

The Killer Queen with Multiple Disguises by Novia Ford

Chapter 3

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Chapter 3 The King Family Must Return the Favor

The classroom fell silent.

The students stood there dumbfounded.

Not only because the timid Hedy had just hit someone or Hedy had emerged victorious.

But because-

They hadn't even seen Hedy's movements!

Hedy's speed was like special effects from a movie!

Too unreal!

The boy who had been beaten bent his body and stood up, one hand covering his face and the other clutching his stomach, his eyes filled with shock and indignation.

"Hedy, how dare you hit me! Have you forgotten who my mom is?!"

His name

was Jack Smith, and his mother, Lisa Jones, was one of the trustees at Lowell High School!

How dare Hedy mess with him? She was risking her future at Lowell High School!

"Only the incompetent emphasize the support they have when they are at a disadvantage. Keep bluffing!" Hedy said calmly

"Just wait!"

Jack threatened as he stormed out of the classroom to report to his

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mother.

The rest of the students exchanged bewildered glances, expecting Hedy to regret or show fear.

But there was no trace of fear on Hedy's face.

She calmly flipped open her textbook, as if there was no one else around.

The morning light cast a slanting glow on her, enveloping her in a dazzling warmth. But the impression she gave off was cold, so cold that people dared not approach her. She seemed detached from the world, both lonely and arrogantly aloof.

"I must be hallucinating. How could a bumpkin become an aloof goddess!"

The less resilient children kept patting their heads with the palms of their hands, trying to snap themselves out of it.

Meanwhile, Geary Village's First Hospital.

In the special ward.

Amos lay in bed with an IV drip, his complexion much rosier.

Sitting by his bedside was a handsome man with a regal bearing and a tall stature.

He was elegantly peeling an apple, his fingers long and pale, with clearly defined knuckles. It was as if an artist was sculpting a masterpiece, and it was quite pleasing to the eye.

The atmosphere in the room was heavy.

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Amos whispered, "I am fine. Preston, don't be angry."

Preston King didn't respond, continuing to peel the apple.

Amos quickly exchanged a glance with his bodyguard, Michael.

Wiping off a bead of sweat, Michael gathered his courage and said,

"Childe King, the commander just wanted to go fishing alone in the mountains. He didn't expect to run into a foreign assassin on our territory."

"Yes," another person chimed in. "We haven't figured out who sent that assassin."

Strangely, there's no trace or clue, considering the extensive surveillance network in the USA.

"The Queen." Preston stopped peeling the apple.

"You mean the person who attacked the commander is related to this 'Queen'?" Michael nodded with a solemn expression.

"It's indeed possible for her to pull off such a thing."

Killer Queen.

It's worth emphasizing that "Queen" is not her code name, but rather the honorary title given to her by the assassin community.

She had single-handedly taken down the biggest drug lord in the Golden Triangle, traversed the depths of the Amazon rainforest, and dismantled some extremist organizations. She was truly a legend.

So, if it was Queen, everything that had happened made sense.

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"But Queen is dead."

Michael picked up the iPad next to him, entered a website address, and a video popped up.

He aimed the screen at everyone and pressed play.

The video was dark, intentionally shot in low light to obscure the location, with only a faint beam of flashlight illuminating the scene.

The light revealed a young boy lying on the ground, his profile displaying an innocent and fair complexion, but he was barely clinging to life.

"Lucifer, come back. Don't you want to be reunited with your little brother?"

The voice echoed, and unexpectedly, the young boy gasped his final breath and became completely still.

He couldn't withstand the pain, given his fragile and sickly condition since childhood.

"Damn it!" The person behind the camera cursed in anger. "Save him! Save him now! Weren't you supposed to be more gentle? Damn it!"

Amidst the curses, doctors rushed in and made every effort to resuscitate him, but they shook their heads helplessly.

He had died.

And that was where the video ended.

"This boy is Queen's younger brother."

Michael explained:

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"A month ago, Queen escaped with her brother from the organization. However, her brother turned back halfway to buy time for his sister.

The organization's leader was furious and recorded the video to force Queen to come back. But unexpectedly, her brother died."

Michael's tone carried a hint of sorrow.

The boy in the video didn't reveal his sister's whereabouts, not even uttering a cry of pain.

Was he worried that his sister would return for revenge if she heard him in agony?

But his sister still returned.

“Seven days after the video was uploaded, Queen returned to the organization and perished in the fire along with those people.”

Michael shook his head. “So, it’s unlikely that Queen planned this incident.”

Preston diverted his gaze from the iPad.

He couldn’t believe that the mighty Queen had met such a tragic end.

“Sir! We’ve got Hedy’s information,” a soldier saluted at the door.

“Bring it here,” Amos was curious about the content of the information.

On the first page of the document, there was a student photo of a young girl, with the following details written below:

Hedy, 18 years old, resident of Geary Village, father Buddy, mother Malina, currently a senior-year student at Lowell High School, an ordinary student.

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“Is that all?” Amos flipped through the file back and forth, feeling that there was much more missing from it.

“Yes...” the soldier scratched his head, finding it hard to believe that the delicate and obedient girl in the photo had rescued his leader from the hands of an Italian assassin.

“Preston, what do you think?” Amos handed the document to Preston.

Preston looked at the girl in the photo for a moment, then his gaze settled on the words “Lowell High School.”

“I’m going to visit Lowell High School.”

The King Family must return the favor.

Lowell High School.

The tightly closed gate of Class 2 suddenly swung open as a plump and angry-looking woman barged in.

“Where’s Hedy?”

It was Jack’s mother, Lisa, one of the trustees of Lowell High School.

With a nasal strip in his nostrils to stop the bleeding, Jack followed behind Lisa, his face filled with anger as he searched for Hedy.

It took him less than three seconds to find Hedy because she was still sitting in her original seat, seemingly unfazed.

“Mom, she’s right there!” Jack pointed and shouted.

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