

The Killer 23

Chapter 23 The Beautiful Maid Could Fight

At the dessert shop, Hedy was pushed by Grace to the door of the shop.

With this push, customers came in a steady stream, both men and women, old and young.

The shop was packed immediately.

Grace prepared a dessert plate in the operation room, handed it to Hedy, and taught her, "Master, here is the sparkling juice and strawberry cake you ordered. Please enjoy. Have you learned it?"

Hedy nodded, indicating that she understood. She put the drinks and cakes on the table, and said with sharp eyes, "Drink."

Grace was stunned.

The customers were stunned too.

She hadn't learned how to treat customers properly.

Despite the maid's impolite attitude, business was briskly going on.

In front of the dessert shop, a girl in a blue plaid miniskirt fanned herself with her hand, and said to the boy in a gray casual suit beside her coquettishly, "Vincent, I'm so tired. How about we drink something before going to the Chess Association?"

"OK." Vincent nodded in agreement and said politely.

"Then let's go to this dessert shop!" Ellen took Vincent's arm and walked inside affectionately with a triumphant smile on her face.

spar class girls' circle there had always been such

a saying.

Oliver whose family was in business and Vincent whose family was in politics were the best choices in two different circles.

If a girl wanted to be the wife of the future president, she should focus on Oliver.

If a girl wanted to be the wife of a politician in the future, she should date Vincent.

Ellen wanted to be a politician's wife, so she had been clinging to Vincent for a long time.

Brown Family and Williams Family were friends for generations. Vincent liked chess, so she learned how to play chess.

The two would represent San Francisco LWHS in the interschool chess league this time.

"There are so many people in this shop. Is it an online celebrity shop? Excuse me!" Ellen pulled Vincent into it.

If she looked back, she would see Vincent frowning. He didn't like her doing it.

It was just that his upbringing made it difficult for him to refuse his female companion in public.

This kind of forbearance was regarded as connivance by Ellen. She squeezed even harder and accidentally bumped the arm of the customer next to her.

“Ah!” The customer yelled. He let go of his hand, and the juice glass fell.

When Vincent found the glass juice glass about to shatter, a slender hand accurately caught the glass and put it back into the customer’s hand, causing the customer to glare.

The girl was wearing a cute maid outfit and looked better than all the women Vincent had seen before.

She had a pair of beautiful and clear eyes, rosy lips, a straight nose, and a cold and alienated temperament, which was incompatible with yet unexpectedly blended in with the maid outfit she was wearing.

She also noticed him. After a glance, she carried the plate and moved lightly and nimbly among the customers.

“What are you looking at, Vincent?” Ellen turned her head and found Vincent looking at a girl dressed as a maid.

She suddenly became angry, narrowed her eyes, and cursed the little slut in her heart.

But she pretended to be innocent, “Oh, a maid! I’ve heard people say that these girls are all unruly dropouts, and they’re unwilling to work hard. They can only wear uniforms to make themselves look sexy, and then seduce rich people and become their mistresses.”

“Really?” Vincent was noncommittal.

Intuition told him that the maid just now was not this kind of person.

Her eyes were very proud.

A proud person would disdain to do such things.

“It’s my turn, boss. I want a glass of...” After Ellen finished ordering, she found an available table with Vincent and put her wallet on the chair next to her.

Five minutes later, Hedy brought over what they had ordered and put it on the table.

“Hey, Vincent, do you think our LWHS can win the interschool chess. tournament?”

Ellen emphasized the word “chess”, watching Hedy’s reaction while talking.

Did she know what chess was?

It was not Go or Backgammon. It was chess played by foreigners, and the poor people didn't have access to it.

Did she know the gap?

Hedy didn't respond.

Other people in the dessert shop gave Ellen an extra look.

A child said in an admiring tone, "Wow, that girl can play chess. I can't even understand it!"

Hearing this, Ellen raised her chin, complacent.

"Before we changed our mentor, we had little chance of winning. After changing to a new mentor, we will be the champions." Vincent analyzed it carefully, and it was different from Ellen's showing off.

"Thanks to your father who is the mayor. Otherwise, the president of the Chess Association and the chess master would not have agreed to come to LWHS to teach us in person out of respect.

Ellen emphasized the word "mayor" again.

This time, more people in the shop paid attention to them.

"Oh my god, I met the mayor's son Vincent Brown here!"

"He's indeed the mayor's son. He looks so young and handsome. He will be as awesome as his father in the future!"

"Who's the girl next to him?"

"It's Ellen Williams, the only daughter of the deputy mayor. The father and daughter went to visit the nursing home. I read that report!"

"I'm so lucky today. I met the children of the two most powerful men in San Francisco!"

Ellen enjoyed being the center of attention.

Vincent was just the opposite.

He hated people always mentioning his father as if all his achievements were brought about by the influence of his mayor father and had nothing to do with his hard work and diligence.

He looked around the dessert shop and found that only the maid didn't pay much attention to him because of Ellen's words.

She was still moving among the customers with a calm face.

"Speaking of..." Ellen began to chatter, completely oblivious to a thief quietly touching her wallet next to her!

The thief stole the wallet and ran away!

"My wallet! There is a thief! Catch the thief!" Ellen stood up and shouted.

"Hedy, call the police." Grace wiped her hands on her apron.

Customers lost things in their shop. It would be bad if they were blamed.

Hedy narrowed her eyes slightly. With a flick of her arm, the silver plate holding the dessert flew out, hitting the thief's back directly!

"Aww!" The thief felt a pain in his stomach and turned to look at Hedy.

Seeing Hedy walking over, he kicked his legs and tried to run. But before he could rush out, Hedy grabbed his back collar and pulled him back.

The thief sat down on the ground.

Seeing this, the thief's friends who had been playing cover outside the door gathered together and attacked Hedy fiercely, punching and kicking.

Hedy dodged, turned around, and kicked at them!

A few minutes later, they all lay on the ground, screaming endlessly.

Hedy rubbed her wrist, looking down at them indifferently.

There were already many people around, and the customers in the dessert shop all opened their mouths wide in shock.

What did they see?

A beautiful maid had taken down the gang of thieves within five minutes.

Was this the set of a movie?

Were they extras on the ground?

Grace calmed herself down, came to Hedy, and patted her on the shoulder, "Awesome!"

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Enthusiastic citizens took the thieves to the nearest police station, and Ellen's flamboyant wallet was returned to her.

She opened the wallet to check if anything was missing and found that one card was missing. She walked up to Hedy and asked angrily, "Hey, what did you do? Can't you see that group of people stole my bank card? Are you blind?"

"You..." Grace rolled her eyes.

The deputy mayor's only daughter was so unreasonable.

Hedy had helped her subdue the thieves and taken back the wallet, but she didn't say thank you and scolded Hedy instead.

"If you say it again, I don't mind sending you to the police station." Hedy cast a cold glance at Ellen, turned, and went back to work in the dessert shop.

Someone whistled, "What a girl!"