

# UNMASKING MRS. NEWTON'S SECRET IDENTITIES

## Unmasking Mrs. Newton's Secret Identities

Chapter 6

Helen smiled charmingly. "Sorry, I don't have time."

After saying that, she put down her helmet and turned around.

Taylor looked at Jenson gloatingly. "Hey, you lost! How about it? Who did you look down on just now?"

Jenson's expression darkened, but he didn't know how to refute it.

Helen came over. "Send me back."

"Okay." Taylor followed her to the car.

Looking at Chandler, who looked gloomy, Jenson asked in confusion, "Chandler, did you let her win just now? Just because she's beautiful?"

He glanced at Jenson unpleasantly upon hearing that.

Then, he glanced at Helen's leaving figure. Vaguely, he felt that she seemed familiar, but he couldn't remember where he had seen her before.

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Helen fell asleep happily after receiving five million. The next morning, when she put on tacky makeup and wig again, it was particularly lively downstairs.

Apart from Chandler, the other four scions of the Newtons were there.

"Look at this photo. This woman is beautiful! She looked awesome racing! It's not surprising that Chandler lost to her."

The other three took a look at the photo, which was taken by Jenson's friend last night. Everyone was excitedly discussing how Chandler lost.

"Hahaha, Chandler has never lost before! It's so rare to see him lose!"

"She is good-looking. I'd like to invite her to be a model in my company," Adrian, a fashion company owner, said.

The actor, Tyrone, added, "It would be a pity if she's not interested in the entertainment industry."

"Oh dear, I forgot to ask her name last night! Hmm, well, Chandler has sent someone to investigate her. There should be news soon."

It wasn't until Helen came downstairs that they ended their discussion. Everyone looked at her, thinking that her face was far worse than that beauty.

Helen felt relieved that her makeup skills were good enough, even narcissistically thinking that they would probably fall in love with her if they saw her true appearance.

After finishing breakfast, her phone rang. It was Taylor.

"Helly, did you know this? Jenson is so shameless that he paid me to buy your contact information! He probably didn't expect that the person he was looking for was living with him.

"By the way, Chandler is also investigating you. You have to be careful!"

Helen smiled disdainfully, not worried that Chandler could find her.

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It was Friday. After Adrian and Tyrone had dropped her off for the past few days, it was Chandler's turn.

They spent the morning in silence. When school was over, Jenson followed Helen out.

"Why are you following me?"

He sneered and responded disdainfully, "Do you think I'm willing to follow you? I just want to find Margaret. She is back and will be here with Chandler."

Margaret? Who was that?

Sensing her confusion, he explained happily, "We've known Margaret for many years. She is the eldest daughter of the Leonards and gets along with us. She has studied overseas for the past two years. Now she is finally back!"

It was obvious that Jenson had a good impression of that young lady.

Helen didn't care about it. She had never heard of the eldest daughter of the Leonards.

She just slowly walked out of the school gate while eating a lollipop.

Margaret Leonard was sitting in the passenger seat. Dressed in branded clothes, she had wavy curly hair and wore delicate makeup. It was a typical appearance of a young lady from a wealthy family.

She first greeted Jenson warmly, then looked at Helen with a smile. "Hello, Helen. I'm Margaret Leonard. Nice to meet you. I've known the Newtons for many years. Let's be friends. We can hang out together."

Helen responded politely, "Okay, thank you."

"Margaret, you'll only get tired of her! Just leave her alone! I missed you so much! Will you leave again?"

Margaret smiled. "No, I won't. I've graduated, and I'm planning to be a trainee at Newton Group."

"Really? Chandler, you must take care of Margaret then!"

Chandler didn't say anything, just starting the car and leaving. NôveID(ram)a.ôrg owns this content.

A trace of disappointment flashed in her eyes. Through the rearview mirror, she glanced at Helen.

How could she leave again?

Chapter 7

In fact, Margaret hadn't graduated yet. But the Leonards spent a lot of money to withdraw her from university.

The Leonards and the Newtons had a decades-long friendship. Margaret had liked Chandler since she was a child, and the Leonards had also trained her as the future Mrs. Newton.

However, she didn't expect Helen to appear.

Margaret wondered why this ugly girl from the countryside was qualified to choose one of the scions from the Newtons as her fiancé.

But it didn't matter as long as Helen didn't choose Chandler.

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The car drove slowly to the Newtons' villa. The other scions were all at home.

Everyone warmly greeted Margaret, whom they hadn't seen for a long time. She gave them the gifts she had bought from overseas.

Looking at Helen, she paused and said apologetically, "Sorry, Helen. I had no idea that you live with the Newtons, so I didn't prepare a gift for you."

Helen only thought that this woman was hypocritical. Before she could speak, the talkative Jenson interrupted, "Margaret, you're not familiar with her anyway. Why are you embarrassed?"

While opening the gift, he exclaimed in amazement, "Wow, a new game console! It's a limited edition! Margaret, you're so good to me!"

Helen was out of tune with everyone. She didn't want to join them, so she went upstairs alone.

But after a while, someone knocked on the door. Opening the door, she looked at Chandler in confusion.

"The Leonards held a banquet tonight to welcome Margaret back to Choloot. Grandpa has requested me to take you along."

It was his turn to pick up Helen today, so he was also in charge of her affairs.

She originally didn't want to go, but Esmond had already asked Chandler to bring her along. It seemed impossible to refuse it.

Sighing helplessly, she followed him, heading to the fashion boutique with Margaret.

Arriving there, he sat on the sofa and waited for them.

Margaret took Helen's hand warmly. "Helen, don't be nervous when you attend the banquet later. If you need anything, just come to me. You can rest assured."

Helen couldn't stand her hypocrisy, smiling lightly. "It's okay. Mr. Newton Senior has asked Chandler to bring me along. I feel at ease with him."

Margaret's face visibly stiffened, and she unconsciously tightened her hand while holding Helen's. But she soon regained her amiable demeanor.

"I see. Well, let's choose a dress. We don't want to keep Chandler waiting."

She smiled and added, "I buy dresses often. How about I choose one for you?"

"Okay."

"How about this one?"

Helen glanced at the clothes in Margaret's hand. It was a dark green tube top dress. This kind of dress was usually worn by those in their 30s or 40s, which didn't match her.

As she thought, this woman was indeed hypocritical.

"How about it? Do you like it?" Margaret expected that Helen was from the countryside and wouldn't know fashion.

Sure enough, Helen nodded. "Okay, I'll wear this one."

She did not care about her clothes since she already made herself ugly.

Margaret smiled meaningfully. "Then let's go put on makeup."

"Thanks, I don't need it. I've had skin allergies recently."

She didn't comment. After all, she would only be happier to see Helen ugly.

After changing their clothes, they came out of the dressing room. Margaret was wearing a light blue dress, which looked gentle and attractive, forming a sharp contrast with Helen.

Chandler frowned slightly but said nothing.

The banquet was held at the Leonards' villa. All of Margaret's friends and relatives were invited. Arriving at the venue, she went to greet the guests.

"Margie, is that woman Helen Spencer? Why is that ugly woman standing next to Chandler?"

It was Margaret's cousin, Janet Lindsey, who spoke.

As per Esmond's request, Chandler stayed with Helen during the banquet. They attracted a lot of attention.

Margaret was visibly upset, thinking Janet was right. Even Margaret had never attended the banquet with him as his female companion.

"Margie, since she is here, I'll teach her a lesson!" Janet said fiercely.

Margaret frowned slightly. "Janet, don't mess around."

"Don't worry. I won't hurt her."

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Chandler met several business friends, so they chatted for a while. This belongs to NôvelDrama.Org.

Helen wandered alone by the swimming pool in the backyard. She found the event to be boring. Perhaps she should sneak away and find Taylor.

While she was pondering, someone suddenly pushed her hard, causing her to lose her balance and fall into the nearby swimming pool.

She wasn't afraid of anything but water. In anxiety, she kept struggling in the swimming pool.

As the banquet's main venue was in the backyard, everyone was startled by the accident.

Margaret smiled slightly until she saw Chandler jump into the swimming pool. Instantly, her expression froze.

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After being rescued, Helen and Chandler were sent to the rooms upstairs to change clothes.

In the room, she wrapped herself with a bath towel gloomily. She swore that she must deal with the person who attacked her just now!

Right then, someone knocked on the door. It was Zac's voice.

"Helen, I've brought clothes for you. Are you okay?"

Returning to her senses, she opened the door, took the clothes from Zac, and thanked him.

"You..."

He looked surprised. She was completely different from the previous Helen. To be precise, she was exactly the same as the beauty in the photo that Jenson had shown him before.

Only then did Helen realize that her makeup was gone. She just wiped her face with the towel as she felt uncomfortable.

Although her wig didn't fall off, her face...

She was so angry that she forgot to touch up her makeup!

## Chapter 8

"I—"

Helen felt anxious. She had imagined that someone would discover her true appearance eventually. But Helen did not expect it to happen so soon. What should she do?

Zac stared at her face thoughtfully, thinking about several possibilities.

Was she Helen? Could it be that she had disguised herself? Or was this what she looked like after she changed her disguise?

She was a little uneasy by his gaze but still tried to remain calm. "Mr. Zac, I would like to talk to you."

"Sure."

"Then come in first," Helen opened the door and breathed a sigh of relief.

"But, can I ask you a question first?" Zac put down the clothes and asked.

It was good to get straight to the point. It was easier to talk to intelligent people.

"Are you asking me why I disguise myself?"

Seeing him nod, she smiled slightly. "Because I hate arranged marriages."

"Your purpose is the same as mine."

"Oh?" Helen expressed confusion. An arranged marriage would bring many benefits for the Newtons. She wondered why Zac refused it.

She couldn't understand his thoughts. But it had nothing to do with her.

So, she took advantage of the situation and said, "Can you help me hide my secret? Don't worry. I'll repay you. I'll help you once."

"How can you help me? No one can help me."

He smiled sarcastically, but he still accepted the favor. "Okay, I promise to hide your secret."

"Thanks."

Zac suddenly remembered that he was here to bring clothes to her. Pointing to the clothes on the table, he said, "Be careful next time. It'll be irreversible if others find out. You should change your clothes first. I'll wait for you. Let's go down together."

Helen thanked him again and took the clothes into the room.

Looking at the clothes, she felt disgusted as it was a gentle dress that didn't fit her character. But she didn't care about it.

She put on the dress and looked in the mirror proudly. Sure enough, she looked good in whatever she wore.

Opening the door gently, she felt relieved to see Zac alone outside.

"I have to go to the dressing room. Please wait a moment."

He watched Helen casually tie her hair, and her fair skin glowed a faint blush. Inexplicably, he felt his heart beat faster. "Okay."

She quickly put on tanned makeup, carefully added a few moles, and went downstairs with him contentedly.

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As soon as they came downstairs, there was a burst of laughter.

"Hey, what does she mean? Wouldn't she feel embarrassed to imitate Margaret?"

"She looks uglier than before!"

Helen looked at Margaret's clothes and instantly understood the situation.

Margaret said hypocritically, "That's not the case. It's Helen's first time attending a big banquet. I picked the clothes for her. She didn't imitate me."

After saying that, she continued to worsen the situation, "Helen, this is the best dress I've picked. It's a pity that it doesn't seem to suit you. I'll tailor one for you next time."

What a hypocritical woman! Helen felt so disgusted to see her acting. She wouldn't want these tattered clothes!

Seeing that Helen was silent, Janet continued to humiliate her.



"Helen Spencer, you have to remember well. Stupid imitation will only have the opposite effect!"

Zac frowned, saying, "Ms. Lindsey, please watch your mouth."

Upon hearing that, she felt jealous of Helen, and her tone became more arrogant. This belongs to NôvelDrama.Org.

"Hmph, the country bumpkin is indeed different from us! Helen Spencer, did you drug Mr. Zac? You're not a perfect match to the scions of the Newtons!"

"Mr. Zac is always nice to everyone! Don't be naive to think that you're special to him! Also, you shouldn't covet what you shouldn't! Stop daydreaming! Pay more attention to your identity!"

Helen sneered. "I always pay great attention to my identity. But Ms. Lindsey, what right do you have to say that to me?"

Chapter 9

Hearing that, people around began commenting.

"That's right. Janet takes herself too seriously."

"Who does she think she is? Only the Lindseys pamper her. We won't."

Janet was humiliated for the first time. She felt furious and annoyed, rushing over and trying to push Helen. RêAd lateSt chapters at Novel(D)ra/ma.Org Only

Unexpectedly, Helen dodged her in time, and she fell to the ground.

Helen said helplessly, "Everyone can see it, right? I didn't even touch her."

She lowered her head and threatened gently, "Janet Lindsey, I know you were the one who pushed me just now. If you do this to me again, Mr. Zac will be the first to know about it."

With a smile, she raised her voice, "Ms. Lindsey, do you need my help?"

Janet turned pale upon hearing that. She hurriedly stood up and ran away.

From a distance, Chandler had been silently paying attention to the scene.

He had assumed that Helen would get bullied, but she didn't seem as stupid as he thought. Unconsciously, he slightly smiled as if he had discovered an interesting prey.

After the farce ended, Helen had lost her interest in staying here. Looking at Margaret, she said, "Ms. Leonard, I have to leave. Pardon me."

"I'm sorry for what happened just now." Margaret looked kind. But actually, she secretly blamed Janet's stupid actions.

Just as Helen turned around, she heard a ripping sound. Was her dress' zipper broken? She was so unlucky today!

She could only hold tightly to the zipper to keep her dress from falling. Although she had turned around, she could imagine Margaret's gloating.

Zac saw it, planning to take off his coat to cover Helen, but Chandler was a step faster than him.

"What happened to your dress?" he said in a deep voice.

"The back zipper is broken."

Glancing at Margaret, he seemed to have an idea. "Let's leave first."

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Margaret restrained herself when she heard his cold voice. She wondered since when he was here.

She smiled stiffly, trying to keep him. "Chandler, I just returned to Choloot. You can ask someone else to send Helen back. I haven't danced with you yet."

"No need." Chandler ignored Margaret and turned to Helen. "I'll take you back."

"Okay," she responded, not expecting him to help her.

Jenson saw Chandler leaving early and exclaimed, "Chandler, why are you leaving so early?"

Moving his gaze, he saw Helen wearing a man's coat, then shouted, "Hey, you ugly! Don't try to seduce my brother!"

She rolled her eyes in silence. She had also hoped to leave alone. She felt so embarrassed when many people looked at her, especially Margaret, who seemed to want to cut her into pieces.

But Chandler looked stern and didn't respond to her. She could only hold on to his coat in embarrassment.

Zac held his coat that he did not pass to Helen, staring at her leaving figure. Vaguely, he had an inexplicable feeling.

He wondered why Chandler was so nice to her. Was it just because of Esmond's orders?

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Margaret watched in disappointment as Chandler accompanied Helen out. She was so angry that her whole body was trembling, full of jealousy.

She thought, "She is just a wild, ugly, uneducated woman! How can she be qualified to compete with me for Chandler? Helen Spencer, I won't make it easy for you! Just wait and see!"

## Chapter 10

Returning to the villa, Helen breathed a sigh of relief. Too many things had happened that she didn't even have the time to react to.

While sitting in the car just now, she observed Chandler through the front view mirror. As it was dark inside, she couldn't see his expression.

She thought a lot along the way but still couldn't figure out why he suddenly took action. Based on his character, he should be a bystander. Was he a good man who didn't judge her by her appearance?

Without thinking much, she went back to the room and changed out of her dress. She deliberately put on a set of tacky pajamas and walked into his study. This belongs to NôvelDrama.Org.

There was a stack of documents and a few scattered photos on his desk.

"Here is your coat. Thanks for your help just now."

Chandler glanced at Helen and said, "You don't need to return it."

She replied, "If you think it's dirty, I can send it to the laundry."

He looked at her and emphasized, "I don't want it anymore."

Her expression darkened, and she sneered. "Don't want it? Then I'll throw it away."

After saying that, she threw his coat into the trash can. Then, she glanced at him. He still sat on the sofa, reading the documents without saying anything.

His reaction dampened her mood. Originally, she planned to clean his coat and thank him again while returning it. It seemed that her gratitude was superfluous.

She turned to leave but found Jenson standing at the door motionlessly.

"Stand aside," she said rudely.

He saw the coat in the trash can and angrily asked, "Did you throw it away?"

Faced with his inexplicable question, she nodded.

But he instantly became furious. "You're indeed a country bumpkin! You just imitated Margaret's dressing style, didn't you?"

"Don't make me laugh! Don't you know you're ugly? Even if you wear the best clothes, it's useless!"

"Chandler rescued you, but you threw his coat! Do you know how much it cost? You must pay for it!"

After the incident, Helen felt so tired that she didn't want to argue with Jenson. But he kept calling her country bumpkin, and she couldn't stand it anymore.

She pushed him away, took out a stack of checks from her room, and gave one to him. "Here you go! It should be enough."

He took the check and looked at it repeatedly. "Is your check real?"

Helen was speechless.

Jenson seemed to have come to a realization and said with a wicked smile, "You don't need to pay. I'll let you go after you apologize to Chandler."

If anyone dared to talk to her like this before, she would just throw the check in his face. But now, her identity was an ordinary country bumpkin. So, she just rolled her eyes at him. "I wasn't wrong. Why should I apologize?"

He yelled, "Helen Spencer! Stop embarrassing yourself! Apologize to Chandler!"

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Meanwhile, Esmond was alarmed by Jenson's yelling and walked out of the room. "Apologize? Why apologize?"

Helen knew that Esmond and Milton were friends, so she didn't want to make the matter a big deal. "Mr. Newton Senior, it's nothing. Just a misunderstanding."

Jenson thought she was hiding something and said, "Grandpa, this country bumpkin threw Chandler's coat! I've given her a chance to apologize, but she refused it! "

"You brat! You're so rude!" Esmond hit him fiercely.

He groaned in pain and turned to glare at Helen.

She wasn't afraid of him as she did nothing wrong. So, she glared back at him.

"Helen, what is going on?" Esmond asked her softly.