

MESSING WITH HER? ARE YOU CRAZY!

Chapter 6

"Hailey, what's wrong?!" Marianne exclaimed, rushing to help her.

Patrick also looked over.

Just then.

Suddenly, the roar of an engine, like a beast, cut through the air.

A black, steel behemoth of a vehicle slammed into their view.

Patrick shot to his feet, his eyes wide with disbelief as he stared at the SUV that sped away with ferocious speed.

His pupils contracted.

He considered himself a man of the world, with plenty of top-tier luxury cars in his own garage.

But he had never seen a vehicle like that one.

And yet, a strange, instinctual fear made Patrick's brow furrow deeply.

"Whose... whose car is that?"

Hailey clung to her mother, clutching the hem of her dress so tightly her knuckles turned white.

Her lips trembled. "My... my sister... just got into that car."

Patrick's expression shifted slightly. "Serena?"

That car was clearly anything but ordinary.

How could Serena possibly know someone who could afford a car like that? And be on good enough terms for them to come all the way to the Wynn estate to pick her up?

"What are you two talking about?" Marianne had also seen the car but didn't think much of it. "Birds of a feather flock together. Anyone hanging out with that wretched girl can't be any good."

The car didn't even have a logo.

It was probably just some generic brand that didn't even dare show its emblem.

Was it really worth her husband and daughter making such a fuss?

Just then, the housekeeper knocked on the study door, looking a bit, strange "Sir Ma'am, I was just cleaning ahem, Serena's room, and I found this on her dresser

The housekeeper placed a piece of paper and a bank card on the desk.

"Just throw that brat's things out. Why are you bringing them here?" Marianne scoffed, glancing at the items dismissively.

Patrick stared at the bank card on the desk, his brow furrowed, and picked up the paper.

On the paper was the girl's distinctive, flowing handwriting.

It was an itemized list.

At the bottom of the list, a flamboyant line was written in the girl's hand [The above is the total of all my expenses over four years at the Wynnestate, including rent. The total is 500,000 dollars. The PIN is six zeros.] s̃novels

Patrick's frown deepened.

Marianne leaned over. When she saw the list, she couldn't help but sneer.
"She's

putting on quite a show, even making an itemized list."

Her gaze scanned down the page.

"Five hundred thousand? Hailey gets that much for her monthly allowance she lived the life of a pampered heiress here for four years. How could she have only spent five hundred thousand?"

"Trash will always be trash. Her world is only worth five hundred thousand dollars."

She scoffed coldly. "Besides, even if she wants to draw a line in the sand with this list, where would she get five hundred thousand dollars to do it?"

Patrick's gaze was dark as he stared at the list in his hand.

He remembered how Serena had thrown the 500,000-dollar check in his face, her expression cold and resolute.

She had seemed serious.

He scanned the list one more time, his fingers tightening into a fist.

"Have the butler run the numbers. I want a detailed, itemized account of every single thing Serena has used and consumed in this house over the past four years!"