

Unmasking Mrs. Newton's Secret Identities

#Chapter 21 - Read Unmasking Mrs. Newton's Secret Identities Chapter 21

Chapter 21

Chandler had no intention to talk much. His deep voice broke the silence. "Sit still. I'll apply the medicine."

Helen stubbornly refused, "I don't want you to do it."

Chandler paused, and his expression became hard to read.

Seeing Chandler staring at her, Helen didn't back down but stared back at him. Unexpectedly, he suddenly leaned in closer.

"What are you doing?" Helen's heart raced, her eyes wide with shock.

Chandler had been looking at Helen, seemingly lost in thought. He unconsciously moved closer.

When he realized it, he immediately stepped back and spoke with his usual cold tone, "You're not thinking straight. If we wait any longer, the wound could get infected."

His words made sense and were firm. Helen obediently stretched out her hand.

Chandler used scissors to cut open the fabric near the wound. Her bare skin was fair, much brighter than her face. He chuckled and said nothing as he continued applying the medicine.

He recalled the different side of Helen he had seen in the bedroom, leaving him deep in thought. There must be something fishy going on.

Helen turned her head away, clenching her jaw to prevent making a sound.

Chandler noticed Helen furrowed her brows. So, he applied the medicine more gently. "Alright, all done. Rest well, and try not to go out much for a while."

Hearing this, Helen was puzzled.

"You messed up Tyrone's fan meeting. His fans won't let you off easily."

"What kind of logic is that? I saved their idol, and now they want to target me?" Helen couldn't understand the crazy logic of those fans.

"You're staying in the hospital for now." Chandler didn't want to explain further. "If you need anything, just let me or Jenson know."

Thinking about the incident that happened earlier, Helen felt uneasy. Staying in the hospital didn't seem too bad. She could stay away from the Newton family.

"Well, alright then."

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So, Helen stayed in the VIP ward arranged by Chandler. She woke up to the smell of disinfectant every day. She never thought she could hate hospitals this much.

One day, while she was daydreaming, the door to her room suddenly opened. A woman in good shape walked in.

Helen was trying to figure out who the woman was. Then, the woman took off her disguise. Helen saw a familiar face.

"Aunt Molly, what are you doing here?"

It was none other than the international superstar, Molly Spencer!

Molly's thick golden curls casually draped over her shoulders. Her thick eyelashes, alluring eyes, and plump lips exuded charm all the time.

She blinked those mesmerizing eyes and said softly, "Helly?"

Helen forgot she was in disguise. So, it made sense that Molly didn't recognize her right away. She took quite some time to explain everything to Molly.

"I get it now." Molly nodded.

"Oh, by the way, Aunt Molly, how did you know I was injured?" Helen was shocked. Did the news reach abroad?

"Your grandpa told me you were hurt. He asked me to come back to check on you so he could be at ease."

"Grandpa? I haven't seen him in a long time. How's he doing?" Helen murmured to herself.

"Don't worry. Your grandpa is in good health."

Molly poked Helen with her hand and continued, "But you, why don't you take better care of yourself? You got seriously hurt before trying to protect someone else. Don't rush into danger next time."

Helen hugged Molly and said in a honeyed tone. "Got it, Aunt Molly."

Just as Helen was about to chat more with Molly, someone suddenly knocked on the door.

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The person who came in first was Jenson. He came striding in and grumbling, "Can't we take turns visiting? Why all come at once?"

After a few steps, he suddenly froze. "Holy... Isn't that Molly Spencer, the famous international actress?"

Hearing this, the Newton family members following him were also stunned.

Tyrone recognized the true identity of the woman next to Helen. He was so shocked that he almost dropped the gift he was carrying.

Everyone seemed quite startled except for Chandler, who looked stern. He was beginning to suspect Helen's identity.

Helen was also startled. She didn't know how to break the awkward silence.

Molly patted Helen gently and stood up. She brushed her hair aside and introduced herself.

"Hello, I am Helen's aunt."

"Aunt?" Tyrone couldn't believe his eyes. No wonder Helen paid no attention to him earlier. It turned out her aunt was an international superstar.

He felt quite foolish for saying he could introduce any celebrity to her. Recalling this, he felt so embarrassed.

Chandler looked at Helen, who was avoiding eye contact with him. He took a moment to collect his thoughts.

Then, he walked up slowly and extended his hand politely. "Hello! Are you also here to visit Helen?"

"I just returned to the country and came to see her." Molly reached out and shook his hand.

She observed the man in front of her. His gaze remained steady and calm as he looked at her.

Molly considered him a composed and decent man who seemed to be quite a good match for Helly.

Molly spoke like an elder, "Are you here to see Helly? Well, Helly is the apple of my dad's eye. The whole family's been worried sick about her injury."

"Sorry to have worried you. It won't happen again." Chandler felt guilty about Helen's injury because he hadn't been careful enough.

"That's very kind of you. Please take care of Helly." Molly smiled when she heard Chandler's promise.

She then walked back to Helen's side and teased her, "Helly, I must say, the scion of the Newton family is quite the looker. You two make a perfect couple."

Chandler's face turned colder upon hearing this.

"Aunt Molly, this..." Helen blushed and stammered awkwardly.

The small hospital room was already crowded, and now the atmosphere turned even more awkward.

"Now that Helen's aunt is here, we should be good hosts." Zac, who had been silent, suddenly spoke in a gentle tone. He looked up and met Helen's gaze directly.

That look was completely different from Chandler's. There was a twinkle in his eyes.

Zac's gaze shifted to Chandler. His tone was still calm and gentle, "Chandler, what do you think?"

Chandler responded briefly, "Fine, you handle it."

Helen looked at Zac. On the surface, he and Chandler were brothers. But they resembled more like superior and subordinate, perhaps due to their company roles.

Zac suddenly spoke, his voice carrying the warmth of a smile, "Would Ms. Spencer care to join us for dinner?"

Dinner!

Helen felt a surge of excitement. After days of bland meals and a lackluster appetite, she was more than ready for a delicious feast.

"Of course!" Helen agreed without hesitation.

Molly looked at Helen and felt a bit worried. "But can Helly get out of bed so soon after being injured?"

"I once read in a divination book that mingling with people helps speed up recovery," Zac said nonchalantly.

Mingling with people helped speed up recovery? Only Molly, who spent most of her time abroad, might believe such nonsense.

But Helen still gratefully winked at Zac as if to say, "Thank you!"

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The atmosphere at the dinner table quickly warmed up. However, Helen couldn't shake the feeling that this meal felt less like a welcome back and more like an audition for her aunt's future nephew- in-law.

"Chandler, Helly's hand hasn't fully healed yet. Could you help her with the dishes that are farther away?"

And so, while Helen was still nibbling on a sausage, a piece of pork belly suddenly appeared on her plate.

Chandler said dryly from the side, "You're welcome!"

"What nonsense are you talking about? I hate fat the most. How could you pick such a big piece?" Helen screamed silently in her mind.

Helen rested her chin on her hand, casually scanning the room. Everyone seemed to enjoy the lively conversation except for her and Chandler.

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"Are you not feeling well?"

Helen was stunned. She didn't expect that Chandler would suddenly be concerned about her.

Before she could respond, Molly chimed in, "Helly's wound hasn't fully healed yet. Why don't you take her back to the hospital first?"

The implication was clear. Molly was trying to set her up with Chandler.

Helen was speechless. Why did everyone think she liked Chandler?

"Okay." Chandler had no reason to refuse.

"Sorry to trouble you," Helen said with a wry smile. She looked at Chandler, whose expression remained unchanged.

Helen felt very embarrassed. What Molly did just now made it seem like she couldn't find a husband.

As Chandler drank some wine at dinner, he called for a designated driver.

Later, Helen and Chandler sat together in the back seat. Helen unconsciously shifted to the side before moving a little further again.

Chandler frowned at her. "Do I scare you that much?"

Helen laughed awkwardly, "I'm just worried you might crease my dress."

Chandler tilted his head to look at her and smiled slightly. "Is that so?"

Did he just smile? Helen thought she saw it wrong. But his smile seemed a bit intimidating.

Helen choked as she saw his smile. She tried hard to focus on something else instead of Chandler's presence next to her.

She soon fell asleep.

In a drowsy state, Helen saw a familiar signboard flash by and completely forgot Chandler was beside her. "Stop here, I want to eat spaghetti."

By the time Helen remembered there was someone beside her, it was too late.

Chandler stayed silent for a moment, then instructed the driver, "Go back to that shop we just passed."

So, the driver made a U-turn and stopped in front of an old signboard.

"Sorry, this won't take long." Helen swiftly got out of the car and headed straight to the shop.

"I'll have these add-ons," Helen ordered one of everything without hesitation. Then, she noticed someone was standing behind her.

"You got out too?"

Chandler responded, "I'm hungry too. Is that okay?"

"Sure, sure." Helen wiped her sweat and scanned the QR code with her phone. "I'll have one more of everything I just ordered, please."

The boss quickly prepared two portions and handed them to Helen.

"This one's for you." Helen gave one to Chandler.

Chandler frowned. Actually, he wasn't hungry.

Helen explained patiently, "Just a token of thanks for your family hosting my aunt for dinner. If you think this is too cheap, I can treat you to a fancy meal next time."

Chandler glanced at the spaghetti. He took it and said indifferently, "No need."

Helen lowered her head and feasted on the spaghetti. Indeed, delicious foods were often hidden in inconspicuous street corners.

Chandler looked at her. His ice-cold demeanor softened a little, and his tone became more gentle as he said, "Pack it up, please."

Helen thought that he was wasting the food. She said, "Don't you know food tastes best when it's hot?"

"I didn't," Chandler said.

Dumbfounded, Helen continued to eat her spaghetti.

After dropping Helen back at the hospital, Chandler looked at the spaghetti. He wondered if it could taste that good.

He glanced at the bag before opening it and was surprised that the spaghetti was still warm. He was doubtful about it. He took a small bite and chewed slowly.

"Actually, it's quite tasty."

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Chandler had not noticed he felt more relaxed, showing his mood had uplifted.

He ate the spaghetti bit by bit. Soon, the plate was empty, which left him wanting more.

His lips slightly curved upwards. He had forgotten his initial reluctance.

Helen's unique taste in food had taken him by surprise.

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The next day, Helen woke to the smell of disinfectant.

She was surprised to see Chandler sitting on a chair by her bed. With his legs crossed, his posture was relaxed yet posed a sense of elegance.

Her gaze lingered on him for a few seconds before she asked in surprise, "What are you doing here?"

Chandler looked up, and their eyes met.

"You're awake. Good. Get ready, we should head back."

Helen's face lit up with joy at his words. She forgot to ask why Chandler was there.

"So I can go back to school? That's wonderful!" she said cheerfully.

She had been bored during her extended stay in the hospital.

Seeing her delight, Chandler stood up tactfully and glanced at the takeout box on the table.

"Pack up and eat your breakfast. I'll handle your discharge paperwork."

Helen noticed the takeout box, which looked familiar.

Wasn't that the spaghetti from last night?

"You..." Before she could finish, Chandler had already left the room.

Helen looked at the box again and touched its warm surface. Her brow furrowed in confusion.

Then it dawned on her.

Esmond must have been the reason why Chandler acted this way.

After packing, Helen ate her favorite spaghetti.

When Chandler returned after completing the paperwork, they left the hospital together.

Helen sat in the back seat of the car. The car started slowly and moved away.

Soon, her phone rang. It was her aunt, Molly Spencer.

She answered the phone happily, "Good morning, Aunt Molly!"

"Your voice tells me you're in a good mood today," Molly teased.

"What are you talking about, Aunt Molly? When am I ever not in a good mood? I'm always cheerful," Helen replied.

"Yes, my dear Helen! There's something I forgot to tell you yesterday about the Newton boys. Chandler seems like a reliable guy. You should take the chance and maybe make him your husband."

Helen glanced at Chandler, feeling a bit guilty. She blushed as she lowered her voice. Only

"Aunt Molly, what are you saying? There's nothing like that between us."

Molly laughed heartily.

"Well, not now doesn't mean not ever. I quite like that young man. He's worthy of you."

Helen was at a loss for words.

"Aunt Molly!"

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Aunt Molly replied, "Alright, I know you're young and might feel shy about these matters. I understand. But this concerns your future, so you must take it seriously.

"To me, Chandler seems like a good match. But it also depends on whether he's the right one for you and if he can win your heart.

"As for everything else, I can only advise you. I can't make decisions for you. No matter what, as long as it's your choice, I'll support you."

Helen knew Molly meant well. "I understand, Aunt Molly. Don't worry!"

"That's good to hear. I have some things to take care of these next few days, so I won't be able to visit. Call me if you need anything."

After hanging up, Helen put her phone back in her pocket.

Chandler glanced at her meaningfully through the rearview mirror.

Any fondness he had for her had vanished.

Molly's voice was loud. Though he hadn't heard everything, one tends to be extra sensitive to their name.

He knew the conversation had been about him.

Yet, looking at Helen's expression, it seemed she was reluctant to talk about him.

Chandler looked away and tightened his grip on the steering wheel. He stepped on the accelerator and sped away.

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After dropping Helen off at school, Chandler left without a word.

Before entering the school, Helen watched Chandler drive away. She did not ponder over his behavior much, thinking it was just the way Chandler was. Belonging to .

Due to the fan meeting incident, Helen became quite notorious.

Every fan of Tyrone at the school despised her.

If Tyrone hadn't posted on social media requesting people not to trouble Helen, she would have had a hard time at school.

Though the fans couldn't do anything openly, they had caused trouble for her in secret.

For instance, the "Ugly Girl List" that had appeared on the school forum had Helen's name at the top.

But Helen remained unaware of this. She sat at her desk, minding her own business.

Occasionally, there would be some commotion outside the classroom and curious glances thrown her way.

"Hey, ugly, how can you sit there so calmly? Or have you lost all confidence in your looks and become immune to us?" Jenson teased with a careless demeanor.

Without changing her expression, Helen replied, "Our appearance is a gift from our parents. I prefer an interesting soul over a pretty shell."

Hearing this, Jenson laughed openly.

Helen must be joking, he thought. With her plain Jane looks, how dare she claim to have an interesting soul?

Helen ignored him and took out a Math Olympiad workbook to start solving problems.

Since she had topped the last Math Olympiad exam, the math teacher had recommended her for a regional-level competition.

She had initially refused but eventually agreed under the persistent persuasion of her teacher.

Seeing his words having no effect on Helen, Jenson felt annoyed.

Watching Helen seriously solve math problems, he couldn't help but taunt her again.

"What, giving up on the beauty persona and trying for the nerd one? Last time was just luck that got you first place. Don't get too full of yourself!"

Helen frowned slightly and coldly retorted, "Why are you so noisy!"

Her response angered Jenson, especially seeing Helen's face, which he found extremely unattractive.

Without any reservations, he snatched the workbook from her hands.

"Stop pretending! Ugly, is it fun for you to act like a nerd? I heard you're going to the regional Math Olympiad competition.

"With your level, you should just give up. There's always someone better out there. Don't embarrass yourself."