

## Chapter 48

The Newton family's home was still brightly lit late into the night.

As Helen was about to get out of the car, Chandler suddenly called out to her, "Congratulations!"

Helen turned to face him, puzzled.

Chandler elaborated, "You ranked first in the Math Olympiad competition."

Realization dawned on Helen, and she replied, "Actually, I should be thanking you, and your emphasis on the key points."

"It's your talent that's commendable. Your talent in dancing isn't bad either," Chandler said, almost like he was complimenting her.

Helen was left speechless.

So, he had seen the whole spectacle.

"Uh, I was just dancing casually. I'm not really talented at it. Well, it's getting late, so I should head back and rest. You should rest early too, goodnight."

Helen didn't wait for his response. She quickly got out of her car and hurried into the house.

Watching her flee, Chandler found himself thinking that Helen's behavior was somewhat adorable.

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Upon returning to her room, Helen quickly shut the door and let out a huge sigh of relief.

She walked to the mirror, staring at her ugly face, and removed her makeup.

Soon, a delicate-looking face appeared in the mirror.

Helen sighed, wondering when these tiresome days would end.

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The next day, Helen handed the prepared invitation card to Phishie as soon as she arrived at the classroom.

"There's a party at my house tonight. Come join us."

Phishie looked at the golden-colored invitation card in surprise. "Is this for me?"

"Of course. You're my first friend here. You must come tonight."

Phishie accepted the invitation and nodded vigorously. "Okay, I'll definitely be there."

Helen smiled and returned to her seat.

"Have you heard? The Newton family is hosting a party tonight, my dad already received an invitation."

"Really? Does that mean we'll see the legendary Chandler Newton?"

"I heard Chandler is both handsome and wealthy. I only saw him from a distance once, and he's the very epitome of

male beauty. If I could marry Chandler, I'd be the happiest woman alive."

Sitting in the front row, Helen paused in her writing when she heard this. She hadn't realized Chandler was regarded so highly among these girls.

Helen stopped listening to her classmates' gossip and continued with her homework.

Jenson entered the classroom and immediately spotted Helen.

Even though he didn't want to, he believed in keeping his word. So, Jenson walked up to Helen and placed the milk tea he bought on her desk.

"Helen, here's your milk tea. Drink it while it's hot."

Helen was surprised. She glanced at the milk tea on the table and instinctively looked up, but Jenson had already turned away from her and returned to his seat.

Helen smiled and responded, "Thanks."

Jenson felt like he was bleeding on the inside. Why did he make that bet with her?

"I was too foolish and naive!" Jenson lamented.

Due to the party at the Newton family that evening, Helen didn't go to school in the afternoon.

Instead, Jenson took her to a haute couture store to pick a dress.

Jenson looked Helen up and down and couldn't help saying,

"You have a good figure . It's just that it doesn't match your dark and unattractive face."