

## **The Killer 37**

### **Chapter 37 Admire the Beauty of Goddess Hedy!**

The information feed rolled in the top right corner.

“Cold-blooded Childe” used the M4A1 and scored a headshot kill on IAM.jacky.

“Cold-blooded Childe” used the M4A1 and scored a headshot kill on IAM.summer.

1 vs. 4, she wiped them all out and won!

“Fuck!”

Ace jumped up from his chair in excitement, his face flushed and his voice booming.

“How about that, guys? It’s all about aim, man! One bullet, one kill! If your aim’s shit, a hundred bullets won’t save you! Hedy is fucking awesome!”

Not only Ace was thrilled, but the viewers were also exhilarated!

The screen was filled with their ecstatic messages:

“Hedy is the ultimate gaming partner!”

“Cold-blooded Childe! A gaming legend!”

“Hey, y’all! I’m Cold-blooded Childe’s adoring wifey. Thanks for loving my hubby.”

“Wake up, ladies, this is my man we’re talking about!”

Hedy’s amazing gaming skills had the ladies swooning.

“Hedy, how did you get so good at shooting? Your accuracy is off the charts!” Ace sat back down to chat with Hedy.

“I just got hands,” Hedy replied nonchalantly.

In the game, if your aim sucks and you die, you can just start a new round.

But in reality, if your aim sucks, well, you’re just dead. There is no second chance.

After going through numerous gunfights, Hedy knew better than to let her guard down.

“Alright, where can I get these magical ‘hands’?” Ace jokingly asked.

“Dude, Game God Jacky just tweeted! Check it out!” someone in the chat shouted.

“No way!” Ace opened Twitter in front of everyone and searched for Game God Jacky.

Sure enough, there was a fresh tweet:

IAM.jacky: Cold-blooded Childe, she’s indeed fierce and cold-blooded.

This tweet gained a good number of retweets and comments.

Even those who hadn't watched the live stream were compelled to search for the replay and witness Hedy's first-person perspective quadra kill, championship victory, and the double kill on the pro gamers.

"Nailed it," Ace clapped his hands.

"The title of BiTu Gaming's Best Female Gaming Partner belongs to none other than our Cold-blooded Childe!"

Game God Jacky heard about Hedy's achievement too.

While his initial intention might have been to express his astonishment and awe, that tweet ended up becoming a powerful endorsement for Hedy!

With him leading the way, various esports marketing accounts and public accounts would jump on the bandwagon.

Hedy's popularity was bound to skyrocket!

At this point, even if BiTu Gaming had already decided on Sunny as their chosen candidate, Hedy would still win.

Would they dare to manipulate the backend data to make Sunny the winner?

If they did, they'd just be inviting a backlash!

"Congratulations to Cold-blooded Childe for winning the title of 'Best Female Gaming Partner!'"

"Congratulations to my hubby for winning the title of 'Best Female Gaming Partner!'"

The bullet comments flooded the screen, celebrating in advance.

Ace was laughing when suddenly his expression froze.

"Wait a sec, isn't this my livestream? Why is everyone talking about Hedy?"

He remembered what his cousin Sun had said.

"Goddess Hedy is amazing, be careful that your viewers aren't lured away by her!"

"What? This isn't Hedy's livestream?"

"I thought this was Cold-blooded Childe's channel."

"Got it. Unfollowing the streamer!"

The comments played along.

"Wait!" Ace made a gesture to keep them from leaving, causing the audience to burst into laughter.

Amidst the lively atmosphere, Hedy quietly exited the chat channel and ended the video call.

She picked up her phone and opened BiTu Gaming.

She now had 20,000 picks and the number was still rapidly increasing.

With three days left, it was highly likely that she would secure the first place.

After freshening up, she climbed into bed and snuggled up next to Preston, feeling mentally exhausted.

Competitive games like “Call of Duty” could be draining.

They required intense concentration, considerable attention to every sound effect through the headphones and to every detail on the screen, and swift decisions and actions accordingly.

She was aware that many eyes were watching live stream, so she couldn’t afford to make mistakes and had to be fully concentrated.

The consequence of doing so was feeling tired and drained.

As a result, she felt tired and worn out.

In the darkness.

The handsome man slowly opened his eyes, gazing at the woman curled up beside him, his eyes gleaming faintly.

Gaming partner...

The next day.

Hedy woke up on time.

She unlocked her phone and the first message she saw was from Sun:

“Goddess Hedy, someone is badmouthing you!”

The message was followed by a link. She clicked on it, and it redirected her to the discussion board of “Bi Tu Gaming.”

This was the place where gaming partners and their clients chatted.

There was a highly trending topic on the board:

“I’m Hedy, also known as Cold-blooded Childe’s classmate. Let me show you what she looks like.”

The user claimed to be Hedy’s high school classmate, describing Hedy as the ugliest girl in the entire school.

They also said that Hedy would skip class every day to play games at internet cafes, failed exams, got expelled from school, and had no choice but to become a gaming partner on BiTu Gaming.

Attached to the post were a few pictures of a girl with crooked teeth, a round face, freckles all over, and thinning hair.

After reading about this topic, the clients and gaming partners were utterly shocked.

Some said they felt like throwing up.

Some regretted picking Hedy.

Others suggested picking Sunny instead since she had shown her face and was a real beauty.

Hedy frowned.

Indeed, the number of people picking her had significantly decreased.

Sun sent her a new message:

“Goddess Hedy, I discussed it with everyone from Class 7, and we’ve prepared the materials that can prove your identity.

If you agree, we’ll expose them on the discussion board!”

Did they act so quickly?

Hedy’s pupils contracted.

She remembered the bunch of lazy bums from her class, but today, before she even woke up, they had already prepared the evidence to clear her name...

“Okay,” she replied.

In a room.

Sunny lay on a plush bed, cradling her phone and humming a tune, while the sound of notifications kept chiming.

Those were the sound effects of being picked.

“Hedy, you’re standing in my way. Don’t blame me for being ruthless.”

Sunny said with a smug expression.

She was the one who claimed to be Hedy’s classmate and tarnished Hedy’s reputation on the BiTu Gaming discussion board.

“I know throwing mud at you is an easy dirty trick. All you need to do is expose your photos to prove yourself. But would you dare? Hahaha!”

Sunny laughed.

She had watched last night’s livestream.

More accurately, she was the one who deliberately misled the viewers in the livestream room, claiming that Hedy was a man.

Although Hedy quickly provided video proof that she was indeed a woman, the camera only showed her hands on the keyboard and

mouse.

Why didn’t Hedy show her face?

Didn't she know how much advantage a beautiful face could bring to a woman?

There was only one answer: Hedy was an ugly bitch!

She didn't dare show her face!

She was afraid that revealing her face would shatter the illusion others had of her and affect her pick value!

So, Sunny was doing Hedy a favor.

If Hedy wanted to retain her popularity, she had to prove that she wasn't that ugly.

But whether ugly or less ugly, they were all still ugly.

This was a dilemma with no easy way out!

At this moment, Sunny had no idea that Hedy focused the camera on the keyboard and mouse because the camera was too small!

She browsed through the discussion board topics, relishing in the regrets of those who had picked Hedy.

Then, a new topic caught her attention, squeezing its way into her field of view:

"We are Hedy/Cold-blooded Childe's classmates. Click to admire her beauty!"