherwise, this party would have turned into a personal fan meeting for Hedy.

In the audience seats, Gloria listened to louder cheers and applause than what she had received during her performance, her smile uncontrollably contorting her face.

“Gloria, are you feeling unwell?” Oliver asked worriedly.

“I’m fine, Oliver, don’t worry...” Gloria quickly adjusted her expression and turned to look at Oliver.

However, she noticed that Oliver was no longer looking at her; instead, his gaze was fixed on Hedy’s departing figure, filled with astonishment and admiration.

He had no idea that Hedy could play the drums, let alone play them with such passion and coolness.

Gloria clenched the lace embellishments on her dress.

Damn Hedy!

Crack!

The carefully sewn lace tore apart.

Backstage.

People were bustling around—some were staff members, some had just come off the stage, and some were getting ready for their performance.

And there was even a young boy running around, probably the child of one of the staff members.

“Goddess Hedy, your drumming was awesome!” Sun’s admiration was about to overflow from his eyes.

He realized that Hedy was always better than he had imagined.

Whether it was in combat, academics, or even playing the drums!

How foolish the teacher and students from Class 2 were to bully and look down upon Goddess Hedy!

“Thanks.” Hedy replied calmly.

“I’ll take them to remove their makeup now. See you tomorrow!” Sun waved his hand and led his classmates to the makeup room

Hedy checked the time and planned to go home.

Just then, a loud noise echoed from above, and the entire stage’s canopy collapsed!

The power was cut off, the lights vanished instantly, screams filled the air, and flames ran rampant.

“Mama! Mom!” The little boy cried amidst the chaos.

“Baby! Baby, where are you!” The boy’s mother anxiously looked around, finally spotting her child five meters away.

“Stay where you are, don’t move. I am coming to find you!” She went against the crowd.

Clang!

Another loud noise came from above as a fractured support beam came crashing down toward the boy!

The mother’s eyes widened in horror. She futilely reached out her hand but was pushed away by the crowd.

She helplessly watched as her child was about to be struck!

In the most critical moment, Hedy rushed over, shielding the boy in her arms and allowing the fractured beam to crash onto her back.

The stage collapsed even more, and dust filled the air.

Outside the stage, Kelly directed the evacuation while the fire hose was quickly brought in to extinguish the flames.

Due to their prompt actions, the casualties were relatively low.

Preston surveyed the surroundings, his brows furrowing.

Considering the time, Hedy should still be around here.

“Looking for Hedy?” Kelly said casually, “She might have already left. but even if she hasn’t, with her abilities, this level of accident wouldn’t harm her. Don’t worry.”

That girl was the fierce woman who could take down an Italian assassin barchanded!

Preston thought that made sense and decided to leave, striding away.

“My child is under the support beam! That girl named Hedy is also under the support beam! Please save them!” The boy’s mother cried out as she passed by Preston.

Preston paused and abruptly turned around.

Meanwhile, a few security guards pushed away the largest support beam. As they did so, they were stunned.

They saw a girl cradling the boy, half-kneeling on the ground. Her other hand was supporting the boy’s head as if she was concerned about any injury to his head.

“You...” The boy’s gaze was vacant, his face covered in dirt and dust.

“Go find your mom,” Hedy released the boy and slowly stood up.

“Goddess Hedy! Are you okay?” Sun and the others, who had heard the commotion and rushed back, asked anxiously.

“I’m fine.” Hedy’s tone **was calm** as she brushed off the dust from her clothes and walked **away**

Wherever she passed, people looked at her with admiration in their eyes.

After all, not everyone could risk their own lives to save others in life- threatening situations.

Seeing that she was walking normally and seemed fine, everyone’s worry subsided, and they went about their own business.

“Considering how aloof she usually is, I never expected her to... huh? Preston, where are you?”

Kelly searched for a while but couldn’t find his friend.

Outside the school.

The night was deep and the stars shone brightly.

Hedy searched for the driver of the King Family across the street.

She hadn't told the driver about the celebration tonight, nor did she know if the driver would still be waiting for her at this hour.

While searching, a black sports car pulled up in front of Hedy.

The driver's window rolled down, revealing the driver's stunningly handsome face.

"Get in."

He said.

Hedy pursed her lips and directly got into the car, allowing him to drive her home.

Her relationship with Preston was not particularly close.

Even after sharing a bed for so many days, their conversations didn't exceed ten times.

She had her things to attend to, and he had his. They were like two parallel rivers, never intersecting.

There was little traffic in the suburbs at night, and within half an hour, Preston parked the car in front of the villa.

He got out of the car first.

Hedy also stepped out, but just as she was about to go upstairs, Preston called her over.

"Come here," he held a first aid kit in his hand. "Take off your school uniform jacket."

The weight of that object on her shoulders would surely cause injury unless she had an indestructible body.

The young girl before him hadn't evolved into the realm of the supernatural.

Hedy hesitated for a moment, then walked over and sat beside him, unbuttoning the knit jacket.



The jacket slipped off her shoulders, revealing a vest and a large area of striking bruising on her back.

The contrast between the bruising and her fair skin created a stark difference.

Preston's pupils contracted slightly.

Hedy's injuries were even more severe than he had anticipated

He opened the first aid kit and quickly and gently applied the medicine himself. His deep voice became even lower in the darkness of the night.

**“Why** don't you cry or scream in pain?”

Crying out in pain is an instinct for humans and one of the ways they convey information to the outside world.

Even a slight bump can make many delicate girls teary-eyed.

She was a girl too.

“It's useless,” Hedy's eyes showed no emotion.

“Screaming in pain exposes your location, and crying not only exposes your location but also depletes the salt your body needs to survive.”

To stay alive, she couldn't cry or scream.

This was the first rule taught to her in the world she lived in.

## **Chapter 18 The Girl Who Cries Only in Dreams**

Preston's hand paused as he applied the medicine.

He only knew she was an assassin, but he had never considered that she could suppress even her survival instincts.

It wasn't hard to imagine what kind of life she had led.

After a moment, Hedy supported her shoulder and her brows relaxed. “Thank you,” she said.

The medicine did indeed make her feel much better.

The King Family truly lived up to its reputation as a century–old family in the USA.

The effectiveness of this medicine was several times stronger than the ones she had bought at exorbitant prices on the black market.

“Maybe you can try saying something other than ‘thank you’ to me.”

Preston’s chest vibrated as he let out a pleasant chuckle.

Despite living under the same roof, they still felt so distant.

It made him question his charm.

“Then let’s sleep, I’m tired,” Hedy responded. Her indifferent eyes sparkled under the lamplight.

Preston was left speechless.

Now he was certain that he held no allure to her.

With Preston around, Hedy fell asleep quickly.

However, tonight **was** a bit different

The little boy in her arms reminded her of her brother, Cooper.

In her dream, she was transported back to the poverty–stricken slums where it all began.

It was a dirty, chaotic, and impoverished place, filled with people of different nationalities and various skin colors.

Her parents never cared for her, but luckily, the kind old neighbor was a friendly person.

He taught her how to read, write, and instilled in her a sense of etiquette and responsibility

After the old neighbor passed away, Cooper was born.

She knew very well that if she didn’t take care of Cooper, no one else would.

She negotiated with the owner of the powdered milk shop, offering her labor in exchange for powdered milk. However, on the day of the settlement, the shop owner deceived her, denying ever making such an agreement because she was just a child.

She snatched the powdered milk and ran, only to be surrounded and beaten by a group of men who accused her of being a thief.

No one came to her aid.

As winter approached, Hedy washed and dried the clothes her grandfather had left her.

The man next door insisted that the clothes belonged to him and even tied her to a tree as punishment.

No one came to her rescue.

Preston was abruptly awakened by the cold.

His entire sleeve was wet, and a gust of night wind brought an intensified chill.

What was happening?

Frowning, he turned on the light and found the girl beside him curled up, shedding tears in her sleep.

Her tears soaked his clothes.

He was startled.

This vulnerable, helpless, and agonizingly despairing side of her in her dreams was starkly different from the cold and aloof demeanor she displayed during the day.

“Is it only in dreams that you can cry so freely?”

He hesitantly reached out to wipe away her tears. But the tears continued to flow.

Preston’s brow furrowed even deeper.

What kind of dream could make her cry like this?

Who could bear to see her cry like this?

His heart softened, and he pulled the young girl into his embrace, trying to provide her with some sense of security.

In the dream.

Hedy slowly closed her eyes.

She felt an immediate warmth enveloping her.

She reached out and embraced that warmth.

In reality, Preston's body tensed up.

The next morning.

Hedy opened her eyes, and the first thing she saw was a well-defined chest of muscles.

She sat up abruptly, and the calm expression on her face slowly cracked.

"Is it so unacceptable to wake up in my arms?" Preston chuckled, placing the back of his hand against his lips, his eyes curved gently.

Hedy's expression was so amusing.

Yet at the same time, Preston felt a hint of frustration.

So many women would willingly throw themselves at him, but here she was, lying in his embrace, expressing such disdain.

"I don't think I ever said that I wanted to sleep in your arms," Hedy pouted.

"Really? Then whose hand is resting on my waist?"

Preston turned his body slightly. As a result, his sleepwear loosened further, revealing his eight-pack abs.

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With his cheek supported by his hand, his eyes and brows carried a slight drowsy laziness. Paired with his face, which exuded an enchanting and wicked charm, he could be described as a pinnacle of beauty.

Hedy glanced at his waist and saw her hand resting there.

Like being struck by an electric shock, she quickly withdrew her hand, her eyes revealing a hint of embarrassment.

With Preston's upbringing and background, he would never force a woman to be close to him.

It was she who took the initiative to embrace him and then blamed it on him, which was indeed unreasonable.

“Okay, I won’t tease you anymore.”

Preston stopped smiling and honestly explained what happened last night.

“You cried a lot last night, so I hugged you, hoping to provide some comfort. Then, you hugged me back. Perhaps it would make you feel a little better.”

Perhaps it was the lingering effects of his soft-heartedness from last night, but he couldn’t bear to see her unhappy now.

Hedy fell silent.

Preston noticed her fingers slowly clenching and then relaxing.

“Thank you for your comfort.” Hedy’s expression returned to calm.

It turned out that the source of that warmth was him.

“I still look forward to hearing words other than ‘thank you’ from you.”

Preston gazed at her for a while, **his** deep eyes revealing an unknown emotion.

Are words other than ‘thank you’?

Hedy lowered her gaze, unsure of what Preston wanted to hear from her.

She got out of bed, freshened up, and was sent by the driver to Lowell High School.

At the same time, she heard a notification sound from the system:

“Ding! Trial mission released.”

“Trial mission (2): Represent Lowell High School and win the inter- school chess tournament.

Inter-school tournament refers to a competition between multiple schools.

Chess is an ancient game in the world.

Hedy understood the meanings of these two words individually, but when they were combined, she was puzzled.

There were no related memories in the original host's brain.

And during her time at Lowell High School, she hadn't heard anyone mention this.

"Well, looks like I'll have to ask someone," Hedy leaned back in the back seat, her eyes showing a hint of determination.

All she needed was to complete 30 trial missions to revive Cooper, and now she only had 29 left.

This inter-school chess tournament was another challenge she had **to** conquer.

The car stopped at the entrance of Lowell High School, and as Hedy walked into the classroom of Class 7, a group of people surrounded her before she even had a chance to put down her backpack.

Sun, brimming with energy, was the first to speak in excitement. "Goddess Hedy, you're second now!"

"What second?" Hedy furrowed her brows, not understanding what Sun was trying to convey.

"The school beauty rankings!"

Sun took out his phone, opened the school beauty rankings page, and handed it to Hedy to see.

"Right now, you're the second most-voted girl in our school. Gloria is in the first place!"

The school beauty rankings will last for another month, and if you can surpass Gloria's votes during this period, you will be the new school beauty of Lowell High School!"

Hedy glanced at the phone. It was a simple data ranking website, with separate photos displayed for the top three, and only the class and name listed for the rest.

Currently, Gloria was in first place, with a significant lead in votes.

Hedy was in second place, with a respectable number of votes.

The third place belonged to a girl from another class.

Whether intentional or not, Gloria's photo showed her playing the piano at the celebration last night.

As for Hedy's photo, it depicted her playing the drums passionately.

The backgrounds were the same, the filters were the same, and one could almost sense the scent of gunpowder even from a distance.

"I'm not interested in these." Hedy pushed the phone away.

If the system required her to claim the top spot in the school beauty ranking, she would have competed with Gloria.

But since the system didn't ask for it, she had no intention to do so.

"And this!" Sun exited the school beauty rankings and opened the forum page.

"Goddess Hedy, you've dominated the forum!"

## Chapter 19 **Mr. Evan?**

"Dominating the forum" referred to a person, event, or thing that garnered unprecedented attention on a specific section of an online forum, with numerous related posts, overwhelming other threads.

Hedy looked at Sun's phone and noticed that the chat-section of the Lowell High School forum was filled with topics related to her.

Each thread had a high number of replies and views.

"From bottom of the grade to top, what is Hedy's secret?"

"I heard Hedy taught all the subjects to Class 7. Is it true?"

"Not biased, analyzing Hedy's drumming skills from a professional perspective."

"From being a student to becoming a teacher, then a drummer, and finally a hero who saved a boy. I'm in love with her, what about you?"

"Hedy is the true Goddess of Lowell High School. If you disagree, keep it to yourself!"

"Hey, can anyone here get engaged to me and then dump me? I also want to be transformed like Hedy!"

At present, the evaluation of Hedy in the forum was consistent.

Firstly, she was highly intelligent and excelled academically. Furthermore, she possessed an astonishing ability to teach multiple subjects, leading Class 7 to victory and creating a miracle that would be recorded in the school's history.

Secondly, her drumming skills were impressive, on par with top drummers in the country.

Lastly, beneath her aloof exterior, there must be a passionate heart; or she wouldn't have sacrificed herself to save others.

Why did Hedy undergo such a transformation?

Everyone attributed it to Oliver.

It was widely known that in Hedy's three years at Lowell High School, Oliver had never shown her a friendly face.

Oliver even openly stated that Gloria was his ideal girlfriend, which was a direct insult to Hedy.

Maybe Hedy decided to fight back and prove herself after enduring enough.

However, she went a bit overboard and ended up becoming a prominent figure in the school.

Who doesn't love a story of turning the tables against all odds?

They wished they were Hedy, so they could confront and prove wrong those who had insulted and ridiculed them in the past.

The students from Class 2 were filled with regret and personally came to the forum to criticize themselves, wishing that time could turn back.

In response, everyone sarcastically said, "Now you regret it? Just get lost!"

Now they regret it?

What were they doing earlier?

They collectively lied, and if Hedy hadn't recorded the video in advance, who could have cleared her name?

Speaking of which, everyone began praising Hedy again.



They praised her for being strategic, meticulous, and single-handedly taking down the trustee, Jones, and her son, Jack.

The more they thought about it, the more amazing she seemed.

“Everyone is saying how awesome Goddess Hedy is,” Sun grinned.

Goddess Hedy was in their class.

And they were super proud of it!

Hedy shifted her gaze and looked at Sun. “I have a question for you,” she said.

Sun might know something about the inter-school chess tournament.

“What’s the question?” Sun blinked his eyes eagerly.

Before Hedy could speak, a girl rushed in from outside.

“Bad news! Mr. Evan... resigned!”

That statement was like a thunderclap, causing a stir in Class 7.

“What’s going on? Didn’t we pass the exam?” Sun widened his eyes in shock.

“We not only passed but also scored higher on average than Class 1. Why did Mr. Evan resign?”

“Did the students from Class 1 not accept it and play dirty tricks to force Mr. Evan to resign?”

“If that’s true, I’m going to give them a good beating!”

The emotions of every one were highly charged, and some boys even rolled up their sleeves, preparing for a fight.

The girl gasped for breath. “I don’t know why Mr. Evan resigned, but I saw him holding the resignation letter and walking towards the school gate!”

As soon as she finished her words, everyone rushed out.

So did Hedy.

At the school gate.

Mr. Evan held the resignation letter with a nostalgic look in his eyes.

He wanted to turn around and take one last look at the school's plaque, but to his surprise, the students he once taught came running towards him. It brought tears to his eyes.

"I was about to say goodbye to you all, but here you are, coming to me," Mr. Evan shook the resignation letter in his hand and chuckled.

"I'm no longer a teacher."

He had been planning to resign for a while. The lack of progress from Class 7 over the three years showed that his teaching abilities were not up to par.

He always had the intention to resign.

Hedy's arrival only solidified his decision.

She made him realize the gap between them.

And she showed him that having a heart that cared for the students alone was not enough.

He couldn't continue to "mislead the students."

"Not a teacher anymore? Then what will you do?" Sun's tone carried a hint of sadness.

Over time, he had come to appreciate how dedicated Mr. Evan **was** to Class 7.

"I'll going back to inherit the family business," Mr. Evan smiled faintly.

The students sensed a bittersweet undertone in that smile.

One of the girls, with tears in her eyes, spoke up. "What family business? Are you going back to herd sheep and farm?"

They all knew that Mr. Evan's family was not well-off.

"Mr. Evan, who bullied you? Tell us!" Sun took a step forward, tears welling up in his eyes.

Before the tears could fall from his eyes, the sound of an engine starting came from the other end of the road.

A cool red convertible sports car stopped behind Mr. Evan, with two stunning female models in the back seat.

The models gracefully stepped out of the car, one on each side, clinging to Mr. Evan and coquettishly exclaiming.

“Mr. Evan, my sister and I miss you so much.”

The touching scene instantly faded.

What was happening here?

Why were these beautiful models clinging to the poor *Mr.* Evan?

Were they hallucinating?

“Honey, wait for me in the car. I will say goodbye to my students first.”

Mr. Evan took out two stacks of money and generously handed them to the models. He was quite extravagant!

The two models smiled with joy and obediently returned to the car.

The crowd looked puzzled.

Sun almost bit his tongue. “Evan, Mr. Evan, didn’t you say that your family sold sheep to raise money for your trip to Lowell High School?”

“Yes, indeed, the money for my trip to Lowell High School was gathered that way,” Mr. Evan nodded. “Any problem with that?”

“But then why... why...” A girl pointed to the sports car, then to the models, and finally to the money in their hands.

There were too many questions, and she didn’t know where to begin.

“Oh, here is the thing,” Mr. Evan looked innocent. “My family owns forty million sheep, thirty million pigs, ten million cows, and several million donkeys.

Now that I can’t make it here, I can only return to inherit my family’s multi-billion-dollar fortune.”

Everyone's face was filled with shock.

"I've been happy with you all these three years, and I'm sorry I couldn't teach you more. Luckily, Hedy is here," Mr. Evan looked at Hedy.

"You've done a great job teaching Class 7, and I owe you a favor. If you ever get into trouble, just contact me. My family is quite big and easy to find."

On the map of the USA, every visible grassland belonged to his family.

Having said that, Mr. Evan sat in the driver's seat of the sports car, put on his sunglasses, and drove away.

"Shit." With so much to say, Sun only uttered one word.

"Huh?" The students had serious expressions. Did he just say foul words to Mr. Evan?

"I didn't," Sun smiled innocently and quickly changed the subject.

"By the way, Goddess Hedy, didn't you have a question for me?"

Chapter 20 Let Me Participate in the Inter-School Chess Tournament

Sun's move worked well, and everyone turned their attention to Hedy when they heard she had a question.

Hedy asked, "Do you all know about the Inter-School Chess Tournament?"

"Of course."

Each one of them took turns explaining and adding information. "It's an annual competition held among eight high schools, authorized by the San Francisco's Chess Association."

"The eight high schools include LWHS, San Francisco Waldorf High School, San Francisco International High School, Abraham Lincoln High School... and Lowell High School."

"Lowell High School is the only private elite school among them."

"Each year, the eight high schools take turns hosting the tournament, and this year it happens to be Lowell High School's turn to be the host."

“Our school has already selected twenty students at the beginning of the year and has been training them ever since.”

“What’s unique about this tournament is that it’s not only a competition among students but also mentors.”

“In the finals, if the scores of the student participants end up tied, the mentors will battle it out to secure the final point.”

“If a mentor is unavailable or unwilling, the school can appoint a student to take their place, although no one has done so yet.”

“You fool! Of course, no one would do that. The student participants are rookies, while the mentors are like level bosses. Have you ever seen a rookie defeat a boss alone?”

“That’s right, haha! So, Goddess Hedy, why are you asking about this?”

This was the source of confusion among the Class 7 students.

“I’m participating in this tournament,” Hedy’s exquisite face revealed a determined expression.

It wasn’t a mere “desire,” but a “demand.”

She was determined to participate, determined to win, and determined to complete Trial Mission (2).

Sun looked troubled. “That might be difficult.”

The Inter–School Tournament wasn’t a stage where one could simply claim a spot.

It was an event that reflected the reputation of the school, and the twenty participating students were carefully selected by the school.

Furthermore, this tournament was of great importance to those twenty students.

They needed this competition to evaluate and improve their skills, and if they missed this opportunity, they would have to wait until the end of the year.

Moreover, the tournament explicitly stated that each school could only send twenty students, no more.

In such a situation, they couldn't expect one of the originally selected twenty students to willingly give up their spot for Goddess Hedy.

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The lively prelude filled the air as the faculty and students gathered for the assembly in the square.

Hedy furrowed her brow and joined the students as they assembled.

Kelly was hosting this assembly.

Despite his petite figure, he always managed to display an air of dignity and cuteness when handling serious business.

He first announced the cause of the staged accident from the previous night and issued punishments to those responsible.

Then he praised Hedy for her rescue of the young boy.

As his words fell, the crowd broke into rapturous applause.

Gloria was also applauding, her beautiful face full of admiration, but she kept sneering in her heart.

Could Hedy's actions truly be considered saving the young boy?

In reality, she just happened to be near the boy and was lightly brushed by a support beam!

It couldn't be considered sacrificing herself to save the boy!

The fact that she left the scene of the accident safe and sound proved it!

Yet, her act was being glorified by the school as heroic, which was truly ridiculous!

Because of this incident, Hedy's votes on the school beauty rankings skyrocketed overnight, rising to second place, just below Gloria!

Given her current momentum, she could surpass Gloria in the future.

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Fortunately, the annual Inter–School Chess Tournament was about to begin

As long as Gloria performed outstandingly in the tournament, she would remain the only goddess of Lowell High School.

At that time, she could also take Hedy down a peg.

Gloria was busy plotting her schemes, while Kelly called Hedy up on stage with a smile and asked.

“I can reward you. What do you want?”

A reward?

Without hesitation, Hedy replied, “Let me participate in the Inter- School Chess Tournament.”

Gloria’s pupils contracted!

Kelly restrained his smile and said, “Why do you want to participate in that? The list of participants was finalized a long time ago.”

This was not an easy wish to fulfill.

“I can give my spot to Hedy,” Jayden from Class 1 raised his hand.

He admired Hedy and was ashamed of what he had done.

It was great to have the opportunity to make amends.

“Thank you.” Hedy thanked calmly.

With someone voluntarily withdrawing, it saved a lot of trouble.

“You... you’re welcome!” Jayden blushed, and he quickly looked away.

That was weird. She could have humiliated him and boldly taken the

Instead, she thanked him and didn’t hold grudges for what happened before.

Well, he decided to give Hedy a few more votes on the school beauty rankings.

“Since Jayden is willing to withdraw, you are now one of the participants. Remember to practice in the Chess Room for two hours after school every day,” Kelly said with a smile.

Today was a special day for Class 7.

The teachers who had been reluctant to come to their class before were now back.

As soon as they entered the classroom, the first thing they did was apologize for their past negligence.

The second thing they did was bow to Hedy.

“Hedy, if there is anything wrong with my teaching, please point it out.”

Although they hadn’t witnessed Hedy’s teaching, the academic achievements of Class 7 students were the best evidence.

Hedy was better than them at teaching.

If they could get guidance from Hedy, it might lead to a breakthrough in their professional careers.

The students of Class 7 had mixed feelings about this situation.

On one hand, they wanted Hedy to continue teaching.

On the other hand, they knew that teaching multiple courses simultaneously was exhausting for Hedy.

They couldn’t disregard Goddess Hedy’s feelings for their selfish desires. After all, Goddess Hedy still had to prepare for the Inter- School Chess Tournament.

So, they reconciled with the teachers.

After school, Hedy came to the chess room with a backpack on one shoulder.

There were more than thirty people inside the room, with nineteen of them being students participating in the upcoming competition. Among them were two familiar faces—Gloria and Oliver.



The students were playing chess in pairs, moving the pieces on the board. Two chess clocks were placed on the left side of the board, and whoever made a move had to press it.

The remaining people were chess teachers, responsible for training and coaching.

One of them stood out in particular.

He was an elderly man in his sixties, with graying hair that reached his shoulders, and a disheveled appearance.

He was seated at the highest position, playing chess against himself with utmost concentration.

This person was Ronin Wilson, the chess mentor at Lowell High School.

Ronin is a legend in the field of chess in San Francisco. He had served

as the president of the city's Chess Association and was once the only grandmaster in the association.

However, during a match, he discovered **that** his wife was having an affair with his former friend and opponent. In a fit of rage, he violated the rules and physically attacked the opponent, resulting in his demotion to a level one player.

Since then, he had fallen into decline and was now making a living at Lowell High School.

"How long are you planning to stand there?" Ronin stared at the chessboard, his back facing Hedy, and spoke to her.

"Is this all they learn?" Hedy glanced at the students' chess games,

It was too simple.

"If you think you're qualified enough, you don't have to learn it," Ronin moved a chess piece, his attitude unchanged.

Upon hearing his words, Hedy decisively turned and walked away.

Ronin didn't stop her and continued to play chess with himself.