

Messing With Her? Are You Crazy! -

Chapter 101[583 words]

At the time, Patrick had Logan pinned to the floor, kicking him hard. "You idiot, what the hell did you do out there? The Lancaster family just called to terminate the partnership! They said our family is overreaching and ill-mannered!"

Patrick's kicks made Logan cry out in pain.

Marianne rushed over to block the blows but got kicked herself. "What are you doing? This worthless son of mine cost us... cost the Wynn family our chance to climb higher!"

Marianne knew that partnering with the Lancaster Group, even on a minor project, would have elevated the Wynn family's status in Vaelion City. Everyone would have shown them respect on account of the Lancasters.

Not to mention...

This time, the collaboration was an invitation initiated by the Lancaster Group's headquarters!

Because of that unsolicited offer, the Wynn family had spent the day fielding calls from major corporations they could never have dreamed of approaching before.

That day, the Wynns had been on top of the world, practically floating on air.

But that happiness lasted for just one day.

And just like that, it was gone.

This had been the Wynn family's ladder, their most important opportunity to break into the ranks of Vaelion City's mid-tier, or even top-tier, elite families!

It was gone!

Gone!

Patrick had been so furious he'd ended up in the hospital.

And with the loss of this major partnership, the other companies that had been flocking to them receded like the tide.

Now, Patrick was overwhelmed with anxiety.

"Dad..." Logan said, his face bruised and swollen. Patrick had been taking his anger out on him for days, and he'd taken quite a beating. "Are the Lancasters really...?"

He didn't want to be hit again.

And he didn't want to just sit here and wait for the other shoe to drop.

"Shut up!" Patrick scrubbed his face roughly, staring at his son with a viciousness that was a far cry from his usual polished CEO demeanor "Tell me, what kind of trouble did you cause? Huh? Who did you piss off?"

Serena's face flashed through Logan's mind.

When he had returned and learned that the Lancaster family had truly canceled the deal, he'd been stunned.

He had tremblingly recounted what had happened at the Obsidian Palace.

But no one believed that Serena had actually made the Lancaster Group cancel

their partnership with the Wynns in just five seconds.

Therefore, they must have offended someone else!

"That day... I was with Hailey the whole time. Hailey knows, we really didn't..." Seeing his father about to stand up and hit him again, Logan quickly tried to bring his sister into it.

His sister had only just returned to the family.

His parents were still feeling guilty about her, so if she defended him, his father would never bring himself to lay a hand on her.

But before he could finish his sentence, Hailey suddenly shivered.

She looked at Patrick with her red, swollen eyes, her expression utterly pitiful. "Dad... I haven't seen Adrian in

days He's not answering my calls Is days He's n it because because of the

Lancaster family...?"

Her words cut off Logan's attempt to drag her into their father's line of fire.

She looked so fragile and heartbroken.

Marianne's heart immediately went out to her. Forgetting all about Logan, she rushed to Hailey's side and wrapped an arm around her, comforting her in a gentle voice. "Adrian doesn't seem like the type to abandon you. He's probably just busy with work right now?"

Hailey sniffled, leaning into Marianne's embrace and sobbing softly.

Logan clutched his swollen face, staring at Hailey in disbelief. He opened his mouth as if to say something, but ultimately swallowed his words.

Messing With Her? Are You Crazy! - Chapter 102[568 words]

His fingers tightened into a fist.

If it had been Serena...

She would never have acted like Hailey.

Over the past four years, whenever he got into trouble and his father was about to hit him, Serena would always be the first to jump in front of him.

Just then, Patrick's secretary burst through the door, her face pale. "Mr. Wynn! I called you so many times, why didn't you answer? There's a huge problem at the company!"

The secretary was on the verge of tears. "Several companies have sent notices, one after another, terminating all partnerships with the Wynn Group! Our capital flow... it's completely cut off! And the banks are calling in our loans!"

Patrick froze for a moment, struggling to breathe. "How can that be? Those companies that were cozying up to us because of the Lancaster Group, didn't they already...?"

"It's not the deals that were still being negotiated!" the secretary said frantically. "It's Titancrest Group, NovaForge Capital... they all said that from now on, they will not cooperate with the Wynn Group in any capacity!"

"What?!" Patrick's voice nearly cracked. "Weren't Titancrest and NovaForge always on good terms with us? Just last week, I ran into them on the golf course, and we had a pleasant chat. How could they...?"

Could it be because of the Lancaster Group, too?

That was impossible!

While the Lancaster family was the wealthiest in Vaelion City, Titancrest Group and NovaForge Capital had been powerhouses across the entire nation of Elyndor since their founding. In the business world, they were fully capable of holding their own against the Lancasters.

For the past four years, he had maintained an excellent relationship with the presidents of Titancrest Group and NovaForge Capital.

No matter how much money the Wynn family lost them, they never complained. In fact, they kept pouring money into his company.

They had always, directly and indirectly, suggested that he, Patrick, was a business genius, and his current losses were merely a matter of bad luck.

How could they just... terminate their partnership?

"It's true... Mr. Wynn, for years, the Wynn Group has relied entirely on Titancrest Group and NovaForge Capital to maintain its positions. Now, without their partnerships and investments... the Wynn Group won't last long!"

For years, because of those two companies' tendency to throw money at them as if it were nothing, the Wynn Group's entire network of partnerships had been built upon them.

With them pulling out, it was as if the company's heart had been ripped out.

Patrick clutched his head as his vision went dark, and he staggered back onto the sofa.

"It's over... How did this happen...?" Marianne's vision also blurred. She held Hailey numbly, her entire body feeling weak.

The secretary asked, "Mr. Wynn, what should we do now? If... if the Wynn Group can't find new investment, it's very likely... that we'll go bankrupt."

Patrick's head was spinning. The Lancaster Group's offer had sent him soaring for a day, and its cancellation had been the first domino to fall...

"Could it... really be because of Serena?"

A faint, almost ethereal voice drifted down from the second floor.

Derek Wynn, the family's second son, stood there in a loose robe, his eyes haggard and his jaw covered in stubble, clearly having neglected himself for days.

He stood at the top of the stairs, his voice trembling slightly. "Logan said she was at the Obsidian Palace that day And she was the one who said she could make the Lancaster family cancel the partnership in five seconds."

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"Impossible!" Marianne shrieked, as if someone had stepped on her tail. "She's just

a country girl we brought back from the slums! Her biological parents were nobodies from the ghetto. How could she have that kind of power?"

Marianne let out a cold laugh. "Ever since you came back from the hospital, you've been rambling about being wrong, all wrong, saying Serena knows medicine and is some kind of master doctor. I think you've just gone crazy from working nonstop!"

"I know exactly what Serena is capable of, and it isn't much! If she really had that kind of ability, she would have shown it off long ago, desperate for us to give her a second glance!"

Logan looked up weakly. "But... but how could it be such a coincidence...?"

"It only proves that Serena is a jinx! A curse on all of us!" Marianne cut him off, grinding her teeth. "It's because you ran into that damn girl that we've had such bad luck!"

The more she thought about it, the angrier she became.

They had one encounter with Serena, and the Wynn family suffered such a huge disaster.

Thankfully, she had made the decisive choice to kick Serena out of the family when she did.

Otherwise, who knows how much worse their luck would have gotten!

"It's because you ran into that curse that the Lancaster Group canceled the deal!"

Marianne glared at her son. "The Wynn family had barely received the offer from the Lancasters, nothing was even finalized, and the two of you were already running around bragging about it!"

"Now that the Lancaster family has pulled out, all those opportunists are afraid of offending them, so they're kicking us while we're down!"

She turned to Patrick. "Honey, our top priority right now is to beg the Lancaster family for forgiveness. As long as they agree to give us the contract back, those other companies will come running back with their tails between their legs!"

It was their only option now.

Patrick clenched his fists. "You're right! We'll go beg the Lancaster family!"

He kicked Logan again. "And you, you're going to get on your knees and apologize to them!"

The secretary trembled nearby. "What about... Titancrest Group and NovaForge Capital...?"

"If the Lancaster family relents,

those two will come crawling back, begging me to renew their

contracts!" Patrick's face was grimy "We absolutely cannot lose the Lancaster deal!"

"Mom, Dad," Hailey said, holding her phone and looking at a post on her social media feed. "A friend of mine said the Lancaster family booked a private room at Le Celeste tonight. It seems like they're celebrating something..." .net

Patrick's eyes lit up. "Really?"

Hailey nodded confidently. "Absolutely certain!"

"Good. Then we'll go to Le Céleste tonight and intercept them!" He had been wondering how to track down the Lancasters, thinking his only option was to camp out at their corporate headquarters he hadn't expected Hailey to have their location.

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Marianne beamed and pulled Hailey into a hug. "Oh, Hailey, you really are our little lucky star!"

Unlike Serena, who only ever brought them bad luck.

Hailey smiled sweetly. "I'm just happy I can help Mom and Dad."

Logan rubbed his bruised backside, a sour feeling growing in his stomach as he watched the harmonious mother-daughter scene.

If it had been Serena...

If he had been kicked that badly, Serena would have rushed over immediately to check on him and get him some medicine.

But maybe... it was because Hailey had just returned to the family. She was just getting used to having a family again and didn't know how to interact with so many new relatives.

Once Hailey fully embraced this family, she would be better.

Chapter 104

[576 words]

Hailey would definitely be better than Serena!

"Honey, what are you standing there for? Let's get ready and go to Le Céleste to wait for the Lancasters!" Marianne said, taking Hailey's arm to go change her clothes.

But Patrick remained motionless, staring blankly at his phone.

"Le Céleste is the most luxurious fine dining establishment in all of Vaelion City..." Patrick frowned. "Given the Wynn family's current situation..."

A meal at Le Céleste was an extravagant expense.

Even a table in the main dining hall would cost at least 300,000 dollars.

There was a time when they wouldn't have thought twice about such a sum.

But now, with contracts being terminated and banks calling in their debts, their liquid assets were...

They really couldn't pull together that kind of cash.

Marianne hadn't realized their situation was this dire. "But... this is our last chance."

Patrick ran a hand through his hair, looking completely disheveled.

Suddenly, an idea seemed to strike him. "Last time... where is that card Serena left?"

The day Serena left, she had left a card to sever ties with them completely.

At the time, he had given the card and the list to the butler for verification.

After that, he had completely forgotten about it.

"You really believe that country girl Serena could have 500,000 dollars?" Marianne narrowed her eyes and sneered.

"Where is the card?!" Patrick had no time to argue with her about Serena. He could find out if the card had money on it just by checking!

If it did, it would solve their immediate problem.

Marianne pouted and turned to walk toward her room. "The butler verified everything and gave the list and card to me. I just tossed them in a drawer."

She didn't believe for a second that Serena had only spent 500,000 dollars in four years with the fam nor did she believe.

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mount

Patrick was too impatient to wait for her. He immediately rushed into the room himself.

He opened the drawer and, sure enough, saw a stack of papers and a bank card.

He took them all out and gave them a quick scan.

One of the papers was a clearly printed, itemized list from the butler, detailing all of Serena's expenses over the past four years.

He flipped straight to the last page to look at the total.

Total expenses: 187,600 dollars.

In four years, living in their supposedly wealthy family, all of Serena's expenses amounted to just over 180,000 dollars.

Moreover, he scanned the itemized list.

That money had been spent on the clothes and accessories they had bought for her when she first

arrived to avoid gossip-and on the cost of the meals she ate and the water she drank at home.

There wasn't a single line item for Serena's personal, discretionary spending.

In other words, in four years, Serena had not used a single cent of the Wynn family's money for herself.

The number felt like a heavy slap across his face.

"This... this is impossible..." Marianne snatched the list, staring at the total. "The

Wynn family isn't so poor that we'd mistreat a daughter..."

"The butler listed every single item. How could it be fake?" Patrick's face darkened, "I have no idea how you've been managing this

all

household aff

these years! You treated her like this

even before you knew she wasn't your biological daughter?"

He snatched the list back and crumpled it into a ball.

This was an utter disgrace to him as the head of an elite family!

Patrick then picked up the other paper, a bank statement, and glanced at it. The

balance showed that the bank card did indeed contain...

Exactly 500,000 dollars!

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Chapter 105[609 words]

"Where... where did she get so much money?!" Marianne's eyes widened as she stared at the card in Patrick's hand, her face a mask of disbelief.

Then, her brow furrowed fiercely. "No wonder she didn't have any expenses in the four years she was here! She must have been siphoning off the Wynn family's money and stashing it away for herself!"

Otherwise, how could a country girl like Serena have 500,000 dollars?

That money clearly belonged to the Wynn family!

"Everything you bought for her combined isn't even worth 100,000! How could she turn those items into cash? Is anything missing from her room? Have you ever given her a single dollar of allowance?"

Patrick couldn't understand how her mind worked. He took the bank card and turned to leave. "Now that we have the money, let's hurry to Le Céleste. If we can intercept the Lancasters, Serena will have finally made a contribution to this family!"

Serena was taking a nap in her room when the ringing of her phone woke her.

It was Dr. Dawson from Starlight Royal Medical Center.

She blinked her eyes open and answered, immediately hearing Dr. Dawson's urgent voice on the other end. "Miss Serena, I'm so sorry to bother you, but we have an emergency. It's the young girl from the car accident you saved last week. She's... suddenly experiencing severe chest pain, difficulty breathing, and a sharp drop in blood pressure. Conventional treatments aren't effective, and I was at my wit's end, so I had to disturb you."

Serena's brow furrowed slightly as she recalled the seventeen or eighteen-year-old girl Alfred had accidentally grazed with his car.

She remembered that after everything was settled, the girl hadn't pressed charges against Alfred.

She had even called to thank Serena, taking full responsibility for the accident in hopes that Alfred wouldn't feel guilty.

She was a kind and sweet girl.

This was a loose end she needed to tie up.

"I understand. I'm on my way," Serena said, hanging up and immediately getting out of bed.

She quickly washed her face, grabbed a small bottle from her drawer, and tossed it into her canvas bag.

She slung the bag over her shoulder and walked out the door.

Just then, she saw Alfred hurrying toward her, his face etched with tension and worry. "Miss..."

"I know. Let's go." Serena threw the bag over her back and strode quickly down the stairs.

Alfred watched her go, his eyes turning a little red. He felt a mix of gratitude and anxiety as he hurried to follow her.

Downstairs, Catherine was making dessert by hand. Seeing Serena with her bag, she asked, "Serena, are you going out again?"

"Yes, something came up," Serena nodded.

Catherine looked at her with reluctance and concern. "Then tonight...?"

Serena glanced at the time. "After I'm done, Alfred will take me to Le Céleste."

Although Catherine didn't want her

to go, she knew her daughter was busy with important matters. She couldn't help and she certainly couldn't hold her back. "Be safe, then, she urged. "Come find us at Le Céleste when you're finished. We'll let them know you're coming."

Serena gave a small nod and left quickly with Alfred.

From a corner of the hallway, Agnes peeked out, watching them disappear and narrowing her eyes.

Once Serena was gone, she took out

her phone and sent a message to Isabella. (Alfred just left with that girl, They seemed to be in a real hurry, idea where they're going.)

Starlight Royal Medical Center.

The moment Serena and Alfred arrived, the white-haired Dr. Dawson, who had been waiting personally, rushed toward them as if he'd seen his last hope. Miss Serena, you're finally here! Miss Blackwood is in the special care unit. We've only been able to stabilize her vital signs for now..."

Messing With Her? Are You Crazy! - Chapter 106[593 words]

Serena walked quickly. "What was the specific trigger? Wasn't her condition stable before?"

When the young woman had called her, her voice had sounded like she was recovering well.

Dr. Dawson explained, "This afternoon, a girl claiming to be Miss Blackwood's friend came to visit. They were alone for about half an hour, and then Miss Blackwood suddenly had an emotional breakdown..."

Serena frowned. "A friend? What set her off?"

Dr. Dawson nodded and, as they walked, concisely updated Serena on the patient's condition.

The two made their way to the intensive care unit.

Two figures stood outside the door. Serena immediately noticed the tall, elegant man leaning against the wall.

His expression was grim, and the tension around him was thick. His devilishly handsome face lacked its usual lazy, carefree air.

A cigarette was perched between his long, distinct fingers, the ash grown long, yet he hadn't moved at all.

Standing next to him was another handsome man with ash-white hair, pacing back and forth.

Hearing their approach, he looked up. When his eyes landed on Serena, they widened. "Hey, it's you... the young lady?!"

Serena narrowed her eyes, glancing at the man.

She didn't recognize him.

"Miss Lancaster." Nicholas's eyes lit up slightly upon seeing Serena.

He stubbed out his cigarette and threw it in the trash can. "Go on in and take a look."

Serena glanced at the ICU door, then back at Nicholas.

"The person inside is my sister," Nicholas said, pausing before adding, "My biological sister."

"Oh."

So that's what Nicholas meant earlier by a "life-saving favor" - she had saved his sister's life.

Serena pushed the door open and stepped into the intensive care ward, her gaze landing on the girl lying in the bed.

Brianna's small face was deathly pale, her body hooked up to all kinds of monitors and tubes. She looked even more fragile than she had on the day of the car accident.

Without the slightest hesitation, Serena walked straight to the bedside.

A full set of traditional medicine equipment had already been laid out and prepared.

"Men, clear the room," Serena said as she set her canvas bag down.

Nathan froze for a moment. He looked at Serena's stance, clearly wanting to say something, but Nicholas grabbed his arm and hauled him out of the ward.

Serena lifted Brianna's blanket, unbuttoned a few buttons at the top of her hospital gown, and gently pressed a few points over the girts, heart with her fingertips.

After confirming what she needed to know, she began the treatment.

Her movements were smooth as flowing water-fast, precise, and assured.

Nicholas and Nathan could only watch Serena work through the observation window.

About twenty minutes later, the alarms in the room gradually died down and the monitors went quiet.

The heart rhythm on the ECG slowly returned to a steady, regular pattern. Serena buttoned Brianna's gown back up, then finally spoke. "You can come in."

They rushed into the ward at once, only to see that Brianna's expression had relaxed, and her breathing had evened out.

The hard lines of Nicholas's face finally eased a fraction. "Brianna... she's okay now, right?"

Nathan was stunned. He stared at Brianna in disbelief, then looked back at Serena's calm, collected face.

He had seen for himself how critical Brianna's condition had been just now-how a swarm of top

specialists had crowded around her, and yet all the measures they'd taken had done almost nothing.

But this beautiful, young girl had walked in with nothing but a few silver needles and, in a matter of minutes, turned around a situation that even a roomful of experts Couldn't handle.

What kind of supernatural being was she?

No wonder Nicholas treated her so differently from everyone else.

Messing With Her? Are You Crazy! - Chapter 107[586 words]

"She's stable for now." With the immediate crisis over, Serena put away her tools and methodically wiped her fingers. "She has a congenital heart condition. Her episode was triggered by emotional distress."

Nicholas's gaze remained fixed on Brianna. Seeing the color return to her face and her breathing steady, the fist he'd been clenching slowly relaxed.

He lowered his eyes slightly, his gaze falling on the fingers the girl was wiping- slender, pale, with beautifully formed knuckles.

He smiled, a profound emotion swirling in the depths of his dark eyes. "Thank you."

Serena tossed the wet wipe into the trash, then picked up her canvas bag, her expression nonchalant. "No need."

"What do you mean, no need?" Nicholas lifted his mesmerizing eyes, which seemed to ripple with a bewitching light, adding a devilish charm to his ethereally handsome face. "You've worked hard today, Dr. Lancaster. It's getting late... why don't we have dinner together?"

Serena glanced at the time. "No, thanks. I have a family dinner to get to. I have to go."

As she spoke, she unzipped her canvas bag, pulled out a plain-looking porcelain vial, and handed it to Nicholas.

The vial had no label, but a faint, pleasant medicinal scent emanated from it.

"One of these a day. It will help protect your sister's heart. This is a month's supply. After she finishes them, her heart should be stable and her system rebalanced. Then we can consider a more permanent treatment plan."

Nicholas reached out to take it, his long fingers seeming to brush against Serena's fingertips accidentally.

A jolt, like an electric current, shot through her.

It tingled.

Serena's fingers instinctively recoiled slightly.

She looked up sharply, her eyes meeting the man's gaze, which swirled like a spring tide.

His impossibly handsome face was just inches away.

It was enough to make one's heart tremble.

"Dr. Lancaster. The name rolled off the man's tongue, carrying an inexplicably intimate and seductive quality. His voice was so low and magnetic it made her eardrums tingle. This is such a huge favor. don't think just remembering it will be enough. What do you think... if I offer myself in return? Would that be enough repayment?"

The man was far too close.

His refined, pine-like scent seemed to wash over her ear, carrying a lingering, bewitching charm.

Serena's expression remained unchanged. She lifted a hand, her slender, jade-like fingers pressing against his devastatingly handsome face, and unceremoniously pushed him back.

Her movement was clean and sharp. "Mr. Blackwood, I couldn't possibly accept."

She slung the canvas bag over her shoulder. "I have a family dinner. I'm leaving now."

Nicholas wasn't annoyed at being pushed away. Instead, his smile grew more devilish. "I'll see you out."

"No need. You should stay with your sister. She should... be waking up soon," Serena refused again, striding away without a backward glance. "Alfred drove."

Alfred nodded quickly to Nicholas and hurried out after Serena.

Only Nicholas and Nathan remained in the ICU room.

Nicholas squinted his obsidian eyes, staring intently in the direction the girl had disappeared, his gaze deep and unreadable.

His long fingers caressed the cool surface of the porcelain vial in his palm.

It was as if the girl's warmth still lingered on it.

"Let me see. What kind of pill is that amazing?" Nathan craned his neck, staring curiously at the vial in Nicholas's hand. "Countless doctors have looked at Brianna's heart condition, and none of them@ould

guarantee a cure. The slightest emotional trigger and she has an attack."

He was incredibly curious how that stunningly beautiful young woman could be so confident that this unlabeled, unverified product she just handed over could stabilize Brianna's heart.

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Chapter 108[561 words]

Nicholas lowered his gaze, looking at the porcelain vial in his palm. With a flick of his finger, he uncorked it.

A clear, refreshing medicinal fragrance instantly filled the air.

"Smells great!" Nathan sniffed appreciatively.

Nicholas tipped one pill out. It was about the size of a small marble, a warm amber color with a smooth surface, and an intoxicating aroma.

Nathan leaned in, staring at the pill. "Is that... a faint pattern on the pill? What character is that? It looks like... the word for 'heart'?"

After recognizing the character imprinted on the pill, Nathan's eyes went wide, and his voice cracked. "Holy crap!"

Nicholas frowned and shot a quick glance at Brianna on the bed. Seeing that the girl's eyes were still closed and her breathing was steady, he turned a cool, sidelong look at Nathan.

Nathan flinched and immediately lowered his voice, but his exaggerated expression still conveyed his current state of agitation. "This... this is a Heartward Pill! The kind that sells for five hundred thousand dollars a pop on the black market!"

He raised a trembling finger, hovering it over the vial in the air. "The key is, money can't even buy it! And she just... casually gave you a whole bottle?!"

Nicholas's lips curled into a deeper smile. "Yes. Casually."

"You can say 'yes' at a time like this!" Nathan was so excited he was sputtering. "Five hundred thousand dollars a pill! She just said Brianna should take one a day. A month's supply is thirty pills! Thirty! That's fifteen million dollars! Fifteen million! She just casually handed you fifteen million dollars! Was that a dowry? That's way too generous!"

Something in that sentence seemed to please Nicholas. A radiant smile spread across his ethereally handsome face, making his already fox-like, devilish features even more vibrant and soul-stirring.

Nathan was still in shock, waving his hands around. "Nicholas, you have no idea. These Heartward Pills are the exclusive, secret medicine developed by that legendary Ghost Doctor, the one who's impossible to find, the one you've been trying to track down for

years! The effects are insane! A single pill can bring a patient on the brink of death from heart failure right back to life!"

"They say the Ghost Doctor is eccentric and only releases one or two pills a month for auction on the black market. So many people have offered mountains of gold and silver and still couldn't get ore And that young lady is she handing out the Ghost Doctor's limited edition miracle drug like candy? How long has she been stockpiling these?"

Nicholas put the pill back in the vial and stoppered it.

He twirled the vial between his long fingers his posture relaxed. "Could it be possible that she is the ch Doctor?"

His drawn-out tone carried a knowing, profound meaning.

"Wh-what?!" Nathan's voice nearly cracked again, but he managed to swallow the sound back down.

He slapped both hands over his mouth, taking a long moment to suppress his excitement The Ghost Doctor? That legendary white haired,

eccentric old creep is that young woman?!"

Impossible!

Serena was so young, so beautiful. How could she possibly be that old weirdo?

Nicholas caressed the smooth vial, then handed it to Nathan before striding out of the room.

As he walked, a playful smile touched his lips. "Who ever said the Ghost Doctor had to be an old man?"

Nathan was floored.

No, seriously, the difference was just too huge!

So huge it was terrifying!

Messing With Her? Are You Crazy! - Chapter 109[576 words]

Seeing Nicholas about to leave the room, Nathan clutched the fifteen-million-dollar, priceless bottle of Heartward Pills and carefully hurried after him. "Nicholas, where are you going?"

Nicholas nonchalantly adjusted his cuffs, his exquisitely perfect profile devastatingly handsome.

He smiled, a devilish glint in his eyes. "To attend a family dinner. And while I'm at it... discuss the implementation details of a certain childhood engagement."

Nathan was completely bewildered.

What?

A childhood engagement?

Nicholas? A childhood engagement? Had Nicholas lost his mind, or was he hallucinating?

Just as Nicholas stepped out of the VIP floor elevator, a woman in a sky-blue luxury suit rushed toward him.

"Nicholas..."

The woman's face was tear-streaked and pitiful, her eyes red-rimmed and her long lashes dotted with crystalline tears.

When she saw Nicholas, her voice was a deliberately soft, choked sob. "I'm so sorry, Nicholas, it's all my fault... It's all my fault! I was just so worried about Brianna. I heard she was in a car accident, and I just wanted to see her... But I didn't expect, I didn't expect her to get so agitated. I really didn't mean for it to happen..."

She sniffled, tears rolling down her cheeks. "I was so scared... If anything happened to Brianna, I would never be able to forgive myself."

As she spoke, she tried to lean into Nicholas's arms.

Nicholas, his path blocked, lazily lifted his narrow, captivating eyes.

Though they were the same alluring eyes, his fleeting glance was incredibly cold.

The woman froze on the spot, not daring to take another step.

Her outstretched hand hung awkwardly in mid-air, as awkward as the tears rolling down her face.

Nicholas's cool gaze swept over her.

On Isabella's prim and proper face, her eyes were red, but her makeup was immaculately retouched.

Her eyeliner had clearly been redrawn, and her lipstick was a vibrant, striking color.

A blatant sneer touched the man's

lips. His low, lazy voice was flat, yet

filled with mockery. "Oh? Miss

Lancaster is so worried aboutnet

Brianna's well-being, yet she still found time to touch up her makeup?"

Isabella's fake sobs died in her throat. The expression on her perfectly made-up face stiffened, a flicker of humiliation and panic showing in her eyes at being exposed content

She clenched her fists, instinctively trying to explain. "Nicholas, n-no, that's not it,

I..."

"Miss Lancaster, my sister doesn't need irrelevant people hanging around," Nicholas said, his voice exceptionally cool. He didn't even bother to look at Isabella "Out of respect for Mr. Lancaster, won't hold this against you. The best apology you can offer... is to stay far away from Brianna."

With that, Nicholas strode past Isabella and left the hospital.

Isabella stared blankly at Nicholas's departing back. She wanted to stop him, but the memory of the coldness in his eyes sent a shiver of fear through her.

She clenched her fists, her face pale with anger.

Nicholas must be treating her this way because... because he blames her for causing Brianna's episode.

He must be angry with her.

How was she supposed to know Brianna was so fragile? That just a few words would be enough to trigger an attack.

She was just trying to be nice! As Brianna's future sister-in-law, she had come specially to visit.

It was Brianna who had been hostile, snapping at her and telling her to get out of the room, saying she would never accept her as a sister-in-law.

That's why she lost her temper for a moment...

And said a few more things than she should have! That's all!

It wasn't her fault.

Brianna was the one who yelled at her first, who lost her temper with her first.

Messing With Her? Are You Crazy! - Chapter 110[591 words]

She was the one being wronged here!

And if it weren't for that country bumpkin Serena, she wouldn't be suffering this humiliation!

Isabella stomped her foot in frustration, her eyes red. She thought about the message Agnes had sent earlier, wondering where Alfred had taken Serena.

From the sound of it...

It was probably the family planning another surprise for Serena.

And they claimed they weren't playing favorites.

The moment she was out of the house, they sneakily planned a surprise for Serena behind her back.

They deliberately kept her in the dark!

In this family, she really had become an outsider.

The more Isabella thought about it, the more wronged she felt. She clenched her fists and glared resentfully toward the VIP elevator.

No!

She absolutely could not just sit back and let this happen.

She had to use her status as the heiress of the Lancaster family to hold on tight to her engagement with Nicholas!

As long as she could marry into the Blackwood family, she could grind Serena under her heel and make Serena watch her with envy!

Just as she was thinking this, she caught a glimpse of a familiar figure in her peripheral vision.

Serena?

Hadn't Serena gone with Alfred to see the surprise her family had prepared?

Why would she be at the Starlight Royal Medical Center?

She must be seeing things.

Meanwhile, the Wynn family arrived at Le Céleste, filled with a last-ditch hope.

The restaurant, decorated like an ancient palace, was a magnificent display of gold and opulence.

Although Hailey had been back with the Wynn family for three months and had spent some time navigating high society, this was her first time stepping into such a lavishly decorated, high-end establishment.

Her eyes couldn't help but dart around, looking here and there, wishing she could reach out and touch the golden pillars to see if they were real.

Beside her Patrick was still

whispering instructions. "All of you, when you see the Lancasters later, you must be humble! As long as the Lancaster family is willing to give us back the contract, we'll do anything!"

Hailey found it incredibly boring.

Her eyes shifted, and she tugged on Marianne's hand. "Mom, I need to use the restroom."

Marianne patted her hand. "Come back quickly. Business is more important." Hailey nodded obediently and got up to leave.

On her way to the restroom, she made a sudden turn into another long, antique- style corridor.

At the other end of the corridor was a setup that resembled an ancient imperial garden.

Every pillar was gleaming gold.

Exquisite and rare flowers bloomed in abundance, every detail screaming of luxury and wealth.

It was the perfect spot for taking pictures.

Hailey's eyes lit up, and she rushed over, snapping a flurry of photos.

Just the thought of the envious likes

she'd get when she posted thesenet Proud.

pictures online made her f feel

FindNovel.net

As she was taking pictures, a figure suddenly entered her line of sight.

A tall, slender girl with her hands in her pockets was walking with a confident swagger toward another floor.

Black baseball cap, long hair, white t-shirt, black pants, a canvas bag.

Wasn't that Serena's standard outfit?

Even

simply and casually, she looked

gh she was dressed so

she

if

luxurious setting. 's

She was even more dazzling than any of the socialites coming and going!

A flash of jealousy crossed Hailey's eyes.

Serena... what was she doing here?

How could she possibly be here?

Le Céleste was a place that even the Wynn family, in their prime, would have hesitated to enter for a meal!

How could a lowlife from the slums like Serena get into a place like this?

Could it be that she knew they were coming to Le Céleste and deliberately used the Wynn family's name to sneak in?

Messing With Her? Are You Crazy! - Chapter 111[526 words]

How shameless could Serena be!

She had already signed an agreement to cut all ties with the Wynn family, severing any relationship she had with them.

And yet, she still had the nerve to use the Wynn family's name to get into these exclusive clubs.

Wasn't she just trying to leverage that pretty face of hers to social climb?

The more Hailey thought about it, the more furious she became.

She stomped toward Serena in her high heels.

However, before she could even get close to the building near the garden, two security guards appeared out of nowhere and blocked her path. "I'm sorry, miss, please show your access card."

"What access card?" Hailey was livid at being stopped. "I'm a guest at Le Céleste! How dare you stop me?"

"Our apologies, miss, but this is the VIP area of Le Céleste. You need a VIP access card to enter," the guard said, doing his job.

VIP area?

Hailey had done her research on the way here.

Le Céleste was already a symbol of the elite in Vaelion City, but places like this were always strictly hierarchical.

The VIP area of Le Céleste was a place only the true upper-echelon families, the genuine crème de la crème, were qualified to enter.

Money alone wasn't always enough.

"Then how did she get in?" Hailey demanded, pointing at Serena.

If Serena could get in, why couldn't she, a person of far more noble birth, be allowed access?

The guard looked in the direction she was pointing.

Serena had just turned a corner and disappeared from sight.

The guard didn't see anyone but replied patiently, "Regardless of who it is, anyone who can enter the P area of Le Celeste must have an access card."

"No... that's impossible!" How could Serena, whose biological parents were slum-dwelling nobodies, possibly have a VIP access card?

There must be some mistake.

Hailey was about to say more, but the guard politely advised her not to disturb the guests in the VIP area.

Hailey had fought hard to get into a place where she could show off, and she certainly didn't want to be embarrassingly kicked out.

If she were actually thrown out by Le Céleste's security, how could she ever show her face in Vaelion City's high-society scene again?

She could only walk away, resentful.

As she left, she kept glancing back over her shoulder in the direction Serena had disappeared.

She was certain she hadn't seen the wrong person!

Hailey was no longer in the mood to take pictures. Dejected, she returned to the rest of the Wynn family.

"Hailey, what's wrong?" Marianne

pulled Hailey to sit beside her, looking at her scrunched-up face. "Dad, Mom, and your brother will handle the Lancaster family issue. Just pretend you're here for dinner and try not to look so miserable."

Hailey bit her lip. "Mom... I think... I think I just saw my sister." "Sister?" Marianne didn't immediately register who she meant. Hailey clarified, "It was Serena. I just saw her."

"Serena?" A scornful look crossed

Marianne's face. "You must have et

seen wrong. How could she possibly be qualified to enter Le Celeste?

"No, I'm sure it was her," Hailey said with conviction.

"What? You're saying Serena is here?" For some reason, Logan felt a strange jolt of excitement upon hearing Serena's name.

Messing With Her? Are You Crazy! - Chapter 112[522 words]

He suppressed his emotions. "Where is she? Why would she be here?"

Could she have followed them?

Hailey keenly picked up on the excitement in his voice.

What was Logan so excited about?

Excited to see Serena again?

Hailey's expression darkened for a moment, but she quickly put on a worried look. "I don't know. I was following her, wanting to ask if the Lancaster family canceled their contract with us because of her. If so, I wanted to beg her, maybe..."

"It absolutely has nothing to do with her!" Marianne cut her off with a disgusted tone. "Who knows what man she latched onto to get into Obsidian Palace last time? Even if she did manage to hook some rich and powerful man, he'd just be toying with her. Why would he go so far as to get the Lancaster family involved for her sake?"

Her malicious speculation sounded nothing like it was coming from someone who had been Serena's mother for four years.

Instead, she spoke as if she were talking about an enemy.

The undisguised malice and disgust were practically overflowing. "Even if she's here at Le Céleste now, it must be because some old man brought her here to see the world."

"She is really going through a lot just to stay in Vaelion City," Hailey murmured, her face a mask of concern.

"Don't talk about that jinx," Marianne said with a look of pure disgust. "She's nothing but bad luck. We have to meet with someone from the Lancaster family, the richest in Vaelion City, later. We can't let Serena ruin this for us!"

The Wynn family sat in the main hall, their eyes glued to the entrance.

They stared so intently it seemed their eyes would pop out.

They waited and waited.

Suddenly, a large group entered, and the general manager of Le Céleste personally rushed forward to greet them respectfully.

Patrick's eyes lit up, and he shot to his feet. "It's Old Mr. Lancaster, Director Lancaster, and Mr. Lancaster!"

It really was the Lancaster family!

They had actually come to Le Céleste.

The hundreds of thousands of dollars were worth it!

Patrick quickly dragged Logan along and rushed toward the Lancasters, shouting Old Mr. Lancaster

Director Lancaster, Mr. Lancaster..."

The sudden commotion alerted the security guards at Le Céleste.

After all, the clientele here were all prominent figures, and such a scene was unheard of.

But it gave Patrick the opening he needed. He rushed in front of the Lancaster family and, with a heavy thud dropped to his knees on the floor.

The sudden act even startled Old Mr. Lancaster, who was in a wheelchair.

Edward immediately shielded Old Mr. Lancaster, his expression turning cold and severe. "Who is this? Get him out of here, now!"

The guards immediately moved in to drag the man away.

How could Patrick let this opportunity slip away?

He had spent hundreds of thousands to get this chance to see them. If he missed this, when would he get another?

He could never hope to get close to people of the Lancaster family's stature otherwise.

Patrick yelled at the top of his lungs, "Director Lancaster, it's me! Patrick from the Wynn Group! Just the other day, you called me personally to discuss a partnership with our Company"

Messing With Her? Are You Crazy! - Chapter 113[583 words]

The Wynn Group?

Old Mr. Lancaster frowned. "Who?"

What kind of riffraff was this, blocking his path?

"Let go of me!" Patrick struggled violently, his voice hoarse with desperation. "Old Mr. Lancaster, Director Lancaster, Mr. Lancaster, I'm begging you... have mercy! Please, give the Wynn Group a chance to survive!"

With that, Patrick forcefully yanked Logan, who was standing beside him. "Aren't you going to kneel and apologize to them right now?"

Logan stumbled and fell heavily to his knees with a thud.

His face was filled with humiliation.

Marianne's eyes darted around before she quickly shoved her designer handbag into her daughter's hands.

Then, she also ran forward, crying out as she knelt before Old Mr. Lancaster's wheelchair. "It's all our fault! We've brought our disobedient son here to atone to the Lancaster family! As long as you're willing to continue working with us, the Wynn family will do anything to repay you!"

After all, everyone here was rich and influential.

If they kneeled and apologized so publicly, surely the Lancaster family would be backed into a corner socially?

The sight of three people kneeling in a row was utterly unprecedented.

This kind of thing simply didn't happen at Le Céleste, a place exclusively for the elite.

Even the highly trained security guards were stunned for a few seconds before reacting.

Only then did they rush forward and restrain the three members of the Wynn family.

Hailey was mortified and wanted nothing to do with them. Clutching Marianne's designer bag, she shrank back into the crowd.

"Grandpa, they're Serena's former parents," Julian Lancaster explained in a low voice to Old Mr. Lancaster. "Serena was mistakenly switched at birth and raised by the Wynn family. When we brought her back recently, we wanted to thank them for raising her all these years. So, we offered them a partnership in the core project for the west side development to give them a boost."

"So, they're Serena's former parents? Hearing that they had raised Serena, Old Mr. Lancaster's expression softened. Looking at the three people being dragged away by security, he quickly called out, "Wait!"

He even started to wheel himself forward, intending to help them up.

Since they had raised Serena for twenty years, he felt he had to show them some respect.

When Patrick saw Old Mr. Lancaster's sudden change in attitude, he was secretly delighted.

He knew it! The Lancaster family still valued them.

The moment they knew who they were, their attitude changed completely.

This meant they could get the contract back!

Feeling a bit smug, Patrick forcefully pushed away the guard holding him. "Old Mr. Lancaster has spoken, so get lost! We are future partners of the Lancasters!"

But just as Old Mr. Lancaster moved his wheelchair a fraction of an inch, Julian added, "Grandpa, the contract for the Wynn family was canceled by Serena personally."

The wheelchair stopped dead.

Old Mr. Lancaster frowned. "What happened?"

Julian's eyes, usually gentle behind his glasses, glinted with a sharp light. "Serena only said one thing: she doesn't owe the Wynn family anything, and no gratitude of compensation is needed

Old Mr. Lancaster's face fell.

Even though he had only known Serena for a short week, he understood his granddaughter.

Serena might seem cool and detached on the surface, but she was actually a very sentimental person.

Moreover, Serena was affiliated with the government, and her work brought honor to the country; her character was beyond reproach.

Such a sweet, obedient, and brilliant

child would never be so cold to the family that raised her, let alone personally cancel a partnership offered to them, unless they had done something truly awful to break her heart.

Messing With Her? Are You Crazy! - Chapter 114[574 words]

Instantly, a surge of protective anger flared up inside him.

But Patrick, blissfully unaware, approached Old Mr. Lancaster with a shameless, fawning smile. "Old Mr. Lancaster, I knew you were a reasonable man. Whatever misunderstanding we have, we can clear it up face-to-face..."

"Get out!"

Old Mr. Lancaster's expression changed again, and his furious roar boomed with authority.

His disgusted gaze swept over the three of them, and he sneered. "Who has a misunderstanding with you? A bunch of clueless fools!"

The smiles on the Wynn family's faces froze. They were speechless.

What was happening?

His mood was changing way too fast.

They were completely thunderstruck. By the time they snapped out of it, Old Mr. Lancaster was already leading his group toward the inner courtyard of Le Céleste.

Before they could even speak, they heard Old Mr. Lancaster's cold command, "Mr. Collins, keep a close watch. Don't let this trash disturb our meal!"

The Wynn family was utterly baffled and tried to rush forward again.

But Mr. Collins, the general manager of Le Céleste, stopped them with a practiced smile that held a clear warning. "Mr. Wynn, if you wish to continue dining at Le Céleste, please remain quiet and composed. Return to your seats and refrain from any further improper behavior. If you disturb any other guests, we will have to ask you to leave."

The three of them felt humiliated and resentful, but they had no choice but to swallow their pride. Under the pointing fingers and whispers of the other guests, they scurried back to their table.

They certainly couldn't get thrown out.

This was their last hope!

When they returned to their table, they saw Hailey already seated, her eyes red as she looked at them.

She stood up as they approached, tears streaming down her face.

Seeing their daughter crying like that, the questions they wanted to ask about where she had been died on their lips.

Logan frowned, his eyes fixed on his biological sister's pitiful, tear-streaked face.

He furrowed his brow.

Could it be that she...

...ran away because she was embarrassed by them?

If it had been Serena, she would never have abandoned them!

She would have tried to find a way to solve the problem for everyone!

Patrick and Marianne sat down with grim expressions, anxiously discussing how they needed to find the private room the Lancaster family was dining in, get inside and find another chance to clear up the misunderstanding.

Hundreds of thousands of dollars' worth of exquisite dishes were laid out before them, but they were on pins and needles, too anxious to eat a single bite.

Hailey, however, wasn't about to miss this photo opportunity.

She had never eaten such expensive food in her life and naturally had to take pictures to commemorate the occasion and show off on her social media.

As soon as she opened her feed, her eyes lit up. "Dad, Mom, I know! The Lancaster family... they're in the 'Sovereign Suite'!"

"The Sovereign Suite?" Marianne exclaimed. "That's the top private room in the VIP area of Le Céleste. There's no way we can get in!"

Thinking of how she had just been stopped by security outside the VIP area, Hailey clenched her fists.

Security over there was much stricter than it was here.

Patrick's eyes glinted with determination. "Then we wait."

He gritted his teeth. "We'll wait outside the restroom closest to the VIP area.

Someone has to come out eventually!"

There was no other option.

So the Wynn family went to stake out the hallway by the restrooms

leading to the VIP section

to the top private

right

of the "Sovereign Suite."

Messing With Her? Are You Crazy! -

Chapter 115[578 words]

Time ticked by, second by second.

The Wynn family lurked around, craning their necks, but not a single person from the Lancaster family appeared.

Their legs grew numb from standing, but they didn't dare leave.

What if someone came out the moment they walked away?

They couldn't afford to miss this chance.

Marianne, whose feet were aching in her high heels, grew frustrated and kicked at the wall to vent her anger. "What rotten luck!"

Her legs were already sore, and the sudden, forceful movement made her lose her balance before her foot even hit the wall.

"Ah!"

A loud crash followed.

Marianne cried out in pain.

Then came the shattering sound of a dish hitting the floor.

Luckily, Hailey managed to catch Marianne just in time, preventing her from falling.

Marianne looked up sharply and saw an elderly man in a white chef's uniform standing before her. At his feet lay a shattered soup tureen, its contents splattered all over the floor. A few drops had splashed onto Marianne's skirt.

"Oh, my skirt..." This was a limited-edition dress she had specifically worn for a high-end place like Le Céleste.

Marianne was heartbroken. Seeing that the man was just an ordinary chef, she immediately directed all her pent-up frustration at him. "Are you blind? Do you have any idea how much this dress costs? Can you afford to pay for it if it's ruined?"

The old man frowned at the mess on the floor. "Ma'am, you're the one who ran into me and knocked over my soup. I haven't asked you for compensation, yet you're the one on, yet you're the pointing fingers?"

Marianne was still focused on the grease stain on her dress and scoffed dismissively. "It's just a bowl of soup. How much could that be worth? Can it compare to my limited-edition dress?"

Hailey chimed in, "Exactly! Do you know what brand my mother's dress is or how much it costs? Apologize to my mother and pay for the damages right now!"

The old man looked at the mother-daughter duo, finding them utterly unreasonable. It was impossible to communicate with people like them.

He shook his head and turned to go back and prepare another serving of soup.

"You think you can just walk away without paying?!" Marianne reached out to stop him.

Suddenly, Hailey grabbed Marianne's arm, her eyes fixed on the grand, luxurious hall of the VIP area. Her pupils dilated in shock.

"Mom, it's... it's Serena!"

Hearing the name, Marianne frowned and immediately looked over.

In the VIP hall, Serena was wearing a chef's apron and pushing an exquisite food cart.

Seeing Serena dressed as a cook, Hailey looked down at her own delicate dress and expensive jewelry, a wave of superiority washing over her.

She deliberately angled her designer handbag so the logo faced Serena, then put on a look of feigned pity. "To stay in Vaelion City Serena actually took a job at Le Celeste... and even managed to get a job serving plates in the VIP area.

Marianne's face changed. "So it was that wretched girl who brought us this bad luck! Every time we run into her, something bad happens!.. almost fell and nearly got soup

spitted all over me!"

She quickly pulled Hailey back. "Hailey, stay away from her! You don't want her poverty and bad luck to rub off on you!"

"Wait!" Logan stared blankly at the girl in the apron, who still looked stunningly beautiful despite her attire.

His eyes lit up. "Are you all stupid? Serena is working in the VIP area now. For us, this is a golden opportunity sent from heaven!"

Messing With Her? Are You Crazy! -

Chapter 116[564 words]

"She can walk around the VIP area freely, so maybe she can get into the Sovereign Suite! Let's have her pass a message to the Lancaster family for us!"

The Wynns' eyes lit up. Wasn't this a golden opportunity?

Ignoring the matter of her ruined dress, Marianne immediately shouted toward Serena, "Serena! Stop right there!"

Her voice was extremely loud, echoing jarringly in the quiet, elegant hallway.

Even the security guards at the entrance turned to look.

"Serena, the one in the chef's uniform, get over here right now!" Logan called out, lifting his chin with an air of command when Serena's gaze met his.

He thought that if Serena just obeyed, then after they sorted things out with the Lancaster family...

He might even be able to persuade his family to let her back into the Wynn household.

As long as Serena understood her place and didn't try to compete with Hailey, the Wynns could afford to keep her around.

"Excuse me, please keep your voices down!" Several guards hurried over to block them as they continued to shout and looked ready to rush into the VIP area.

Marianne pushed a guard's hand away. "That chef, we know her! Tell her to get over here now!"

The commotion was getting louder.

Serena lifted her gaze slightly, her expression indifferent as she looked at the three clowns making a scene.

The Lancasters hadn't arrived when she got to Le Céleste. Mr. Marshall happened to be in the kitchen, and upon hearing she was there, he eagerly pulled her in.

Serena had been eating her parents' home-cooked meals for the past few days at the Lancaster estate.

She felt it was time to return the favor.

So she went into the kitchen and personally prepared a few of her specialties, including a medicinal soup for her grandfather.

Now, she had just heard that her family had arrived.

Serena was planning to bring over the first few dishes that were ready.

She never expected...

It seemed she couldn't escape these scumbags no matter where she went.

Serena had initially planned to ignore them, but her eyes caught sight of the mess on the floor and the elderly man standing nearby with his head slightly lowered.

A cold glint flashed in her clear eyes.

She gestured to a nearby server in a red dress. "Take this cart to the Sovereign

Suite. Tell them to start without me. I'll be there in a minute."

The server bowed respectfully and pushed the cart away.

With her hands in her pockets, Serena walked slowly toward the group.

Seeing that Serena was actually approaching, the guards slightly loosened their grip on the Wynns.

The Wynns couldn't help but feel a surge of smugness seeing Serena "obediently" come over.

Patrick adjusted his collar and gave Serena a thorough look-over, his eyes finally settling on her stunningly beautiful face.

A flicker of something crossed his eyes, and he suddenly smiled at her. "Serena, it's good you're here. Your

father has a little favo

you."

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"Why waste time talking to her?" Marianne sneered, pulling two hundred-dollar bills from her purse. She held them out with a condescending air. "Take this. Go to the Sovereign Suite and tell the Lancasters that the Wynn family wants to see them. Do this, and the money is yours."

Serena watched as Marianne deliberately waved the two bills in front of her face.

Anyone who didn't know better might have thought Marianne was flaunting a check for two million dollars.

Serena scoffed, her voice icy. "Some nerve, for a bunch of drowned rats."

Messing With Her? Are You Crazy! - Chapter 117[629 words]

Marianne's temper flared.

How dare this little brat call them rats?

Did she think that waiting tables at Le Céleste earned her so much money that she could look down on two hundred dollars?

Marianne gritted her teeth and pulled out three more bills. "Serena, it's just a simple message. Five hundred dollars is more than enough. Don't get greedy!"

Serena didn't even bother to look up. Her gaze fell to the spilled soup on the floor, then she looked coolly at the manager who had just gotten the news and was now jogging toward them.

Her voice was chilling. "Mr. Collins, this spilled Pan-Seared Scallops on Saffron Velouté—make them pay for it in full. If they can't afford it, handle it as a disruption of business. Escort them out, and then follow up to collect the corresponding damages."

Mr. Collins?

The Wynns' eyes widened.

This was the general manager of Le Céleste, Mr. Collins!

His status and position were even higher than their own.

How dare Serena, a low-level worker, address her own boss so casually?

She must have gotten too used to being pampered by the Wynn family, bringing her spoiled attitude to her job.

"What soup? Of course the Wynn family can afford it!" Marianne spat coldly. "And who do you think you are? You're just a waitress. What right do you have to kick us out? We're paying customers here at Le Céleste!"

Mr. Collins took a step forward, positioning himself squarely between Marianne and Serena, shielding her from the tirade.

His face was cold and expressionless as he addressed the Wynns. "Mr. Wynn, Mrs. Wynn, this 'Pan-Seared Scallops on Saffron Velouté' was personally prepared by our specially hired medicinal cuisine master. The ingredients used are all top-tier and practically priceless. The cost is one million, two hundred and fifty thousand dollars. How would you like to pay?"

"One... one million, two hundred and fifty thousand?!" Marianne shrieked, her voice cracking. "This is robbery! How can a bowl of stupid soup cost over a million dollars?!"

She remembered the tiny, almost invisible grease stains on her skirt, and how she had just been boasting that the soup wasn't even as valuable as her dress.

One and a quarter million dollars!

That was countless times more expensive than the dress she was wearing!

Marianne's face burned with humiliation.

Mr. Collins repeated himself, his tone flat. "I'll ask again, how will Mr. and Mrs. Wynn be paying?"

"I... I..." Patrick's face turned green.

They had already spent over three hundred thousand on the meal, money they had taken from the bank card Serena had left behind.

Where were they supposed to find over a million dollars to pay for a soup that was now a puddle on the floor?

"No money? Then, as Miss Serena instructed, we will treat this as a disruption of business, M Collins's expression hardened as he nodded to the security guards.

The guards immediately moved in, unceremoniously grabbing the four of them.

"Serena! Are you just going to stand there and watch them do this to us? I'm your fourth brother Logan struggled, but a guard twisted his arm and began dragging him out.

He grimaced in pain, staring at Serena, expecting her to rush forward and protect him like she always used to.

But the girl's expression remained cold, showing no intention of intervening.

His eyes widened as a strange sense of familiarity washed over him—why did this feel so familiar? It was exactly like the time they were thrown out of Obsidian Palace.

And both times, it was because of Serena!

"Let go of me! Are you crazy? We are legitimate, paying customers at Le Céleste!" This time, Hailey was also being restrained by a guard. She couldn't stand it and yelled at Mr. Collins, "She's just a piece of trash who waits tables! You're treating your customers like this for a waitress? I'm going to expose you all!"

Messing With Her? Are You Crazy! - Chapter 118[551 words]

In front of the Wynns, Mr. Collins turned and bowed respectfully to Serena. "My apologies, Miss, for this disturbance."

Then, his gaze turned icy as he looked at Hailey. "This is Miss Serena. Miss Lancaster is Le Céleste's most honored guest. Her requests are our highest command."

"And now, your family is the 'trash' that needs to be cleared out."

Mr. Collins, usually a man of impeccable etiquette, spoke without a hint of courtesy.

He gestured with his finger. "Throw the Wynn family out. All their expenses will be refunded immediately. From this day forward, the Wynn family will be permanently blacklisted from Le Céleste. They are never to be served again!"

He didn't even bother with the pretense of being polite.

The Wynns' faces turned ashen, their eyes wide with disbelief.

They stared at Serena, standing there coolly in her chef's apron, completely unable to believe that she could be an honored guest at Le Céleste.

They had investigated her thoroughly.

Serena's biological family was a bunch of nobodies from the slums: a paralyzed grandfather, a drunk, unemployed father, and three brothers too poor to even find wives.

It was the perfect picture of poverty!

But regardless of whether they believed it or not, the security guards were dragging them outside.

Under the watchful eyes of everyone present, they were thrown out of Le Céleste in utter disgrace.

Their hair was a mess, their clothes wrinkled.

They stared in disbelief as they saw Mr. Collins speaking respectfully to Serena, who then turned to speak with the elderly chef who had been standing beside her.

Then, the two of them walked away together.

Mr. Collins followed them deferentially.

"It's fake... it must all be fake!" Marianne clutched her chest, her face pale and twisted with rage. "How could that little brat be some

honored guest? It must be

must have used that face of hers to seduce Mr. Collins! He's just putting on an act to trick us!"

"That's right! She's just a shameless little tramp! She probably got a job as a chef here by selling herself to that old man!"

Patrick was also seething with anger. This humiliation was more than he, the self-proclaimed head of a prominent family, could bear.

He was furious. "Bad blood is bad blood. We raised her for all those years only to nurture such an ungrateful snake! Not only is she unthankful, but she's also colluding with outsiders to humiliate us!"

All those years of raising her were a complete waste!

As they stood there, spewing all sorts of vile insults at Serena as if it could restore a shred of their

pathetic dignity, a black Maybach pulled up to the main entrance of Le Céleste.

The car door opened.

A tall, elegant figure stepped out, catching the eyes of the Wynn family.

The man was dressed in a black shirt, his handsome face devilishly charming and exuding a lazy, seductive aura. It was a face that could cause trouble.

He seemed to be in a good mood, the corners of his thin lips curved into a faint smile as he walked with a languid yet graceful stride.

Hailey's gaze was instantly locked on him.

Nicholas Blackwood!

The heir to the Blackwood family, the top-tier elite family of Vaelion City, a man so far above them he was practically unreachable.

Even though her advances at Obsidian Palace had been met with complete indifference from him, seeing Nicholas again still made her heart pound uncontrollably.

Messing With Her? Are You Crazy! - Chapter 119[561 words]

A man with such divine looks and an unparalleled background...

Adrian couldn't even begin to compare.

Hailey desperately wanted to conquer a man of his caliber.

She even started to regret settling for Adrian so quickly.

But whenever she recalled that day at Obsidian Palace, when Nicholas had appeared like a descending god to fiercely protect Serena, a powerful sense of resentment surged within her.

A man like that should belong to her, Hailey!

Hailey clenched her fists, her eyes filled with a greedy desire as she stared at Nicholas.

Suddenly, she remembered the photos she had secretly taken on her phone when she saw Serena in the hallway leading to the VIP area.

Originally, she had seen Serena in a chef's uniform pushing a food cart and had taken the pictures to mock her later.

But... now she had a better idea!

A more vicious idea, one that was much more likely to achieve her goals!

Fortunately, she hadn't come today with the intention of apologizing to the Lancaster family alongside her parents.

She had taken great care to dress up before leaving.

It was the perfect opportunity to seduce Nicholas!

If she could steal Adrian from Serena, she could steal Nicholas too!

As long as she had a chance with Nicholas, she could dump Adrian in a heartbeat.

Besides, he had betrayed her first. The moment the Lancaster family started targeting them, he had gone silent and started ignoring her.

Hailey watched Nicholas Blackwood step into the Le Céleste lobby.

Her eyes quickly scanned the area, landing on a manager. She pulled out her phone and brought up one of the photos.

Before the security guards could react, she rushed toward the manager and preemptively declared, "Manager of Le Céleste, I want to report one of your employees-Serena!"

She held up her phone, her face a mask of resolute determination, the very picture of an innocent girl standing up to injustice.

It was the same damsel-in-distress look that Adrian had always fallen for.

Rich men, she thought, were all suckers for this kind of thing.

Sure enough, it worked.

As soon as she rushed out, she kept an eye on Nicholas from the corner of her eye.

At the sound of her words, he had indeed paused, his deep, almond-shaped eyes turning to look at her.

Hailey's heart skipped a beat. She felt a flush of shyness, but she couldn't suppress the triumphant curl of her lips.

When the lobby manager saw her, he immediately tried to guide her toward the reception area, clearly wanting to avoid disturbing the other guests.

Of course, Hailey couldn't leave.

She had to continue her performance.

She had to pretend she hadn't noticed Nicholas, using her purest, most innocent, and fearless image to completely conquer him!

"Manager, I don't know how that

Serena managed to get into the VIP area of Le Céleste, but her actions are clearly premeditated! I just saw her harassing a guest in the WP area, intentionally knocking something over to try and get his attention!"

She continued her act, her voice unwavering. "I am reporting that Le Céleste employee Serena is guilty of improper conduct! She is using her job to deliberately seduce guests in the VIP area!"

The surrounding guests were drawn in by the commotion and all turned to watch.

The lobby manager frowned, but his

voice remained polite and

composed. "I'm sorry, but all of Le Céleste's employees are thoroughly

vetted through multiple checks What you are describing would never happen Furthermore Le Celeste does not have an employee by the name of Serena."

Messing With Her? Are You Crazy! - Chapter 120[482 words]

No employee?

Which meant...

"Then she must have snuck into Le Céleste to find a rich man!" Hailey's voice rose,

as if she had uncovered some monumental secret about Serena.

But when she saw Nicholas avert his gaze and start to walk away, she could no longer pretend not to see him.

If he left now, who would she be performing for?

"Nic... Mr. Blackwood!"

She feigned surprise, as if just noticing him, and hurried after him. "Mr. Blackwood, do you remember me?"

She practically had to jog to keep up with his long strides. "Mr. Blackwood, I didn't want to say anything, but..."

"Then don't," Nicholas said, his voice cool and distant. His eyes, when they lifted slightly, were as cold as fractured ice. "No one asked you to spread rumors."

Hailey's expression froze. She hadn't expected such a reaction at all.

She had no choice but to push on, committing fully to her role as the determined, innocent victim. "But... but Mr. Blackwood, I just don't want you to be deceived by Serena!"

Without waiting for a response, she quickly held her phone up in front of him. "Mr. Blackwood, I'm not lying, really... She... she was in the VIP area just now, getting handsy with an old man. She must have gotten into the VIP area with his help." The implication was clear: Serena had sold her body to get into Le Céleste. Nicholas glanced down, his eyes sweeping over the photo on the screen.

It showed the girl in a chef's apron, standing in the VIP lounge.

Another showed her talking with an elderly man who was also wearing a chef's uniform.

The last was of the two of them leaving together.

Nicholas's cool eyes lifted again, landing on Hailey's face, which was slightly twisted with jealousy yet desperately trying to maintain an innocent facade. The contradiction was jarring.

Suddenly, he chuckled.

Hailey couldn't decipher his expression.

She only knew that his gaze was fixed on her, and she couldn't stop a blush from creeping up her cheeks. "Mr. Blackwood~~" she cooed in a shy, breathy voice.

Just then, a powerful voice with a hint of amusement cut in. "Oh? An old man? Getting handsy? Are you, by any chance, talking about me?"

The voice was strangely familiar.

Hailey's expression stiffened. She followed the sound and saw an elderly man in a high-end, custom-made gray suit walking slowly toward them with a steady elegant gait.

He was casually wiping his hands with a silk handkerchief, his presence overwhelmingly authoritative.

That old man...

Wasn't he the same old chef from

outside the restroom, the one

Marianne had knocked the soup. onto who then had the gall demand one and a quarter million

dottars in compensation?

Now, without his chef's uniform, he looked distinguished and sharp, exuding an intimidating aura that commanded respect.

He looked nothing like...

The ordinary old man in the chef's uniform from before.

Hailey was completely dumbfounded.

At that moment, the lobby manager rushed over, bowed deeply to the old man, his voice laced with respect and fear. "Boss!!"

Messing With Her? Are You Crazy! - Chapter 121[591 words]

"The owner?!"

Hailey's voice turned shrill, and her phone clattered to the floor.

Her eyes widened in disbelief as she stared at the approaching old man.

Having done her homework on the city's elite, she knew exactly what the owner of Le Céleste represented.

Le Céleste was the premier establishment in Vaelion City. Its daily revenue was in the tens of millions.

Not to mention the vast business empire tied to it!

She'd heard that the owner of Le Céleste was the head of some major, renowned corporation in Elyndor!

And the old man she and Marianne had just been screaming at, mocking relentlessly...

Was actually that legendary, unfathomably powerful figure?!

Hailey wasn't the only one who was frozen in shock.

Marianne, who had also been arguing with the old man, felt her legs give out, and she collapsed to the floor.

The old man..... Mr. Marshall had reached a pale-faced Hailey.

He still wore a refined smile, but his sharp gaze sent a chill through her heart.

Mr. Marshall's smile remained as he spoke. "Young lady, what you were saying earlier was quite interesting. Come now, since I'm right here, I'd love for you to tell me all about how that Miss and I were supposedly 'all over each other.' And how did she sell herself to get with me? Such a fascinating story. Why don't you explain it to this old man, hm?"

His voice wasn't loud, and his tone was as gentle as a kindly elder's.

But each word landed like a heavy hammer blow on Hailey's heart.

Hailey's face was ashen, her lips trembling uncontrollably.

Her legs shook, and tears streamed down her face, but she couldn't utter a single word.

"What's wrong? Can't say it to my face?" Mr. Marshall chuckled, his voice still perfectly calm.

He casually glanced over at Marianne, who stood ashen-faced by the entrance.

"Since you won't speak, I'll speak for you." Mr. Marshall's tone remained level. "The Pan-Seared Scallops on Saffron Velouté' you two just knocked over was valued at one point two five million dollars correct?"

Hailey's lips quivered. She couldn't believe... the owner of Le Céleste was bringing up the soup again.

He was the owner of Le Céleste!

Rich, powerful, influential.

To him, 1.25 million was like 125 dollars.

Why was he still nitpicking over it?

Mr. Marshall raised a hand, summoning the manager. "One point two-five million, plus public slander and defamation, damaging my reputation and that of Le Céleste's esteemed guest... Mr Mercer how many years would that warrant?"

The manager replied respectfully, "Damages to property exceeding a million defamars, combined with public

nation and slander, require financial compensation and restitution for reputational harm. With all charges combined, it's a minimum of ten years."

"J-Jail time?" Hailey's face drained of all color. "I... I didn't, it's not slander, I-It's clearly..."

"Clearly what?" Mr. Marshall's eyes narrowed. "You didn't knock over that soup? You weren't the one spreading rumors here just now?"

"I..." Hailey opened her mouth to speak.

Mr. Marshall cut her off with a smile. "Don't be so quick to deny it, young lady. Le Céleste has cameras everywhere."

Hailey bit her lower lip.

She had just returned to the Wynn family. She hadn't even had a chance to enjoy her new life. She refused... to go back to how things were before!

Jail time?

That was even more impossible!

Her eyes darted around, and her gaze fell on Nicholas. It was as if she had found her last lifeline. She put on a pitiful expression and began to cry at him. "Mr. Blackwood, please help us... We didn't mean to..."

Nicholas's expression was indifferent. He cast a cool glance at her tear-streaked face, and his striking eyes held nothing but icy disdain.

Messing With Her? Are You Crazy! -

Chapter 122[586 words]

He scoffed. "Help you? Help you like I did at Obsidian Palace, by throwing you trash into a dumpster?"

His sharp words showed not a shred of pity.

If he hadn't heard the name "Serena" from her lips, he wouldn't have even bothered to acknowledge this piece of trash.

Nicholas Blackwood stuffed one hand in his pocket, not even sparing Hailey another glance as he started to walk inside.

Suddenly, his gaze fixed on something, and his narrow, captivating eyes lit up with a brilliant sparkle.

His thin lips curved upwards, and the cold aura around him vanished instantly, replaced by a lazy, charming smile.

The change was like the first thaw of winter, making him look as handsome as a god.

It was so abrupt that Hailey was stunned for a moment.

Then, she saw Nicholas quicken his pace, heading in a specific direction.

A girl in a white T-shirt and pants stood before a decorative railing, one hand in her pocket. In this opulent setting, her simple attire seemed out of place, yet it couldn't hide her cool, otherworldly aura.

It was Serena!

Hailey's eyes widened as she watched Nicholas stride towards Serena, a radiant smile spreading across his handsome face.

Her pupils constricted.

Nicholas's cold indifference towards her, contrasted with his reaction upon seeing Serena...

It felt like a physical slap across her face.

The shock felt by the other Wynn family members was far greater than Hailey's.

Last time, when Logan had taken Hailey to Obsidian Palace and gotten them kicked out, they had only dared to blame Serena, claiming she was the cause, but they never mentioned Nicholas.

Firstly, they didn't believe Serena could possibly have what it takes to associate with Nicholas.

Secondly... how could they admit that Serena was doing better after leaving the Wynn family? That she could know someone as god-like as Nicholas, a man they could only dream of meeting?

Marianne's face was the ugliest of them all, practically a mask of fury.

She grabbed Patrick's arm. "Honey, that... that can't be Serena... How could she possibly... with the heir to the Blackwood family..."

They couldn't believe it.

It wasn't just that Serena knew Nicholas.

It was his attitude towards her—it was far too friendly and warm!

Could it be...

Serena had hooked up with Nicholas?!

She actually had the ability to get involved with him?

When did it happen? Before or after she left the Wynn family?

If she was capable of getting with Nicholas, why didn't she tell them?

If they had known... if they had known Serena had this kind of connection, they never would have kicked her out.

To think, they had lost the Lancaster contract, but they could have allied with the Blackwood family...

They wouldn't be here now, humiliating themselves by begging the Lancasters!

That damn girl, holding out on them!

"Serena! Serena!"

Patrick quickly put on a kind, fatherly smile and waved at Serena. "It's all a misunderstanding! Since you know Mr. Marshall from Le céleste this is already sorted out

As he spoke, he started walking toward her.

But just as he reached the entrance of Le Céleste, two guards blocked his path.

Mr. Collins hurried over, his expression cold. "I'm sorry, Mr. Wynn, but you and your family have been blacklisted from Le Céleste."

"Serena... What blacklist? You know Mr. Marshall. Just tell him this is all a misunderstanding," Patrick said, grinning obsequiously at her.

Mr. Collins looked at Serena, his eyes full of respect.

Mr. Marshall's expression also

softened when he looked at Serena,

in his

and he asked with a smile

"Miss Serena, those people

over there..."

"I don't know them." Serena glanced over, her eyes filled with

indifference. "Mr. Marshall, slander, damaging property, and disturbing the peace. Handle accordingly."

Messing With Her? Are You Crazy! - Chapter 123[521 words]

Handle it accordingly?

Didn't that mean...

Patrick panicked. "Serena, are you really going to stand by and watch your father get arrested? I'm still your father, you can't do this to me..."

Serena's gaze was flat, her expression emotionless. "Mr. Wynn, have you forgotten? I have no relationship with you or the Wynn family."

Patrick immediately recalled the agreement he had forced Serena to sign, severing all their ties.

His face changed. He looked embarrassed but forced a smile. "How can you say that? After all... you called me 'Dad' for twenty years..."

"That's right, Serena. We were your parents for twenty years," Marianne quickly added. Even as she pleaded, her tone was still arrogant and demanding. "We raised you for twenty years. You can't just disown us. Aren't you afraid people will call you ungrateful?"

If it weren't for the fact that Serena was on good terms with Le Céleste's owner, Mr. Marshall, and had also caught Nicholas Blackwood's eye, Marianne wouldn't want anything to do with this jinx.

She felt that the Wynn family's humiliation today was all Serena's fault.

And since Serena caused it, it was only right for her to fix it. She should have Mr. Marshall welcome them respectfully into the VIP area so they could go beg the Lancasters.

Besides, she was now deigning to speak to Serena. Serena should be grateful and do as she was told!

Marianne's words had a deeper meaning. She believed that a man like Mr. Marshall, who founded a major restaurant to promote Elyndor's culture, must value tradition. And respecting one's parents was the most important tradition of all!

That one point could corner Serena, leaving her with no room to refuse.

By bringing up their parental relationship, if Serena dared to not plead for them, she would be seen as an ungrateful daughter in the eyes of Mr. Marshall and the Blackwood heir.

A person like that has questionable character!

Could Serena still ride on their coattails then?

The Wynn family's plan seemed perfect in their minds.

However...

Serena didn't even spare them a glance. She stuffed her hands in her pockets and turned to leave.

"Serena!"

The Wynn parents couldn't believe Serena would be so disrespectful. Their voices grew sharp and desperate.

Her attitude made things clear to Mr. Collins, who immediately gave an order: "Call the police."

When Patrick and Marianne saw a Le Céleste employee actually dial the police, their faces went white.

They desperately called out Serena's name.

But they could only watch as she walked away into the inner courtyard of Le Céleste.

And...

Mr. Marshall followed her, smiling and chatting with her.

Nicholas, hands in his pockets, casually walked on her other side, his posture almost intimate...

Watching the two men naturally flank Serena one on each side, made the Wynn family's eyes burn with jealousy.

The country bumpkin they had looked down on was walking side-by-side with powerful figures

they could never hope to associate

with! And on such friendly terms!

Meanwhile, they were being disposed of like trash, escorted away by the police who arrived shortly after.

They were arrested.

Completely humiliated.

And their last shred of hope was gone.

On the other side, not wanting her

family to wait too long for her,

Serena said a quick goodbye

Mr.

Marshall and headed back to the Sovereign Suite

Chapter 124

As she turned toward the Sovereign Suite, she sensed a powerful presence following leisurely behind her.

Serena didn't even need to turn around to know who it was.

Without stopping, she asked coolly, "Mr. Blackwood, didn't you come to Le Céleste to eat? Why are you following me?"

The man took a few long strides, closing the distance between them. His tall, imposing figure cast a shadow over her.

Serena could feel the man's distinct scent of pine, like smoke, surrounding her.

She felt a little awkward, unaccustomed to being towered over like this.

Just as she was about to step away, she heard the man's low, lazy voice, the words ending with a slight, alluring drawl. "That's right. I came to eat."

Serena stopped and glanced sideways.

The man was leaning his head slightly, watching her with a gentle smile.

His devilishly handsome face, illuminated by the lanterns on either side, looked both regal and demonic.

Serena's cool eyes flickered. "To eat, by following me?"

"Yes, by following you," Nicholas replied, a lazy smile playing on his thin lips.

Serena was speechless. She had asked a question, not made a statement.

This man was shameless.

As she looked at him, he suddenly leaned in closer.

The scent of pine and smoke was mixed with the faint, almost imperceptible smell of tobacco.

The combination was unique and incredibly pleasant.

"I already owe you for saving my life. What's one more debt for crashing a meal, right?" the man said with a roguish, charming grin.

Her name, "Serena," seemed to linger on his lips, carrying a strange, intimate warmth.

Serena's long, dark lashes fluttered slightly, and a ripple disturbed the calm surface of her clear eyes.

She raised a hand, her fingertips pressing against the slightly loosened collar of his shirt.

Her finger brushed against warm, pale skin that was firm to the touch. It felt like it would be quite nice to run a hand over it.

She curved her red lips into a slight

smile her vo

family dinner. If

lazy. "This is a.

wante

crash

you'd better keep up."

The moment she finished speaking, she gave a sharp push with her fingertips, moving him back slightly.

Then she stuffed her hands back into her pockets, turned, and walked away with an air of total indifference.

Nicholas watched Serena's cool, confident back, a faint smile playing on his deep eyes.

His lips curled up further.

A low, lazy chuckle echoed through the traditional corridor, magnetic and pleased.

When she arrived outside the Sovereign Suite, two women in beautiful dresses immediately opened the doors for her.

A warm and lively atmosphere washed over her.

The air was filled with the tantalizing aroma of food.

"Serena's back!" Catherine was the first to greet her, taking her hand with a mix of gentle scolding, affection, and pride. "You, this is your celebration, and you were busy in the kitchen? You must be tired

after making so much food. Sit down and rest."

Catherine led her to a chair.

Julian poured a cup of warm tea and handed it to Serena. "Serena, even the head chef at Le Celeste would have to admire your cooking skills, wouldn't he?"

Old Mr. Lancaster was grinning from ear to ear.

The family was enjoying a happy moment.

Catherine's sharp eyes then noticed Nicholas, who had followed Serena into the room. She paused.

"Nicholas?"