

## **The Killer 21**

Chapter 21 Your Cake Is Gone

Everyone in the chess room was stunned.

That made Hedy go?

And what did Hedy mean by that?

What was “just learn this stuff”?

Was she very awesome?

“I’m going to the Chess Association’s official website to check Hedy’s level.”

Boy A took out his mobile phone, logged on to the official website of Chess Association, entered Hedy’s name, and the search result was 0.

“0” meant that Hedy had not registered her name with the Chess Association.

It also meant that she had never passed the exam!

“What the hell? I thought she was awesome, but she didn’t even pass the grade test. She’s a pure novice!” Student A complained about his mobile phone,

“I knew it. She is just a village girl. How can she know how to play chess?”

Hedy came from a mountain village where teaching resources were very scarce. How could she have the opportunity to get in touch with chess?

“Then why does she look down on what we have learned? We are all

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eighth-level chess players in the Chess Association!” Girl B complained.

The highest level of strength in the Chess Association was Grandmaster, and in descending order, there were Alternate Grandmasters, First-level Chess Players... and Fifteenth-level Chess Players.

It was already good enough for them to become Eighth-level Chess Players at their age.

“Principal Thomas made a mistake. He put Hedy in the team before he even checked her level.” Boy C frowned.

“The host of this competition is Lowell High School. If we lose to others on our territory, how embarrassing it would be?” Girl D sighed.

The accompanying teachers nodded in agreement.

It would be embarrassing to lose their territory.

“Maybe the principal trusts Hedy a lot,” Gloria said softly.

“Oh, you’re so gentle, unlike me. I want to beat Hedy.” Others were impressed.

“Thanks.” Gloria smiled modestly, feeling relieved.

To be honest, when she first heard Hedy say that she would come to participate in the inter-school league, she was quite flustered because Hedy was now full of uncertainty.

She had been worried that Hedy was a hidden master who would steal her thunder and disrupt her plans.

Now it seemed Hedy was nothing.

Why did Hedy insist on participating in the competition if she didn't know chess?

“Gloria, it's your turn.” Oliver pressed the chess clock and said. His handsome appearance stood out among these ordinary students.

The smile on Gloria's face faded slowly.

How could she forget that Hedy liked Oliver very much?

Her purpose, of course, was to get close to Oliver!

Yes, Hedy was playing hard to get!

She would never let Hedy succeed!

On Center Street, Hedy asked the driver to pull over, opened the door, and walked towards a warmly decorated dessert shop.

The proprietress in her thirties warmly received her, “What would you like to buy, miss? We have chocolate mousse, mille-feuille, meringue puffs, tiramisu...”

Hedy handed over her little pocket money in the wallet to the proprietress.

Then she ordered some chocolate mousse in front of the counter and said calmly, “I want this.”

“Okay!” The proprietress was about to put the cake into a box.

“Forget it. I'll change to this.” Hedy pointed to the mille-feuille.

“Okay.” The proprietress put down the chocolate mousse and went to get the mille-feuille.

“Sorry, I still want the chocolate mousse.” Hedy pointed back.

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“Okay.” The proprietress went to fetch the chocolate mousse again.

She lowered her head and found that Hedy's slender fingers that were pointing to the chocolate mousse switched to the most expensive tiramisu.

“Miss, the price of this one is...”

She met Hedy's eyes. Those beautiful eyes widened little by little, full of anticipation and desire.

“This one happens to be on sale! Miss, you’re so lucky. I’ll pack it up for you. Goodbye!”

The proprietress saw off the guest with a standard smile.

Behind the counter, the proprietress’s assistant complained, “Boss, you lost money again!”

“Stop it. She’s such a beautiful girl.” The proprietress continued to smile, but her heart was aching.

In the Salesforce Building opposite the dessert shop, Preston was standing in front of the floor-to-ceiling windows with his hands in his pockets. He was tall and straight, and his handsome face looked even more exquisite in the setting sun.

“It turns out that there is something she likes.” A faint smile flashed across his deep eyes.

He had just finished a cross-border video conference when he found Hedy shopping in the dessert shop downstairs.

Dessert?

It was an unexpected hobby.

“Ms. Ellis seems to want to eat them all,” Aiden said thoughtfully.

She had hesitated for a long time in front of the counter.

The smile in Preston’s eyes deepened.

The more he knew about Hedy, the more he felt that Hedy was like a beautifully packaged gift box, dazzling and unique.

He couldn’t help but wonder what was inside the gift box.

He wanted to open the box to take a look.

When Preston returned to the villa, he found Hedy sitting in the dining room in a daze.

The tiramisu box on the table was deformed, and the cake inside was torn apart and shattered everywhere.

The young maid bowed at the side and apologized, “Ms. Ellis, I’m sorry. I’m so sorry!”

“What’s going on?” Preston frowned.

“Childe King, it’s all my fault. I accidentally bumped into Ms. Ellis at the corner and broke the cake...” the maid replied guiltily.

Ms. Ellis seemed to like the tiramisu very much.

“It’s my fault, not yours.” Hedy came to her sense.

She had been so preoccupied with figuring out where to start eating the cake that she didn’t pay attention when she turned the corner.

She felt sorry about the tiramisu.

“I...I’ll go to the city and buy another one for you!” The maid felt more and more guilty.

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It was rare for Ms. Ellis to like something. How could she be so careless?!

“When you arrive, the shop will probably be closed.” Preston took off his suit jacket and handed it to Aiden. He looked refined and abstinent. in his white shirt.

He rolled up his sleeves, went to the kitchen to put on a dark apron, cracked the eggs skillfully, and took out the yolks for later use.

His series of behaviors made Hedy a little surprised.

Then, her surprise turned into admiration.

This extremely handsome man was like a magician. In just half an hour, he combined several random things into a perfectly shaped cake and it smelt so good.

“Tiramisu needs to be refrigerated overnight to get the best taste. But there is not enough time. Why don’t try this?”

Preston took off his apron and brought the cake in front of Hedy gracefully.

Hedy picked up the fork, cut a piece, and put it in her mouth. The sweetness on the tip of her tongue made her eyes light up, and she praised sincerely, “It’s so tasty.”

There was a little more admiration that she didn’t even notice herself when she looked at him.

Preston smiled slightly.

He liked the way Hedy looked at him like that.

“Does the King Family cultivate offspring to make dessert?” Hedy was curious and said to herself.

And it was so delicious.

“No.” Preston’s voice was deep and pleasant, “My mother also likes dessert. To make her happy, I learned how to make dessert with a pastry chef for two months.”

He had a high level of comprehension and he learned things quickly, so he learned how to do it within two months.

Hedy nodded as she ate the cake.

She looked so cute, making people want to hold her in their arms.

Thinking of how helplessly she had cried last night, Preston blinked and said slightly, “I haven’t made dessert for anyone else except my mother and you. Do you know what that means?”

If the outside world knew that he made dessert for a girl, they would be shocked.

Hedy cut a piece of cake, thought for a moment, and replied, "Does it mean that I look like your mother?"

It was eerily quiet all around.

Preston took a deep breath, took the cake in front of Hedy, and smiled, "Your cake is gone."

Hedy, who had been happily eating the cake, was stunned.