

Messing With Her? Are You Crazy! chapter 11-20

Jaxon arrived at Starlight Royal Medical Center in just thirty minutes.

Serena told Jaxon to head back while she followed the directions from Alfred to find the hospital room.

From a distance, she saw several doctors in white coats gathered in the hallway outside the room. Even a few senior department heads and professors were there, discussing something among themselves.

The atmosphere was tense.

One of them, a woman with curly blonde hair, was leaning against the wall outside the room, arms crossed. She wore an expression of cold arrogance and disdain, not interacting with the other doctors, looking as if she was above everyone else.

Hearing footsteps, the group turned to look.

Alfred spotted Serena immediately and froze.

The girl before him wore a simple white t-shirt and black pants, a baseball cap, and carried a canvas bag.

Yet her cool, commanding presence was exceptionally eye-catching.

Especially her striking face, with its delicate and beautiful features...

The resemblance... it was uncanny!

Just like her father and mother when they were young... She was the spitting image of them!

Especially her eyes...

No!

While the girl's eyes were identical to her mother's, they lacked her mother's warmth. Instead, they were as deep and still as a frozen lake, holding a cold indifference tinged with a sharp, almost wicked edge.

No test was needed.

Her face alone was proof enough that Serena was their child!

Alfred practically lunged toward her, his eyes red. "Miss... Miss Serena, you're finally here..."

"What's her condition?" Serena asked, walking over with her hands in her pockets.

Alfred quickly composed himself

and replied, "Thankfully, your timely intervention stabilized her for now Dr. Reyes, the one familiar with traditional medicine, has been monitoring her. The allergic reaction gradually subsiding her blood pressure and heart rate are normal, and she's regained some consciousness."

Serena walked to the room and glanced through the viewing window.

On the bed lay a girl who looked to be seventeen or eighteen at most, her face pale, connected to various monitors.

The medical equipment beside her showed her vitals were extremely weak.

Serena spoke, her voice calm. "Internal organ rupture, the bleeding hasn't been completely stopped. The anaphylactic shock from the earlier mistake has weakened her further. The time bought by herbs is limited."

She paused and glanced at the time. "Half an hour, max. If the source of the bleeding isn't dealt with in that time, her condition will become critical. A second major hemorrhage will be fatal."

Alfred's eyes widened in shock as he looked at Serena. "Miss Serena, what... what should we do? Dr. Beverly just said the girl has a history of heart problems... The surgical risk is too high."

"We won't need to operate," Serena said, looking away from the window.

A harsh scoff cut through the air. Olivia, the doctor leaning against the wall, sneered, her face a mask of undisguised sarcasm and smugness. "Not operate? You plan to use those little needles and cheap herbs of yours?"

She snorted disdainfully, her gaze filled with contempt. "The procedure you had Dr. Reyes perform just now did nothing but burn through the fast of the patients energy Forcing

nerve and blood vessel constriction only creates the illusion of a

recovery."

"Scared now?

w2it's too late!" Olivia

was already furious with Serena for

interfering with her treatment plan

Over the pho

and

and for cursing her

which led to the patient nearly dying

from an allergic reaction and cost Olivia her professional pride.

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Her first impression of Serena had been terrible, and seeing her in person only intensified that dislike.

How dare a girl who looked barely twenty years old challenge her medical expertise?

Olivia sneered. "Do you have any idea who that girl in there is? Have you heard of the Blackwood family of Vaelion City? If anything happens to her... forget you, your entire family and that idiot doctor who dared to follow your orders will be buried with her!"

Serena lifted her eyes slightly, her gaze as sharp as an icicle piercing straight through Olivia.

Her lips parted, and she uttered a single word.

"Hack."

Olivia's eyes widened, her voice screeching, "What did you say?!"

"The treatment plan you were about to initiate proves you're a hack," Serena said, her voice icy. "Cyanotic lips and pale nail beds are clear signs of hypoxia. You failed to make an accurate diagnosis based on the patient's condition and instead blindly followed what you believed to be a textbook procedure. You pushed the patient into anaphylaxis on top of hemorrhagic shock. Is your mentor rolling in his grave yet?"

She raised her gaze, her bright eyes cold. "If it weren't for me, you'd be in a jail cell right now. You should be thanking me, understand?"

Olivia's face went pale, then flushed a deep, humiliating red at the professionally delivered critique that hit the core of her mistake.

"You... you just got lucky! Miss Blackwood pulled through on her own willpower!"

Serena couldn't be bothered to waste any more time on someone like Olivia. Her gaze shifted to the pale, young female doctor standing nearby. "Dr. Reyes?"

"Y-Yes, Miss Serena!" Dr. Reyes flinched, instinctively straightening up as if at attention, her tone deeply respectful.

Serena said, "Prep a sterile operating room. According to the standards of traditional surgery, I need a full set of sterilized tool..."

Her speech was fast, but every word was perfectly clear as she rattled off a list of required instruments.

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Then, she pulled a small, sealed, unmarked metal box from her canvas bag and handed it to Dr. Reyes. The instructions are on bottom. I'll need this during the procedure."

"And get two assistants from the

traditional medicine department et

They need to be quick, skilled with needles have steady hands, and nerves of steel. Now

The final word carried an undeniable weight.

"Yes, ma'am!" Dr. Reyes immediately turned to carry out the orders.

"Traditional surgery? Are you kidding me?!" Seeing Serena ignore her and Dr.

Reyes obey so readily felt like two sharp slaps across her face.

Flushing, Olivia abruptly blocked Dr. Reyes's path, her voice sharp with ridicule. "Does traditional medicine even know how to use a scalpel? Did you get authorization to use an OR Do you even have a medical license to be in here?"

Serena's eyes turned to ice.

She reached out, grabbed a handful of Olivia's perfectly styled blonde curls, and yanked down-hard.

"Ah!"

A shrill scream echoed through the hallway.

Before Olivia could react, Serena grabbed her by the hair again and slammed her

head against the cold tile wall with a sickening thud.

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Serena held Olivia's head against the wall in a humiliating position.

Olivia's cheek scraped against the surface, her face contorted from the pressure.

Serena leaned in close to Olivia's ear, her voice soft but chilling. "Say one more word, and I'll make sure you never hold a scalpel again for the rest of your life." Her fingers tightened, pulling at Olivia's scalp. She smirked. "Understand?"

Overwhelming fear washed over Olivia. She whimpered in pain and terror, muttering muffled curses.

The surrounding doctors were stunned, completely shocked that this beautiful young woman would dare to attack one of their own in the hospital.

By the time they reacted and moved to intervene...

"Serena, stop!"

Suddenly, an angry voice cut in.

A man in a spotless white coat strode toward them.

He was tall and well-built, with a handsome, elegant face and gold-rimmed glasses. Behind the lenses, his dark eyes blazed with anger.

He was Derek Wynn, the youngest genius surgical chief at Starlight Royal Medical Center and the second son of the Wynn family.

"Serena, are you insane? This is a hospital, not a place for you to cause trouble!" Derek's voice was frigid, his face grim as he watched his normally composed assistant pinned against the wall by Serena, disheveled and weeping.

He frowned deeply and reached out to pull Olivia away from Serena.

Serena lifted her gaze, glancing at him sideways.

Her eyes were cold and emotionless.

The look made Derek's hand freeze in midair, his pupils contracting. The girl before him was nothing like the one he remembered—the one who was always so careful and eager to please, almost timid and subservient around him.

She looked at him now as if he were a complete stranger.

Was this really the same Serena who used to timidly call him her brother?

Thud!

Another dull sound echoed. Ignoring Derek completely, Serena grabbed Olivia's hair and slammed her head against the wall one more time.

Then, she let go.

Olivia went limp, sliding down the wall like a rag doll and curling into a ball on the floor, whimpering in pain, "Mr. Wynn... Mr. Wynn..."

Derek's handsome face darkened.

Serena's actions were a blatant slap in the face to him.

His eyes behind his glasses turned cold as he watched the girl pull out a disinfectant

wipe with an air of disgust and meticulously clean her fingers one by one.

Her complete disregard for him, her supposed brother, sent a jolt of fury through him.

"Serena-" he ground out, the name barely escaping through his clenched teeth.

"The operating room is ready!" Dr. Reyes came running over, out of breath. "It's strange, I was just about to arrange for an emergency OR, but one was already set up for us—to the highest surgical standards, no less!"

The girl shot Derek a sidelong glance, the corners of her pretty eyes lifting slightly, before completely ignoring him and following Dr. Reyes toward the operating room.

"Serena, what the the hell is wrong with you? Is this how you treat your brother?" Derek reached out to grab her arm That's an operating room! You cant just walk in there. Do you even know the first thing about surgery? Stop this nonsense. I'm the only one who can perform this operation."

Serena stopped and deftly sidestepped.

Derek's hand grasped at empty air.

In that instant, her aura turned frigid, her cool, languid eyes seeming to glisten with a chilling frost.

She looked at Derek lazily, her lips forming each word with deliberate precision. "First, I've already cut all ties with the Wynn family. Don't pull the 'big brother' act with me. It's disgusting."

"Second, the patient nearly died from acute anaphylaxis because you ordered a forced injection of Norman Forte without knowing her full condition. So what right do you have to question me now?"

"Third," she paused, the upward tilt of her eyes carrying a cool, mocking edge, "this surgery... you can't do it."

Her contemptuous tone and sarcastic words left Derek feeling both humiliated and enraged.

"The bleeding is located at a difficult angle, and the CT scan shows severe edema and adhesions in the surrounding tissue," the girl said in a casual voice, rattling off a string of professional terms and data as if the CT images were right in front of her.

Finally, she pinpointed the core problem. "A conventional laparotomy is too risky.

The intraoperative mortality rate is extremely high, and even if she's lucky enough to survive, she'll be left with a lifelong immunodeficiency."

"So..."

Serena's cool gaze watched as the color drained from Derek's face. "I'm the only one who can do this surgery."

"Using a traditional surgical method. No incision, no splenectomy. I will save her life, and I will save her spleen."

Derek's eyes widened slightly. He couldn't believe that this useless girl he remembered could actually spout so many professional terms and make it sound so convincing.

"Traditional medicine?" His face

showed his displeasure at having his

expertise questioned. "Serena, I know you like to compete with Hailey over everything, but can you stop causing trouble at a critic

time like this? Do you have any idea

that if the hospital director finds out what you're doing, he could have you arrested?"

Just then, a commanding yet breathless voice interjected. "Arrested? Arrested for

what?"

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An older man in a white coat with disheveled graying hair was hurrying toward them.

He had a thin layer of sweat beaded on his forehead, a clear sign that he had run all the way there.

"Director Dawson? What... what are you doing here?" The other professors and department heads were stunned, never expecting to see their elusive director here.

Could it be...

That the patient in the room was important enough to draw his attention?

"Director, it's her! It's her! She's practicing medicine without a license! I tried to stop her, and she assaulted me! She's trying to force her way into the operating room to harm Miss Blackwood!" Olivia lunged toward the director as if he were her last hope, pointing an accusatory finger at Serena.

Dr. Dawson, wiping sweat from his brow, flinched back at the sight of Olivia and quickly pulled Derek in front of him as a shield.

Olivia missed her target and cried out, her voice rising in pitch, "Director, that's Miss Blackwood in there! Her condition is critical! If anything happens to her in this hospital, the Blackwood family will never let Starlight Royal Medical Center off the hook!"

"Then why aren't you getting out of the way? Why are you wasting time here?" Dr. Dawson snapped, his brow furrowed in annoyance.

Olivia froze. "But... but Director, she... she doesn't have a license! And in all my years of medical training, I've never heard of anyone fixing a ruptured organ and severe hemorrhaging with a few needles and herbs!"

"That only proves your own incompetence," Dr. Dawson retorted without even glancing at her, turning his attention to Serena.

His stern, tense expression instantly transformed.

He practically jogged over to Serena and gave a slight bow. "Miss Serena, quickly! Please, go in! The operating room has been prepared to the highest sterile standards, and all the medical instruments you require are ready. Miss Blackwood... I'm leaving her in your hands!"

Serena gave him a cool, languid look, her tone displeased. "What took you so long? Did you get lost on the way?"

Dr. Dawson broke into a cold sweat and apologized profusely. "It's my fault, I'm sorry."

"Clean up this mess out here. I don't want to deal with any of it when I come out of surgery."

With that, Serena turned and walked into the operating room.

This time, no one dared to stop her.

Derek could only watch as the girl who had once been so subservient and unpresentable in his eyes... walked into the operating room.

Dr. Dawson, still facing her back,

maintained his respectful posture et

and replied repeatedly Ves,

Yes, yes,

Course! I'll take care of it right away!

It was the first time he had ever seen such deference almost subservience-from the director!

A dead silence fell over the hallway.

Derek stood frozen, his face draining of color, his pupils contracting repeatedly.

He stared intently at the closed door of the operating room, his fists clenched, then turned his dark gaze to Dr. Dawson.

But Dr. Dawson stood with his

hands behind his back, his spine et

straight guarding the door like a loyal

So, his expression full des

confidence.

"Director, I don't understand."

The Director of Imperial University was the pillar of Starlight Royal Medical Center, a titan in the medical world.

A master of his stature always treated even a top genius like Derek with the air of a superior.

Yet, before Serena, the director had shown an almost humble... reverence.

"Derek Wynn," When Dr. Dawson turned to Derek, his expression reverted to its usual stern authority, his gaze sharp as a knife. "Regarding the near-fatal medical incident caused by your order to have Dr. Turner administer Norman Forte without a full understanding of the patient's condition, the hospital will be taking disciplinary action."

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Derek's face paled slightly. He opened his mouth to explain, "Director"

Dr. Dawson held up a hand, cutting him off. "Derek, there's nothing more to say. Miss Serena is now in full charge of Miss Blackwood's surgery. This is a directive from the highest authority."

"Director, she... she's my sister. Don't you think I'd know whether she has any medical training? She's just a wild girl who grew up in the countryside. What if something goes wrong..." Derek couldn't accept Dr. Dawson's completely different attitudes toward him and Serena.

He refused to believe that the useless girl he remembered could now walk all over him!

"Miss Serena is your sister?" Dr. Dawson shot him a meaningful look.

The expression was strange, making Derek feel as if... Dr. Dawson was mocking him.

He frowned deeply. "Yes, Director. I think your decision is highly inappropriate. You can't just let some country girl run wild because of a single incorrect order I gave from off-site! In all of Vaelion City, I'm the only one who can perform this surgery!"

"If you knew you couldn't be on-site to assess the patient's condition yourself, then you should have been even more cautious before prescribing medication!" Dr. Dawson's expression hardened. "Derek, that is not an excuse to shirk your responsibility."

He paused, his gaze shifting back to the operating room. "Besides, you can't perform this surgery."

Dr. Dawson's tone was one of unquestionable authority. "Derek, you and your entire team will remain on standby. No one is to interfere with Miss Serena for any reason."

Derek's face fell.

Dr. Dawson's words had just shattered the pride of the top surgical chief who had been hailed as a prodigy since his youth, and he'd done it in public.

He was resentful and furious. "Director..."

"Enough," Dr. Dawson cut him off. "I will personally take full responsibility for any and all consequences."

Derek's throat tightened, all his words getting stuck behind Dr. Dawson's sharp glare.

He stared at the director in disbelief, finding the whole situation utterly absurd.

He couldn't do this surgery, but some wild girl from the countryside could?

Agitated, Derek snatched the latest medical records and imaging files for Brianna Blackwood from another department head and began flipping through them.

As his eyes scanned the shocking data, his face grew paler by the second.

Every single number on the chart hovered on the brink of death.

Just as Serena had said, this was an incredibly difficult operation.

Even if he were to perform the

surgery himself, using every top-tier

resource available, the success rate wouldn't exceed twenty percent!

And even if, by some miracle, he succeeded, the patient would be left with a lifelong immunodeficiency.

The more he read, the stiffer his fingers became.

In his mind, he replayed the string of data Serena had rattled off before entering the operating room. It was identical to what he was now concluding from the medical records.

How could her assessment have been so precise?

"This surgery... you can't do it. I'm the only one who can."

Serena's words replayed in his head like a haunting refrain, each repetition a fresh

stab at his shattered pride.

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A sense of humiliation, the likes of which he had never known, washed over Derek,

a top genius who had never once stumbled in his professional field.

His face went pale. He couldn't help but lower his voice, a final thread of desperation in his tone. "Director, she... Serena, why would you believe she could do this surgery? Without an incision, without removing the spleen... that's completely impossible!"

"Derek, for you, it is an impossible task. But not for Miss Serena." Dr. Dawson glanced at him, his eyes filled with a deep warning. "There are some lines you do not cross. You need only remember that Miss Serena's willingness to step in means Miss Blackwood was not fated to die."

Derek's heart sank. He truly couldn't understand why Dr. Dawson had such unwavering faith in Serena.

Lines you do not cross?

He thought back on the past four years, of Serena's meek and timid existence in the Wynn family.

There was nothing about her that seemed uncrossable.

Time ticked by, second by second.

Finally, the red light above the door that read "SURGERY IN PROGRESS" went out.

The doors slid open.

Just as Alfred was about to rush forward, Derek, who had been waiting right outside the operating room, beat him to it.

Serena walked out and removed her mask, revealing a face that was slightly weary but still strikingly cold and beautiful.

"How is the patient?!" Derek demanded anxiously.

Serena's cool eyes lifted, a noble and detached look in them. "What kind of result are you hoping I'll announce?"

Derek choked on his words.

For a split second, he felt as if Serena had seen right through the tiny dark corner of his heart.

Yes.

That small part of him that had hoped the surgery would fail, that Serena would be shamed, allowing him to reclaim his own dignity... that darkness.

Serena let out a soft, mocking laugh, her voice a bit hoarse.

Then, she looked away. "Her life is saved, and so is her spleen. With the recovery plan I've prescribed, she should be fully healed within two weeks."

Her tone was so casual... as if she'd just handled a completely insignificant matter. Derek practically threw himself at the gurney, desperately examining Brianna.

The young woman lay there quietly. Her face was still pale, but her breathing was noticeably steady and deep.

His gaze swept over the monitor beside the bed.

All the vitals were stable.

He then checked her abdomen.

There was no jagged incision, only a few tiny puncture marks, so small they were almost impossible to see.

Derek's hands began to tremble.

His pupils contracted in shock as he immediately pulled up all the real-time imaging scans and the latest blood test results.

The internal bleeding had been completely absorbed.

All the bleeding points had been sealed.

The spleen was perfectly intact, without a single blood vessel damaged!

"How... how is this possible..."

Derek's throat tightened, so shocked he was nearly speechless.

Everything before him sent his brilliant, proud mind into a complete blank.

"How... how did she do it? Did she

really not use a scalpel?!" Derek grabbed Dr. Rey

who was net

jes

pushing the gurney. His voice was raspy, his eyes bloodshot

Dr. Reyes jumped in surprise.

The Mr. Wynn before him bore no resemblance to his usual calm and composed self.

Remembering the scene inside the

I.ne

operating room, Dr. Reyes grew

excited. "That's right! Miss Serena

only used traditional medical

instruments the entire time!"

"Miss Serena is a miracle worker! The way she handled those needles, it was like

something out of a fantasy story!"

"You have no idea. In Miss Serena's

hands, those medical instruments were more precise than any scalpel! It wasn't surgery, it was art!

gery, it was any

Absolutely exquisite! It could be

recorded in the annals of medicine!"

Dr. Reyes was so excited his fingers were shaking. "And... and the most important

thing was Miss Serena's specially formulated hemostatic powder!"

Every word pierced Derek's ears like a needle, completely upending his

understanding of the medical world.

Serena... had actually done it.

With everything stacked against her, she had actually managed to do it without an

incision... just with so-called medical instruments.

She had brought Miss Blackwood back from the brink of death?

Was traditional medicine... really that incredible?

He snapped his head up, intending to find Serena and demand an explanation.

But he only saw an old man with red-rimmed eyes rushing towards Serena, crying out excitedly, "Young Miss..."

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Dr. Dawson, his face full of awe, bowed respectfully to Serena. "Miss Serena, thank you for your hard work."

Young Miss?

Since Serena had already cut ties with the Wynn family, what right did she have to be called that?

But Serena didn't even lift her eyes in the face of their reverence. She just gave a lazy yawn, stripped off her gloves and sterile gown, and tossed them into a nearby medical waste bin. "I'm hungry."

"How thoughtless of me. I'll book a restaurant right away!" Dr. Dawson said quickly.

"Young Miss," Alfred began hesitantly, "Mrs. Wynn just called me. After she heard what happened at the hospital, she figured you must be tired and hungry after being in surgery for nearly two hours. She's been in the kitchen making some of your favorite dishes and was planning to have them sent over..."

Serena picked up her canvas bag and slung it over her shoulder with a cool, effortless motion. "No need to send it. I'm going home to eat."

Alfred's face lit up. "Excellent! I'll let her know right now!"

With an apologetic smile at Dr. Dawson, he stepped into a corner to call his employer.

"Then I won't keep you from your family reunion, Miss Serena," Dr. Dawson said, taking the hint.

Just then, a nurse hurried over. "Director, the Blackwoods... someone from the Blackwood family is here!"

Dr. Dawson's expression tensed, and he nodded.

He then looked at Serena. "The person you just saved is the Blackwood heiress. Would you like to meet them? I'm sure the family would like to thank you personally for saving her."

"There's no need." Serena's eyelids drooped lazily. "I was just cleaning up a mess for one of my people. I don't need their thanks."

Everyone around them was stunned.

Even Derek, his face pale, frowned in disbelief at Serena.

That was the Blackwood family of Vaelion City!

She had become their savior. She could have leveraged that to secure a relationship with them, guaranteeing her future would be carefree!

And she was just giving that up?

Why would she give that up?

With that connection, the Wynn family would have a chance to align with the Blackwoods and soar to new heights!

How could she be so stupid?!

Olivia, in particular, was so jealous her eyes were practically on fire.

That gratitude should have been hers!

If she had been the one to earn the Blackwood family's favor...

Her prospects, her future, would have been limitless!

Who did that little brat think she was, putting on such an act?

Suddenly, Serena's gaze shifted, landing coolly on Olivia.

That indifferent look made Olivia's heart clench.

Then, they heard Serena's emotionless voice. "Dr. Dawson, it seems your Starlight Royal Medical Center will hire just about anyone."

Olivia's face turned white. She looked at Dr. Dawson in a panic. "Director, I..."

"Miss Serena, rest assured, I

guarantee you will never see her

this profession again!" Dr. Dawson said without even glancing at Olivia.

Serena casually stuffed her hands in her pockets. "I'm leaving," she said flatly.

With that, she strode toward the elevator with the swagger of a boss.

Seeing this, Alfred quickly ended his call and hurried after her. "Serena, wait!"

Derek rushed forward, his eyes red as he stared at her. "How....how do you know, traditional medicine? When did you learn it? Why didn't I

"What could you possibly know?" Serena's eyes flicked up her clear

gaze filled with

cold mockery. In the past four years, did you ever once care enough to ask what did?"

Derek was speechless.

Of course... he had never cared.

From the moment Serena was brought back to the family, he had seen her as

nothing more than a country bumpkin, a useless, pretty face.

He, a self-proclaimed genius, naturally wouldn't waste his time on someone like that.

Especially after Hailey was found.

All his attention had shifted to Hailey, and his disdain for Serena, the fake sister, had only grown.

Confronted by her question, he felt a pang of guilt and licked his dry lips. "Well... why didn't you tell me sooner?"

The mockery in Serena's eyes deepened, her sharp gaze cutting into him like a knife.

She chuckled. "Didn't I?"

Derek's pupils contracted, and the color drained from his face piece by piece.

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She had.

On several occasions, when he had been pulling all-nighters at home for a paper or a research project, Serena had stood timidly behind him, holding a restorative soup she had spent six hours preparing. She would say in a small, pleading voice, "Derek, if there's anything you need help with, you can ask me. I can help..."

"You're from the countryside, what could you possibly know? Stop bothering me!" At the time, he had shoved her away with extreme impatience.

The soup, which had simmered for six hours, crashed to the floor, filling the room with the scent of herbs.

Serena's eyes had turned red. She knelt to clean up the mess, whispering timidly, "No... Derek, I really do understand. I can really help you..."

He hadn't felt the slightest bit of guilt. In fact, he'd been annoyed that she had dirtied his room and interrupted his research. He had pointed at her and snapped, "You think you can understand medicine just because you can identify a few herbs and make soup? Get out! Stop wasting my time!"

Thinking back on it now, Derek's expression grew even more strained. "You never explicitly said you knew traditional medicine. Besides... that's completely different from the professional knowledge of Western medicine. It's not like you could have helped me anyway."

"Hah." Serena's eyes dripped with scorn. "Mr. Wynn, it was precisely the traditional medicine you look down on that just solved a critical case that your modern medicine couldn't handle."

She curved her red lips, looking at Derek and enunciating each word. "You really should brush up on your professional basics."

Her cold eyes, like frosty stars, radiated endless contempt and disdain. "Get lost."

In that moment, the genius that Derek had always been so proud of was utterly shattered to dust by Serena.

Without a second glance, Serena turned and left with Alfred.

She walked away with such effortless grace.

The elevator descended to the first floor, and Serena stepped out.

Just then, she saw a group of five people entering the elevator across the hall with an imposing presence.

As Serena lifted her gaze, her eyes met those of the man standing at the front of the group.

He stood tall and elegant, one hand in his pocket, exuding an air of cool indifference.

His black silk shirt was slightly loose, with two buttons undone, revealing a line of smooth, pale collarbone that only accentuated the aloof and ascetic beauty of his face, lending it a touch of untamed grace.

His face was quite easy on the eyes.

More handsome than any man she had ever seen.

The elevator doors slowly closed, breaking their gaze.

Serena didn't give the brief encounter another thought. With her hands in her pockets, she strode out of the hospital like she owned the place.

"Nicholas, what's this? Smitten with that little lady?" Nathan Hart leaned in close to Nicholas Blackwood, studying his expression. "She's certainly a beauty. I don't think I've ever seen a woman that stunning. I just wonder... is she even legal?"

Knowing that Brianna was out of danger, the tension that had gripped Nathan finally began to ease.

The man lifted his eyes, and in the shifting light, his refined and handsome face looked almost sinfully devilish.

"I'm not that much of a predator."

Nathan reacted as if he'd discovered a new continent. "So, if she is legal, you're going to turn into a..."

He didn't get to finish.

The man's cool gaze fell squarely on him.

Nathan fell silent, obediently covering his mouth and shrinking back.

Meanwhile.

Derek stared at the spot where Serena had disappeared, his eyes bloodshot, his pupils constricting again and again. He couldn't shake off the shock.

She... she really just left like that?

Really just gave up the chance to connect with the Blackwood family of Vaelion City?

She just ignored him, her brother, and walked away so decisively?

Derek swallowed hard. A trace of unprecedented confusion appeared on his usually calm, proud, and confident face.

His expression was one of shattered

pride. He looked dazedly at Dr. Dawson Director who who is she? Miss Blackwood's surgery. how did she manage it under those conditions without making an incision?"

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Dr. Dawson looked at him with a complicated expression.

Finally, he clapped him on the shoulder, a bit harder than necessary, carrying a hint

of a warning. "Derek, the surgery was a success, and Miss Blackwood is safe.

That's all that matters."

"Miss Blackwood nearly died

because of you and your team's

mistakes. It was Miss Serena who

.n

intervened and saved the day, sparing you and this hospital from the Blackwood family's wrath Don't ask questions you shouldn't ask better for you, and for the Wynn family."

After a slight pause, Dr. Dawson's expression grew stern. "All of you, remember this:

Miss Serena saved your lives. You should be grateful."

Just as he finished speaking, a set of slow, heavy footsteps echoed from the end of

the hallway.

Everyone turned toward the sound.

"Mr. Blackwood... Mr. Hart."

Upon seeing the arrivals, the department heads and professors in the vicinity all spoke with deference.

But when they saw the person following the two men, their eyes widened in shock. Almost everyone present recognized him.

It was a renowned professor from the International Medical Association, a leading figure who represented the pinnacle of Elyndor's medical expertise—the Golden Hand, Harold Whitman.

As expected of the Blackwood family...

They had even managed to summon Professor Whitman.

"Status," Nicholas Blackwood said as he approached. His voice was low, laced with the slight rasp and laziness of someone who had just woken up.

Although they had already updated Nicholas Blackwood when Miss Blackwood was wheeled out of surgery, Dr. Beverly now gave a much more detailed account of her current condition.

He had thought that with Miss Blackwood now out of danger, the two men's anger would have subsided.

But the moment he finished

speaking, Nathan narrowed his eyes, his tone stripped of its usual playful demeanor and tinged with a chilling edge. "Starlight Royal Medical Center out of doctors? Are you

planning on shutting down?"

Messing With Her? Are You Crazy!

The department heads and professors fell silent, exchanging uneasy glances. No one dared to speak.

"So, you have the nerve to let some unknown girl operate on the Blackwood heiress, but you don't have the nerve to admit it?" Nathan's voice grew colder. "Is this how Starlight Royal Medical Center does things?"

Dr. Beverly wiped the sweat from his brow and shot a desperate look at Dr. Dawson.

Dr. Dawson was about to speak.

"Mr. Blackwood, Mr. Hart! You're finally here!" Suddenly, a shrill voice cut in. It was Olivia, her forehead bleeding, her face red and swollen from where Serena had pressed it against the wall.

She looked a complete mess, her voice sharp. "These people have all gone insane! That little brat who came out of nowhere couldn't even produce a medical license! We don't even know if she finished high school, and she pretended to be a doctor and forced her way into the operating room! I tried to stop her and got beaten up like this..."

"And they all just let that little tramp do whatever she wanted! Mr. Blackwood, you have to get justice for me! You can't let them get away with this!"

"Oh, and Mr. Blackwood, the person who hit Miss Blackwood with a car works for that girl! In my opinion, she did all this just to avoid taking responsibility! Who knows what she did to Miss Blackwood in that operating room? Mr. Blackwood, you should have someone give Miss Blackwood a full-body examination right away!"

Olivia had nothing left to lose.

Dr. Dawson was a pillar of the medical community in Elyndor.

And now this pillar was siding with that little brat and was going to have her blacklisted from the profession!

She had graduated from a top-three university abroad, studied under a famous mentor, and was treated like the center of the universe at Starlight Royal Medical Center, hailed as the hospital's darling.

But now, it was all over!

Being blacklisted by Dr. Dawson was equivalent to having her career destroyed.

If they were going to ruin her future, then everyone could go down together!

"Dr. Turner!"

The other professors and department heads turned green. They were all so furious they wanted to curse.

Olivia, baring her teeth, was still crying and trying to lunge toward Nicholas Blackwood.

But just as she rushed forward and opened her mouth, the man glanced at her, his captivating eyes lifting slightly.

Though his gaze held no obvious emotion, Olivia felt as if she had been plunged into an icy cavern, and the words caught in her throat.

The man, with his refined and noble features, raised his eyelids. The

slight upward tilt of his narrow

added

gave his handsome face an touch of wicked charm.

His gaze fell on Dr. Dawson. "Dr. Dawson, an explanation?"

His tone was cool, but it was wrapped in ice.

Dr. Dawson's expression didn't change as he replied, "Mr. Blackwood, I would not gamble with Miss Blackwood's life. Given her condition, looking at all of Vaelion City or even all of Endor the only one who could have saved her was the one... you refer to as that little tramp."

"Director, how can you say such a thing in front of Professor Whitman? What does

that make him?" Olivia chimed in, seizing the opportunity.

Behind Nicholas Blackwood, a young man and woman, clearly Harold Whitman's

students, were reviewing Brianna's medical records and test results.

As they looked at the strings of data, their expressions changed drastically.

"Are you kidding me? Miss

Blackwood's case is so complex that the slightest misstep could have been fatal! A young girl, no matter how skilled, couldn't possibly

have the surgical experience

her take the lead on Miss

Blackwood's surgery is just reckless!"

Letting

"Isn't Mr. Wynn right here? Why didn't you let Mr. Wynn perform the surgery?"

Messing With Her? Are You Crazy!

"Professor, look at these CT scans, and this data... this... all of this is life-

threatening. How could they have dared? Letting some young girl operate on Miss Blackwood!"

The two young students handed the medical file to their teacher.

Harold Whitman was dressed in a long black coat. His face was lean and exceptionally kind, with white hair at his temples and a long beard. His wise and gentle eyes were calm and composed.

He leisurely took the file and began to leaf through it.

"Her condition is indeed far more dangerous and complex than I imagined," he said with a sigh. "To be honest, even I couldn't have guaranteed that I could save her life, let alone her spleen."

He pointed to an item in the file. "Miss Blackwood has a history of heart problems. The impact from the car accident, combined with the severe allergic reaction triggered by the wrong medication... if not for that person's timely intervention, the consequences would have been unthinkable."

His words made both Olivia and Derek turn pale.

The other department heads and professors stared, their eyes wide with shock.

This was the Golden Hand! Professor Whitman, the symbol of medical authority in Elyndor!

And he was personally admitting that he wouldn't have been confident!

But that young woman... had done it?

"I must go and see Miss Blackwood's condition for myself!" Harold Whitman's expression was one of eager excitement as he hurried towards Brianna's room. Nathan turned to Nicholas Blackwood, his eyes asking a question. "Nicholas?" "Let's go take a look." Nicholas Blackwood's devilishly handsome face showed little emotion. His long, straight

legs carried him towards the hospital room as he said coolly, "Dr. Dawson wouldn't gamble away the reputation he's spent half his life building, nor his own life."

"I don't care who performed the surgery. All I care about is the result."

The group proceeded toward the room in a formidable procession.

Olivia, not expecting this reaction from everyone, clenched her jaw and followed along.

In the hospital room.

After checking Brianna's pulse and performing a thorough traditional examination, tarold Whitman's face filled with amazement and admiration. "A miracle! Miss Blackwood's current state can only be described as a miracle!

He stood up, his face wreathed in smiles. "Mr. Blackwood, you can completely rest assured now. Miss Blackwood is out of danger."

"Dr. Dawson, you are truly fortunate!" He turned to Dr. Dawson, smiling. "Or perhaps; it is Miss Blackwood who is blessed. With one foot

already past death's door, school net

received help from a

somehow received

miracle worker!"

Harold Whitman was so excited he even used the term "miracle worker."

"Miracle worker?!" Olivia shrieked,

her face a mask of disbelief. "Professor Whitman, you are the world renowned Golden land. That little brat... what does she know

about medicine? She's clearly a fraud!"

Overwhelmed by shock and humiliation, she spoke without thinking.

Her sharp, grating voice caused Harold Whitman to frown slightly.

He looked up, his expression still gentle, but his eyes reflected a sharp chill. "There

is always someone better out there. The fact that Miss Blackwood is now safe and sound is the best proof of that."

"The path of medicine is vast and endless. There are countless individuals whose skills in medicine surpass my own."

He paused, then his tone suddenly shifted. "As for you... Dr. Turner, I heard that the acute allergic reaction Miss Blackwood suffered was triggered by you."