

Messing With Her? Are You Crazy! #Chapter 21 - Read Messing With Her? Are You Crazy! Chapter 21

Novel 20254-5 minutes

Olivia's face went pale. She never imagined that news of the incident would reach Professor Whitman's ears.

She opened her mouth, wanting to defend herself.

But Harold Whitman cut her off. "A doctor should have a compassionate heart. After making a critical error, not only did you show a complete lack of professionalism and try to shift the blame, but you also slandered the very person who saved the patient."

His gaze darkened as he said, word by word, "You are not worthy of the title 'doctor.'"

"On the other hand, Dr. Reyes and the two doctors from the traditional medicine department prioritized the patient's life. Their decisive and cooperative effort with the other practitioner to save Miss Blackwood makes them a model for all young doctors today."

Olivia nearly collapsed, her lips trembling too much to form a single word.

With that declaration from the surgeon known as 'Golden Hands,' her career was officially over.

And with that same declaration, the futures of those three doctors from the traditional medicine department... were now brighter than ever.

"Before you can learn to heal, you must first learn to be a decent human being," Dr. Dawson said, his sharp eyes fixed on Olivia's ghostly white face, his voice ice-cold. "Take her away. Suspend her, pending a full investigation! Notify Human Resources to process this under the highest violation clause and issue an industry-wide bulletin!"

"No! Director... Professor Whitman, I know I was wrong! I know... I'll never do it again, I swear... I can't leave this profession, I can't lose this job..."

Olivia tried to struggle, crying and shouting.

But two security guards mercilessly covered her mouth and dragged her away.

It was a clear signal that her future, her entire life, had come to a definitive end. The hospital room fell silent.

Harold Whitman's gaze returned to Brianna Blackwood. He couldn't help but marvel, muttering to himself, "To save the spleen in a case with such severe, multiple traumas without invasive surgery... the technique... the execution must be absolutely exquisite. It's simply unheard of..."

Suddenly, a thought seemed to strike him, and his eyes lit up. "Speaking of traditional medicine... to work such a miracle, reaching the root of the problem with only tools like acupuncture needles or massage... there's really only one person who could achieve something like this..."

Could it be that *she*... had come to Vaelion City?

At the thought, Harold Whitman's face filled with excitement and joy.

He was just about to take out his phone to ask about her whereabouts.

"Who is it?!" a voice, so urgent it was almost frantic, suddenly rang out.

A figure in a white coat rushed forward, nearly knocking the phone from his hand.

"The person you're talking about..."

who is it?!" Derek's usually cool and ace was now a storm of

complex emotions.

SV

There was shock, confusion, defeat, and a kind of... almost crazed obsession.

His gold-rimmed glasses had been knocked to the floor in his agitation.

Could the person Harold Whitman was talking about be Serena?

His sister, whom he had never taken seriously, whom he had always considered useless.

She had accomplished something that even the great 'Golden Hands' could not! He desperately needed an answer, an explanation for this... this revelation that had shattered his entire worldview.

Harold Whitman frowned slightly, looking at the man before him—a genius whose utation preceded

him, now completely losing his

Cure.

His eyes held a deep reverence. "Mr. Wynn the person in question is a figure that even Harold Whitman,

would have to greet with a bow and address as 'Master.'"

He paused for a moment, then slowly shook his head. "As for her name, it is not my place to say."

"Master..." Derek's throat tightened, and he unconsciously whispered the incredibly respectful title.

Someone that even the surgeon 'Golden Hands' had to bow to and call 'Master'...

It couldn't possibly be Serena.

Right.

It absolutely could not be Serena.

Tip: You can use left, right, A and D keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

Messing With Her? Are You Crazy! #Chapter 22 - Read Messing With Her? Are You Crazy! Chapter 22

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Derek repeated the thought in his mind, as if trying to brainwash himself.

His body was stiff as he slowly crouched down to pick up his fallen glasses, his fingers trembling.

He walked out of the room in a daze, leaning against the cold wall as if it were the only thing holding him up.

For the first time in his proud, arrogant life, he felt a crushing sense of defeat.

He ran his hands through his hair in frustration. Suddenly, an idea struck him. He pulled out his phone and dialed his home number.

It rang for a while before someone finally answered.

"Mom..."

Derek's voice was unusually hoarse and dry, laced with a confusion he didn't even recognize in himself. "Hmm... I mean Serena. Did she... did she really cut ties with the Wynn family?"

The sound of soft music and cheerful chatter could be heard in the background. Marianne's voice was tinged with annoyance. "Why bring up that jinx?"

She paused, then her voice rose, filled with disgust and contempt. "What? Did that wretched girl run to the hospital to bother you? I knew she wouldn't leave the Wynn family so easily! After being a pampered princess for so many years, how could she bear to go crawling back to her low-life biological parents? Derek, I'm telling you, stay away from her. Once you get tangled up with that kind of filth, you'll never be free!"

"No, Mom... she wasn't bothering me. Just listen to me..." Derek found himself instinctively recoiling from his mother's vicious insults toward Serena.

The thought that Serena had endured this kind of venomous, curse-like language from her family for the past four years left a bitter taste in his mouth.

"Does she... know traditional

medicine? She just saved the sister of the Blackwood heir at the

hospital It was a surgery... a caset

that conventional surgeons had declared hopeless. Even Professor Whitman, the Golden Hand

himself, said he wasn't confident he could do it. But Serena... she saved Miss Blackwood using surgical techniques from traditional

medicine. Even the director of the Imperial Medical Center was treating her with..."

"Traditional medicine? Saving someone?" Marianne cut him off, laughing as if she'd just heard the most ridiculous joke in the world. "Derek, have you been working too much lately? Is the stress making you delusional?"

"What could that brat possibly know

about medicine? The Wynn family

raised her for twenty years, I know I exactly what she's made of. She cant tell the difference between an herb and a weed, or whether a cold is caused by a bacteria or a virus! And you're telling me she's a doctor? That she saved a Blackwood?"

The increasingly harsh and vicious words made Derek's brow furrow even deeper. "No, Mom, I was there. I saw it with my own eyes. She really did save Miss Blackwood. The director was completely respectful to her, someone else called her 'Miss,' and even Professor Whitman..."

"Enough!" Marianne had no desire to hear another word about that jinx and interrupted him impatiently. "I think you're losing your mind! That impostor is trash to the core! If she had any real talent, don't you think She would have shown it off years ago to get our attention? Why wait until now? Instead of wasting your time on this, you should be paying more attention to your real sister!"

With that, she hung up.

Derek stared at his phone, listening to the dial tone.

After a long moment, he slowly, weakly slid down the wall and sat on the floor.

He had witnessed a miracle.

He had seen the hospital director's reverence for Serena with his own eyes.

He had heard 'Golden Hands' praise her and admit his own inferiority with his own ears.

The sheer shock of it all completely overwhelmed the man who had always been known as a proud and conceited genius.

Tip: You can use left, right, A and D keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

Messing With Her? Are You Crazy! #Chapter 23 - Read Messing With Her? Are You Crazy! Chapter 23

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Inside the car.

Alfred glanced in the rearview mirror at the striking, cool-faced girl in the back seat. The excitement in his heart hadn't faded yet. "Miss, you were... truly incredible back there! If it weren't for you, my life would have been over!"

Even though he and Miss Blackwood were both partly responsible for the accident, if something had truly happened to her...

He couldn't even bear to imagine the consequences.

Alfred's eyes reddened. "Miss, you saved my life. From now on, my life is yours!"

Serena's cold expression softened slightly. "It was nothing."

She raised an eyebrow, her clear gaze sweeping over the car's incredibly luxurious interior.

A Pagani, one of the world's top supercars. There were fewer than five of this model in existence.

She recalled Marianne's cutting remarks about her coming from the "slums," and a sarcastic smile touched her ruby lips.

The Wynn family probably couldn't afford a car like this even if they worked for several lifetimes.

"Alfred," Serena said, her voice calm. "What does the family do?"

She needed to re-evaluate her biological family.

At this, Alfred instantly perked up. "Miss, the family's businesses are global and cover a wide range of fields. We do a bit of everything! You also have three older brothers... each one of them is extraordinary and incredibly successful in his own field, just like you, Miss! It's clear you're all siblings!"

He paused, his voice choking up a bit. "You are the family's only, long-awaited daughter!"

He heavily emphasized the word "only," his eyes welling up with tears of excitement again. "For all these years, your parents never gave up looking for you. They spent an untold amount of manpower, resources, and effort, and finally... finally, they brought you back home!"

Serena narrowed her clear eyes slightly.

Only?

Alfred's words clearly had a hidden meaning.

The car sped along, entering Vaelion City's most central and exclusive residential area-Celestial Heights Estate.

After passing through tight security and a quiet, tree-lined avenue, a magnificent estate came into view.

The massive, ornate iron gates slowly opened, and as the car drove through, the very air seemed to smell of money.

It was a castle situated on a

priceless piece of land. A vast green lawn stretched as far as the eye could see, and meticulously manicured flowerbeds were filled with rare species from all over the country, each plant worth a small fortune.

A building that blended modern minimalism with classical grandeur stood proudly in the center.

The ground was paved with white marble, which gleamed under the golden sunlight. Unlike the ostentatious gold and glitter of other wealthy families, every detail here exuded an understated luxury and an elegant heritage.

She knew the Lancaster family was rich, but... she hadn't expected them to be this rich. It far exceeded her estimations.

The car stopped in the circular driveway in front of the main house.

Just as Alfred got out to open the door for Serena, an emotional, tearful voice cried out, "My daughter! My baby girl!"

A middle-aged couple who had been anxiously waiting by the door practically ran towards her.

The man was tall and well-built, dressed in a white shirt, with a sharp aura that spoke of someone long accustomed to being in charge.

The woman wore an elegant dress, her face beautiful. Even with

red-rimmed eyes and a slightly

flustered demeanor, she couldn't hide her grace and dignity

The moment she saw Serena clearly, tears began to fall uncontrollably.

She rushed to Serena's side,

to's

reaching out as if to touch her

hesitated as if afraid of

cheek, but

shattering precious porcelain or being too forward. Her trembling fingers traced the outline of Serena's

face, hovering just inches away.

Tip: You can use left, right, A and D keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

Messing With Her? Are You Crazy! #Chapter 24 - Read Messing With Her? Are You Crazy! Chapter 24

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"Serena, it's me, Mom... It's your mother..."

Her voice was choked with sobs. "You're back... Mom has finally gotten you back. I'm so sorry, I'm so sorry it took me so long to find you..."

Serena could clearly see the raw pain, profound guilt, and ecstatic joy of reunion overflowing in the woman's eyes. It was pure and intense.

She felt a little overwhelmed. A corner of her otherwise unbreakable heart seemed to be gently touched by something.

After a few seconds of silence, she reached out and took the woman's cold, trembling hand. Her voice was less chilly than usual. "It's okay, Mom."

The warmth and realness of the touch made Catherine Lancaster shudder. That single word, "Mom," caused the twenty years of longing she had stored up to burst forth like a broken dam.

She could no longer hold back and pulled Serena into a tight embrace, sobbing loudly. "My Serena... Mom missed you so much, my heart was broken..."

Hot tears soaked Serena's shoulder.

Somehow, they seemed to scorch her heart.

Serena's body was a bit stiff. In all her years of being neglected by the Wynn family, she had never experienced such an overwhelming display of love.

She wasn't used to it.

But feeling the woman's trembling body and torrential tears in her arms, she felt a warmth she had always secretly craved.

She let her mother hold her, her gaze shifting to the man standing beside them, his eyes also red as he watched her eagerly.

His face was one she often saw on the covers of business magazines the eternally stern and imposing magnate, Edward Lancaster.

The richest man in Vaelion City, the head of the Lancaster family, Edward!

Serena also called out, "Dad."

"Yes!" That single word made the formidable head of the Lancaster family, a man who struck fear into the hearts of his competitors, completely lose his usual composure. The tears he'd been holding back streamed down his face.

He nodded excitedly again and again, unable to form a complete sentence for a long moment. "My sweet daughter, you're so good. It's so good to have you back... From now on, this is your home..."

Serena stood stiffly, letting them both hug her from front and back.

She was sandwiched between them. It was a little hot, but mostly, it was warm.

"Dad, Mom, you shouldn't cry anymore. Shouldn't you be happy that my sister is back?" a clear,

gentle voice interjected. "Besides et

wasn't she living with the Wyn family all this time? They're a respectable family in Vaelion City, she must have had a very good life."

A young woman in her early twenties walked over, her perfectly made-up face beaming with a welcoming smile. She reached out, wanting to take Serena's hand

Welcome home, little sister. I've

been waiting for you for so long! Now I'm finally not the youngest in the family anymore!"

She smiled sweetly and gracefully.

However, the jealousy and resentment she tried so hard to conceal in her eyes did not escape Serena's notice.

Serena subtly moved away, avoiding her outstretched hand. She gave the girl a cool, indifferent glance and simply nodded, offering no other response.

The young woman's hand froze awkwardly in mid-air, the smile on her face instantly stiffening.

A flash of humiliation and anger crossed her eyes.

Sensing the subtle tension, Catherine quickly wiped her tears and explained carefully and nervously, "Serena, this is Isabella. She's she's the daughter Mom and Dag adopted. Back then, we couldn't

find you, and the pain was

unbearable..."

"A psychic once told us that if we adopted a girl of your age, one whose destiny was aligned with yours, it might help us find you, so..."

She watched Serena's expression nervously. "If you mind, Mom will arrange for Isabella to move out immediately."

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Messing With Her? Are You Crazy! #Chapter 25 - Read Messing With Her? Are You Crazy! Chapter 25

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Nothing in the world was more important than her precious daughter.

If Isabella Lancaster's presence made her daughter uncomfortable, she would, of course, prioritize her own child's feelings.

Isabella's face went deathly pale, and her fingers clenched into fists.

Just because she wasn't their biological daughter, they could just get rid of her whenever they wanted?

Serena glanced at her parents' expressions.

It was clear they were nothing like the cold-blooded members of the Wynn family. After all, they had lived with Isabella for twenty years and had formed a bond.

She didn't want to make things difficult for them right after arriving. Besides... whatever schemes this Isabella might cook up would be nothing more than a minor annoyance to her.

She shook her head. "I don't mind."

Isabella immediately put on a grateful expression, her eyes welling up with tears as her voice quivered with emotion. "Thank you, little sister. I'll take good care of you from now on. We'll get along wonderfully as sisters!"

Serena had no interest in her performance and simply gave a cool "Mm."

"Alright, alright, why is everyone just standing in the doorway? Isn't Serena hungry?" Edward's eyes were still a little red, but his stern features were softened by warmth.

As he spoke, he reached out to take Serena's canvas bag.

When he lifted it, he paused.

It was light as a feather, as if there was almost nothing inside.

A pang of sorrow hit him. His precious daughter had left the Wynn family with practically nothing.

What kind of life had she been living there all these years?

The group walked into the main house.

Catherine held Serena's hand the whole way, her voice filled with delight. "Serena, I cooked for you myself. I wasn't sure what you liked, so I made a little bit of everything. If there's anything you like, just tell me, and I'll make it for you every day!"

Serena nodded and replied, "Thank you, Mom."

"Don't be so formal with your mother!" Each "Mom" seemed to melt Catherine's heart. "Cooking for my daughter, watching her eat the food image. I've been dreaming of this moment for twenty years..."

Not wanting to be left out, Edward added, "And Dad helped too!" The atmosphere among the three was warm and harmonious. Isabella was completely ignored.

Following behind them, her eyes were practically burning with rage.

The favoritism... it was so blatant!

They had said that even if their biological daughter returned, her treatment in the Lancaster family wouldn't change. It was all a lie!

Upon entering the main hall, an elderly man in a dark silk robe, with neatly combed white hair, was craning his neck, looking anxiously towards the entrance.

The moment he heard footsteps, he quickly pulled his head back, put on a stern expression, and sat upright in his wheelchair. He picked up a cup of long cold tea from the table beside him, pretending to be deeply engrossed in tasting it, projecting an air of solemn inscrutability.

"Dad, Serena is back," Catherine said, quickly making the introduction. "Serena, this is your grandfather."

Serena's gaze fell on the old man, and she keenly caught the way his seemingly stern eyes kept darting toward her.

A faint smile touched her ruby lips. "Grandfather."

"Mm," Old Mr. Lancaster grunted inscrutably, slowly putting down his teacup. "It's good that you're back."

His eyes rested on the girl's face, which had perfectly inherited all the best features of his son and daughter-in-law, and a look of satisfaction flickered in them.

Just what you'd expect from a Lancaster.

He had looked into Serena's

background. Although she had grown up in the countryside, her expression remained one of unruffled composure as she entered the Lancaster estate.

She showed no signs of awe or intimidation upon setting foot in this place that symbolized the pinnacle of wealth and power.

It was as if she was born to belong at the top of the pyramid.

That kind of composure was something that could never be faked.

Tip: You can use left, right, A and D keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

Messing With Her? Are You Crazy! #Chapter 26 - Read Messing With Her? Are You Crazy! Chapter 26

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Old Mr. Lancaster nodded in satisfaction, but his tone was still gruff. "Now that you're back, you should settle in and make yourself at home. If you need anything, just tell Alfred. The Lancaster family... will not treat you unfairly."

As he spoke, he stiffly picked up a gold-stamped envelope from beside him and handed it to Serena. "Take this. It's a welcome gift from your grandfather."

Catherine and Edward, not to be outdone, quickly produced similar envelopes. "Serena, this is some spending money from your mom and dad. If it's not enough, just ask your mother for more."

"That's right, sweetheart, take it! The PIN is your birthday. Buy whatever you want; don't worry about saving money for the family!"

Nearby, Isabella watched them hand over the three thin envelopes. She knew that each contained a bank card with a balance of ten million dollars.

That was thirty million dollars in one go.

And in the past few days... to welcome Serena back, the family had spent a fortune creating a bedroom that looked like a princess's castle, filled with all sorts of high- end luxury goods...

Her stomach churned with envy.

Although she had lived a life of luxury in the Lancaster family for so many years and had a generous allowance, a "welcome gift" of thirty million dollars, plus so many top-tier luxury items, was something else entirely.

It was a level of treatment she had never received!

The stark contrast made it hard to keep the fake smile on her face.

She was practically going mad with jealousy.

Looking at the three envelopes presented to her, Serena felt a wave of warmth, and the tension in her brow softened. "Thank you, Grandpa, Mom, Dad, but I don't need money."

"Silly girl!" Catherine insisted, stuffing all the envelopes into Serena's hands. "Your money is your money, and this is what we want to give you. It's a token of our love. Just take it!"

"Take it!" Old Mr. Lancaster said with a stern face. "My granddaughter, Reginald Lancaster's own flesh and blood, must have plenty of spending money!"

Seeing their earnest and expectant gazes, Serena felt the weight of their desire to make up for lost time. She said no more and accepted the envelopes. "Thank you, Grandpa, Dad, Mom."

"Alright, alright, let's eat first!"

Catherine took Serena's hand and led her toward the family dining

room. "Alfred told me everything et

You saved that girl from the Blackwood family at the hospital. You must be exhausted."

In the family dining room, the huge, long table was laden with a dazzling array of steaming, fragrant dishes.

Serena was already hungry. She sat down, picked up her utensils, and began to eat quietly.

Her movements were unhurried, but the frequency with which she served herself food was clearly high.

Even as she ate with gusto, almost clearing the platters, her movements retained an innate elegance.

Edward and Catherine sat on either side of Serena, constantly using the serving utensils to place more food on her plate.

The food on Serena's plate piled up into a small mountain.

Serena's expression remained neutral. She ate whatever they gave her, methodically demolishing the mountain of food.

Watching her eat so heartily, they

couldn't help but feel their eyes welling up again. "Eat slowly, eat slowly There's plenty more. If it's not enough Mom wu make you more. Here, have some of this fish, and this soup...."

"Oh, watching you eat makes me so happy but also breaks my heart... You must not have eaten well all these years..."

As she spoke, Catherine's voice began to choke with tears.

Isabella looked at the mountain of food piled on Serena's plate, then at the few meager servings on her own, and felt a bitter taste in her mouth.

She tightened her grip on her utensils, her gaze sweeping over Serena's simple, unbranded clothing. She couldn't resist saying, in a tone that seemed concerned but held barely concealed sneer, you have great appetite, sister. It seems you probably haven't had many proper meals."

Tip: You can use left, right, A and D keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

Messing With Her? Are You Crazy! #Chapter 27 - Read Messing With Her? Are You Crazy! Chapter 27

Novel 20255-7 minutes

"It's a blessing to have a good appetite!"

Old Mr. Lancaster cut Isabella off, his stern eyes flashing a warning. "My granddaughter just saved someone's life. She needs to eat well to regain her strength! Is the Lancaster family unable to feed one granddaughter?"

Catherine also shot Isabella a displeased look. "Isabella, Serena just spent two hours in an operating room saving a life. She needs to replenish her energy right now."

"Besides... watching Serena enjoy the food I cooked for her so much brings me so much joy."

A look of pure happiness spread across her face.

Seeing her grandfather and mother so openly protective of Serena, Isabella's face soured. She felt both angry and wronged.

The moment Serena came back, it was as if she had become a redundant outsider in her own home.

She bit her lip hard, the jealousy so intense it ruined her appetite. A flare of anger made her speak up again. "I also heard from Alfred about you saving someone at the hospital. I had no idea you were so skilled."

As she spoke, her face lit up with an expression of warmth and admiration. "You're so young, yet your medical skills are so impressive. The Wynn family must have really cherished you to have raised you to be so outstanding. May I ask where you studied?"

At the mention of the Wynn family, the expressions of Old Mr. Lancaster and Serena's parents shifted slightly.

Before bringing Serena home, they had naturally investigated her life with the Wynn family.

Serena had been sent to the countryside as a child, raised by an old woman. The Wynn family had never been involved in her upbringing.

And that was exactly the effect Isabella wanted.

How could a country bumpkin raised in the middle of nowhere have had the opportunity to learn any advanced medical techniques?

As she saw it, the whole hospital rescue story was nothing more than a charade Serena had orchestrated to stay with the Lancaster family, using her status as their daughter to coerce Alfred into playing along.

Her grandpa and parents were so smart. They would surely see through it!

Isabella waited for them to expose Serena's true colors and put her in her place. However, the scene she anticipated never happened.

Old Mr. Lancaster's face beamed with pride. "Just what you'd expect from my granddaughter! Truly one in a million!"

Edward looked smug. "That's my daughter, alright! A natural talent!"

Catherine's eyes sparkled with admiration. "That's my baby girl! So young and already such a skilled doctor!"

Isabella was baffled. This wasn't how she thought it would go.

Didn't they... didn't they have any suspicion about how a girl from the countryside could possibly know medicine?

They were looking at Serena through the rosiest of rose-colored glasses!

Isabella was so angry her nails dug into her palms. Suppressing the churning jealousy, she spoke again. "Sister, if you're so incredible that you can bring a car crash victing back from the brink of death then... you must have a way to cure Grandpa's legs, right?"

Her eyes were clear and filled with earnest hope, as if she truly, from the bottom of

her heart, wished for Serena to be able to heal their grandfather.

But that one sentence was enough to make the harmonious atmosphere at the table plummet.

Her parents' faces fell, and they looked at Isabella with complicated expressions. His legs were Old Mr. Lancaster's most sensitive subject.

Old Mr. Lancaster had been a proud, strong man his entire life. Becoming paralyzed three years ago had been a devastating blow, and he had been despondent for a long time.

Even though he later seemed to accept his reality and never mentioned his legs, everyone in the family knew... he was still deeply affected by his paralysis.

The family was always careful to avoid the topic, trying their best to treat him as they always had.

Isabella knew this, yet she chose to bring it up at this exact moment.

And she had thrown the question to Serena, who had just returned and knew nothing about the situation.

Wasn't this putting Serena on the spot?

If it weren't for Isabella's utterly innocent expression, as if she genuinely hoped Serena could heal him, they would have suspected she was doing it on purpose.

"Isabella, Serena just got back. Why are you bringing this up?" Catherine shot her a warning glance, her displeasure obvious.

Then, without waiting for Isabella's reaction, she quickly stood up and turned to Old Mr. Lancaster. "Dad, Serena just came home. Please don't be upset."

Old Mr. Lancaster's face was grim. After giving Isabella a dark, unreadable look, he finally spoke slowly. "My legs... they've been paralyzed for years. There's no cure."

His tone was cool and devoid of emotion, but Serena still caught the slight tremor beneath his calm words.

Isabella seemed to realize her

mistake, covering her mouth with a gasp and apologizing. "Oh, sister, I'm so sorry... I didn't mean to pressure Grandpa. I just heard

you into curing

how amazing you are and thought."

"Oh, don't worry about it. Please don't feel burdened."

As she spoke, she even tapped her own mouth lightly. "It's just my clumsy mouth.

Why did I have to bring that up.....'

"If you know you have a clumsy

mouth, then you should keep it

shut Serenas gaze was

cold She

was getting tired of this pathetic

little clown and had no desire to play

along.

Serena put down her utensils, her clear, dark eyes fixed on Old Mr. Lancaster's legs.

"I can treat Grandpa's legs."

Tip: You can use left, right, A and D keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

Messing With Her? Are You Crazy! #Chapter 28 - Read Messing With Her? Are You Crazy! Chapter 28

Novel 20254-5 minutes

"Serena, you... you said... you can treat them?!"

The three Lancasters froze for a moment, their faces a mixture of wild joy and cautious hope.

"Serena, can you really heal Grandpa's legs?"

Catherine was so shocked that the soup spoon in her hand clattered into her bowl.

The sound snapped Old Mr. Lancaster back to reality. His grip on his utensils tightened, and a flicker of light ignited in his stern eyes.

But he quickly suppressed it.

He put on a stern face and cleared his throat. "That's enough. I've told you, this old body of mine has been paralyzed for years. I'm used to it. Serena just got home, why are we talking about this?"

He then looked at Serena, his tone deliberately light. "Serena, you don't need to waste your energy on this old man. Eat up."

He knew his condition better than anyone. If Serena tried to treat him and... failed, wouldn't the girl blame herself?

He'd been paralyzed for years. There was no need to put that kind of pressure on a young girl.

Serena's parents understood Old Mr. Lancaster's intentions. They reined in their excitement, unwilling to put too much pressure on her.

Serena set down her utensils, her cool expression softening. "It's no trouble, Grandpa. Besides, it's my duty to care for you."

She asked, "Do you mind if I take a look at your legs?"

The girl's voice was calm, as if she had everything under control.

For some reason, Old Mr. Lancaster felt an urge to believe her. His fingers on the armrest of his wheelchair tightened abruptly. A faint gleam shone in his eyes, and his chest heaved with excitement.

But he forced himself to remain calm and nodded stoically.

Serena knelt beside Old Mr. Lancaster, lifted the blanket covering his legs, and pressed a few key points on his limbs.

After a moment, she stood up. "It's not a major issue. It can be treated."

"Really?!" Hearing her daughter say "it can be treated" with such certainty again, Catherine covered her mouth in excitement.

Edward's eyes turned red as he praised Serena incoherently.

Old Mr. Lancaster stared blankly at his own legs.

It can be treated?

In the three years since he'd been paralyzed, this was the first time he had heard those words.

Isabella watched the family's joyous excitement, and every word of praise for Serena felt like a needle stabbing her eardrums.

She clenched her fists, but when she

spoke, her voice was filled with genuine concern. "Sister, please don't push yourself too hard. Over the years, top experts from all over the world, both traditional and modern, have looked at him, even Mr. Langford from the Medical Association and top neurosurgeons from abroad consulted three times... and they were all helpless."

"Of"

She deliberately emphasized the words top experts," her tone full of pity and worry. Are you really

Please don't get Grandpa's hopes up for nothing..."

Her words of concern landed squarely on the budding hope in the room. Every sentence implied the same thing-Serena was being reckless, that her skills couldn't possibly compare to those of top

experts that her actions would

only lead their grandfather from hope to disappointment, and then to despair.

Serena looked at Isabella coldly, her clear eyes devoid of emotion. "Do you really want Grandpa's legs to be healed?"

The girl's cool voice was like an icicle, making Isabella's face stiffen. She

stammered out a reply. "Of-of course I do!"

After answering, she felt a surge of humiliation.

Tip: You can use left, right, A and D keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

Messing With Her? Are You Crazy! #Chapter 29 - Read Messing With Her? Are You Crazy! Chapter 29

Novel 20253-4 minutes

"Then, shut up."

The tone was so cold and absolute that Isabella's face flushed red.

Serena withdrew her gaze and knelt down again, looking up at Old Mr. Lancaster. "Grandpa, do you trust me?"

Just as Old Mr. Lancaster was about to speak, Isabella, clenching her fists, cut in. "Sister, you..."

"Enough!"

Old Mr. Lancaster slammed his hand on the armrest, his face grim and sterner than ever before. "Isabella, you've said far too much today."

"You used to be obedient and well-behaved, and I accepted you because you could at least please your parents. But... Serena is my biological granddaughter, Reginald Lancaster's granddaughter. Her willingness to treat my legs is a sign of her devotion."

"From the moment she walked in, every word you've spoken has sounded like concern, but has been laced with barbs."

"Isabella, if you keep trying to undermine her at every turn, I'll have a hard time believing you're not doing it on purpose."

His blunt, severe words drained the color from Isabella's face. Her eyes widened in terror. "No... that's not it, Grandpa, I wasn't! I was just really worried about you! I'm sorry, I was wrong..."

Old Mr. Lancaster didn't even spare her another glance. Instead, he turned to Serena, the feigned seriousness in his expression gone. "Serena, I trust you. If you say you can treat it, I believe you."

"The treatment process will be long, and..." Serena, unbothered by Isabella's interference, stated plainly, "at the beginning, as we stimulate the nerves to recover, you will be in extreme pain. Can you handle that?"

"Pain?" Old Mr. Lancaster laughed heartily and straightened his back. "Hahaha, Serena, what pain haven't I endured? Even if you were to shatter my bones and reset them, I wouldn't even flinch. Just do what you need to do. As long as I can stand again, I can bear any pain... AARGH! AAAARGH—"

He hadn't even finished his boastful declaration.

Serena's hand had just settled on a specific point below Old Mr. Lancaster's knee.

With just a slight application of

pressure, a blood-curdling scream echoed through the dining room his voice distorting in agony.

Old Mr. Lancaster felt an indescribable sensation as if a thousand needles were piercing his skin and bone all at once.

Veins bulged on his forehead, and he broke out in a cold sweat, his face contorting in pain.

"Dad!" Edward and Catherine cried out in alarm.

"Grandpa!" Isabella's eyes lit up with undisguised glee, as if she had finally caught Serena in the act.

She lunged forward, trying to grab

Serena. "Let go of Grandpa! You're a

fraud after all You don't know anything, you have no medical skills How dare you mess with Grandpa's legs!"

But before she could reach Serena, Edward and Catherine blocked her way.

"The leg..."

Edward's voice trembled. "Dad, your leg... you can feel your leg?"

At those words, the excruciating pain was instantly forgotten. Old Mr. Lancaster froze for two seconds.

"Pain..... pain is a good thing, Dad! Your leg... you have feeling in it!" Catherine burst into tears.

Isabella froze, her eyes wide with disbelief, her face momentarily blank.

That's right...

Grandpa's legs had been paralyzed for three years, unresponsive to any stimulus. And now... he could feel pain?

Tip: You can use left, right, A and D keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

Messing With Her? Are You Crazy! #Chapter 30 - Read Messing With Her? Are You Crazy! Chapter 30

Novel 20256-7 minutes

Old Mr. Lancaster grimaced, his face pale with pain, but his eyes were shining.

Within those pain-twisted pupils, a wild, ecstatic joy was spreading.

He gripped the armrests of his wheelchair tightly, feeling the long-lost sensation of pain in his leg. His voice was hoarse with emotion. "Pain... Hahaha, the pain is good! It's good! Serena, don't worry, I can take it! I can take it!"

"Feeling pain means the neural and sensory pathways aren't completely severed. This is better than expected," Serena said, releasing her hand from his leg.

"Hah..."

The intense pain slowly subsided.

Old Mr. Lancaster slumped back in his wheelchair, his trembling hands gradually relaxing as he gasped for air.

His face held the ecstatic relief of someone who had survived an ordeal. He stared intently at his legs. The very spot where Serena had pressed-on the legs that countless famous doctors and experts had declared a lost cause was now twitching in a way that was invisible to the eye but that he could clearly feel.

Once, then again.

Faint, but undeniably real.

"Ha... hahaha... HAHAAAAHA!"

Old Mr. Lancaster broke into almost maniacal laughter, his chest heaving. His eyes were bloodshot.

He laughed as he looked at Serena, his eyes full of light, excitement, and renewed hope. "Serena, can it really... can it really be healed?"

"Yes." A hint of a smile touched Serena's calm features, warmed by her family's excitement. It added a bewitching charm to her already stunning face.

"As long as you can endure the initial pain, stick with the treatment, and cooperate with acupuncture and medicated soaks..."

Her lips curved, and her voice was calm yet powerful. "I expect that in about two weeks, you'll be able to try standing with assistance."

"Two weeks?!"

"Standing up?!"

The immense joy struck them like a physical blow.

Serena's parents threw their arms around her, their voices choked with emotion. "Serena, thank you... thank you! We don't know how to thank you! Grandpa's legs... we're leaving them in your hands!"

Serena smiled slightly and shook her head. "We're family. It's what I should do."

The dinner concluded amidst this overwhelming surprise.

Everyone's attention was now focused entirely on Serena.

Isabella bit her lower lip, her stomach churning with envy. But after her grandfather's warning, she didn't dare say another word.

How could a country bumpkin like Serena possibly heal legs that so many top international experts had given up on?

Two weeks? Standing up?

She would just wait and watch Serena make a fool of herself!

Once they realized that the granddaughter they had so desperately searched for was nothing but a low-class fraud, they would surely understand who was truly fit to be the daughter of the Lancaster family!

"Serena, are you full? Come, Mom will show you your room!"

The more Catherine looked at her precious daughter, the more she adored her.

She took Serena's hand and led her towards the second floor, her voice full of excitement. "I decorated your room myself. Come and see if you like it!"

Catherine led her to a room with excellent lighting.

The door was white and ornately carved. Pushing it open revealed an extremely spacious room filled with soft light.

The color scheme of the space made Serena pause for a few seconds.

It was a sea of pink and white. Pink and white lace hung everywhere, and even the

bed was draped with a pink princess-style canopy. The room was filled with all kinds of fluffy stuffed animals.

Serena was speechless.

She could almost see pink bubbles floating in the air.

It was clear that a lot of care had gone into the decor.

It was the ultimate dreamy, girly style—the fantasy of countless young girls.

"What's wrong? Serena, you don't like it?" Catherine asked, her voice a mix of anxiety and anticipation when Serena remained silent. "I thought... all young girls liked these things..."

"...I like it."

Catherine's face immediately broke into a smile. She happily led Serena into the room. "Good, I'm glad you like it! Serena, come and see. This is the walk-in closet. Your father and I did some research and these are all clothes and accessories in styles that are popular with young women. See what you think!"

On one side of the bedroom, Catherine opened a hidden door.

Inside was what looked like a luxury brand's boutique.

Clothes, shoes, bags, jewelry—it had everything.

Serena's eyes flickered. "Are these YB designs?"

"You like YB too?" Catherine was thrilled. "Yes, these are all from YB's latest season!"

Five years ago, the designer Cloud of YB won first place in a highly prestigious international design competition. She rejected a series offers from top international luxury brands and returned to their home country to found YB.

All of YB's designs were created personally by Cloud.

With a world-class award and a unique design style that looked stunning on, YB

became an instant sensation, taking the entire fashion world by storm.

Although YB had only one designer and released new collections very slowly, that didn't stop socialites and wealthy women from clamoring for their pieces, practically begging them to release new items.

In five years, YB had already become a top global brand.

Its rarity made it valuable, yet this closet was filled with YB's designs...

It was a testament to the Lancaster family's influence!

Serena looked at the familiar logo on the clothes in the closet and nodded slowly.

"Yes, I like them."

Of course she did.

These were, after all, her own designs-the works she was most proud of.

Tip: You can use left, right, A and D keyboard keys to browse between chapters.