

MESSING WITH HER? ARE YOU CRAZY!

Chapter 1

"Serena, the Wynn family has raised you for twenty years. We've been more than fair. Sign this agreement."

Patrick Wynn pushed a thick stack of papers across the desk toward Serena.

He then slid a check for five hundred thousand dollars next to the agreement. "For old times' sake. Consider this five hundred thousand your compensation from the Wynn family."

Serena stood before the desk, the calming scent of incense filling the air. A flash of derision crossed her cool, dark eyes.

"Five hundred thousand to buy me off?" She smirked. "Is it because I'm that cheap in your eyes, or... is five hundred thousand all a so-called prestigious family like the Wynns can scrape together?"

Three months ago, the Wynns had discovered she wasn't related to them by blood. They had spared no expense or effort to find their biological daughter-Hailey Wynn.

The true heiress of the Wynn family had returned.

And just like that, the girl who was sent to a rural town as a child and only brought back four years ago became trash to be discarded.

"What? Five hundred thousand isn't good enough for you?" Marianne Wynn's brow furrowed in disgust. "That's more money than your country parents could make in years of hard labor, and you have the nerve to complain? Just sign it! Once you do, you and the Wynn family will go your separate ways. We'll have nothing more to do with each other!"

"Mom, don't say that..." It was true what they said-money changes a person.

Hailey, who had only been back for two months, was already dressed in a custom designer suit and adorned with lavish accessories, looking every bit the part of a high-society heiress.

Her face was sweet, her tone gentle. "After all, she's been a wealthy heiress for twenty years. She must be reluctant to go back to living in the countryside."

She had heard from her parents that Serena's biological family was dirt poor.

Not only did she have a grandfather who was bedridden with a serious illness, but her father was an unemployed layabout, and she had three brothers who couldn't afford to get married.

A family like that...

They were practically leeches!

The moment Serena went back, she'd probably be sold off for cash.

Hailey couldn't help but feel a sense of triumph. She deliberately emphasized the word "countryside" while studying Serena's expression.

When she saw Serena's face, so exquisitely radiant under the golden sunlight, a flicker of jealousy crossed her eyes.

Her smile grew sweeter, her voice almost sickeningly so. "Even though your family seems to be... living in the slums, at least they're your own flesh and blood. That's better than sticking around here, having to walk on eggshells."

She deliberately stressed the words "flesh and blood," a victorious taunt in her voice.

Her pretentious act was so over the top that Serena couldn't help but laugh. Her cool eyes landed on Hailey. "Did you spend so long in the slums that you forgot to learn basic manners when you returned to a wealthy family?"

She curled her lip. "Then again, you are their biological daughter."

The jab was aimed at the Wynn parents as well.

Marianne's eyes widened in anger

and she slammed her hands on the desk as she stood up.

But before the furious words could leave her mouth...

Serena's cold voice cut her off. "I'll sign the agreement."

The words died in Marianne's throat.

Serena picked up the pen without even glancing at the terms.

The tip landed directly on the signature line of the last page.

Her movements were clean and decisive.

The name "Serena" flowed from the pen, the strokes sharp and confident without a hint of

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After signing...

She flicked her slender, pale fingers.

The pen was tossed casually beside the papers.

Then her fingers landed on the five-hundred-thousand-dollar check, tapping it lightly.

Seeing this, Marianne shot Serena a look filled with scorn.

Of course... trashy genes will always be trashy genes.

A cheap piece of work who could be bought off for five hundred thousand dollars.

However...

Serena picked up the check, and with a light flick of her slender fingers...

The flimsy piece of paper shot through the air and slapped right onto Patrick's face.

The girl's cold voice followed.

"Consider this a down pa

the Wynn family's funeral expenses Content