

Unmasking Mrs. Newton's Secret Identities

Chapter 26

Helen found Jenson's childishness somewhat endearing. Why should it matter to him whether she joined the Math Olympiad? It was as if her loss would be his.

"Give me back my book!" Helen was getting angry.

But Jenson, the simpleton, didn't care.

"I won't give them back! Just won't!"

Helen laughed, and her anger started to fade.

So he wanted to play?

She'd play along.

"So you're sure I'm going to embarrass myself? What if I'm the champion?"

Helen's words made Jenson laugh uncontrollably.

He knew the caliber of students who participated in the Math Olympiad. They were born to excel in academics, never pausing in their studies, which is how they reached such heights.

And here was Helen, a country girl who got lucky to win a minor school-level competition. She was thinking too highly of herself.

The difference between her and those born for academics was vast.

"Helen, don't even talk about getting first prize. Even if you win any prize, I'll let you say my name backward."

Jenson was confident that winning an award in the Math Olympiad wasn't for the likes of Helen.

"Oh, is that so? Let's make a bet then," Helen proposed.

Jenson hesitated. He was starting to have some doubts. What if Helen's luck was so good she won a participation prize?

"Let's be clear. A participation prize doesn't count. It has to be first, second, or third," Jenson added.

Helen's smirk pierced through Jenson's doubts.

"Sure! But are you certain you want to take on this bet? Or is it just all talk on your end?"

Jenson couldn't stand being challenged.

"Let's bet. What's the wager?"

Seeing her provocation work, Helen raised the stakes.

"If I win first place, you have to get out of my sight whenever you see me. But you have to call me 'boss' if we are not alone."

Upon seeing how confident Helen was, Jenson no longer had any hesitation.

"Deal. But let me be clear. If you lose, you leave the Newton family and return to whatever village you came from."

"Deal."

They reached an agreement, unaware of the implications.

Jenson was convinced Helen would lose. Once she was gone, he was relieved that he wouldn't have to deal with her ugliness.

The thought brought a smile to his face. He returned the workbook to Helen without further ado.

Of course, he couldn't resist sharing the news in their WhatsApp group.

Jenson: "Guys, great news! The ugly freak Helen is finally leaving! Celebration time!"

Tyrone: "Are you serious?"

Jenson: "Trust me, it won't be long. Don't forget to buy me a drink when the time comes."

Tyrone: "So you're making a sacrifice to get rid of her?"

Jenson: "Stop it. I'm not that desperate. I'm using the power of justice to make her back off."

Chapter 27

Tyrone: "Let's hear it then, what's this about the power of justice?"

Jenson was quite smug as he shared the details of his bet with Helen in the group chat.

"My brothers, just wait for me to wave the victory flag. Then, we'll celebrate big time."

Chandler felt his phone buzzing non-stop. He put down the documents he was holding and unlocked his phone.

He saw Jenson's message as soon as he opened the group chat. Curious, he scrolled through the chat history.

His finger paused on the screen when he saw the mention of a bet.

A bet?

It seemed like an outcome clear to any discerning eye.

Yet, Chandler unexpectedly found himself hoping that Helen wouldn't lose.

This bet suddenly became interesting.

When school ended in the afternoon, Tyrone picked up Helen. As Tyrone was an idol, he remained heavily disguised.

On the way back, Tyrone couldn't help but ask, "You really took up Jenson's bet, huh?"

Helen wasn't surprised Tyrone knew about the bet. She hummed in acknowledgment as a subtle response to his question.

As Tyrone saw Helen's calm demeanor, he felt compelled to remind her, "I'm not trying to scare you, but everyone in that Math Olympiad is insanely talented. Even Chandler barely managed to win first place with his skills."

Chandler was like a god to them.

Winning first place was expected for someone like him.

Helen, on the other hand, was in a completely different league.

From Tyrone's perspective, Helen's bet with Jenson was a guaranteed loss.

But Helen caught the key point in his words.

"Are you saying Chandler also competed in the Math Olympiad?"

Tyrone noticed Helen's interest in Chandler and subconsciously warned her, "Don't get any ideas about my brother. He's not into your type."

Helen was bewildered. Did she ever say that she liked Chandler? It was just an innocent question.

"My brother is incredible. He was the city's top scorer when he competed in the Math Olympiad. No one has broken his perfect score record to this day, " Tyrone spoke with pride, his voice full of admiration for Chandler.

"Oh," Helen responded. She hadn't realized Chandler was a former academic achiever.

But what did that have to do with her?

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Since her bet with Jenson, Helen has diligently solved math problems daily.

It seemed like a mere show to outsiders. No one truly believed Helen could win an award in the regional Math Olympiad competition.

"What have you been busy with lately?"

Helen was going through math problems when she received a message from Taylor.

She replied with a brief, "Solving math problems."

Taylor sent a series of sad emojis.

"Even someone as outstanding as you is working hard. What excuse do I have to laze around? I'm going to hit the books too!

"But there's something I forgot to tell you. Someone online is looking for a race. They're offering a handsome reward. Are you in?"

Helen didn't hesitate to decline.

"Send them a refusal. Participating in that street race was an exception."

With Helen's firm response, Taylor quickly replied, "Got it, I'll take care of it."Belonging to .

Chapter 28

Helen found comfort in Taylor's understanding. She put away her phone and dove back into the sea of problems.

She gradually discovered the joy of tackling difficult questions.

Meanwhile, Chandler's mood hit rock bottom after being rejected.

His assistant reported cautiously, "Mr. Newton, the invitation was declined."

Chandler stopped what he was doing. His brow furrowed deeply as he recalled the scene at the racetrack.

The woman's graceful figure and confident demeanor lingered in his mind.

He had been searching for her ever since. But it was as if she had vanished without a trace.

She remained indifferent despite his willingness to pay a fortune for a rematch. But her indifference only intensified Chandler's interest in her.

"Increase the offer to fifty million. We must find her."

"Yes, Mr. Newton." The assistant wiped his forehead and quietly left.

That left Chandler alone in the spacious office. He looked out the window in thought.

After a moment, he opened a drawer and took out a CD. Then, he inserted it into the computer.

The screen displayed a racing video from an international race in Furine three years ago. A racer from Choloot named Sutton had won and made international headlines.

Since then, Chandler had been intrigued by Sutton, especially her 360-degree drift technique.

But after the international race, Sutton seemed to disappear.

Despite his efforts, Chandler found no trace of her until last week. content.

The woman's appearance rekindled memories of Sutton.

Could it be her?

A deep look crossed Chandler's eyes as he watched the screen.

Sutton executed a perfect 360-degree drift and stopped the car smoothly. The door opened, and she stepped out with a slight smile which captivated Chandler.

Just one glance felt like an eternity.

Chandler vowed to find her, no matter what it took.

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Taylor was shocked when the offer was raised to fifty million.

"Are you sure? Fifty million?" Taylor asked for confirmation.

Upon getting a positive response, Taylor was stunned.

But as he remembered Helen's words, he declined again.

"Sorry, but no. She's been too busy recently."

"It's okay, Mr. Xander. If it's about the price, we can negotiate again. We're willing to pay any amount to make this happen."

Taylor found it hard to stay calm after seeing such a response. The idea of spending such an amount for a friendly race was astounding.

Taylor tapped his fingers on the table and pondered. He decided not to shut the door entirely and to discuss it with Helen later.

After all, the offer was too tempting to ignore outright.

Chapter 29

"Alright then! We'll discuss it further and get back to you later."

The assistant was relieved to hear Taylor say this.

"Good, we'll wait for your good news."

After hanging up, Taylor was already thinking about how to bring this up with Helen.

But with Helen busy preparing for the Math Olympiad, it seemed best to wait until after the competition.

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Helen was surprised by the persistence of the other party.

But right now, her focus was solely on the Math Olympiad.

She was diving deep into math problem-solving daily, even during Encerian class, which annoyed the Encerian teacher.

"Helen, translate this sentence." The Encerian teacher suddenly called on Helen.

All eyes in the class turned to her.

The Encerian class representative, Anne York, couldn't help but interject, "Ms. Soares, she's from the countryside. She might not have learned Encerian before. Maybe you should speak to her in Cholonese."

The class erupted into laughter at this.

Sally Soares, the Encerian teacher, looked at Helen with annoyance.

"If your Encerian foundation is weak, focus instead of distracting others. With the monthly exams nearing, we can't afford to fall behind as a class."

Helen frowned slightly but quickly glanced at the content on the blackboard.

She stood up and said, "This sentence means, 'If the world becomes dark, innocence becomes a sin.'"

Helen's calm and clear voice reached everyone's ears.

Sally was left dumbfounded. She had taken this sentence from an advanced text well beyond their current level. She intended to use it to dampen the students' overconfidence.

But Helen, seemingly unremarkable, translated it correctly.

"Is my translation correct?" Helen asked calmly.

Ms. Soares coughed to hide her embarrassment. "Absolutely correct, Helen. Please take your seat."

Ms. Soares' attitude had changed entirely, while the class was in disbelief.

Did the country girl know Encerian?

Jenson was also surprised. "Helen, you're getting better at making guesses. You even got this right."

Helen rolled her eyes at him. It was only luck if she guessed right once or twice. Belonging to .

But if she always did, was it still luck?

Jenson didn't consider this possibility. He just thought Helen was good at guessing.

He began to worry about their bet. But then he thought, how could anyone always be that lucky?

No one could be that lucky, especially not in the Math Olympiad. Not someone from the countryside like Helen.

He must have overestimated her.

Helen didn't expect translating a sentence would upset several classmates, especially Anne.

Before this, only Anne could answer Ms. Soares' advanced translation questions correctly.

Encerian class was her domain.

But today, Helen had stolen her spotlight.

Losing to someone else might have been acceptable for her. But losing to Helen, the country girl, was a bitter pill to swallow.

Chapter 30

Anne's eyes darkened as she came up with a plan in mind.

During the reading session the following day, Anne handed a lengthy Encerian article to Helen.

"You'll demonstrate reading this to the class."

Without glancing up, Helen promptly declined, "Sorry, I'm not interested."

Anne had been confident Helen would decline. This made her even more determined to have Helen read Encerian.

In their country, those without a proper environment had struggled with speaking despite taking the written exams.

Helen's spoken Encerian must be poor, Anne thought. Helen was afraid to read aloud and be laughed at.

But Anne wanted precisely that, to see Helen embarrassed.

"You must read today, or I'll dock your conduct points," Anne threatened.

Conduct points mattered to most students. But Helen seemed unfazed, not bothering to engage with Anne.

"Do as you please. Dock the points if you want." Belonging to .

Furious, Anne exerted her "authority" to the fullest.

"Helen, what's the meaning of this? Everyone follows my instructions. Are you the exception?"

With that, Anne put Helen in a tough spot. The rest of the class gradually paused their activities, curious about the commotion.

Helen was puzzled why Anne insisted on her reading Encerian. But seeing Anne's persistence, Helen realized it was just petty jealousy.

Helen disliked such petty rivalries among girls and had no interest in engaging with Anne.

"If everyone else is at your beck and call, find someone else. Why bother me?"

Anne scoffed. "You're new here and have not properly read before. I need to assess your level."

Though flimsy, the excuse held.

Anne added, "Just read today, and I won't ask you again."

Helen hummed in agreement.

"To avoid further trouble, I won't resist this time," Helen conceded, taking the Encerian textbook.

Helen began to read earnestly to Anne's anticipation.

But once Helen spoke, the class fell silent. Everyone listened to the pure Encerian accent flowing through the room. It was a treat for the ears.

Anne's face paled. She dug her fingers into her flesh silently.

Helen's level was like that of a native speaker. It far surpassed hers, not at all the country bumpkin Anne presumed.

"No, this can't be!"