

MESSING WITH HER? ARE YOU CRAZY!

Chapter 3

The word "trash" made Hailey's triumphant smile freeze on her face, twisting her sweet features into a hideous grimace.

Serena's condescending gaze was more unbearable than if she had screamed and cursed at her.-

It was as if... the prize Hailey had fought so hard to win was nothing but worthless garbage in Serena's eyes.

"And that includes the title of Miss Wynn." Serena's gaze swept coolly over the opulent hall before she let out a soft, derisive laugh. "As well as that... Adrian... you worked so hard to seduce."

Her smile deepened, carrying a wicked edge. "You'd better hold on to them tight. Don't you dare let go."

All the color drained from Hailey's face. She gritted her teeth in anger, her features contorted by extreme humiliation.

She raised her hand to slap Serena.

But catching a figure in her peripheral vision, she instantly transformed into a delicate, fragile damsel, stumbling back two steps and falling to the floor, her eyes red. "Serena, I was just trying to apologize. I hope you won't hold a grudge against Mom and Dad. Why did you...?"

"Serena!"

Marianne came out just in time to see her precious daughter fall to the ground. Furious, she rushed over. "After all the years the Wynn family raised you, you dare to push my Hailey!"

Serena watched Marianne pull Hailey into her arms, her face a mask of heartache, and a flicker of irony appeared in her eyes.

If she had seen this before, she would have been hurt, heartbroken, and would have tormented herself wondering what she had done wrong, how she couldn't compare to Hailey.

But now, she felt nothing at all.

"Perfect timing."

Serena pulled a red velvet jewelry box from her canvas bag.

With a soft thud...

The box landed at Marianne's feet.

It popped open, and a tacky pearl necklace tumbled out.

"Here, take this back."

It was a pearl necklace Marianne had carelessly tossed to her on her eighteenth birthday.

Even though it was obvious it hadn't been bought specifically for her...

At the time, she had treasured it like a priceless gem.

But she didn't need it anymore.

Marianne frowned at the necklace by her feet, unable to recall when she had bought

it or given it to Serena.

But Serena's gesture was a clear slap in the face.

She yelled, "Serena, what stunt are you trying to pull now? You stole Hailey's identity and enjoyed twenty years of luxury. What right do you have to be angry?"

"I was just a baby. How was I to

blame? As for you, Mrs. Wynn, you couldn't even recognize your own flesh and blood. You should probably get your head checked Be careful, genetic defects can be hereditary," Serena sneered.

Marianne's face turned grim, and her voice became shrill with fury. "You ungrateful bratt So you were faking it all along! Now that you know we don't want you, you've dropped the act, haven't you?!" '

"You serpent! You deserve to go back to the country, to live a lowly, impoverished life!"

"Don't you ever come begging to return to this family!"

Serena gave Marianne a cold, indifferent look. A smirk played on her red lips, a look both mocking and imposing.

Marianne felt a chill run down her spine, and her shrill voice died in her throat. She instinctively took two steps back.

Serena's lips slowly curled into a smile. Her tone was dismissive. "As if I'd want to."

"Serena, what is that supposed to mean?!" Marianne shrieked, hysterical with anger and disbelief.

"It means that this Wynn family you're all so proud of is worth less than nothing to me." Serena smiled, but her eyes were full of scorn. "To: put it another way you're an idiot."

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