

# UNMASKING MRS. NEWTON'S SECRET IDENTITIES

## Unmasking Mrs. Newton's Secret Identities

### #Chapter 3 - Read Unmasking Mrs. Newton's Secret Identities Chapter 3

#### Chapter 3

Helen had a vague suspicion. This man should be Chandler, the eldest scion of the Newtons. Before she could speak, he continued, "This is my room."

She paused. With the faint moonlight streaming through the window, she finally realized she wasn't in her room.

No wonder she felt different when sleeping. She had gone to the wrong room!

Helen got up from the bed awkwardly. "Sorry, I went to the wrong room. I didn't mean to."

"Go out," he responded lightly, and she left in embarrassment.

The next day, Helen walked downstairs sleepily when she heard Jenson say mockingly, "Chandler, that girl is ugly! I heard the maid say she entered your room last night. Did she scare you to death?"

Upon hearing that, she frowned. Sure enough, the man last night was Chandler.

He didn't speak but thought, "Is she ugly?"

Even though he didn't turn on the lights and couldn't see Helen clearly, he vaguely remembered that she was in pajamas with her hair untied, and her skin was fair and flawless.

As they talked, he saw her coming down the stairs.

Although she had changed her clothes, she had a tanned face with a few moles. She was indeed extremely ugly.

Chandler pursed his lips, thinking that he might have seen it wrong last night.

Helen also glanced at him, who was dressed in a black suit and had exquisite facial features, looking perfect and impeccable. He also exuded a powerful aura that was intimidating.

Soon, he said in a magnetic voice, "I'm going to the company."

After saying that, Chandler left without looking at Helen again.

Jenson glanced at her and said sarcastically, "No wonder you didn't react much to the four of us yesterday. It turned out that you were interested in Chandler! Helen Spencer, I didn't expect you to be so scheming!"

Helen's mouth twitched. She only went to the wrong room. Why did he think of her as that kind of person?

However, she didn't explain much and just sat in the dining room for breakfast.

Seeing that he was ignored, Jenson came over angrily. "Chandler won't like you! He has someone he likes. Stop daydreaming!"

"Hmm."

"How about you like me? I can let you stay a few more days if you make me happy!"

Helen glanced at Jenson with a look of disgust. "You? You're just a kid!"

He was the youngest of the Newtons. He was only 18, and she was already 19.

Hearing that, he immediately became furious.

"You ugly! How dare you look down on me! Do you think I'll be happy if you like me? If you choose me as your fiancé, I'd rather die!"

On the side, Zac looked at them silently without speaking. He glanced at Helen, who was eating breakfast.

She was obviously from the countryside. But she behaved elegantly and had the temperament of a young lady. He wondered if he had wrongly assessed her.

Esmond had already made arrangements for Helen before she came. She was about the same age as Jenson, who went to school too.

"Ugly, don't tell anyone that you know me when we're in school!"

Helen glanced at Jenson disdainfully.

After the meal, she got into Zac's car. Like Chandler, he didn't talk much.

She couldn't help but ask, "Jenson and I go to the same school. Why don't you let the drop send us off together?"

Hearing her words, he looked helpless.

"Grandpa asked the five of us to get to know you better. We will take turns dropping you off and picking you up from Monday to Friday.

"This includes hanging out with you on the weekends. Chandler was originally going to send you off this morning. But he had a meeting, so I replaced him."

All five of them had rejected Esmond's proposal. They didn't want to waste time sending this country bumpkin to school and hanging out with her on the weekends. But no one could refuse him.

Helen instantly understood upon hearing that. She knew how reluctant they were—she wasn't willing either.

#### Chapter 4

Zac left after dropping Helen off at Greenville High School.

Looking at the striking environment, she felt pretty good as she hadn't gone to school for a long time. After completing school registration, she followed the teacher to the class, causing an uproar.

"Is she the Newtons' fiancée? She's too ugly! How can she be worthy of the scions of the Newtons?"

"Oh my god, she's too tacky! She really came from the countryside!"

"Her grades shouldn't be good enough to be assigned to our class!"

...

Everyone was talking about Helen. She then realized that she was already famous.

She didn't even need to think about it. It must be Jenson who spread her rumors. He was so childish!

No one in the class wanted to sit beside her. She didn't care either, sitting alone in the corner.

When class was over, she headed to the restroom, but several people blocked her outside.

Those girls had dyed hair and heavy makeup, seemingly bad students.

Kate Anderson shouted, "You're Helen Spencer, right? I'm warning you, you'd better leave the Newtons! Leave Aguilisco!"

Helen's mouth twitched. She could see that they didn't welcome her. But she was reluctant to be here either.

"Ugly! Did you hear Kate?"

Helen returned to her senses and responded lazily, "Yes, I did. But I won't leave. I'll stay here."

...

Meanwhile, Jenson was lying on the table in Class A. He woke up when he heard his classmates' conversation.

"I heard that Kate from Class F went to block Helen. Tsk, she's doomed!"

"They're probably going to beat her..."

Jenson raised his eyebrows slightly. He had spread the rumor, wanting Helen to have a hard time at school.

But she couldn't get hurt, or Esmond would teach him a lesson. Thinking about it, he left the classroom in a hurry.

The restroom was in a mess. The four bullies who came to block Helen were all beaten to the ground, especially Kate, who got pinned against the sink.

"One of the things I hate the most is being threatened. Don't bother me again. Understand?"

"Sorry, we were wrong!"

...

Helen tidied herself and was about to leave when she saw the surprised Jenson standing behind her.

"You..."

He knew that Kate had learned combat skills. She had brought three bullies to block Helen, but they ended up like this.

He suddenly felt that this country bumpkin seemed a little difficult to deal with.

"I trained myself by chopping trees and climbing mountains. They're too weak!"

Jenson instantly understood. After coming to his senses, he followed her and left the restroom.

"By the way, why are you in the female restroom?" She looked at him strangely, and his expression became a little embarrassed.

"It's none of your business! I like to come here!" As soon as he finished speaking, he walked quickly toward the classroom, leaving Helen speechless.

When she returned to the classroom, her phone on the table rang.

"Helly, help!"

Taylor's call for help was never a good sign. Content © 2024 (N/ô)velDrama.Org.

"Helly, Jenson is my nemesis. He has challenged me to a race at Night Breeze Racing Track. Come help me tonight!"

"I won't go."

Helen was lying on the table, looking uninterested.

"Helly, Jenson is annoying! Didn't he bully you at the Newtons? If you help me, I'll pay you five million!"

Taylor kept begging her. She thought about it and realized that Jenson was indeed quite annoying.

Five million was not much but not too bad, so she replied, "Okay, I'm at Greenville High School. Pick me up in the afternoon."

Thinking for a while, she messaged Zac to tell him that she had something to do later and he didn't need to pick her up. They had exchanged numbers this morning to contact each other on WhatsApp.

He didn't ask much after he read her message, only replying with an "Okay". After all, he had no interest in her at all.

...

Night Breeze was a famous racing track in Aguilisco, where most of the rich young generation from the upper class gathered.

When school was over, Helen got into a Lamborghini. The man in the driver's seat was about the same age as Jenson.

Taylor glanced at her and frowned. "Who are you? Did you get in the wrong car?"

She smiled. "You don't recognize me?"

Her familiar voice shocked Taylor. "Gosh! Helly, are you disfigured?"

Helen was always a sweet little fairy. How did she become like this? He couldn't recognize her at all.

She fastened her seat belt and said casually, "Let's go. I have to find a place to remove my makeup and have a meal."

"Okay!" Taylor immediately started the car and drove toward the destination.

## Chapter 5

It was 8:00 pm. Many people had gathered at the Night Breeze Racing Track.

Jenson and Taylor had organized today's competition. After all, they had been at odds for a long time.

Chandler sat at the club entrance, already dressed in casual clothes. He looked a little out of place among Jenson's friends as he looked dignified and aloof.

He glanced at the watch and frowned. "Where is he?"

Jenson said flatteringly, "He should be here soon."

It was difficult for him to bring his workaholic brother here. He believed Taylor would lose miserably later.

Jenson smiled confidently, then saw Taylor's car coming.

Taylor first got out of the driver's seat, and then the passenger door opened.

It was a woman wearing gray casual clothes, with slightly curly long hair hanging on her back. They walked over leisurely.

Only then did everyone see her face. Her fair skin was flawless, and her eyes seemed to be enchanting. Under the light, she looked drop-dead gorgeous.

Although this woman was beautiful, Jenson hadn't forgotten the competition.

"Taylor, where is the expert you mentioned? I brought my brother here! You'll definitely lose!" NôvelDrama.Org owns all content.

Taylor chuckled and patted Helen's shoulder.

"My friend will compete with your brother! She's the best! It's not certain who will be the winner yet!"

After he finished speaking, Jenson looked at her in disbelief.

"What? Taylor, are you kidding me? You want her to compete with my brother? Are you looking down on us?"

Even Taylor's friends found it outrageous. Helen looked like a delicate and weak lady. And this was a racing car competition, not toy cars.

Night Breeze Racing Track was famous because the road was difficult to race on. Any carelessness could kill the racecar drivers.

Taylor didn't care about what everyone thought. Helen would prove that they were wrong anyway.

She glanced at Jenson and Chandler, deliberately lowered her voice, and said, "Let's get started."

Then, she tied up her hair, picked up the helmet, and put it on. There was no hesitation in her movements.

Seeing that Chandler hadn't moved yet, she smiled. "Mr. Chandler, do you look down on me?"

Indeed, he was unwilling to compete with a woman because he could foresee the outcome.

Jenson tugged at his sleeve and whispered, "Chandler, I didn't know that the expert Taylor mentioned was a woman. But she's already here, so just compete with her.

"But don't take it too seriously. The racer is a woman, after all. And she looks so beautiful."

Chandler frowned slightly and hesitated for a while before picking up the helmet.

The two got into racing cars. Everyone present felt that the outcome was already determined as Chandler had been racing cars since he was eight.

The rules were simple. The starting point of the racing track was also the endpoint. Whoever returned to the starting point first would be the winner.

Soon, their cars set off together and disappeared at the end of the mountainside in a few seconds.

Only then did Chandler realize that he had underestimated his opponent. This woman was extraordinary as she raced as if her life depended on it. He seemed to have met his match.

He smiled, gradually becoming serious.

About ten minutes later, the blue BMW arrived at the starting point first. Helen performed a handsome drift on the track before slowly stopping the car.

Everyone was shocked as she was the one driving the blue one.

Taylor jumped out of his chair, cheering, "Awesome!"

The friends behind him also cheered, "Ms. Fairy is awesome!"

They had won the bet!

After more than ten seconds, Chandler's car also stopped on the racing track.

Jenson's eyes were filled with disbelief. His brother lost!

Helen got out of the driver's seat, and so did Chandler. She took off her helmet and smiled. "You've lost."

She felt so good to win against him.

On the contrary, he didn't look well. He glanced at her and said, "Let's compete again."

He had never lost in a racing competition. It was the first time he lost, especially losing to a woman.

