

# The Killer Queen with Multiple Disguises by Novia Ford

## Chapter 17

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### Chapter 17 The Stage Collapsed!

The performance concluded with Hedy's final drum beats.

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

"Wise and mighty Goddess Hedy!"

Hedy looked up, puzzled.

The audience below also looked at Sun, equally perplexed.

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

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

Their young faces were filled with adoration and joy.

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

It was just like this moment.

They all spoke in unison with resounding voices:

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

It was originally just a playful remark.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Hedy indeed deserved the title “Goddess Hedy.”

“Goddess Hedy! Goddess Hedy!”

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

“Goddess Hedy! Goddess Hedy!”

Others joined in, intensifying the atmosphere to the extreme.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Gloria clenched the lace embellishments on her dress.

Damn Hedy!

Crack!

The carefully sewn lace tore apart.

Backstage.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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“Thanks.” Hedy replied calmly.

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

Hedy checked the time and planned to go home.

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

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

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

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

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

Clang!

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

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

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

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

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

Outside the stage, Kelly directed the evacuation while the fire hose

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was quickly brought in to extinguish the flames.

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

Preston surveyed the surroundings, his brows furrowing.

Considering the time, Hedy should still be around here.

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

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

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

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

Preston paused and abruptly turned around.

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

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

"You..." The boy's gaze was vacant, his face covered in dirt and dust.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Outside the school.

The night was deep and the stars shone brightly.

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

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

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

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

“Get in.”

He said.

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

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drive her home.

Her relationship with Preston was not particularly close.

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

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

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

He got out of the car first.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Preston's pupils contracted slightly.

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

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



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

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

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

She was a girl too.

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

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

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

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