

# Messing With Her? Are You Crazy! #Chapter 31 - Read Messing With Her? Are You Crazy! Chapter 31

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Catherine was thrilled that her precious daughter loved the room she'd so carefully decorated and the clothes she'd picked out.

It was like they were on the same wavelength.

Catherine held up outfits from the closet against Serena, saying, "Look, every single piece from YB looks like it was custom-made just for you!"

Catherine continued, "More will be arriving over the next couple of days. Just tell me what styles you like!"

Serena was taken aback.

More?

Wouldn't that empty out YB's entire stock?

Serena quickly said, "Thank you, Mom, but that's enough. I can't possibly wear all this."

"What do you mean you can't?" Catherine cupped Serena's face, admiring it from every angle. "My beautiful daughter is gorgeous, a natural model. You should be dressed beautifully, changing ten times a day if you want!"

Serena felt the warmth on her cheeks and saw the love filling the face so close to hers.

Her expression softened, and a small smile touched her lips.

Watching from the doorway, Isabella saw the walls lined with luxury goods and Catherine pulling Serena along, her face full of happiness and contentment as she showed them off.

The scene of mother-daughter affection, the warm and intimate atmosphere, was like a knife to her eyes.

Jealousy spread wildly through her.

Just then, Serena seemed to notice her gaze. She glanced over coolly before looking away, continuing her conversation with Catherine.

That nonchalant attitude, as if she deserved all of this, made Isabella feel like Serena was flaunting it all in her face.

A blatant display of superiority.

Catherine stayed in Serena's room, talking with her for a long time.

She wished she could make up for all twenty years they had lost.

But then she remembered that her daughter had been at the Starlight Royal Medical Center for a two-hour surgery on her way back.

She suppressed her excitement and told Serena to get some rest.

After all, her daughter was back by her side now; there was no need to rush.

After Catherine left reluctantly.

Serena stood up, grabbed her canvas bag, and tossed it onto the desk.

She sat down lazily in the pink ergonomic chair, unzipped the bag, and took out a thin, compact laptop.

She powered it on.

Her long, slender fingers tapped a few

logoes on the black keynet

logging into the Gray Zone's internal network

An animation of a bizarrely shaped door slowly opening appeared on the screen, followed by a line of bold, red text that seemed to bleed across the screen as it emerged from the doorway-

[Welcome back, 'Demon'.]

By the time the words were fully visible, the bloodstain effect had covered the entire screen.

Serena was speechless.

She didn't have to guess.

This had to be Raven's handiwork.

Raven: [Holy crap! Is that our living Demon? I can't believe I'm seeing you in my lifetime!]

Reaper: [When Demon went back to

Elyndor, didn't you say you were worried about scaring your family and would be staying away from Gray Zone business for a while?]

Butcher: [Aaaah! Boss! Why are you back? Did you miss us?]

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As soon as Serena logged into the network, the group chat named [Today's Goal: Survive the Day] erupted.

Serena stared at the familiar codenames scrolling across the screen, feeling a bit dazed.

The last time she'd seen them was four years ago.

The day the Wynns brought her home.

She had been so happy.

How could she not be, finally returning to her parents?

To prevent her identity in the Gray Zone from frightening the Wynns or getting them involved.

She had resolutely cut off all contact, saying only that she "wanted to experience a normal life."

Thinking back on her four-year-old self, she realized how incredibly foolish she'd been.

She couldn't understand why she had been so fixated on so-called family ties back then.

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Thinking of the Wynns, Serena's thoughts then turned to the Lancasters.

Would... they mind who she was?

Her long, dark lashes trembled slightly.

After only a few seconds of thought, her eyes regained their usual coolness, and her slender fingers slowly typed on the keyboard.

Demon: [Yeah.]

Her single word made the entire group explode.

Countless messages flooded the chat like a live stream's comment section, just as lively as it had been four years ago.

A flicker of light danced in Serena's eyes.

She smirked and was about to type when a familiar codename caught her attention.

Black Jack: [What? Done playing normal?]

The moment that message appeared, the flood of new posts in the group chat seemed to freeze.

Black Jack: [Normal people don't have access to the Gray Zone network.]

The sarcasm was palpable, even through the screen.

Instead of getting angry, Serena smiled, the curve of her red lips deepening. [Being normal is pretty boring.]

Black Jack: [So, you only think of us when you're bored?]

Demon: [Am I not allowed to?]

The person who had replied instantly was silent for a good ten seconds.

Then, as if grinding their teeth, they typed.

Black Jack: [Demon, did you spend four years in Elyndor just learning how to grow a thicker skin?]

Demon: [I've missed you guys.]

Again, the chat went silent for over ten seconds.

Black Jack: [God, you're the death of me!]

Black Jack: [You just fucking wait!]

Black Jack: [I'm flying to Elyndor right now. If you dare run, I'll skin you alive!]

The three messages popped up almost simultaneously.

The corners of Serena's eyes lifted. [Good, I have a favor to ask you.]

Black Jack: [Fuck!]

Black Jack: [I knew it! You never show up unless you want something!]

Black Jack: [Using us when you need us, huh? Do you have any conscience at all?]

Reading the messages, Serena could almost picture Black Jack's expression.

Her smile deepened.

Only with her friends from the Gray Zone could she truly and completely relax. Demon: [I'll be waiting.]

Just as she typed that, her phone rang.

It was a video call from someone with an anime boy as their profile picture.

Serena casually answered. A young, handsome, and flamboyant face appeared on the screen.

"Serena-" Brian Foster's boisterous voice came through, his expression full of swagger. "I heard you left the Wynns?"

Serena nodded. "News travels fast."

Brian chuckled. "That's because I'm always paying attention to everything about you, always at your service!"

Serena leaned back lazily, her legs draped casually over the side of her chair. "What's up?"

Brian replied, "I just heard you ditched that family of idiots, so I wanted to say, nice one!"

He leaned closer to the screen,

grinning. "Serena, want to come stay at my place? My old man has been asking about you. We're one of the three great families of Vaelion City, you know. Our place is way more t high-end and impressive than the Wynns', and we definitely don't have any annoying, fake-innocent girls hanging around."

He made a disgusted face. "Those

idiots at the Wynn household are et

treating that girl like

sure. They'll regret it big time."

"No, thanks." Serena's eyes were cool. "I've returned to my biological parents' home."

"Biological parents?!" Brian shot to his feet, his face filling the screen, eyes wide. "I'm too late again?!"

He was hoping to whisk Serena away to his own home now that she'd left the Wynns.

Was his chance gone just like that?

Brian was fuming, gritting his teeth and groaning in frustration.

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He was about to throw a tantrum when his

eyes caught a glimpse of

something in the background, next to Serena. He gasped.

"Holy hell! Serena, you're... at your house right now?!"

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Brian's voice cracked with shock. "Aaaah! Serena, that lamp behind you... is that a custom piece from overseas? And those curtains... damn! That furniture!"

He craned his neck, trying to see more through the camera, and gasped again. "The painting on your wall... and all that decor! Nothing in there costs less than a million dollars!"

The level of wealth was something even he, a young master from the Foster family, one of the top three families in Vaelion City, couldn't compare to.

"Damn, Serena! You didn't just leave those idiots, you ascended to a whole new level!"

Although, Serena's own identity alone was enough to crush a thousand families like the Wynns.

But the thought of those fools seeing Serena's transformation, with a biological family a thousand times more powerful than theirs, was just so satisfying.

"Serena, spill it! Who are your real parents? They must be some kind of gods!"

"What did you want?" Serena asked lazily, ignoring his question.

"Nothing major," Brian said with a grin. "Obsidian Palace opened a new wing. A few of the guys heard you left the Wynns and want to celebrate with you. Celebrate your escape from hell, no more cleaning up those idiots' messes."

Serena thought for a moment. "Alright."

"You got it! Send me your address, I'll pick you up tonight!" Brian hung up happily.

Just then, there was a knock on the door.

Serena opened it to find Isabella standing there, holding a diamond-encrusted jewelry box, a saccharine smile on her face. "Serena, I hope I'm not disturbing your rest?"

Serena narrowed her cool eyes, crossing her arms and looking at her lazily. "If you have something to say, say it."

Her distant, impatient tone made Isabella's expression stiffen for a second, but she maintained her

smile "You just got back, so as your older sister, should give you elishould

welcome gift."

She held out the jewelry box. "These are all gifts that Mom, Dad, and my brothers specially picked out for me damy birthdays over the years 1 thought they were very meaningful, so... chose a few pieces that would suit you."

She smiled sweetly. "This way, you can also have birthday gifts from Mom, Dad, and our brothers. I hope you like them."

On the surface, it sounded like a genuine attempt from an older sister to build a good relationship.

But underneath, the message was clear: "Look how much the family loves me. I have all these things, and you have nothing."

"Thanks," Serena said, not wanting to waste any more time with her. "But no thanks."



She turned to go back into her room.

Isabella's smile froze again, her fingers tightening around the box. As Serena was about to close the door, she rushed forward, her eyes instantly welling with tears. "Serena, did I do something wrong to upset you? I... I just really want to get along with you. I don't want... to become an outsider in this family."

Her tearful voice made her sound especially pitiful.

Serena gave her a cool, indifferent look, her voice chilling. "You know exactly what you're thinking. I have no obligation to play along with your act."

The cold, blunt words sparked a flash of anger in Isabella's heart. She clenched her fists but kept up her facade. "Serena, how could you say that about me..."

"Isabella," Serena's cool voice cut her off.

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Her gaze landed coldly on Isabella.

This girl had indeed been raised well by her parents, and they genuinely doted on her.

After nearly twenty years of living together, you'd even grow attached to a dog.

Thinking of the worried look on Catherine's face when she'd mentioned Isabella, Serena offered a piece of advice. "For Mom and Dad's sake, as long as you behave yourself, stay out of my way, and don't cause trouble, you can continue to be a daughter of this family."

Behave herself? Continue to be a daughter of this family?

The words grated on Isabella's ears. It was a clear taunt from a victor, a threat.

Serena was obviously trying to kick her out of the Lancaster family!

Isabella's face twisted slightly, but she struggled to maintain her elegant composure. "Serena, thank you for being willing to let me stay. I'm sure I'll win you over eventually..."

Before she could finish, Serena's eyes flashed, and her voice turned ice-cold. "Now, I'm going to rest. Please leave."

She knew exactly what this fake innocent was thinking.

The blunt dismissal made Isabella bite her lip. "Well... you get some rest then."

She offered the jewelry box to Serena again. "Here's your welcome gift from me. I hope you'll accept it."

Serena didn't even glance at it. "Take it with you."

The door slammed shut with a bang.

Isabella's face went pale, her fingers digging into the jewelry box.

Furious, she was about to turn and leave when she caught something in the corner of her eye and froze.

She positioned herself outside Serena's door again, lowering her head, her shoulders trembling slightly, creating the perfect picture of someone who had been deeply wronged and was crying silently.

"Isabella?"

Catherine, carrying a platter of carefully sliced fruit, walked over. Seeing Isabella's pitiful state, she hurried closer. "What's wrong? Why are you crying outside Serena's door?"

Isabella looked up, her face streaked with tears, and her voice choked. "Mom, I... I'm fine. I just wanted to get closer to my sister offered to give her some of the birthday gifts. you

and Dad and the boys gave me, but... I don't think she liked them."

Tears streamed down her face as she spoke. "She told me to leave and stay away from her..."

She looked utterly heartbroken. "Mom, did I do something wrong? I just... I just want everyone in the family to get along..."

As she spoke, Isabella secretly

watched Catherine's expression. She was sure that after seeing her act so pitifully, her sincere intentions

throw back in her face, her mother would surely see how arrogant

Serena was Her mother would understand the difference between them, that only she, the daughter her mother had raised, deserved the title of the Lancaster heiress.

But Catherine just sighed, patted her on the shoulder, and spoke in her usual gentle but firm tone. "Isabella Serena just got back, she might not be used to things yet And she has

Since

a somewhat cool pels her some

she asked you to give her some space, you should listen to her for

now. Don't disturb her, let her adjust."

She gestured with her chin. "Now, go back to your room and rest. Don't overthink it."

Then, her smile returned, and she knocked gently on Serena's door. "Serena, Mom cut up some fruit for you."

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Serena's voice came from inside. "Come in, Mom."

Catherine went in cheerfully.

Isabella stood outside. The door closed without Catherine giving her a second glance.

Even through the wood, she could hear Catherine's happy laughter from inside the room.

Isabella clenched her fists, gripping the rejected jewelry box so tightly she nearly crushed it, her teeth grinding with rage.

"Treat us both equally," they said! "Even when Serena comes back, we'll treat you the same," they promised.

It was all lies!

Her mother was clearly on Serena's side!

Just you wait!

When my brothers get back, I'll show Serena what real favoritism looks like!

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That evening, at the dinner table, Serena was once again showered with profound love from her grandfather, father, and mother.

It was a good thing Serena had a healthy appetite.

An ordinary person might not have been able to withstand so much affection.

After dinner, Serena sat in the living room with Old Mr. Lancaster and her parents, listening as they eagerly asked questions about her past.

Her expression remained cool, but she was remarkably patient, answering every question.

As for whether her days with the Wynns or in the countryside were good or bad, she only touched on it briefly.

Isabella, sitting on another sofa and trying to interject, found she was like a complete outsider, unable to get a word in.

The happy scene in front of her seemed to form a wall, completely shutting her out. Isabella was seething with frustration.

Just then, Agnes, who was standing behind Isabella, spoke up with a smile. "I heard that Miss... Isabella, passed Mr. Harrison's qualifying exam the other day. Once her current research paper is published, won't she officially become his student?"

The three on the other sofa seemed to finally remember their adopted daughter was there.

Edward nodded in satisfaction. "Isabella has always been a child who never gives us worry. Being accepted by Mr. Harrison is a great honor, but you'll have to work even harder from now on."

"Mr. Harrison's exam wasn't as difficult as people say; I thought it was quite simple," Isabella said obediently. "He also helped me a lot with this research paper. I don't think there will be any issues."

Catherine also added a word of praise. "Isabella has rarely made us worry about her studies."

"That's because Mom and Dad

taught me well." Isabella then turned

to Serena as if it were an

afterthought. "What about you, Serenay I heard you went to school in the countryside, and then after you returned to the Wynns... you dropped out before finishing high school?"

At these words, her parents' faces fell, their brows furrowing slightly.

Isabella pretended not to notice and

continued with a look of innocent

concern. "Agnes, I don't mean anything by it. I was just thinking, if you want to go back to school can help you. After all now that you're home, it would be embarrassing for Mom and Dad if outsiders found out you didn't even finish high school."

She knew the Lancasters had always placed great importance on education and ability. Their three sons, and she herself, were all expected to be at the top of their fields academically. Her parents, would never approve of a country girl like Serena who hadn't even graduated from high school!

"Speaking of which... Serena, do you want to continue your education? If you do, just tell me which school you'd like to attend, and I'll make a call." Edward wasn't concerned about losing face; he was worried about Serena.

Now that Serena had returned to the Lancaster family, once the welcome banquet was held, she would inevitably be in the spotlight.

When people learned she was a Lancaster heiress, many would undoubtedly dig into her past, for one reason or another.

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In their circle, a formal education wasn't the most important thing, but you couldn't be without one.

He was worried that Serena would be secretly mocked in the future, which could easily wound his precious daughter's pride.

Of course, everything depended on what his precious daughter wanted.

If his daughter wanted to go to school, he would use every resource at his disposal to help her.

If his daughter didn't want to... then he would make an example of someone, ensuring no one would ever have the chance to laugh at her.

How could Serena not see through Isabella's petty scheme?

It seemed Isabella hadn't listened to a single word of her warnings.

Serena's lips curved as she lazily lifted her eyes to look at Isabella.

Her gaze was cool and clear, devoid of any strong emotion.

An involuntary shiver went down Isabella's spine, and she stuttered in fear, "S- Serena... I really didn't mean anything else, I just..."

"Right, you didn't mean anything else," Serena said, her tone languid and blunt. "You just wanted to use my dropping out of high school to highlight your own excellent grades, to make yourself seem superior."

She paused, the corner of her mouth twisting into a cold, sarcastic smile. "What? Are you hoping I'll worship you, or that I'll feel so inferior and ashamed that I'll just crawl out of this house?"

The blunt words seemed to pierce straight through Isabella's heart, laying all her hidden thoughts bare.

Isabella's face turned pale, then flushed. She hadn't expected Serena to drop all pretenses in front of their family.

She shot to her feet in a panic and tried to explain, "No... that's not it! How could you think of me like that? I was just thinking of you, of this family. I really want to help you."

"No need." Serena couldn't be bothered with her anymore and glanced down at her vibrating phone.

She stood up. "I'm going out."

Catherine quickly rose as well. "It's so late. Where are you going? I can go with you..."

"Meeting up with a friend." Serena tapped the screen, sent a reply, and slipped the phone back into her pocket.

"Young people should make more friends," Catherine said with a nod. "Do you want the driver to take you? You can pick any car from the garage."

Edward pulled out his wallet. "You can't go out with friends without money Here, take this card. Dont worry about not having enough. Our family isn't short on cash. Serena can do whatever she wants."

His words were also an indirect

response to Isabella's earlier point about education, the Lancasters

didn't have Black money, and they

certainly didn't need a diploma from Serena.

Even if Serena wanted to just laze around at home, the Lancasters could afford to support her!

Isabella, of course, understood her father's meaning. Her face went deathly pale, and her fingers clenched into tight fists.

Ever since she was a child, her father had been so strict with her and her brothers, with so many demands.

The success she had today was the result of immense effort and hard work.

Why was it that when it came to Serena, all of her parents' principles just vanished?

Isabella was seething with jealousy.

Her eyes were fixed on Serena's retreating back, her gaze darkening.

A country bumpkin raised in the countryside-what kind of friends could she possibly have in a place like Vaelion City?

Going out to meet up?

As she saw it, Serena was probably just putting on an act because she was too

ashamed to men

tel?

dropping out of high school and

having terrible grades.

Besides, even if Serena did have friends, they were probably just a bunch of low-



class nobodies!

At that thought.

Isabella clenched her fist and immediately followed her.

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With one hand in her pocket, Serena walked out of the estate with the swagger of a boss.

Two sharp honks sounded from a car.

A figure jumped out of the car in a hurry, waving at Serena. "Serena! Serena!"

Serena's gaze fell on the car parked at the estate's entrance—a fluorescent blue sports car with sleek lines, a dazzling color, and an extremely flamboyant design. Then she looked at Brian's fluorescent green leather jacket and pants.

Serena was speechless.

He looked more over-the-top than any poser she'd ever seen.

It was only thanks to his devilishly handsome face that he could pull off such a flashy outfit.

"Oh my god, Serena, Celestial Heights Estate! This is the most expensive real estate in all of Vaelion City! And this is the most luxurious part of the estate, with such a huge property!"

Brian, completely oblivious to his questionable fashion choices, craned his neck with an exaggerated expression, staring at the luxurious mansion behind the wrought-iron gates. He clicked his tongue in amazement. "Serena, you have to tell me! Just how rich is your family? Look, my eyes are green with envy!"

This place, this location... even his own old man couldn't get his hands on something like this!

Serena opened the passenger door and sat down, pulling her newly issued ID from her pocket and flashing it in front of Brian.

Brian leaned in, and when his eyes landed on the name, his pupils widened instantly. "Serena... Serena Lancaster?!"

He shot his head up, the playful look gone from his face. "Lancaster? As in, the Lancaster family, the richest in Vaelion City?"

With a flick of her finger, Serena slid the ID back into her palm and put it away.

It was a silent confirmation.

Brian dramatically put his hands together and bowed a full ninety degrees. "Your humble servant greets the young lady of the Lancaster family! Forgive my insolence! Please, take me under your wing!"

Amused by his clowning, Serena's eyes curved into a slight smile. "Stop messing around. Drive."

"As you command!" Brian scurried over to the driver's side.

The engine roared to life, and the flashy, fluorescent blue sports car shot off into the night like a streak of blue light.

Just then, Serena's phone rang.

She took it out and saw a familiar name on the screen-Adrian Cole.

Her finger paused for a moment, her gaze momentarily lost in thought.

The moment she answered.

Adrian's usual, commanding voice came through the phone. "Come pick me up at Obsidian Palace, room 6103. I drank too much, and my head is killing me."

The tone was so natural, as if it was the most obvious thing in the world.

As if Serena was still the Wynn family's daughter who would bend to his every whim.

Well, that made sense.

Adrian had always been confident.

Confident that he could control her completely.

A hint of sarcasm flashed in Serena's eyes, her voice cold and devoid of any warmth. "Adrian, if you've had too much to drink, call a car service. Or call your girlfriend... Hailey Wynn."

"We're done. Don't call me again. We should stay out of each other's lives. Got it?"

She hung up and blocked the number without a second thought.

Her movements were fluid and decisive.

"Nice!" Brian whistled. "That idiot from the Cole family still dares to order you around? Who does he think he is? That scumbag is only treated like a treasure by these morons in the Wynn family!"

"I told you long ago that idiot was never good enough for you. What right did he have to be your fiancé? If it wasn't for your Serena I would have crushed his family's business back when he first tried to get with you. The Coles wouldn't be where they are today."

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Once Brian started cursing out Adrian, he couldn't stop, his words flowing one after another. It was clear he'd held a grudge for a long time.

Serena remained silent, her gaze fixed on the night scenery flying past the window.

Adrian. The man who had been her fiancé for four years.

When she was first brought back to the Wynn family, they had treated her with a cold indifference. She had been filled with anxiety and unease, desperate to win their affection.

But the reality was, they didn't like her. On the rainy night she returned, they completely forgot she even existed.

They left her standing in the rain at the door.

It was Adrian, who had come to visit with his father, who handed her an umbrella and brought her inside, finally making the Wynn family notice her.

And it was Adrian who acknowledged her as his fiancée, a betrothal arranged since childhood, which prompted the Wynns to call a doctor for her and allow her to stay.

Back then, Adrian had been like a warm beam of light shining down on her.

However...

That initial light had been extinguished over four years of chasing him, of his daily indifference and perfunctory responses, and finally, his betrayal when he cheated on her with Hailey before she was even officially recognized as a Wynn.

It was completely gone.

The flashy, fluorescent blue sports car had long since sped away, leaving no trace behind.

Isabella slowly emerged from the shadows of the estate's wrought-iron gate, watching the outrageous sports car carry Serena away into the distance.

Her eyes widened in shock.

That was... a limited-edition Lamborghini!

How could Serena possibly know someone who could afford a car like that?

She had arrived a little too late and hadn't dared to get too close. She had only caught a glimpse of a man in a fluorescent green leather jacket getting into the car. She couldn't see his face, only that it was a man.

Whose car was that?

And what was his relationship with Serena?

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Obsidian Palace, Room 6103.

A man in a dark shirt, with several buttons undone to reveal a muscular chest, stared grimly at his phone.

"Adrian, looks like you're losing your touch. Your little puppy actually dared to hang up on you. That's a first."

"Seems like you really pissed her off

this time, Adrian. Usually, one call from you and she'd come running, rain or shine, even if she was out of town."

"Adrian, your dog-training skills... they've gotten a bit rusty. Since you couldn't get your little puppy come, you have to finish this bottle!"

Inside the private room, several young heirs were casually teasing the man sitting in the center of the sofa.

Adrian clenched his phone tightly, his handsome, chiseled features turning cold and grim.

He tossed the phone aside, his expression dark as he snorted with contempt. "She's just a dog. I don't care if she comes or not."

Did she really think he was desperate for her to pick him up?

Did she really think he cared for those disgusting medicinal soups she made?

His tone was dismissive.

But his tightly clenched fists betrayed his true, frustrated mood.

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In front of Obsidian Palace.

The flashy, fluorescent blue sports car pulled to a stop, drawing the attention of countless onlookers.

The neon lights were blinding, and the faint throb of heavy metal music filled the air.

Brian got out of the car, clutching his stomach and grimacing. He shoved a dark gold keycard into Serena's hand. "Serena, I can't... You go on up first. This is the access card for Elysium Lounge. It goes straight to the top floor, Suite One. The guys are all waiting!"

"I've gotta go take care of some urgent business!"

Without waiting for her reply, he was already hunched over, scurrying away with a clenched backside.

Serena was at a loss for words.

She pocketed the card and walked straight towards Elysium Lounge, the new venue inside Obsidian Palace. It was a top-tier luxury area, a place only the truly powerful and influential could enter.

Just as she stepped into the opulent, dimly lit lobby, she heard a voice exclaim, "Hey? Isn't that Serena?"

Serena lazily lifted her gaze and saw Logan Wynn, the fourth son of the Wynn family, wearing a pair of pretentious sunglasses with his arm around Hailey, who was dressed in a designer white dress. They were walking toward her.

Four of their followers trailed behind them, swarming forward to block Serena's path.

When Logan saw Serena, his disgust and contempt were unconcealed. "What are you doing here?"

"Serena, this is... the most extravagant and luxurious club in Vaelion City. Why did you follow us here?" Hailey, in her little white dress and with perfect makeup and hair, almost looked like a little princess.

Her face was full of concern, but her voice was grating. "It's very expensive here. You just went back to your birth parents in the countryside... You should be properly adjusting to your new environment."

Her voice was soft.

But as she got closer to Serena, her eyes were filled with a sense of superiority and schadenfreude.

"You're a country bumpkin. Instead of staying in the countryside, you come to a den of extravagance like Obsidian Palace. Can you even afford it?" Logan sneered, his eyes scornfully sweeping over Serena from head to toe.

Her simple white t-shirt and black pants looked completely out of place here.

"Hailey, you're just too kind. I think

she's still clinging to false hopes! She knew we were coming to Obsidian Palace today, so she came here specifically to bother us." Logan then looked up at Serena with disdain. "Weren't you so tough when you signed the papers to sever ties? It hasn't even been that long. Can't handle it anymore?"

"You harassed our brother at Starlight Royal Medical Center this morning, and now you're stalking us all the way here. You want to beg us to let you back into the Wynn family, right?"

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"Logan, don't talk to her like that..." Hailey tugged on Logan's arm, then turned to Serena. "Sister, I know you don't want to go back to the countryside and live a hard life, but they are your real family after all. You can't just abandon them because the Wynn family is wealthy."

She then took a card out of her designer handbag. "This is the allowance Mom gave me. There's a hundred thousand dollars in it. Take it and leave."

Before the card even reached Serena, Logan grabbed her hand. "Hailey, why are you giving her money? Dad already offered her money, and she was too proud to take it. Why should we give her anything?!"

He narrowed his eyes, a malicious sneer forming on his lips. "Who knows... maybe she's here for your fiancé."

"Adrian?" Hailey covered her mouth

in surprise. Then her eyes reddened, and she bit her lip, looking pitifully at Serena. "Serena, I know you

Adrian but he's my fat

my fiancé now. For

you to keep pestering him like this is just so shameless..."

She might as well have tattooed the words "homewrecker" on Serena's forehead.

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

## Messing With Her? Are You Crazy! #Chapter 40 - Read Messing With Her? Are You Crazy! Chapter 40

Novel 20254-5 minutes

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Serena watched the two of them jumping around like clowns. A lazy, cold, and mocking smile played on her lips as she lifted her eyes. "Pestering you? Are you even worthy?"

Logan's face fell, his anger instantly ignited by Serena's attitude.

Just as he was about to lose it.

Hailey quickly held him back. "Logan, even though... even though she wants to seduce my fiancé, it hasn't been easy for her. After leaving the Wynn family, she can't let go of her wealthy past, so she has to find a way to make a living..."

With that, she tried to force the card into Serena's hand. "Serena, don't let your pride make things so ugly for you. You were Mom and Dad's daughter once, and I don't want to see you ruin the Wynn family's reputation just for money. Take this, and as long as you're willing to work hard, you can definitely..."



Before she could finish her sentence.

The next second, Serena slapped the bank card across Hailey's face.

It even made a sound like a real slap.

Hailey cried out in pain, covering her cheek.

Before anyone could react, Serena suddenly reached out, grabbed a handful of Hailey's hair, and violently yanked her out of Logan's arms.

A sharp crack echoed through the air.

A resounding slap landed squarely on Hailey's face.

Then, Serena shoved Hailey's head down.

With a heavy thud, Hailey's knees slammed onto the ground.

"Serena, you..." His furious, teeth-gritting roar was cut short.

Serena lifted her foot and planted it on Hailey's head, grinding her face into the floor. From her dominant, towering position, she looked down at her. "Stop playing the saint in front of me. Just looking at your fake, pretentious face disgusts me." "Also..."

Her lips curved into an incredibly mocking smile. "I don't know you. Stop calling me 'sister' all the time. I don't have a jinx like you for a sister."

"Serena!"

Realization dawning, Logan's face turned ashen with rage, and he lunged at Serena. "Get the hell off Hailey!"

He cursed as he rushed forward. "A

jinx? I think you're the jinx! A bad luck charm, who was kicked out of the house! What did you ever bring to the Wynn family in all those years? But Hailey, as soon as she came back the Lancaster family approached us for a partnership!"

"The Lancaster family, you know them? The richest family in Vaelion City! The kind of people you could never hope to associate with in a thousand lifetimes!"

"With the Lancaster partnership, the Wynn family's rise to the top is just around the corner! It's trash like you, who only brings bad luck, that's the real jinx!"

But just as he reached Serena, his hand raised to strike her.

The stunningly beautiful girl swiftly lifted her leg.

Her long, slender leg shot out and kicked Logan squarely in the stomach.

Logan staggered back a few steps, clutching his stomach, his face contorted in pain.

"The Lancaster family?" Serena

looked at him with a cold smile, her

eyes filled with ridicule. "Don't worry.. Your good luck ends here. The Lancasters won't be working with you. And neither will any other family in Vaelion City."

Supported by two of his followers, Logan gasped in pain. "Who the hell do you think you are? You say the partnership is off, and it's off? As

Wynn family's luck will continue! You're not even worthy of polishing her shoes!"

long as Harley is here, no

He then yelled at a nearby security guard, "What are you waiting for? Get that bitch

out of here! Look at how poor and shabby she looks. There's no way she can afford to be in a place like this!"

The guard recognized Logan as one of their VIP clients, while the other girl...

She was exceptionally beautiful, but dressed simply.

He hesitated for a moment before stepping forward.

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