

The Killer Queen with Multiple Disguises by Novia Ford

Chapter 18

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

Preston's hand paused as he applied the medicine.

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

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

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

The medicine did indeed make her feel much better.

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

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

"Maybe you can try saying something other than 'thank you' to me."

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

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

It made him question his charm.

"Then let's sleep, I'm tired," Hedy responded. Her indifferent eyes sparkled under the lamplight.

Preston was left speechless.

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

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With Preston around, Hedy fell asleep quickly.

However, tonight **was** a bit different

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

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

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

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

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

After the old neighbor passed away, Cooper was born.

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

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

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

No one came to her aid.

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

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

No one came to her rescue.

Preston was abruptly awakened by the cold.

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

What was happening?

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

Her tears soaked his clothes.

He was startled.

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

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

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

Preston’s brow furrowed even deeper.

What kind of dream could make her cry like this?

Who could bear to see her cry like this?

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

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In the dream.

Hedy slowly closed her eyes.

She felt an immediate warmth enveloping her.

She reached out and embraced that warmth.

In reality, Preston's body tensed up.

The next morning.

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

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

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

Hedy's expression was so amusing.

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

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

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

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

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

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With his cheek supported

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

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

Like being

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

With

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

.

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

"Okay, I won't tease you anymore."

Preston stopped smiling and honestly explained what happened last night.

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

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

Hedy fell silent.

Preston noticed her fingers slowly clenching and then relaxing.

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

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

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

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

Are words other than ‘thank you’?

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

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

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

“Ding! Trial mission released.”

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

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

Chess is an ancient game in the world.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"The school beauty rankings!"

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

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

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

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

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

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

The third place belonged to a girl from another class.

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

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

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

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

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

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

"And this!" Sun exited the school beauty rankings and opened the forum page. "Goddess Hedy, you've dominated the forum!"

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