

The Killer Queen with Multiple Disguises by Novia Ford

Chapter 13

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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.

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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!

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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

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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

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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.

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“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 a broad, 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:

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“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

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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.

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