

# The Killer Queen with Multiple Disguises by Novia Ford

## Chapter 8

The Killer Queen with Multiple Disguises by Novia Ford Chapter 8

### Chapter 8 **The Wise and Mighty Goddess Hedy**

This person was Preston.

He had just come out of the principal's office.

"Is there something you need?" he politely inquired, every gesture and movement exuding the demeanor of a noble gentleman.

Hedy had saved his grandfather, and based on that alone, he would treat her patiently and distinguish her from other women.

The principal's office is at the end of the grove.

"Before I answer this question, I want to know, do you wear any perfume?"

A sense of urgency flashed in Hedy's eyes.

In her past life, she had tried using perfume to aid in sleep, but no fragrance could improve her insomnia, not even aromatherapy.

She had no idea what scent Preston carried on him.

"No."

Preston glanced down at the girl's hand tightly gripping his arm, his eyes flickering slightly.

The warmth emanating from the girl's palm seeped steadily into his veins.

Even the coldest person had warm blood flowing within.

“In that case, I have a favor to ask.”

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Chapter 8 The Wise and Mighty Goddess **Hedy**

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Hedy tightened her grip on him, raising her petite face. “I want to sleep with you, every night.”

Preston was left speechless by her words.

A look of astonishment flashed across his handsome face.

Were all kids nowadays so forward?

“You have a unique scent about you that can only be noticed up close. This fragrance can alleviate my insomnia, and I want to sleep with you around.”

Hedy explained her intention.

God knows how much she longed for a peaceful slumber.

She even felt a bit regretful that she didn’t get closer to him when she accepted his business card earlier, which would have allowed her to discover it sooner.

The man fell silent, seemingly processing this strange situation.

After a moment, he nodded slightly, his voice elegant, “If your parents don’t mind, I can do that for you.”

She was her grandfather’s savior, and he was single, with no fiancée, so there were no other considerations to take into account.

Simply keeping her company during sleep wouldn’t be an issue.

“Thank you,” Hedy released Preston’s wrist, returning to her previous cold and aloof demeanor.

“You’re welcome.” Preston glanced at his watch.

“School ends at 5:30 p.m., and at that time, I will arrange for the driver

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Chapter The Wee and ighty Goddess Hedy

to pick you up at the school gate. If there are no other issues, I’ll head back to the office.”

The King Family had a branch in San Francisco.

“Okay.”

Hedy nodded and continued walking towards the old school building.

After about five minutes, Hedy arrived at her destination.

It differed from her memory of the school building.

In the original host’s recollection, the exterior of the old building had weathered walls, unattractive in color, but the facilities were intact.

However, the current building resembled a haunted house from a horror movie. Large patches of the wall were peeling off, revealing red bricks in some places. Weeds grew around the building, with one particular plant towering even higher than Hedy.

Frowning

slightly, Hedy followed the signposts and arrived at the entrance of Class 7 of the senior year.

The classroom door was tightly shut, covered in all sorts of graffiti.

She pushed open the door.

Everyone inside was half–

kneeling, their left hands behind their backs, and their right hands extended toward her as if waiting for divine blessings. They murmured words in unison:

“Wise and mighty Goddess Hedy, please ascend to the throne, wield your scepter, and dispel the mist and darkness!”

Slam.

Chapter 8 The Wise and Mighty Goddess Hardy

Hedy expressionlessly closed the door.

A few seconds passed.

She opened the door again.

“Wise and mighty Goddess Hedy, please ascend to the throne, wield your scepter, and dispel the mist and darkness!”

Same actions, same lines, same crowd – it felt like copy and paste.

Hedy remained silent.

“Goddess Hedy, don’t close the door, there is nothing wrong with the way you open it!”

The leading boy, afraid that Hedy would close the door again, quickly stood up and walked up to her.

He had a handsome face, silver–

white short hair, an earring, and a skull ring on his hand, giving off a trendy and rebellious vibe.

“I’m Sun Miller, you can call me Sun.”

“We have a rule in Class 7: whoever has the highest combat power is the boss.”

“Before you came, I was the boss of Class 7, but during the assembly, I was in the front row and saw the video you recorded of the fight.”

“I’m sure I can’t beat you, so I decided to step down and make way for you. From now on, you are the boss of Class 7, with the title ‘Goddess Hedy!’”

As he finished his words, the surrounding students exclaimed with excitement.

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Hedy didn’t want to pay attention to these overly dramatic students, so she found a quiet corner, sat down, and began reading her book.

“Goddess Hedy seems so aloof... but it’s because she is cold and cool that we want to call her Goddess Hedy!”

“Goddess Hedy is so beautiful, we have to nominate her for the school beauty rankings, right?”

“We all need to vote. She is the representative of Class 7!”

The students were full of enthusiasm, but Sun smirked and said, “I won’t vote for Goddess Hedy. You guys go ahead.”

“You’re voting for your girlfriend, aren’t you?” Everyone rolled their eyes.

The bell rang, signaling the start of classes.

However, none of the four teachers scheduled for the morning classes showed up. The lessons turned into self-study periods.

If this had happened in any other class, the students would have reported it to the relevant authorities, angrily questioning whether they were wasting their tuition fees.

But in Class 7, the students just enjoyed it.

Eating, sleeping, and playing games during self-study class—wasn't it blissful?

The students didn't feel like studying, and the teachers didn't feel like teaching. Both parties silently agreed not to report the situation.

As a result, Class 7's academic performance continued to decline.

Hedy didn't care about these things.

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Chapter & The Wise and Mighty Goddess Hedy

She only wanted to win the monthly exams.

It was lunchtime.

Seeing Hedy still engrossed in her book, looking genuinely focused, they didn't disturb her.

By the time Hedy looked up again, the classroom was empty, and all that remained was the sound of the gentle breeze rustling the leaves.

She closed her textbook and set out to have lunch outside the school.

As an elite high school, the prices in Lowell High School's cafeteria were not affordable for her wallet.

She found an inexpensive restaurant with no one around, ordered a cheap and satisfying curry rice, and sat in an inconspicuous corner.

Halfway through the meal, the restaurant welcomed its second customer, and it was none other than Sun, the former leader of Class 7.

This surprised Hedy slightly.

Except for her, everyone at Lowell High School came from prestigious backgrounds, and Sun was among the top-tier students. The Miller Family, to which Sun belonged, was one of the longstanding wealthy families in San Francisco.

Why would someone from such a prestigious family be in a place with this level of expenditure?

Bang!

The restaurant door was forcefully pushed open, and a group of hooligans entered.

Probably because of Sun's striking silver hair, they immediately

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Chapter 8 The Wise and Mighty Goddess Mody

noticed him.

The leader of the group directly sat across from Sun.

“Well, well, isn’t this the young master of the Miller Family? What brings you to this humble eatery instead of having steak and seafood today? Experiencing the life of the common folks?”

“Spit it out if you have something to say,” Sun replied impatiently, his face filled with annoyance.

The young hooligan responded, “I’m short on cash. Can you give me some money?”

“I think you’re lacking a father’s love. You wanna call me Dad?” Sun was not one to be trifled with and immediately fired back.

The way they came straight for money

asking their dad for pocket money.

- Manage as no different from a child

“Who the fuck do you think you’re talking to?” The hooligans surrounded Sun.

“Looking for a fight, huh?”