

The Killer Queen With Multiple Disguises Chapter 1 - 10

Chapter 1 Queen's Rebirth

“Who would have thought that the killer who had been buried in the flames would be reborn in the body of a girl who died suddenly from a heart attack in a small village in the USA?”

On the second floor of a rural farmhouse, Hedy Ellis scrutinized herself in the mirror.

The girl in the mirror was eighteen years old, with long golden hair cascading down to her waist. Her features were delicate, her complexion flawless and fair, making her a rare beauty.

“And, it's not just me who can be reborn...”

Hedy closed her eyes, and when she opened them again, there were a few more lines in front of her.

“Goal: Complete 30 trial missions.”

“Reward: Revive ‘Cooper Ellis’.”

“Note: Previous combat skills retained; the host's heart disease removed.”

“...Mission customization in progress...”

“It's like receiving a quest from a video game system.”

Hedy thought, her eyes filled with a hint of confusion. But soon, she was overwhelmed by pain and regret.

Cooper was her younger brother.

She had planned to escape the organization with him, but halfway through, he drugged her and, ignoring her objections, returned to the organization to buy her more time.

By the time she regained consciousness, she found herself on the other side of the ocean, successfully breaking free from the organization's control.

But her brother had been tortured and mercilessly killed by those people!

Hedy clenched her fist, her fingernails digging into her flesh.

“As long as I can save Cooper, whether it’s 30 missions or 300 missions, I will do my best!”

“Hedy, come downstairs for dinner,” a loving voice called from below.

Hedy turned and descended the stairs, finding her mother, Malina Ellis, preparing dinner in the kitchen, with her father, Buddy Ellis, assisting beside her.

Malina, a middle-aged woman of around fifty, bore the marks of years of labor on her face. Buddy, two years her senior, was a weathered-skinned farmer.

He asked Hedy, “Tell me, is someone bullying you at school?”

Ever since she started high school, Hedy seemed like a different person, but no matter how they asked, she always denied it.

“No,” Hedy lied.

The previous host had indeed been bullied at school.

But she preferred to handle those matters herself.

Malina asked again, “And what about Mr. Johnson? How is he treating you? Have the Johnson Family mentioned when they’ll arrange the engagement ceremony for you two?”

Hedy’s eyes flickered.

Mr. Johnson referred to Oliver Johnson, the only son of the Johnson Group in San Francisco, and also her fiancé.

The marriage between the Ellis Family and the Johnson Family had something to do with the grandfathers of both families.

Both grandfathers had been villagers in Geary Village, and their bond was as close as brothers. They had made a pact to betroth the next generations to each other.

Due to certain circumstances, the arranged marriage had been postponed until Hedy and Oliver’s generation.

However, the Johnson Family’s business had grown tremendously, transforming from a humble village household to a prominent family in San Francisco.

According to the common plot twists in dramas, the Johnson Family should have kept silent about this marriage arrangement.

However, Oliver's grandfather held a deep respect for the principle of honesty in business dealings.

Not only did he not neglect the Ellis Family, but he also frequently sent gifts to the countryside.

Upon hearing that Hedy's exam results were unsatisfactory, Oliver's grandfather arranged for Hedy to attend Lowell High School, the best prestigious school in San Francisco.

He even claimed that his grandson also studied at Lowell High School, conveniently creating an opportunity for the two to bond.

Unfortunately, Mr. Johnson did not inherit his grandfather's virtues.

Hedy's host had endured three years of bullying at school without any help from Mr. Johnson.

Furthermore, Oliver's grandfather passed away earlier this year, making it impossible to arrange an engagement ceremony.

"There's no rush." Buddy looked at his wife.

"City folks have high standards, and Mr. Johnson might not think highly of our daughter. Our daughter doesn't have to marry into the Johnson Family if she doesn't want to. It's up to her."

"You're right," Malina nodded in agreement. "Even if the Johnson Family offers us a billion dollars, we won't accept it if Hedy is not willing!"

Hedy kept her head down, eating her meal in silence.

This kind of love from her parents felt unfamiliar to her.

After dinner, Malina entered Hedy's bedroom, meticulously checking the items her daughter needed for school, fearing that she might have missed something.

She quietly turned off the lights and left after Hedy couldn't resist her drowsiness any longer and fell asleep.

However, as soon as she left, Hedy opened her eyes, her pupils gleaming with a cold light.

“There’s a smell of blood and gunpowder in the air.”

Assassins had to deal with bullets and blades all the time, and sharp vigilance was the first requirement for survival.

She was certain that a gunfight had taken place in the mountains behind her house. Pretending to be tired, she intentionally made Mrs. Ellis leave.

“In the USA, people don’t easily pull the trigger unless their lives are in danger.”

“So, what’s going on in the mountains?”

“Cops versus mobs? Or a battle among mobs?”

“Either way, Malina and Buddy might be in danger. They are too close to this place.”

A glint of murderous intent flashed in Hedy’s eyes as she leaped out of the window. Like an agile leopard in the night, she headed straight for the mountains.

The system retained her skills as an international assassin from her previous life. Soon, she found an elderly man behind a bush, with a tree branch piercing through his thigh.

He gritted his teeth tightly, drenched in cold sweat, trying hard not to make a sound.

The old man was dressed in military green attire, and the badge on his shoulder made Hedy’s pupils dilate slightly.

She recognized this emblem – it was the prestigious Medal of Honor belonging to Amos King, one of the founding fathers of the USA.

In his youth, General King had led three hundred soldiers and miraculously defeated an invading army of over one hundred thousand on the frontier, shedding blood to protect the integrity of the homeland. Since then, he had gained international fame.

Even Hedy admired this man.

Now the question arose.

Who dared to hunt down a military district chief within the borders of the USA?

“I found you, Mr. King.”

Around the corner appeared a burly Italian man with a stubbled chin, holding a silenced assault rifle, aiming the barrel at Amos's heart.

“Mi dispiace molto, ma come dice il proverbio: “Prendi i soldi, aggiusta i problemi”.

Amos struggled to catch his breath, his eagle-like eyes fixed firmly on the Italian man. A sense of desolation filled his heart.

Who would have thought that after a lifetime of military service, he would end up dying so helplessly?

“Crack!”

The sound of crushed leaves abruptly echoed.

It caught the attention of both the stubbled-chin man and Amos. They turned to the left and discovered a young girl, about eighteen years old, who had seemingly appeared out of nowhere behind the tree.

She wore a pink pajama set with a floral print featuring little white rabbits, her long hair cascading down her back, making her look quite beautiful.

It was her eyes, though – they seemed somewhat calm, perhaps even unnaturally so.

“Run!” Amos swiftly grabbed the man's leg, urging the girl to flee.

Protecting the people of the USA was a duty engraved deep within him!

The girl appeared to be a villager who happened to pass by this area, unaware of the danger right in front of her.

“Shit!” The burly man kicked Amos away and immediately aimed the gun at the girl, his finger resting on the trigger.

He was told that the beheading operation should not be witnessed by anyone else!

Perhaps the man's intimidating presence was too much, as the girl bent her knees slightly, crouching down.

Seeing this, a disdainful expression appeared in the man's eyes.

She must be scared now!

But in the next moment.

The girl sprang forward like a compressed spring, knocking down the man with a spinning kick. She swiftly took the gun from his hand, aimed it at him, and pulled the trigger!

Bang!

The gunshot echoed as the bullet hit its mark – right between the man’s eyebrows!

In the moonlight, the girl stood with her body turned to the side, holding the rifle in one hand. Her golden hair danced wildly in the wind as the chilling intent in her eyes remained undisguised, as cold and ruthless as the Grim Reaper.

“You...you...”

General King found himself unusually stuttering!

This girl, wearing adorable pajamas, had not only disarmed the Italian assassin but also turned the tables on him, killing him barehanded.

If he hadn’t witnessed it with his own eyes, he would never have believed it!

“Who are you?” Amos asked nervously.

Chapter 2 Now, Can I Sit Here?

“The one who saved you,” Hedy’s voice remained calm and unruffled.

She wasn’t exactly a kind-hearted person, but she was willing to save Amos.

She pulled the belt off the dead body and used it to stop the bleeding above Amos’s thigh.

Then she grabbed a tree branch and tore off the dead man’s shirt to use as a makeshift bandage.

Amos grunted, the veins on his neck bulging. Despite his advanced age, he didn’t cry out in pain.

‘Hedy couldn’t help admiring Amos even more.

She took out a bullet, bit open the cap at the base, and sprinkled the gunpowder evenly over the wound, which had already been stopped from bleeding.

After that, she lit the gunpowder, creating a dazzling flame on the wound.

Amos still showed no signs of pain. Instead, he stared at Hedy with a sharper gaze.

“This is an emergency hemostasis and disinfection method commonly used on the battlefield. Who are you?”

Such a familiar technique didn't seem like something that could come from the hands of an eighteen-year-old girl!

Moreover, she had just blown off the head of the Italian assassin with one shot, displaying remarkable marksmanship!

It was as if she had repeated this entire sequence of actions countless times before!

Hedy frowned.

In the end, she revealed her name, “Hedy Ellis.”

With Amos's status, even if she played dumb, her background would still be thoroughly investigated.

However, no matter how much he investigated, he wouldn't be able to discover that she was a reincarnated person.

The sound of numerous footsteps approached from a distance. Hedy knew that Amos's reinforcements had arrived.

She left Amos behind and headed towards her own home.

Amos stayed there in a daze.

Was she just going to leave like that?

She saved a national hero and didn't even want any rewards?

Or... did she disdain taking it?

The next morning, Hedy bid farewell to her parents and boarded the bus with a backpack, heading towards school.

It was still early, and there wasn't much traffic on the highway. The relaxed driver's nerves suddenly tensed up as a Rolls-Royce sports car approached from the opposite direction.

The backseat window of the car was half–open, allowing the driver to catch a glimpse of the man sitting inside.

The man appeared to be around twenty–seven years old, dressed in a well–tailored, luxurious black suit. His features were sharply defined, with a chiseled jawline, and his deep, narrow eyes exuded an icy coldness. He was even more handsome than the hottest male celebrities in the entertainment industry right now.

Swish.

The two vehicles brushed past each other and disappeared in each other’s rearview mirrors.

Hedy lowered her head, engrossed in playing with her phone, completely oblivious to this scene.

“Ding! Trial mission activated.”

The system’s prompt sounded, and she saw a line of text that others couldn’t see before her.

“Trial Mission (1): Achieve first place in the monthly exam at Lowell High School.”

“Although I haven’t experienced institutionalized education, I’ve been educated in various fields by the organization. After going through the knowledge of the final year of high school, taking the top spot should be a piece of cake,” she murmured to herself.

An hour later, the bus stopped at the gate of Lowell High School.

Hedy got off the bus, and in front of her, there was a musical fountain with a giant white book sculpture in the middle. The book was engraved with a few words:

“Strive for education for life.”

As it was the best elite school in the city, students and their families passing by were dressed in branded clothes and adorned with expensive accessories.

Hedy, on the other hand, was an exception.

She was wearing an outdated white short–sleeved shirt paired with faded blue jeans. The edges of her canvas shoes had turned yellow, and besides a hair tie, there were no other accessories in her simple ponytail.

She stood out from everything and everyone around her.

Naturally, she attracted attention.

“What the hell, who’s this country bumpkin? We don’t have any transfer students in this school, do we?”

“Who else could it be? Who’s the poorest in the whole school? It’s Mr. Johnson’s rural fiancée, of course!”

“Hedy? No way, I remember Hedy being ugly as hell, with that thick bangs looking like a female ghost. How could she be this beautiful?”

“You fool. She just brushed her bangs up, and I’m seriously smitten...”

“Hurry up. Take a picture and show it to others!”

Like they had discovered a new continent, many students took out their phones and began snapping pictures of Hedy.

Some boys were even left in a daze.

Hedy was so beautiful today!

She carried her bag on one shoulder, hands casually in her pockets, standing tall with confident strides. Her cold, captivating eyes and the

occasional chilling glint at the corners mesmerized and instilled a sense of fear in people.

With her icy and cool demeanor, they could believe she was a professional assassin!

“Gee, it’s just a hairstyle change, what’s so surprising?”

Some girls wore disdainful expressions and spoke with jealousy.

But no matter how jealous they were, they couldn’t hide Hedy’s beauty, and the fact that this news of her transformation was spreading like wildfire within the campus.

By the time Hedy reached the entrance of the senior year (Class 2) classroom following her memory of the route, the entire class already knew about her makeover.

They looked at Hedy with disdain and disgust, their young faces filled with contempt.

“Well, the bumpkin sure got pretty!”

“Hey, the bumpkin is beautiful!”

“So what? The moment she comes in, I can smell that poverty smell, it’s so disgusting.”

“Stop it. I’m gonna puke my breakfast if you keep talking.”

“Remember when Oliver’s grandfather, Stephen Johnson, wanted to put Hedy in the same class as Oliver? But even the vice principal was afraid that Hedy would drag them down and disrupt the studious atmosphere of the top class.

That’s why they just put her in our class.”

“It’s all Hedy’s fault. She should go to hell, damn it!”

Hedy stepped into the classroom.

Today was the day for changing seats. To encourage students to make more friends, the school allowed everyone to freely choose their seats on a first–come, first–served basis.

Hedy picked an empty seat, but before she could even place her backpack down, the girl at the neighboring desk slammed her hand on the table and looked up with a fake smile.

“Sorry, this spot is taken. She went to the bathroom.”

As soon as the words fell, someone snickered.

No one had taken that seat; they just didn’t want to be Hedy’s deskmate!

Hedy calmly glanced at the girl and moved to another nearby empty seat.

But before she could even reach it, the girl next to the empty seat stood up and said impatiently,

“This seat is taken too. Find another place.”

Who the hell would want to be Hedy’s deskmate?

This time, there were even more people laughing mockingly.

Hedy narrowed her eyes slightly, a chilling coldness gathering in her gaze.

Just then, a boy with a fair share of acne on his face raised his hand and spoke loudly.

“Here! There is an empty seat here!”

Hedy turned and headed towards the boy.

As she was about to place her bag on the seat, the boy stomped his foot on the chair, his friendly expression turning into arrogance and disdain.

“But this empty seat is reserved for a ‘human’. You, you stupid pig, don’t deserve it!”

“Hahaha!”

The whole class burst into laughter.

The boy’s expression grew even more smug.

Hedy thought to herself:

The last person who provoked her like this, how did they end up again?

She let go of her bag and landed a heavy punch on the boy’s face!

“Ah!” The boy howled in pain.

Immediately after, Hedy kicked the boy in the stomach, sending him crashing to the ground!

The boy writhed in pain, his features contorted, unable to utter a single word!

“Now, can I sit here?” Hedy asked coldly.

She was best at reasoning with people.

But force was the only language she used.

Chapter 3 The King Family Must Return the Favor

The classroom fell silent.

The students stood there dumbfounded.

Not only because the timid Hedy had just hit someone or Hedy had emerged victorious.

But because-

They hadn't even seen Hedy's movements!

Hedy's speed was like special effects from a movie!

Too unreal!

The boy who had been beaten bent his body and stood up, one hand covering his face and the other clutching his stomach, his eyes filled with shock and indignation.

"Hedy, how dare you hit me! Have you forgotten who my mom is?!"

His name was Jack Smith, and his mother, Lisa Jones, was one of the trustees at Lowell High School!

How dare Hedy mess with him? She was risking her future at Lowell High School!

"Only the incompetent emphasize the support they have when they are at a disadvantage. Keep bluffing!" Hedy said calmly

"Just wait!"

Jack threatened as he stormed out of the classroom to report to his mother.

The rest of the students exchanged bewildered glances, expecting Hedy to regret or show fear.

But there was no trace of fear on Hedy's face.

She calmly flipped open her textbook, as if there was no one else around.

The morning light cast a slanting glow on her, enveloping her in a dazzling warmth. But the impression she gave off was cold, so cold that people dared not approach her. She seemed detached from the world, both lonely and arrogantly aloof.

“I must be hallucinating. How could a bumpkin become an aloof goddess!”

The less resilient children kept patting their heads with the palms of their hands, trying to snap themselves out of it.

Meanwhile, Geary Village’s First Hospital.

In the special ward.

Amos lay in bed with an IV drip, his complexion much rosier.

Sitting by his bedside was a handsome man with a regal bearing and a tall stature.

He was elegantly peeling an apple, his fingers long and pale, with clearly defined knuckles. It was as if an artist was sculpting a masterpiece, and it was quite pleasing to the eye.

The atmosphere in the room was heavy.

200 cars

Amos whispered, “I am fine. Preston, don’t be angry.”

Preston King didn’t respond, continuing to peel the apple.

Amos quickly exchanged a glance with his bodyguard, Michael.

Wiping off a bead of sweat, Michael gathered his courage and said,

“Childe King, the commander just wanted to go fishing alone in the mountains. He didn’t expect to run into a foreign assassin on our territory.”

“Yes,” another person chimed in. “We haven’t figured out who sent that assassin.”

Strangely, there’s no trace or clue, considering the extensive surveillance network in the USA.

“The Queen.” Preston stopped peeling the apple.

“You mean the person who attacked the commander is related to this ‘Queen’?” Michael nodded with a solemn expression.

“It’s indeed possible for her to pull off such a thing.”

Killer Queen.

It’s worth emphasizing that “Queen” is not her code name, but rather the honorary title given to her by the assassin community.

She had single-handedly taken down the biggest drug lord in the Golden Triangle, traversed the depths of the Amazon rainforest, and dismantled some extremist organizations. She was truly a legend.

So, if it was Queen, everything that had happened made sense.

But....

“But Queen is dead.”

Michael picked up the iPad next to him, entered a website address, and a video popped up.

He aimed the screen at everyone and pressed play.

The video was dark, intentionally shot in low light to obscure the location, with only a faint beam of flashlight illuminating the scene.

The light revealed a young boy lying on the ground, his profile displaying an innocent and fair complexion, but he was barely clinging to life.

“Lucifer, come back. Don’t you want to be reunited with your little brother?”

The voice echoed, and unexpectedly, the young boy gasped his final breath and became completely still.

He couldn’t withstand the pain, given his fragile and sickly condition since childhood.

“Damn it!” The person behind the camera cursed in anger. “Save him! Save him now! Weren’t you supposed to be more gentle? Damn it!”

Amidst the curses, doctors rushed in and made every effort to resuscitate him, but they shook their heads helplessly.

He had died.

And that was where the video ended.

“This boy is Queen’s younger brother.”

Michael explained:

“A month ago, Queen escaped with her brother from the organization. However, her brother turned back halfway to buy time for his sister.

The organization’s leader was furious and recorded the video to force Queen to come back. But unexpectedly, her brother died.”

Michael’s tone carried a hint of sorrow.

The boy in the video didn’t reveal his sister’s whereabouts, not even uttering a cry of pain.

Was he worried that his sister would return for revenge if she heard him in agony?

But his sister still returned.

“Seven days after the video was uploaded, Queen returned to the organization and perished in the fire along with those people.”

Michael shook his head. “So, it’s unlikely that Queen planned this incident.”

Preston diverted his gaze from the iPad.

He couldn’t believe that the mighty Queen had met such a tragic end.

“Sir! We’ve got Hedy’s information,” a soldier saluted at the door.

“Bring it here,” Amos was curious about the content of the information.

On the first page of the document, there was a student photo of a young girl, with the following details written below:

Hedy, 18 years old, resident of Geary Village, father Buddy, mother Malina, currently a senior-year student at Lowell High School, an ordinary student.

“Is that all?” Amos flipped through the file back and forth, feeling that there was much more missing from it.

“Yes...” the soldier scratched his head, finding it hard to believe that the delicate and obedient girl in the photo had rescued his leader from the hands of an Italian assassin.

“Preston, what do you think?” Amos handed the document to Preston.

Preston looked at the girl in the photo for a moment, then his gaze settled on the words “Lowell High School.”

“I’m going to visit Lowell High School.”

The King Family must return the favor.

Lowell High School.

The tightly closed gate of Class 2 suddenly swung open as a plump and angry-looking woman barged in.

“Where’s Hedy?”

It was Jack’s mother, Lisa, one of the trustees of Lowell High School.

With a nasal strip in his nostrils to stop the bleeding, Jack followed behind Lisa, his face filled with anger as he searched for Hedy.

It took him less than three seconds to find Hedy because she was still sitting in her original seat, seemingly unfazed.

“Mom, she’s right there!” Jack pointed and shouted.

Chapter 4 Is Hedy Even More Beautiful in Person?

Seeing Hedy engrossed in her book, not even bothering to look at her, Lisa couldn’t help but grow even angrier.

She stepped down from the platform and stood in front of Hedy, raising her hand to deliver a slap.

“You brat!”

She couldn't bear to lay a hand on her precious son. How dare this lowly girl from the countryside hit him?

The force of Lisa's palm struck swiftly, but Hedy lightly closed her eyes, her gaze filled with a seething murderous intent.

With even greater speed, she caught Lisa's wrist and stood up, delivering a resounding slap across Lisa's chubby face!

Smack!

Lisa staggered backward from the impact.

Gasps erupted from the back of the classroom, and the student's eyes widened in astonishment.

Wow, Hedy was tough!

She dared to even hit Jones, the trustee!

Jack was dumbfounded too.

In a fit of anger, he grabbed the wooden rod from the nearby desk and swung it forcefully at Hedy.

"You bitch!"

Hedy's gaze turned cold, and she swiftly dodged to the side, lifting her leg to deliver a kick right into Jack's stomach.

"Oh!"

Jack also staggered backward, crashing into his mother.

Poor Lisa hadn't even regained her balance before her son collided with her, sending her tumbling to the ground.

With a crack, her bones were broken!

Lisa had never experienced such torment before, and she immediately fainted.

"Mom!"

Seeing his mother unconscious, Jack shouted loudly and quickly called on a few classmates to carry her to the emergency room.

Before leaving, he couldn't help but repeat his previous words, "Hedy, how dare you hit trustee Jones! Just wait and see!"

The classroom returned to its previous silence.

As the gazes from the back rows were too intense, Hedy turned around and glanced back with an indifferent expression on her exquisitely beautiful face.

Whoosh!

The students hurriedly moved and squeezed into the corners.

They were afraid that Hedy would lash out at them as well.

However, Hedy had no interest in attacking them.

She simply sat down and continued flipping through her book.

The current trial mission was to secure first place in the monthly exams.

Only by completing 30 trial missions could she revive her younger brother.

She didn't want to fail at the very first step.

Not long after, a spirited rhythm played over the broadcast.

It was the entrance music for the faculty and students' assembly, a reminder for everyone to gather in the square.

Hedy closed her textbook, consolidated the knowledge in her mind, and walked out of the classroom with her classmates.

Ten minutes later, the square was filled with teachers and students.

The simple yet dignified assembly ended, and the middle-aged vice principal with gray hair and dressed in a deep blue suit took the stage to deliver a speech.

The content of his speech was cliché, and everyone struggled to stay engaged until the student representative stepped onto the stage to deliver a speech.

He was a young man of seventeen or eighteen, with brown hair and well-defined features. He wore a black and white British-style school uniform, resembling a male protagonist from a Japanese anime.

Immediately, the audience below grew restless, with the girls especially becoming excited.

“Ohh! Oliver! Oliver!”

“I dream about dating Oliver, but damn it, he’s already engaged to Hedy. Ugh!”

“Why does some countryside girl get to marry Oliver? I can’t accept it!”

“Who are you to accept it? Even if there was no Hedy, you’ll never get to date him.”

“Yeah, Oliver openly said that Gloria Rossi is the girl who best fits his criteria for a partner!”

At the mention of “Gloria,” everyone instinctively looked at a young girl.

She had a slim figure, flowing long hair, and was dressed in the school uniform. Her beauty and gentle temperament were captivating.

The male students around all gazed at her with adoration, as if she were a sacred goddess from ancient Greek mythology.

“She seems even more beautiful after a vacation...”

“Although the ranking for this year’s campus belle hasn’t been announced, the winner must be her, right?”

“Isn’t that obvious? Who can surpass her in every aspect?”

“No one! Gloria is forever the greatest!”

At that moment, a hurried sound of footsteps could be heard from outside the square.

It was Lisa and Jack, with Lisa’s arm in a cast.

They silently walked up to the stage, interrupting Oliver’s speech. The teachers behind him were also puzzled.

The vice principal was the first to approach them, showing concern in his tone. “What happened? How did you get injured?”

Trustees were the sponsors of the school, and as a vice principal, he could only offer compliments to Lisa.

“We were beaten up by one of your students!” Lisa gritted her teeth as she touched her still-swollen face. If it hadn’t been for the timely treatment by the school doctor, she didn’t know when she would regain consciousness.

“What?” The vice principal was surprised.

How could a student dare to beat up a trustee and the trustee’s son like this?

Lisa snorted coldly and looked at Oliver.

She thought to herself, “Hedy dares to attack us just because she has the Johnson Family backing her.

Then I’ll directly target the Johnson Family!

Compared to the newly risen powerhouse Johnson Family of the past few decades, the Smith Family I married into is a well-established powerhouse in San Francisco!

In terms of status, the Smith Family certainly surpassed the Johnson Family!

With full confidence, Lisa confronted Oliver, “Oliver, how does your Family educate your daughter-in-law? Look at what Hedy has done to me and my son!”

The crowd erupted in an uproar at her words.

The former timid and submissive country bumpkin had beaten the arrogant and domineering Lisa and her son?

Was it true or not?

“Are you joking?” Oliver frowned, instinctively doubting it.

Jack pointed to his bruised and swollen face, “Would my mom joke about something like this?”

Considering Jack and Lisa’s personalities, Oliver realized they wouldn’t lie. While silently cursing Hedy for causing him trouble, he replied,

“Calm down. Hedy is from the countryside and lacks manners. Don’t stoop to her level.”

Lisa became even angrier, “Not stoop to her level? So, I should forgive Hedy after she beat me and my son?”

Oliver, you no longer want to continue cooperating with the Smith Family, do you?”

Upon hearing the collaboration between the two families, Oliver’s face drastically changed. “Lisa, don’t get me wrong. I will make sure Hedy apologizes to both of you sincerely until you’re satisfied.”

“Bring Hedy here!” Lisa’s voice became shrill. “None of you will have a good time unless it’s resolved properly!”

The vice principal hurriedly stepped up to the microphone and called out, “Hedy from Class 12-2, come up here!”

The crowd automatically made way for Hedy, exposing her to the public for the first time.

It was at this moment that Hedy’s transformation in appearance became known to more people.

The students couldn’t help whispering.

“Is this the ugly girl Hedy? I thought you guys were joking when you said she became beautiful!”

“I thought the photo you sent me this morning was photoshopped... I never expected her to be even more beautiful in person!”

“Can I say she’s prettier than Gloria?”

“What’s the use of being beautiful? Is she as smart and talented as Gloria Rossi?”

“She just went from an ugly idiot to a slightly less ugly idiot. If she had a bit of normal intelligence, she wouldn’t have beaten up Lisa and Jack like that.”

“Makes sense...”

Hedy ignored the scrutiny around her and calmly walked towards the stage.

It was as if she believed that she was about to be crowned as the victor rather than facing multiple accusations on the stage.

Just as she stepped onto the stage, a slim woman approached her.

Pointing at Hedy's nose, the woman's spit flew as she shouted, "Hedy, who sent you to attack the trustee and your classmate? Is this how I've taught you? Apologize and admit your mistake!"

Her name was Anna Lee, the teacher in charge of Class 12-2.

The fight had occurred in the class she led, so she had to take some responsibility.

Instead of waiting for the school authorities and the trustee to question her, she decided to question Hedy first, portraying herself as innocent.

Chapter 5 Engagement Canceled

As Hedy looked at Ms. Lee standing in her way, her eyes narrowed, and she said, "Go away."

Ms. Lee was taken aback and immediately exclaimed in anger, "How dare you speak to a teacher like that!"

She couldn't afford to provoke trustee Jones, and now Hedy was acting this way?

Did she think that having the Johnson Family backing her meant she wasn't just a country bumpkin anymore?

"I don't think someone who immediately demands an apology from a student deserves to be called a teacher," Hedy said coldly.

"You..." Ms. Lee was at a loss for words.

Oliver, standing beside her, had a stern expression and said angrily, "That's enough, Hedy."

Hedy turned to look at Oliver, and her eyes were filled with coldness. "With what identity are you commanding me?"

She had thought that Oliver, who was renowned throughout the school, would stand up for her against Lisa. But when Lisa brought up business matters, he became as submissive as a dog, as if he wanted to offer her head to Lisa as an apology.

In the end, he was just a well-groomed appearance with a weak and inept interior.

“As your fiancé!” Oliver couldn’t help but rise his voice, and his eyes showed disgust.

If it weren’t for his grandfather’s words, stating that the decision regarding his marriage with Hedy could only be made by Hedy, he would have ended this ridiculous arranged marriage long ago.

“Not anymore!” Hedy’s voice grew louder, and her presence became more dominant and powerful.

“From now on, the engagement between the Ellis Family and the Johnson Family is canceled, and you, go away!”

As her words fell, a terrifying silence enveloped the surroundings.

What happened to Hedy?

Beating up Lisa and her son and having a disrespectful attitude toward her teacher was one thing, but why did she cancel the engagement?

‘Didn’t she like Oliver

very much?

Moreover, even a ten-year-old would understand that the Johnson Family was Hedy’s capital to establish herself at Lowell High School.

Without the Johnson Family, how would she be able to compete against Lisa and her son?

Oliver’s expression turned unpleasant.

In his mind, even if this marriage was canceled, Hedy should have exited with a lower-class attitude of “blessing and resignation.”

Instead, she looked at him with a face full of disgust and contempt, as if he wasn’t worthy of her!

“I was thinking about helping you out considering the past friendship between our families, but now that you choose to cancel the engagement, well then, go handle it on your own. I’m not begging you to ask me for help!”

Oliver declared, stepping back and looking aloof.

He wanted to see how capable Hedy could be without the assistance of the Johnson Family.

“Hedy, you’re not going to tell me that you think you can handle everything by yourself, are you?” Lisa didn’t understand what Hedy was planning.

She had thought Hedy would tightly grasp onto the Johnson Family and use them to protect herself. But now, not only did Hedy not hold onto the Johnson Family, she even kicked them away!

“Dealing with a small potato like you, I don’t need a team to do it. One person is enough,” Hedy said casually, glancing at her out of the corner of her eye.

The implications in her words sent shivers down everyone’s spine.

Lisa was one of the top socialites in San Francisco!

She was one of those people who would be least considered the small potatoes in Lowell High School and San Francisco.

Hedy must have lost her mind!

“I’m a small potato? Heh!” Lisa turned her head and casually said to the vice principal, “I believe the funds for the next semester haven’t been secured yet, right?”

The vice principal understood her intentions and grabbed the microphone, speaking with a righteous tone, “Hedy has disregarded school regulations, committed acts of violence, and verbally abused a trustee and fellow students. She will be expelled as a disciplinary action. I hope all students take this as a lesson!”

Whoa.

These words caused quite a stir in the audience.

She’s being expelled just like that?

Lisa and Jack weren't seriously injured. According to the school rules, Hedy should have received a severe punishment, but not immediate expulsion.

While everyone was puzzled, Hedy calmly spoke up, "Vice Principal, maybe you should change the words on the sculpture at the entrance of Lowell High School."

"What do you mean?" The vice-principal looked slightly annoyed.

The words on the sculpture were: Strive for education for life.

It was the oath made when Lowell High School was established, representing the school's dignity.

Changing those words would be like slapping themselves in the face.

"Since the moment I started fighting, some of you asked who sent me, some told me to stop, and some simply expelled me. But no one asked me why I wanted to hit Lisa and Jack.

Isn't it ridiculous for something like this to happen in a place that is supposed to educate students?"

Hedy's eyes burned like fire as she stared directly at the vice principal.

The principal's expression stiffened.

Indeed, after this incident, no one asked Hedy why she had hit Lisa and Jack.

To save face, the vice principal retorted, "You think it's justified to hit someone? Then tell me, why did you hit Lisa and Jack?"

Lisa and Jack exchanged a glance beside them, realizing that things were not looking good.

"Today was seat-changing day, and I hit Jack because he called me over to be his desk mate, but when I went there, he insulted me, calling me a stupid pig who doesn't deserve to sit like a human being.

I hit Lisa because she first reached out and slapped me, accusing me of hitting her son without any reason.

From the very beginning, it was them provoking and picking fights, and I got expelled just because I resisted them.

Regular students can't insult others,

But it's fine for trustee Jones' son to do so.

Regular students can't hit others.

But it's fine for trustee Jones to do so.

If that's the case, what's the point of 'striving for education for life'?

It should be changed to 'serve the rich for life,' wouldn't that be more fitting?"

Hedy's icy voice, like a sniper bullet, struck straight into everyone's hearts!

For a while, no one dared to refute her.

They knew who Hedy was. She came from a humble background with no money, but she followed the rules and never made mistakes.

They also knew who Jack and Lisa were. They came from a wealthy family with significant influence, especially Jack, who often used his mother's position as a trustee to bully others at school.

Today, it was clear, just as Hedy said, that Jack and Lisa wanted to bully Hedy but ended up being unexpectedly beaten up by Hedy.

If the school expelled Hedy, wouldn't it be serving the "rich"?

Was there any point in staying at a school like that?

Not everyone was as wealthy as Lisa and her son.

The vice principal's face suddenly changed.

"You... you're lying!" Jack, sensing the tension, immediately stepped forward to defend himself. "You said I insulted you, where's the evidence? Who saw it? Who can testify?"

He walked to the front of the stage, looking at the students of Class 12-2. "Can any of you testify?"

Lisa's eyes lit up, and she also walked to the front, asking. "Hedy said that I hit her and insulted her. Did any of you see it?"

The students of Class 12-2 glanced at each other.

On one side, there was the long-established wealthy family in San Francisco and a trustee. On the other side, there was a country girl who no longer had any connection to the Johnson Family.

Who should they support? Did they even need to think about it?

They eagerly spoke up:

“We didn’t see Lisa and Jack hitting or insulting Hedy.”

“Hedy was lying.”

“Poor areas always breed troublemakers. Don’t let Hedy fool you!”

“Rural folks lack manners!”

That was the price Hedy had to pay for canceling the engagement with the Johnson Family!

Chapter 6 Apologize to Ms. Ellis on Your Knees!

The students turned everything upside down.

The vice principal let out a sigh of relief and angrily exclaimed, “Hedy, you hit and insulted your classmate and a trustee, and now you want to lie to us? As the vice principal, I’m expelling you. Any problem with that?”

“No problem at all!” Jack was the first to chime in.

Lisa’s face twisted with a sinister expression as she stared at Hedy. “If you don’t apologize to me and my son, don’t you even think about leaving Lowell High School on your feet!”

The vicious tone sent shivers down the spines of many in the square.

It was hard for them to describe their current mood.

They knew that Lisa and Jack were lying, they knew that the students from Class 12-2 were lying, and they knew that the vice principal was favoring Trustee Jones.

But there was nothing they could do.

They felt a surge of anger within them.

They were angry that someone who was a victim was labeled as the perpetrator.

They were angry that a student who was in the right was expelled by the vice principal.

They were angry that a girl who had done nothing wrong was being

forced to apologize.

They felt as if a dark cloud loomed over their heads, enveloping the school in its seamless grasp.

The morals from the textbooks were eroded, and the principles on the blackboard were erased, leaving only the crimson laughter of Lisa and Jack, along with the flattering smile on the vice principal's face.

Was this... reality?

In the somber atmosphere, Hedy let out a cold laugh, like the first ray of golden light that pierced through the boundless darkness of the early morning.

She said, "Lisa, I admire your confidence, but you'd better go discuss with your husband how to respond to the investigation into your family's products being reported for cutting corners."

The viciousness on Lisa's face faded away as she heard it, replaced by guilt and shock.

How did Hedy know about this?

But even if she knew, what could she do?

Lisa maintained her tough demeanor and retorted, "What does that have to do with you? That's none of your business. We can handle it!"

"It indeed has nothing to do with me. I just happened to have my phone in my pocket, and I recorded everything that has happened to me since I entered Lowell High School until now. And by the way, I've uploaded it to the backend of the largest video platform in this country, and I'm ready to release it."

Hedy took out her phone and played the recorded video.

The video had low resolution because Hedy was using a knockoff phone, but it captured the entire process.

Through the small and square screen, one could see Jack insulting Hedy, Hedy retaliating with a brutal beating, and then calling for his mother to intervene, only to get beaten up as well.

All the lies were exposed.

Jack and Lisa felt embarrassed.

The vice principal's lips trembled.

The students from Class 12-2 wished they could disappear underground!

Who would have thought that Hedy, this supposedly foolish underachiever, had been recording the whole time?

“What kind of reaction do you think my video will receive if I release it?”

Hedy walked past the vice principal and Lisa one by one, exuding a chilling and formidable aura, as if she were scolding a misbehaving child:

“At Lowell High School, the best elite private school in San Francisco, an entire class of students collectively lied and bullied a girl from the countryside, while the vice principal sided with the wrongdoers and turned a blind eye.”

“Will this absurd incident immediately make the headlines?”

“People will know that Smith Group cuts corners in their products and that its boss's wife has teamed up with her son for campus bullying.”

“Will Smith Family's competitors make a big fuss out of this?”

“No!” Lisa couldn't contain her anxiety.

Her face turned pale, devoid of the previous arrogance and ruthlessness.

Smith Family's recent trouble was caused by their competitors, and their stocks had taken a considerable hit.

In the past couple of years, campus bullying had become a hot topic. If this video fell into the hands of their rivals, it would spell disaster for Smith Family.

Under the pressure of public opinion from multiple fronts, Smith Family would suffer severe damage, if not a complete downfall.

“Fine,” Hedy said casually as if it were no big deal. “Get down on your knees and beg me.”

“What?” Lisa stood frozen in place, thinking she must have misheard.

“On your knees! Beg me!” Hedy raised her voice, elongating the last syllable, and a sinister aura began to emanate from her eyes.

“I.... I’m a trustee, a San Francisco socialite, and my husband is the president of the Smith Group. How could I possibly kneel before you? How could I...” Lisa shook her head repeatedly, showing strong resistance.

“Then prepare to end up in the streets,” Hedy dismissed Lisa, turning away sharply.

Before Hedy could take another step, Lisa dropped to her knees with a thud, pleading desperately.

“Hedy, please forgive us. It was our fault. We shouldn’t have messed with you. Please forgive us!”

Compared to their future prosperity and wealth, what did a little dignity matter? Lisa didn’t want to become a beggar burdened with debts on the streets.

“Mom, what are you doing? Get up quickly. Don’t be fooled by Hedy!”

Jack was completely bewildered. He just wanted to pull his mother up and avoid further embarrassment.

He had no idea what was happening at home, nor did he understand the severity of the consequences that would follow once the video was released.

“You disrespectful brat! So, it was you who insulted Ms. Ellis, huh? Get down on your knees and apologize to Ms. Ellis!” Lisa grabbed her son and delivered a slap to his face, something she had never been willing to do no matter the circumstances.

With a fake smile on her face, Lisa knelt and kowtowed, pressing her son’s head down as she forced him to apologize to Hedy.

The stark contrast between her lowly posture and her previous arrogance left everyone stunned and unable to digest the scene.

Hedy didn't rely on the Johnson Family. With her strength alone, she managed to deal with Lisa and Jack.

Was this still the foolish and timid country bumpkin they knew?

They looked at Hedy, expecting to see a satisfied or happy expression on her face.

But what did they see?

Hedy's face showed no emotion.

She gazed calmly, indifferently ahead, paying no attention to Lisa and her son kneeling behind her feet.

Just like an emperor facing an ant, she wouldn't care about what the ant had done or said!

In fact, for the Queen of the Assassin world, Lisa's existence was indeed no different from that of an ant.

Hedy had killed nobles of higher status and had encountered underground organizations with greater power.

The knowledge of Smith Group's subpar products was also a result of her previous identity:

There was a website for assassins to receive and assign tasks

It brought assassins from all over the world. From assassinating a country's president to stealing highly confidential formulas from corporations, all kinds of missions could be found there.

Coincidentally, some time ago, she happened to come across a task that involved finding evidence of the Smith Group's shoddy practices in San Francisco.

Recording the video in advance was a plan she had made while on the bus.

The original host had suffered from bullying at school, and she needed an opportunity to show the others a lesson.

Lisa and Jack brought it upon themselves.

Now that Lisa and Jack had been dealt with, it was time to deal with Lowell High School.

Hedy approached the middle-aged vice principal with graying temples.

She didn't necessarily have to stay at Lowell High School, but this trial mission required her to secure first place in the upcoming monthly exams.

She couldn't afford to be expelled.

Before she could speak, a round of applause echoed from outside the square.

Everyone turned to look and saw a young boy with a baby face, appearing to be around ten years old. He was dressed in a black suit, adorable, cute, cool, and a bit arrogant. One couldn't help but want to embrace him and show affection.

"The... the principal!" the students exclaimed.

He was Kelly Thomas, the principal of Lowell High School

He was a legend with a cute baby face and dwarfism, a man of action

"Isn't that Childe King behind the principal? Why is he here too?" the students were shocked.

Preston King.

The only grandson of the founding father, the heir of the millennia-old King Family.

Nine years ago, the King Family faced a catastrophic disaster, and their family business was on the verge of destruction. When everyone was helpless, the eighteen-year-old Preston stepped forward.

The details of how he turned things around remained unknown to the outside world. All they knew was that after Preston took control, the King Family not only reversed their fortunes but also became the number one family in the USA, with their industries spread across the globe!

Even the president of the USA treated Childe King with respect and dared not neglect him.

What was even more astonishing was his appearance!

Chapter 7 **Cream Rises to the Top**

The man known as Childe King appeared to be around twenty–seven years old, dressed in an expensive black suit. His slender figure resembled that of a model as he confidently walked toward everyone.

His features were exquisite, with thin lips and eyes as dark as ink, occasionally flashing a sharp light, announcing to the world that he was not just a charming gentleman, but a ruler of men, a master strategist.

He had only just made his appearance, and many girls were already swooning over him, their hearts fluttering with love.

However, he paid no attention, remaining aloof and indifferent.

“Vice Principal Robert, it seems you’ve done quite a lot of good things at Lowell High School during the three years I was studying abroad,” Kelly said as he walked towards the vice principal on the stage.

Although he was not tall due to his physical disability, his presence was by no means weak.

Yet, against the backdrop of his baby–faced appearance, there was always a strange and captivating sense of discordance.

“P–P–Principal, didn’t you say you would rest for a day after getting off the plane and only come back tomorrow?” The vice principal took a step back.

“Just as I got off the plane, someone forced me to come to the school. I had no choice.” As Kelly spoke, he cast a sideways glance at Preston, his eyes filled with deep grievances.

Preston responded with a smile.

He turned his head to look at Hedy.

The girl stood tall, wearing inexpensive clothes, her head held high, arrogantly surveying the crowd. She looked nothing like the obedient girl in the file photo.

But now she looked more like the person who could save his grandfather.

He had arrived at Lowell High School before the faculty and student assembly.

Seeing that she was in trouble, he contacted his old friend and the principal of Lowell High School, Kelly. And Kelly was the best one to handle this matter.

And now, here they were. The girl had already solved the problem.

Preston, who had witnessed the entire process, wasn't very surprised.

After all, someone who could kill an Italian assassin barehanded wouldn't be a helpless victim waiting to be slaughtered.

Sensing Preston's scrutinizing gaze, Hedy began to observe him as well.

First, she noticed that the man had a handsome appearance.

Second, his appearance bore a resemblance to that of Amos.

Connecting this with their shared last name, "King," Hedy made some speculations about his purpose for coming to Lowell High School.

So she looked away.

Besides completing her mission, she didn't want to get involved with unrelated people.

Preston raised an eyebrow.

Did she just glance at him?

Meanwhile, Kelly continued to question the vice principal, "I once said that Lowell High School would never provide any shortcuts for corporations or families, and students would be placed in classes based on their grades."

He had only been abroad for three years, yet his subordinate disregarded the rules and let Hedy in.

They even ignored her grades and placed her in Class 2, which had the second-highest average.

It annoyed him.

"One of the trustees, Stephen, has begged me too many times. I had no choice..." The vice principal's temples were dripping with cold sweat.

He couldn't possibly say that Stephen had given him too much money.

“When a student gets into trouble, you don’t inquire about the details or verify the truth, but simply issue expulsion as a punishment. Is it because Lisa begged you too many times?” Kelly pressed on.

“I... I...” The poor vice principal, who was well into his old age, stammered and stuttered for a long time but couldn’t find the right words to say.

“You’re fired.” The baby-faced principal showed no mercy, turning around and pointing at the students in Class 2 of the senior year.

“Everyone in Class 2, suspend your studies for half a month and write

a 10,000-word self-reflection!”

“Lisa, expelled from the school board!”

“Jack, expelled!”

Finally, Kelly approached Hedy, his tone much softer.

“Technically, you’ve been wronged. It’s your right to release or not release the recorded video.

But, as the principal, I don’t want the school and its students to suffer controversies and criticism just because of a small group of people.

So, if you don’t release it, I can make an exception and let you continue staying at Lowell High School. But based on your previous grades, you can only go to Class 7 of the senior year. Are you okay with that?”

“Sure,” Hedy nodded.

Her goal was simply to stay at Lowell High School and win the monthly exam championship. Which class she ended up in didn’t

matter.

“OK.” Kelly nodded, “Except for Hedy, you all go back to your class and carry on with your duties.”

When most people had dispersed, Kelly called out to his friend, “Preston, come to the principal’s office later. I’ll treat you to the coffee I brought back from overseas. I heard it’s the favorite drink of their country’s queen.”

“Looks like I’m in for a treat,” Preston’s thin lips curled up slightly.

He strode away with his long legs, passing by Hedy and handing her a business card. His voice was low and elegant.

“Thank you for saving my grandfather. If you get into trouble again, call me.”

Coming from someone else, this statement might sound laughable and pretentious

But when it came from Preston’s mouth, it was like a golden ticket to safety.

Hedy didn’t play coy and simply accepted the business card before leaving.

Preston watched her retreating figure and couldn’t help but admire her.

In the face of danger, she remained calm and collected, with both courage and wit and exuded a confident and bold aura.

Few girls could boast so many qualities at once.

“What? Falling in love with her?” Kelly teased.

“Her personality does seem to suit you. How about you make a direct move and repay her for saving your grandfather?”

Preston glanced at him and didn’t bother to reply.

“I put her in the worst-performing class, and you are okay with that?”

He thought Preston would find a way to get her into Class 1 or another better school.

“Cream always rises to the top. Class 7 can’t hold her down,” Preston calmly responded, his narrow eyes glinting thoughtfully.

“You think highly of her!”

When Hedy returned to Class 2 of the senior year, the classroom was already empty.

Those students must have felt embarrassed and afraid to face her, so they hastily packed their things and left.

She gathered her textbooks and headed towards Class 7.

Class 7 was a bit different. It wasn't located in the newly built teaching building, and that was because of Kelly.

Before the school renovation, there weren't many students, but under Kelly's leadership, Lowell High School's reputation grew, attracting many new students.

This led to a situation where there were too many senior-year students to fit into the new classrooms after the renovation.

The higher-ups had a meeting and decided that the old teaching building could still be used. The facilities were a bit outdated, and it was a bit farther from the cafeteria and the sports field, but other than that, it was fine.

Therefore, it was only natural to assign the underperforming Class 7 students to the old teaching building, separated from the other classes by a small grove of trees.

Hedy walked through the grove along the cobblestone path, when her phone vibrated in her pocket.

She took out her phone, and the words "Low battery. Shutting down" appeared on the screen.

As a cheap knockoff phone, being able to record a video for such a long time was already pushing its limits.

The screen quickly went black, like a mirror reflecting her tired face.

She hadn't slept since saving Amos last night.

It was ironic that the insomnia she had in her previous life now carried over to her new body.

"I guess I need to buy more sleeping pills," Hedy murmured to herself as she put the phone back into her pocket.

Sleep was a luxury for her without the aid of medication.

Someone brushed past her, and the wind carried a faint and peculiar fragrance.

It wasn't like flowers or any kind of chemical scent. At first whiff, it was easy to overlook, but upon closer examination, it brought tranquility and calmness to the mind.

Hedy immediately felt a feeling of drowsiness, and it seemed more effective than ten thousand sleeping pills combined.

Hedy instinctively grabbed the wrist of the passerby, wanting to hold onto that fragrance. When she looked up, she met a pair of ink-like

eyes.

Chapter 8 **The Wise and Mighty Goddess Hedy**

This person was Preston.

He had just come out of the principal's office.

"Is there something you need?" he politely inquired, every gesture and movement exuding the demeanor of a noble gentleman.

Hedy had saved his grandfather, and based on that alone, he would treat her patiently and distinguish her from other women.

The principal's office is at the end of the grove.

"Before I answer this question, I want to know, do you wear any perfume?"

A sense of urgency flashed in Hedy's eyes.

In her past life, she had tried using perfume to aid in sleep, but no fragrance could improve her insomnia, not even aromatherapy.

She had no idea what scent Preston carried on him.

"No."

Preston glanced down at the girl's hand tightly gripping his arm, his eyes flickering slightly.

The warmth emanating from the girl's palm seeped steadily into his veins.

Even the coldest person had warm blood flowing within.

"In that case, I have a favor to ask."

Hedy tightened her grip on him, raising her petite face. "I want to sleep with you, every night."

Preston was left speechless by her words.

A look of astonishment flashed across his handsome face.

Were all kids nowadays so forward?

"You have a unique scent about you that can only be noticed up close. This fragrance can alleviate my insomnia, and I want to sleep with you around."

Hedy explained her intention.

God knows how much she longed for a peaceful slumber.

She even felt a bit regretful that she didn't get closer to him when she accepted his business card earlier, which would have allowed her to discover it sooner.

The man fell silent, seemingly processing this strange situation.

After a moment, he nodded slightly, his voice elegant, "If your parents don't mind, I can do that for you."

She was her grandfather's savior, and he was single, with no fiancée, so there were no other considerations to take into account.

Simply keeping her company during sleep wouldn't be an issue.

"Thank you," Hedy released Preston's wrist, returning to her previous cold and aloof demeanor.

"You're welcome." Preston glanced at his watch.

"School ends at 5:30 p.m., and at that time, I will arrange for the driver

to pick you up at the school gate. If there are no other issues, I'll head back to the office."

The King Family had a branch in San Francisco.

"Okay."

Hedy nodded and continued walking towards the old school building.

After about five minutes, Hedy arrived at her destination.

It differed from her memory of the school building.

In the original host's recollection, the exterior of the old building had weathered walls, unattractive in color, but the facilities were intact.

However, the current building resembled a haunted house from a horror movie. Large patches of the wall were peeling off, revealing red bricks in some places. Weeds grew around the building, with one particular plant towering even higher than Hedy.

Frowning slightly, Hedy followed the signposts and arrived at the entrance of Class 7 of the senior year.

The classroom door was tightly shut, covered in all sorts of graffiti.

She pushed open the door.

Everyone inside was half-kneeling, their left hands behind their backs, and their right hands extended toward her as if waiting for divine blessings. They murmured words in unison:

“Wise and mighty Goddess Hedy, please ascend to the throne, wield your scepter, and dispel the mist and darkness!”

Slam.

Hedy expressionlessly closed the door.

A few seconds passed.

She opened the door again.

“Wise and mighty Goddess Hedy, please ascend to the throne, wield your scepter, and dispel the mist and darkness!”

Same actions, same lines, same crowd – it felt like copy and paste.

Hedy remained silent.

“Goddess Hedy, don't close the door, there is nothing wrong with the way you open it!”

The leading boy, afraid that Hedy would close the door again, quickly stood up and walked up to her.

He had a handsome face, silver–white short hair, an earring, and a skull ring on his hand, giving off a trendy and rebellious vibe.

“I’m Sun Miller, you can call me Sun.”

“We have a rule in Class 7: whoever has the highest combat power is the boss.”

“Before you came, I was the boss of Class 7, but during the assembly, I was in the front row and saw the video you recorded of the fight.”

“I’m sure I can’t beat you, so I decided to step down and make way for you. From now on, you are the boss of Class 7, with the title ‘Goddess Hedy!’”

As he finished his words, the surrounding students exclaimed with excitement.

Hedy didn’t want to pay attention to these overly dramatic students, so she found a quiet corner, sat down, and began reading her book.

“Goddess Hedy seems so aloof... but it’s because she is cold and cool that we want to call her Goddess Hedy!”

“Goddess Hedy is so beautiful, we have to nominate her for the school beauty rankings, right?”

“We all need to vote. She is the representative of Class 7!”

The students were full of enthusiasm, but Sun smirked and said, “I won’t vote for Goddess Hedy. You guys go ahead.”

“You’re voting for your girlfriend, aren’t you?” Everyone rolled their eyes.

The bell rang, signaling the start of classes.

However, none of the four teachers scheduled for the morning classes showed up. The lessons turned into self–study periods.

If this had happened in any other class, the students would have reported it to the relevant authorities, angrily questioning whether they were wasting their tuition fees.

But in Class 7, the students just enjoyed it.

Eating, sleeping, and playing games during self–study class–wasn’t it blissful?

The students didn't feel like studying, and the teachers didn't feel like teaching. Both parties silently agreed not to report the situation.

As a result, Class 7's academic performance continued to decline.

Hedy didn't care about these things.

She only wanted to win the monthly exams.

It was lunchtime.

Seeing Hedy still engrossed in her book, looking genuinely focused, they didn't disturb her.

By the time Hedy looked up again, the classroom was empty, and all that remained was the sound of the gentle breeze rustling the leaves.

She closed her textbook and set out to have lunch outside the school.

As an elite high school, the prices in Lowell High School's cafeteria were not affordable for her wallet.

She found an inexpensive restaurant with no one around, ordered a cheap and satisfying curry rice, and sat in an inconspicuous corner.

Halfway through the meal, the restaurant welcomed its second customer, and it was none other than Sun, the former leader of Class 7.

This surprised Hedy slightly.

Except for her, everyone at Lowell High School came from prestigious backgrounds, and Sun was among the top-tier students. The Miller Family, to which Sun belonged, was one of the longstanding wealthy families in San Francisco.

Why would someone from such a prestigious family be in a place with this level of expenditure?

Bang!

The restaurant door was forcefully pushed open, and a group of hooligans entered.

Probably because of Sun's striking silver hair, they immediately noticed him.

The leader of the group directly sat across from Sun.

“Well, well, isn’t this the young master of the Miller Family? What brings you to this humble eatery instead of having steak and seafood today? Experiencing the life of the common folks?”

“Spit it out if you have something to say,” Sun replied impatiently, his face filled with annoyance.

The young hooligan responded, “I’m short on cash. Can you give me some money?”

“I think you’re lacking a father’s love. You wanna call me Dad?” Sun was not one to be trifled with and immediately fired back.

The way they came straight for money

asking their dad for pocket money.

Manage as no different from a child

“Who the fuck do you think you’re talking to?” The hooligans surrounded Sun.

“Looking for a fight, huh?”

Chapter 9 Pulling off the Coolest Fight with the Calmest Expression!

Generally speaking, hooligans wouldn’t easily provoke children from prestigious families. Their families had large businesses and intricate networks of influence behind them.

But Sun was different.

The old Mr. Miller, Sun’s grandfather, was a military man with a stern character. He never coddled his descendants.

If his grandson had poor grades, he would be placed in the corresponding class without any special treatment.

If his grandson was bullied, it meant he was weak, and the weak were not worthy of being part of the Miller Family.

This attitude resulted in Sun’s background being practically useless. He was a target for anyone, treated like a dog, making him the most pitiful rich second generation.

Just as tensions were mounting, the sound of a spoon being placed on a ceramic plate came from the side.

Hedy had finished eating.

It was only then that everyone noticed her presence.

“Hedy? What are you doing here?” Sun’s pupils contracted.

“Oh, you know each other? She’s quite pretty,” Tom, the young hooligan, said, abandoning Sun and approaching Hedy’s table.

“So, do you want to stand up for your friend?”

Hedy calmly wiped her lips without any change in her delicate face.

She had no interest in meddling in others’ affairs.

“She’s just a new classmate who joined our class today. We’re not friends. You’ve got it wrong,” Sun said, wishing he could slap himself.

Why did he have to involve Hedy?

These hooligans were different from Lisa and Jack!

They had a history of violence and criminal records at the police station!

“A new classmate?” Tom became interested and pointed at Sun.

“Then

you don’t know how miserable this kid is. Let me tell you, his family never cares about him. He’s the heir of a big corporation, but we often chase him around and beat him up. Isn’t it funny? Hahaha.”

Sun looked a bit embarrassed.

He didn’t want more people to know about these embarrassing incidents.

Goddess Hedy must find it unbelievable and hilarious.

He stole a glance at Hedy, but to his surprise, there was no hint of mockery in her eyes.

She was like a perennially frozen lake, impervious to the howling of the biting northern wind, exuding a unique sense of beauty that was detached from the world.

Tom was also captivated and halted his laughter. "Hey, girl, how about being my girlfriend?"

Compared to all those female internet celebrities, this girl was far more beautiful, not just in looks but also in temperament.

Crestem Fights with the Cat

Hedy ignored Tom and walked towards the exit of the restaurant

She had no time to waste chatting with these scum.

Tom was taken aback. He had been hitting on girls for so many years, and no girl had ever dared to walk away without even glancing at him!

"Hey? Can't you hear Tom?" Other hooligans shouted.

Tom waved his hand, pretending to be understanding. "It's okay, let her go. Look at her expression. Maybe her mother died, and she's in a hurry to go back for the funeral."

Hedy, just one step away from the door, stopped in her tracks.

She had her back turned to the group, hiding her facial expression from everyone's view.

They only knew that such remarks would provoke a response from Hedy.

Another hooligan provoked her even more. "Tom is smart. He can even observe that. I bet not only did her mother die, but her father also died together!"

"You..." Sun's expression changed.

Fighting was one thing, insulting was another, but cursing someone's parents was just too much.

"I didn't intend to lay a finger on you."

Hedy's cold voice echoed in everyone's ears.

She locked the glass door of the restaurant, taking her time. “Because you’re nothing more than maggots living in the sewer, feeding off scraps, thinking you’re as powerful as kings.”

She locked the door from the inside. “But in fact, you are weak and lowly, and you stink all over.”

Having done all that, she turned around to face the crowd. “I hope you won’t regret provoking me.”

Her family was her most important bottom line.

“Hedy, calm down!”

Sun was stunned.

Goddess Hedy’s words and actions were just crazy!

Couldn’t she first assess the situation around her?

Wasn’t she afraid of getting beaten up even worse later?

“You think you can play tough, you bitch?”

The burly hooligan approached Hedy, raising his arm, intending to grab her hair and give her a beating.

Hedy also approached him and grabbed his arm, giving it a fierce twist!

“Ah!”

He screamed in agony as his arm snapped, hanging in a grotesque position from his shoulder.

The rest of the group froze.

What just happened?

How was it possible that, in the blink of an eye, the brawniest among them had his arm twisted and broken?

And the one who twisted it was a scrawny underage female student?

Chupiter Pulling of the Cedar Fight with the Catest Express

This was absurd!

“What are you all staring at? Let’s go! Together!” Tom pulled out a knife from his back pocket and called for the others to join in attacking Hedy.

He had noticed that this girl had some skills, but they had numbers, so he wasn’t afraid!

Facing the oncoming crowd, Hedy grabbed the utensil holder from a table and flicked it.

Whoosh!

The forks inside the holder flew like throwing knives, aiming for the faces of Tom’s companions.

In a daze, Sun seemed to see a fork graze his nose!

Then he saw Hedy charging forward.

He saw Hedy swiftly and effortlessly take down Tom’s companions one after another, using moves that belonged in action movies. The entire process took no more than ten seconds!

Soon, Tom was left isolated and helpless!

“Guys!” Tom cried out, looking at his unconscious buddies with terror in his eyes.

He swung the knife towards Hedy, yelling, “You’re dead!”

Hedy raised her leg high and kicked his wrist, causing the knife to spin like a windmill, soaring high into the air before rapidly descending.

Without even looking, she reached out and precisely caught the handle of the knife, then swiftly pulled her arm!

Chaps & Pulling wh the Cooked Fight with the Cert

Snick!

A deep, bone–visible wound appeared on Tom’s arm, blood splattering everywhere!

Through the bloodstains, he could see Hedy’s eyes.

The girl’s eyes remained calm, even now.

As calm as if she were strolling down the street with classmates.

As calm as if she were cutting a piece of steak in a restaurant.

As calm... as if she had long been accustomed to doing such things!

She was someone who excelled at killing more than they did!

A sense of fear shot through Tom's spine, and he covered his wound, crying and screaming as he ran towards the hospital.

"What are you guys doing? My forks, plates, bowls, my tables, chairs, and lamps!" The restaurant owner stormed out of the kitchen, furious.

Sun took out a check and placed it in front of the owner.

"Then it's all good," the owner retreated to the kitchen.

Sun approached Hedy with admiration on his face.

He had originally thought that Hedy could only deal with pampered people like Lisa.

He never expected that she could handle the small-time thugs without even getting hurt.

What was this?

Pulling off the coolest fight with the calmest expression!

Sun wished he could become Hedy's number-one sidekick!

Sun asked sincerely, "Goddess Hedy, can I be your disciple? I also want to learn how to fight!"

He admired the strong the most!

"No." Hedy refused coldly, intending to return to Lowell High School.

"That's okay, I can follow you and learn by watching you fight!" Sun caught up with her.

"By the way, do you have any plans for Saturday? It's my girlfriend's birthday, and I would like to invite you to her birthday party!"

Sun mentioned his girlfriend, puffing out his chest and looking proud.

“Her name is Mia Garcia, and she’s a student in Class 1 of senior year. Although her grades are not as good as Oliver and Gloria, she’s still in the top 30 of the class! I’ve been eating only bread for a month just to buy her a birthday gift, hoping to surprise her... Hey, Goddess Hedy, where are you? Wait for me!”

Goddess Hedy was truly cool and aloof!

Chapter 10 Childe King Asked Me to Pick You Up

Due to the disruption caused by Tom and his gang, Hedy was running a bit late in returning to school.

Now, it was the peak time for students to come back to campus, and she inevitably became the center of attention due to the incident during the assembly.

Groups of students gathered around, pointing and whispering about Hedy. Some looked at her with admiration, while others murmured excitedly.

“Look, that’s Hedy, so cool!”

“She looks amazing with her new hairstyle. The girls at our school have been bombarding the stylists in San Francisco with phone calls!”

“The students from Class 7 even put her on the ‘Campus Beauty Rankings,’ and guess what? She made it to the top fifty in just one morning!”

“That’s understandable. She taught Lisa and her mother a lesson, which was satisfying for everyone. Even I voted for her!”

“But as a student, shouldn’t studying be the most important thing? Her grades were already not great, and now she transferred to Class 7. What future can she have?”

“And she canceled the engagement to the Johnson Family. That’s the dumbest decision she has ever made.”

That comment received nods of agreement from many students.

The class divide was a challenging gap to bridge.

For someone like Hedy, a common farmer’s daughter, it was incredibly difficult to climb up the social ladder within the limited span of her life.

The Johnson Family was her only shortcut, but she gave it up.

It was such a foolish decision.

A boy approached Hedy, rubbing the back of his head shyly. “Hi, Hedy. I admire what you did during the assembly. Can we be friends?”

His words sparked a chain reaction, and suddenly, many students flocked toward Hedy.

“Can I add you as a friend? Here’s my WhatsApp number…”

“Hedy, let’s exchange WhatsApp and hang out sometime!”

“Do you use Twitter or any other social media, Hedy?”

“What’s your phone number?”

Sun widened his eyes and quickly joined in, “Goddess Hedy, I don’t have your contact information yet!”

On the second floor of a restaurant.

Gloria held a cup of fruit tea, her voice gentle. “Hedy is quite popular now.”

“She gained temporary attention with her video recording trick, but it’s nothing compared to you,” Oliver commented, his gaze fixed on Hedy, his eyes narrowed.

Every time he looked at her, he couldn’t help but recall the incident

earlier this morning when she called off their engagement and told him to get lost.

“Are you still upset that Hedy called off the engagement with you?” Gloria lowered her eyelids slightly, her profile exuding a soft and graceful charm.

“I simply don’t understand why she dares to treat me, the Johnson Family, like that!” Oliver sneered. “I am more than happy to see her call off the engagement!”

Gloria pondered for a moment. “Maybe it’s because she liked you so much, but you always gave her the cold shoulder, and her sadness eventually turned to hatred.”

“Hate me if she wants!” Oliver’s handsome face turned cold.

Considering Hedy’s intense three-year infatuation with him, Gloria’s speculation made sense.

Love unrequited bred resentment? How absurd!

Outside the restaurant, more and more students surrounded Hedy, their eyes filled with anticipation.

Hedy lightly said, "I don't enjoy socializing."

With those words, she left, leaving behind a graceful silhouette that captivated everyone.

"God, she's so cool. I love her so much!"

Hedy's fanboys and fangirls whispered in excitement.

The bell rang on time, and just as Hedy thought the afternoon classes

would be self-study like in the morning, a gentle-looking man in his mid-thirties walked into the classroom.

He was Barty Evan, the teacher in charge of and language teacher of Class 7.

Barty dressed modestly, wearing glasses, with a few teaching books in his left hand and a thermos cup in his right hand. The fragrance of wolfberries wafted from the cup, a typical teacher's setup.

"Before we start the class, I want to introduce our new classmate, Hedy. I want you all to be nice to her, got it?"

"Got it!" The students replied lazily.

They were already busy protecting Goddess Hedy.

They weren't like those brats from Class 2.

"Good. Now turn to page 25 of your textbooks." Mr. Evan switched to teaching mode.

The students yawned and snacked, showing little interest.

Nevertheless, Mr. Evan taught diligently, fulfilling his duty.

Hedy quickly skimmed through the textbook, not paying attention to Mr. Evan's teaching.

To her, Mr. Evan's teaching method was too templated and only suitable for true beginners.

When the bell rang for the end of the class, the previously drowsy students came alive again. Mr. Evan stood at the podium, looking at those youthful and innocent faces, filled with concern.

The students were still young, at an age where they needed to acquire

knowledge. He had to convince the other teachers to come back and teach, even though he had already tried several times.

He returned to his office and left a pack of cigarettes on the math teacher's desk.

"Mr. Zorn, it's been a while since you went to Class 7. The kids miss you..."

"It would be crazy if they miss me. Mr. Evan, haven't you realized the truth yet?" Mr. Zorn stopped writing.

"Let's be frank about it. Those kids in Class 7 are nothing more than abandoned children that the prestigious families and corporations couldn't care less about. They were simply sent here to attend school. If their parents wanted to nurture them, would they let them stay in Class

They can't even handle themselves properly. All they do is mess

around, play on their phones, or sleep. Why bother trying to control them? Why not find a way to get the principal to transfer you out?"

Mr. Evan fell silent.

As the evening approached, hues of rosy colors scattered in the sky.

Hedy declined the escort offered by the Class 7 students and walked out of the school alone.

"Ms. Ellis, Childe King sent me to pick you up." A casually dressed man approached Hedy.

“He is worried that rumors about the two of you sharing a bed will circulate and attract unfavorable comments toward you. So he asked me to keep a low key. Please come this way.”

Hedy lifted her gaze slightly and saw an inconspicuous black car.

Although she never cared about public opinions of herself, it was considerate of Preston to arrange it like that.

She also didn't want the news of her sharing a bed with the Childe of the King Family to spread. That man was too famous.

She just wanted to get some good sleep during completing 30 trial missions.

The car drove towards the outskirts and stopped at the entrance of a magnificent villa.

The driver quickly got out of the car and respectfully opened the door for Hedy, who was sitting in the backseat.

Childe King had said that the King Family owed Ms. Ellis a favor, and she must be treated respectfully.

Hedy entered the villa, where the dining room was already prepared with a table full of delicacies, emitting a mouthwatering aroma. A servant stood by with a basin and towel in hand.

“You're back?”

A pleasant and deep male voice sounded, and Hedy saw Preston walking down the stairs slowly with his long strides.

Perhaps due to his noble temperament, even a simple staircase felt like a runway for him.

There was another man in a black suit behind him.

The man was of similar age, with an ordinary appearance and a deep scar on his forehead that extended into his hairline. He exuded a restrained aura.

With just a glance, Hedy knew that he was her counterpart.