

Unmasking Mrs. Newton's Secret Identities

Chapter 16

On the other side, Taylor's phone rang, and he felt something was wrong. This notification tone would only ring when something happened to Helen.

He quickly opened the phone software, and the message clearly showed that she had been kidnapped.

"My poor Helly!" Looking at her position on the map, Taylor pretended to be sad, sighing.

"It seems that Helly has many enemies in school. I can only find a rescuer for her."

He was about to send her location to Chandler. But after thinking about their previous grudge, he worried that Chandler would expose her identity. So, he sent a message to Jenson through an anonymous account.

"Helly, you must be safe!"

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Jenson was asking all his friends to find Helen when he suddenly received an anonymous message. He was stunned.

"Chandler, someone sent me a location saying that Helen is there. Should we go there?" : owner of this content.

Chandler took the phone, feeling doubtful. But he decided to give it a try. "Let's go there. What if it's true?"

Even if it were fake, he would still go take a look!

Chandler got out of the car and ran to the map location. Jenson hurriedly chased after him.

Following the location, they arrived at a secluded corner of the school. It was an abandoned dormitory building that had been in disrepair for many years.

No one would discover it if someone hid people here.

Chandler walked into the dormitory building, opening the doors of each room, anxiously looking for Helen.

Jenson followed him while panting, feeling a little ashamed. Although he usually liked to quarrel with her, he wouldn't forgive himself if something happened to her.

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Helen could taste the blood in her mouth, feeling fishy every time she spoke, "Ms. Smith, how dare you kidnap me!"

She shouted on purpose to delay, "I really can't think of any reason. Why do you hate me so much?"

Yvette sneered. "Do you really not know the reason? You snatched away my first place! You're also so close to Jenson!"

"Only you will treasure this first place. I don't even want it!"

Yvette was pissed off, feeling humiliated. She wanted to slap Helen again.

Just then, there was a loud bang. The door suddenly opened, and Yvette turned around in fright.

The man on her side rushed forward to stop them. "Who are you?"

Jenson rushed forward to knock the man to the ground. Chandler pushed Yvette away and walked straight to Helen.

She was blindfolded, and her hands were tied. She was huddled in the corner like a wounded deer. He couldn't help but want to protect her.

Jenson was in disbelief. "Yvette, what have you done!"

"Jenson, I..."

He didn't want to hear her explanation, so he interrupted her, "No need to explain! I don't want to hear it!"

Chandler looked at Helen in his arms, and his voice turned a little colder.

"I don't want to know what happened between you two. But since you hurt Helen, I won't let you get away with it!"

After Jenson punched the man several times to vent his anger, he left with Chandler.

Frightened by the scene, Yvette took out her phone in a panic to make a call.

"What should I do? Chandler rescued Helen!"

"Rescued?"

The woman on the other end of the phone was a little shocked, but she calmed down soon. "Just do as I say. We're in the same boat now. I'll help you."

Chapter 17

Chandler looked at Helen. Her lips were pale, sweat broke out on her forehead, and she moaned in pain weakly. Her eyes were closed as if she was unconscious, but she was clutching his clothes tightly.

Helen had heard the faint sound of the door opening earlier, so she deliberately angered Yvette. It turned out that she was right.

She took a deep breath, feeling that her face still hurt a little.

Chandler gently put her in the back seat, asking softly, "Do you want to go to the hospital?"

She was a little stunned. "No."

He frowned but said nothing, driving her back to Newton Residence.

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Returning to the room, Helen took out her phone and saw dozens of messages from Taylor.

"Helly, how are you? Were you saved?"

She replied, "Yes, but I was hurt."

He made a crying emoji and wrote, "Helly, you're so miserable! Do you need my help?"

"I can handle it myself. You don't need to follow up."

"Okay, call me if you need anything," Taylor replied flatteringly.

After Helen finally finished messaging him, she made a phone call.

The other party was angry after hearing what had happened to her. "Yvette Smith, right? I'll take care of the aftermath!"

"Thank you then," Helen coquettishly said.

"By the way, Helly, I'll be at Aguilisco to meet an old friend. I'll see you then!" the person on the other end of the phone said dotingly.

"Okay, I'll take you around to have fun then!"

Just then, someone knocked on the door. Helen put away her phone, opened the door in confusion, and saw Chandler's cold face.

"Doctor, here is the patient. Please check on her."

"Ms. Spencer, could you please let us in?"

"Sure," Helen said. Seeing the family doctor bring medical equipment, she couldn't refuse, so she let the doctor come in.

The doctor gave her some simple treatment, finding that she had no serious injuries, and then prescribed her some medicine.

"Nothing serious has been found so far. You'll be fine after taking some medicine. If something happens later, you can do a comprehensive examination."

Helen couldn't wait to send the doctor away. "Okay, thank you."

After the doctor left, Chandler and Helen looked at each other. He suddenly asked, "Who were you talking to on the phone just now?"

She said casually, "It was just a harassing phone call."

He had expected to get nothing for her, so he said, "Give me your phone number. I can contact you in the future if needed."

"Okay," Helen agreed quickly, wanting to drive Chandler out of the room.

She quickly entered her phone number into his phone and gave it back to him. "Good night, Chandler."

Looking at her smiling face, he reminded her, "Remember to take the medicine."

After leaving her room, he went to the study when his assistant called, "Mr. Chandler, there's no one at Smith Residence. It's strange. Did they run away?"

Within a few hours, the Smith family was nowhere to be found. Obviously, someone got the quick news and took action first.

Chandler remembered that Helen was on the phone just now. Her tone was so happy that it didn't seem like a harassing call. There must be something weird about her when she was being so secretive.

The assistant continued, "Do we need to investigate their whereabouts?"

He replied in a deep voice, "Stop investigating the Smiths first. Go investigate Helen..."

Chapter 18

The very next morning, just as Helen woke up, she heard the voice of Jenson. "The Smith family disappeared overnight. It's even on the news!"

Helen chimed in, "They must have felt guilty and ran away."

Jenson was a naive boy. He didn't think much about it and said, "Yeah. What can't my brother handle once he takes action?"

Chandler didn't respond to Jenson. He had asked his assistant to investigate Helen yesterday, but they had found nothing.

Thinking about this, he asked tentatively, "Helen, it seems like you knew about this in advance?"

Helen responded casually, "I just found out too. If I had known earlier, I wouldn't have had a sleepless night."

With that, she pretended to rub her head.

Chandler noticed she was avoiding the topic, and it seemed suspicious. But he didn't have evidence, so he had to drop the matter.

Back at school, everyone was shocked when they found out that Yvette had been expelled. After this incident, no one dared to trouble Helen anymore.

Helen felt like she was back in her old days as the leader. It was like a duck to water.

As time passed, she started to consider living at school just to avoid the Newton family. But Esmond firmly rejected this idea. "Tyrone and Adrian will be back soon. You should get to know them better."

Helen wasn't enthusiastic about this arranged marriage. She was about to go without dressing up. But Esmond stopped her.

"Helen, I bought you many new clothes. You should dress up a bit before you go. I've also called a makeup artist for you."

She immediately refused, "Mr. Newton Senior, I'll handle it myself. No need to trouble others."

Helen couldn't risk someone touching her face and exposing her disguise. She removed her disguise and then applied a lighter foundation. Thus, she looked brighter than usual.

Her naturally good skin was usually hidden under tanned makeup. With a lighter shade, her beauty became more apparent. She looked more pleasing to the eye now.

Once Helen had dressed up, a driver took her to the old mansion.

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Chandler and Jenson were really surprised to see how Helen appeared after dressing up. Her face was still dark, but a few shades lighter had made her features stand out more.

Esmond was pleased to see Helen looking so much prettier.

Helen didn't like being forced into this kind of meeting. She picked a corner seat, hoping to just get through it.

However, Esmond made her sit next to Tyrone. "You two, sit closer and get to know each other."

Tyrone looked at Helen. She was dark and ugly, unlike the actresses he had worked with before. He forced a smile and politely said, "Hello."

Helen didn't even look at him. She just said, "Hello!"

Tyrone felt annoyed. He was a big star. His fans would be thrilled to talk to him. But Helen, who came from the countryside, didn't even give him a proper look.

He tried to find a topic she might like. "Have you seen any dramas I've acted in?"

Helen gave him a mocking smile and rolled her eyes. "Nope."

Tyrone was not convinced. "Do you have a favorite actor? I could introduce you."

Helen rolled her eyes so hard they almost went back in her head. Her aunt was an international movie star. Which celebrity had she not met before?

"I'm not interested," Helen said coldly.

Jenson noticed that Tyrone seemed interested in Helen. He felt annoyed.

"Bro, have you become immune after seeing too many pretty actresses? Now you're into ugly ones? Your taste is really weird!": owner of this content.

Chapter 19

Although snubbed by Helen, Tyrone did not give up. He continued to talk to her, "I have a fan meeting later. Why don't you come and see?"

He was usually very aloof, not saying much. Just a word or two from him would send fans into a frenzy.

But this woman was putting on airs, acting all high and mighty. He wanted to prove to her that he was a movie star with millions of fans. His influence would be more than enough to make her back off.

Helen didn't have much else to do recently. So, she agreed to go.

Esmond recalled the kidnapping incident before. Fearing for their safety, he asked Chandler to accompany them. "Take good care of Helen. Make sure nothing like last time happens again."

"Yes, Grandpa."

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"Tyrone! Tyrone! Tyrone!"

Amid loud cheers, a figure stepped into view. Cameras flashed non-stop as Tyrone walked in. He was wearing a sharp suit and basking in the sunlight.

At that moment, he was shining like the brightest star.

"Hello everyone, I'm Tyrone Newton." After wrapping up his opening remarks, he flashed a charming smile at his fans.

He coughed twice and leaned close to the mic. "This is my first fan meeting in Aguilisco. So, let's have a little treat for you all!"

The fans went wild. Their screams echoed in Helen's ears.

"You've all seen my latest drama, right? Today, I plan to reenact a climax scene right here. I'll pick a few of you to act with me." Tyrone signaled his manager to walk over.

After receiving the instruction, the manager took out a poster. "This poster has a QR code. Scan it to enter a draw. The system will choose a few lucky fans to come up on stage."

Hearing this, fans quickly took out their phones. They couldn't wait to scan the QR code.

"Is everyone done scanning?" The manager pointed at the QR code on the poster.

After getting a response from the fans, he asked the assistant to move to the corner and then started to announce the names.

Actually, the so-called "lucky fans" were all prearranged. Still, they acted surprised when their names were called.

The manager handed out scripts and props to each fan who went up on stage. The fans below started buzzing again, "Who's the leading lady?"

Seeing the fans react as expected, Tyrone said slowly, "To avoid making fans jealous, we'll pick the leading lady from the staff."

Then, he pointed at Helen and raised his eyebrow playfully.

As expected, she knew Tyrone wasn't up to anything good when he invited her to the fan meet. Helen looked at Tyrone, who had a smug look on his face, and silently cursed him eight hundred

times in her heart.

Seeing Helen's strange makeup, the manager was worried. After all, she wasn't a prearranged actress, especially for the lead role.

The manager whispered in her ear, "Ms. Spencer, you don't have any dialogue. You just follow along with Tyrone's performance."

Forced to play along, Helen felt displeased but still cooperated with Tyrone for his performance.

In the final scene, Tyrone's eyes welled up with tears as he smiled. Then, he turned around and closed his eyes slowly. He was ready to face death.

This was the most thrilling part of his new drama. Deeply immersed, the fans in the audience cried their hearts out.

Then, holding a dagger, a bystander slowly approached Tyrone with a sinister smile.

The dagger glinted in the sunlight. Sensing something was wrong, Helen immediately rushed to push Tyrone away.

She reacted quickly to dodge, but the dagger still cut her delicate skin. The blood gushed out. This content belongs to Nô/velDra/ma.Org .

Chapter 20

Tyrone remained stunned for a moment before quickly ordering security to subdue the fake reporter. Looking at the bleeding wound, Tyrone furrowed his brows. "Are you okay?"

Helen gave a wry smile. "You should take care of your fans first."

Tyrone nodded and signaled his manager.

"Sorry, today's fan meeting is canceled. We'll meet next time."

The fans yelled and protested, but the manager had security surrounding them.

Tyrone then supported Helen and took her to the makeup room.

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The stack of files was tossed onto the makeup room's table with a loud "thump", scattering papers everywhere.

The manager was trembling. "We've figured it out. It was done by one of your anti-fans."

Tyrone was furious. "How could you let this happen? How did someone manage to bring a knife to the fan meeting?"

"I'm sorry. It was a prop for the acting performance. So, we didn't check properly." The manager felt guilty about it.

Chandler sat on the side, looking at the injured Helen. His heart felt heavy as if it were entangled by an invisible thread that drew him closer to her. The thread tightened inch by inch.

"Enough, I'm taking her to the hospital. You handle your matters properly," Chandler said coldly, his voice tinged with anger.

With that, he bent down and lifted Helen into his arms, carrying her out of the makeup room.

The manager waited for Chandler to leave before speaking about the following matter. He handed his phone to Tyrone and asked, "How should we deal with this?"

After canceling the fan meeting, Helen was criticized online by the crazed fans. Soon, she became the most talked-about topic on social media, flooded with negative comments about her.

"That woman was totally in cahoots with the attacker. She couldn't snag the star's attention. So, she played this sympathy card."

"Such a clever scheme!"

The manager considered for a moment and said, "How about I find a good PR team to issue a statement?"

"No need."

Tyrone quickly typed out a Twitter post. "Helen Spencer saved me. Please stop spreading rumors and let her live in peace!"

The manager took the phone and looked puzzled. "You've never posted about anyone on Twitter. Why are you being so impulsive? You might lose fans. This is a crucial time for your career."

Tyrone's voice grew stern. "Don't think you can tell me what to do just because you're my manager. If you weren't my brother's recommendation, I would have replaced you long ago."

It had been a long time since someone had been so kind to him. Helen had rushed over to push him away and got hurt, yet she smiled at him. He couldn't bear to see such a girl being attacked and insulted like this.

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After taking Helen to the hospital, the doctor did a full check-up. "Fortunately, it's just a minor injury, no damage to your tendons or bones. Some medicine should fix it right up." This content belongs to Nô/velDra/ma.Org .

As soon as she stepped out of the orthopedics department, she saw Chandler sitting on a bench at the entrance. He stared at her with a slight frown. "I've never seen anyone as foolish as you."

"What do you mean?" Helen was confused. Was he angry? Why would he be mad when she was the one hurt?

"Do you think you aren't injured enough? You had to throw yourself into danger!"

After saying that, Chandler paused for a moment. He realized he was unexpectedly worried about her.

Even though he was worried about her, it sounded like he was blaming her. Helen felt wronged and didn't know what to say.

Just then, a nurse came over with the prescription, breaking the deadlock. "Are you her boyfriend? This is anti-inflammatory medicine. Could you help her apply it?"

Chandler frowned but didn't say anything.

The nurse couldn't read his expression. She put her hands on her hips and scolded him, "I heard you two arguing just now. Your girlfriend is injured.

"Is this the time to argue? If you don't treat the wound now, it might get infected."

Chandler remained silent. He took the medicine from the nurse's hand with a cold face.

Seeing the nurse scold him, Helen felt like she had scored a point. She said to the nurse with a smile, "Thank you, you're so kind."