

The Killer Queen with Multiple Disguises by Novia Ford

Chapter 1

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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.