

Unmasking Mrs. Newton's Secret Identities

#Chapter 31 - Read Unmasking Mrs. Newton's Secret Identities Chapter 31

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Anne vehemently denied it. Her gaze was skeptical as she looked at Helen.

Not until Helen finished her last syllable did she glance at Anne and ask, "Are you satisfied now?"

Anne wanted to retort. But she found herself speechless as Helen had gained a new level of respect from their classmates.

It turned out that the new student in class, though not the most attractive, had redeeming qualities.

Her Math Olympiad skills were commendable, and her Encerian fluency was exceptional. It surpassed even Anne, the class representative in Encerian.

Helen hadn't anticipated such a minor incident would change her classmates' perceptions of her.

She returned to her seat and continued solving Math Olympiad problems, aware that the competition drew near and more practice was necessary. This belongs to .

Accustomed to arriving late and leaving early, Jenson missed the morning's events. He was puzzled to see Helen, previously ignored by everyone, now conversing with classmates who approached her willingly.

Jenson wondered what could have happened that made Helen so popular.

"Can I call you Helen?" A timid voice broke Helen's concentration. She looked up to see a petite girl with bright eyes full of hope.

Helen was always kind to friendly peers. She responded warmly, "Of course!"

The girl's smile widened at the affirmation.

"Hello, Helen. I'm Phishie Daniels. I'm delighted to be your friend."

Helen paused at the offered handshake. The word "friend" seemed a luxury for someone like her who lacks outward beauty.

After a moment, she reciprocated, "Hello, I'm Helen Spencer."

Phishie was thrilled with Helen's response. She hoped to learn Encerian from Helen as her Encerian exam results needed improving. After all, Helen's fluency had impressed her that morning.

"Helen, your Encerian is so good. Could you teach me?" Phishie asked.

Helen thought she was about to face a significant request but found it was just a minor matter.

As friends, it was no trouble at all.

"Sure, bring your Encerian book, and I'll teach you."

Phishie eagerly brought out her book and learned earnestly from Helen.

Helen corrected her pronunciation and shared effective Encerian learning methods, greatly benefiting her.

At the end of the school day, Helen wasn't alone for a change but walked out chatting and laughing with Phishie.

After spotting the familiar Newton family car, she waved goodbye to Phishie. She approached the car and found Chandler waiting to pick her up.

Once inside, the car started moving.

But Helen didn't slack, pulling out her Math Olympiad problems to work on.

Watching her through the rearview mirror, Chandler couldn't help but notice the contradiction between her plain appearance and her distinguished presence, which seemed out of place.

Breaking his usual silence, Chandler initiated a conversation.

"Are you competing in the regional Math Olympiad?"

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Helen was chewing on her pen when she heard the question. She quickly looked up at Chandler and acknowledged with a hum.

"When is the competition?" Chandler inquired further.

"Next Friday, at One High School," Helen answered honestly.

Her eyes flickered as she remembered Tyrone mentioning Chandler's past participation in the Math Olympiad.

"Didn't you win first place in a Math Olympiad before? Any tips you could share?" she ventured.

Chandler raised an eyebrow slightly.

"That's ancient history. There's nothing I can do to help."

Helen simply responded with an "Oh" and then fell silent again.

The atmosphere between them cooled but was soon relieved as the car arrived at the Newton residence.

Upon stopping, Helen opened the car door and stepped out.

After changing shoes, she found Esmond leisurely enjoying tea in the living room.

"Mr. Newton Senior!" Helen greeted him politely.

Esmond's face lit up with joy at the sight of Helen.

"Helen dear, how are you adjusting to school? Let me know if you need anything, or you can tell those boys too. Don't be too hard on yourself."

"I understand, Mr. Newton Senior. You needn't worry about me."

"You're being too formal with your grandpa," Esmond said with a smile, then glanced at Chandler entering the door.

"Chandler, if Helen needs anything, help her out. She's a lady, after all. Help me take good care of her."

Chandler didn't object, replying impassively, "Understood, Grandpa."

Esmond didn't mind his expression and turned back to Helen.

"Helen, I hear you're entering that regional Math Olympiad competition. Chandler is quite good at math. He could tutor you."

"No need, Mr. Newton Senior. Let's not bother him," Helen immediately declined.

"Ah, what's this about bothering? Chandler, from tonight onward, you'll tutor Helen in math. Make sure she's well-prepared for the exam," Esmond insisted, leaving no room for refusal.

Helen wanted to protest but ultimately held back.

Chandler had always taken Esmond's words as a decree. Thus, he accepted the tutoring arrangement without complaint.

During dinner, Jenson learned about Chandler's new role as Helen's tutor and was visibly upset.

If Chandler helped Helen, her success was almost guaranteed. This meant Jenson had likely lost his bet.

Unwilling to accept this, Jenson pulled Chandler aside after dinner.

"Chandler, please don't tutor Helen."

Chandler's response was calm and unrippled. "It's Grandpa's wish."

Jenson became desperate.

"Come on, Chandler! Just tell Grandpa that Helen doesn't need tutoring. Or just pretend to tutor her. As long as Helen doesn't win, it's fine."

Chandler gave a noncommittal nod. "I'll see what I can do."

Jenson clung to him, pleading pitifully, "Please help me out..."

Just then, Jenson met Helen's gaze as she approached. He quickly regained his composure and pretended nothing happened.

"Well, I should get going. I have things to do..." With that, he hurried off.

Helen was unfazed and headed upstairs, followed shortly by Chandler.

Helen returned to her room and was about to close the door when a large hand prevented it from shutting.

Then, the door was pushed open, and Chandler walked in directly.

"What are you doing here?!" Helen asked.

Chandler, ignoring her question, walked straight to her desk with a businesslike demeanor. This belongs to .

"Grandpa asked me to tutor you," he stated.

Helen quickly refused.

"No need to trouble yourself. Please get out."

However, Chandler showed no intention of leaving and simply pulled up a chair to sit down.

"You know I can't disobey Grandpa, so it seems you'll have to bear with me," he said.

Helen was silent. She wanted to say she didn't need tutoring but thought about Esmond's good intentions.

Then, she decided to let it be.

Chandler began flipping through the problems Helen usually worked on.

Helen's handwriting was beautiful. Her problem-solving steps were clear, making her work a pleasing sight.

"Your approach to solving problems is pretty decent, but you made a mistake on this one." Chandler pointed out a specific issue.

Helen quickly went over to check her workbook.

"Where did I make the mistake?" she inquired.

Chandler pointed to the second problem on the page.

"You used the right method and formula, but in the second step, you mistook the square root of 3 for the square root of 2, which led to all the subsequent errors," he explained.

Helen realized he was correct.

"I kept feeling something was off despite checking several times. So this was the mistake," she noted, correcting it while sitting on a nearby stool.

Helen was focused on her corrections, unaware of how close she and Chandler had become.

After correcting the problem, Chandler highlighted another issue in a different question.

"You didn't solve the second part here because you forgot to draw an auxiliary line. Look, if you add an auxiliary line here and use the principles of trigonometry, you can solve it." He guided her.

Following Chandler's instructions, Helen quickly found the solution.

"You're amazing! That was brilliant," she couldn't help but praise him.

She then flipped to the last problem that had been troubling her.

"Could you help me with this one too?" she requested.

Chandler hummed in acknowledgment and began reviewing the problem.

However, the subtle scent unique to young ladies filled his nostrils, momentarily unsettling him.

He quickly regained his composure. He tried to refocus his attention but couldn't help looking at Helen's face.

Every subtle expression and movement of hers was fully captured in his view.

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Immersed in solving the question, Helen did not notice Chandler staring at her.

Once she had solved the question, there were scribbles all over the draft paper.

As she stretched, the deep voice by her ear said, "You did well. The method and steps are correct. Move on to the next problem. It's a bit easier."

"Right," Helen acknowledged and continued with renewed focus.

Time passed by quietly.

Eventually, Helen's exhaustion caught up, and she succumbed to sleep at her desk.

In the dim light, Chandler found Helen's usually unattractive face seemed softer and even gentle.

Chandler lifted Helen gently and placed her on the bed. Once on the bed, Helen turned to find a comfortable position and fell into a deep sleep until morning.

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The next day, Helen woke to sunlight streaming through the window.

Sitting up, she realized she was still in yesterday's clothes. Slowly, it dawned on her that she had fallen asleep at her desk.

How did she end up in bed?

The possibility made Helen slap her forehead in annoyance.

Quickly, she got up and changed clothes in the dressing room. She was relieved to find her makeup intact, and her wig was properly in place.

After a final check in the mirror, she grabbed her backpack and headed downstairs.

Her transport for school was already waiting. Helen hurriedly opened the door and got in, only to find Chandler was the driver.

Memories of the previous night made her feel awkward. She sat silently in the back seat and pretended to be indifferent.

Chandler started the car and drove off in silence.

For the first time, Helen experienced what genuine awkwardness felt like. Even the air felt heavy.

She silently prayed for a quick arrival at school.

As soon as the car neared the school, Helen couldn't wait to open the door but found it locked.

"Could you please unlock the door?" she asked.

In the next moment, Chandler handed her a notebook.

Helen was puzzled. "What's this?"

Chandler explained, "Math Olympiad topics. It may be helpful."

"Ah, no need for that," Helen refused almost instantly.

But Chandler wouldn't take no for an answer.

"I never take back what I've given. If you don't need it, throw it away."

Chandler's tone was even, but Helen sensed his displeasure. Not wanting to provoke him further, she accepted the notebook.

"Alright, thank you."

Seeing Helen accept the workbook, Chandler seemed more at ease.

He nodded in acknowledgment and finally unlocked the door for Helen to get out of the car.

"Thank you. You can go back now." She waved at him.

This time, Chandler didn't leave immediately but watched until Helen entered the school and disappeared from his sight.

Only then did he drive away.

Helen walked along the school path toward her classroom, holding the notebook Chandler gave her.

Yet, she couldn't fathom his intentions.

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Helen couldn't think it through

Deciding not to dwell on it, Helen accepted Chandler's kind gesture.

With the exam approaching and her workbook nearly complete, the new one from Chandler was timely.

Upon this realization, Helen let go of her reservations and got to work as soon as she reached her classroom.

"Hey Helen. good morning!" Phishie greeted her right away and offered her favorite lollipop.

"How did you know I like this flavor?" Helen was pleasantly surprised.

Phishie was just as surprised to discover their shared taste. "Does this mean we have similar interests?" she laughed.

Helen savored the lollipop, letting the familiar taste wash over her. She had given up consuming lollipops as part of her disguise, making this moment especially sweet.

"I have many more flavors at home. I'll bring you some next time." Phishie winked, and they shared a laugh. Anne watched from the back of the room, her eyes darkening.

She had never considered Helen a threat until Helen's abilities became apparent

Notably, the classmates' attitude towards Helen had shifted in just a few days.

Moreover, Helen's fluency in Encerian overshadowed Anne, embarrassing her as the class representative. Encerian had always been Anne's strength. and she had never encountered a real challenger.

Anne clenched her fists with a cold huff, determined to surpass Helen.

"Anne, let's go to the library later," her deskmate suggested.

Lacking any interest, Anne declined. She had heard about her teacher, Billy Beter's return, seeing it as an opportunity to study under a renowned foreign teacher. Content belongs to ~~

Determined, Anne resolved to practice hard and become Billy's disciple, refusing to let Helen outshine her again. Meanwhile, Helen was oblivious to Anne's thoughts. She focused solely on the Math Olympiad problems in Chandler's book.

The day of the exam arrived, and Jenson escorted Helen to the venue.

Despite seeing Helen's diligent preparation, Jenson doubted her natural talent for math. To him, math wasn't just about efforts; it required a certain innate ability. Content belongs to This belongs to .

Before leaving, he advised, "If you can't solve the problems, just sleep on the desk. We won't laugh at your score. 'As for the bet, we'll accept the outcome.'" Content belongs to

Helen raised an eyebrow, "Are you so sure I'll lose?"

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Jenson wore an expression that said, "What else?"

Helen didn't add more, leaving only a reminder.

"Remember, a bet's a bet."

She then entered the exam hall without looking back.

The Math Olympiad test lasted two hours.

Helen found her seat with her admission ticket and answered the questions as soon as the paper was distributed. Time flew quietly, and Helen completed the paper within an hour. After reviewing her answers and finding no issues, she submitted her paper early. She heard the sound of a car horn as soon as she exited the exam hall.

A discreet Audi A8 pulled up in front of her, and the window rolled down to reveal Taylor's playful face. "Helly, get in." he said

Helen didn't expect Taylor to pick her up. She got into the car, and they drove off.

"How did the exam go?" Taylor inquired

"Not bad," Helen replied with just two words, to which Taylor responded knowingly.

"Helly, you could be a bit more modest."

"Oh! Were you looking for me? What's up?" Helen asked directly.

Taylor chuckled.

"Can't I just hang out with you, Helly? Maybe take you out for a meal?"

Helen knew Taylor well enough to suspect he had an ulterior motive.

"Let's just grab something quick then."

"You got it, Helly." Taylor said and hit the pedal, and the car sped off.

Taylor took Helen to a high-end members-only restaurant, choosing a private room

Helen got straight to the point. "Spit it out, what do you need?"

Taylor eagerly poured her a cup of tea.

"Heh, you know me too well. You knew I had something up my sleeve."

"Cut the chatter. What is it?"

"It's not a big-deal, just about that race matter. The offer's hit fifty million, and it seems it hasn't peaked yet. Content belongs to

Helen froze and frowned.

"Do you know who it is?"

Taylor nodded and then revealed.

"Chandler."

Helen felt the tea in her mouth suddenly lose its flavor. She put down her cup.

"Why him?"

"Helly, Chandler seems quite interested in you. Why not meet him? After all, we can't turn our backs on money, right?" Content belongs to

Helen was about to object but then remembered the regional Math Olympiad competition.

Chandler had compiled a list of potential exam topics for her, and* two of the questions even appeared on. the exam. Content belongs to Swnovel.net oS

It felt like she owed Chandler a favor.

Moreover, the orphanage in the northwest needed repairs, and the fifty million could cover many expenses. "I'll go, but on one condition."

Taylor was ecstatic at her agreement. He was ready to accept any terms.

"Whatever you need, Helly."

Helen's gaze hardened.

"I race him alone, no spectators."

Taylor understood immediately.

"Alright, Helly. I'll make it clear to them. If they agree, good. If not, so be it."This belongs to .

Helen hummed in approval