

Messing With Her? Are You Crazy! #Chapter 61 - Read Messing With Her? Are You Crazy! Chapter 61

Novel 20256-7 minutes

The moment she reached the estate gates, she saw the familiar Maybach parked there.

A tall, elegant man was leaning against the car door. He had a striking figure and a handsome, aloof face. An unlit cigarette dangled from his lips, and his posture was one of lazy indifference.

Standing in the golden sunlight, he had an almost otherworldly air about him.

Enough to captivate anyone.

Hearing her approach, the man lifted his gaze. In the brilliant light, his deep, ink-black eyes seemed to hold a captivating depth, the glint within them adding a touch of devilish charm to his otherwise ethereal features.

Seeing Serena, a smirk played on his thin lips. "Morning, Miss Lancaster."

The way he said "Miss Lancaster" seemed to linger on his tongue, giving the words a strangely... intimate quality.

Serena raised an eyebrow. "What are you doing here?"

"I was in the neighborhood. Thought I'd give you a ride." Nicholas opened the passenger door. "After you, Miss Lancaster."

Serena narrowed her eyes, scanning the area. The driver her mother had arranged was nowhere in sight.

She glanced at the time and, without any hesitation, got into the car.

She settled into the passenger seat. "Elyndor Institute of Advanced Sciences,' please. Thank you."

The car sped away from Celestial Heights Estate, heading toward its destination.

Nicholas tapped his long fingers on the steering wheel, his eyes occasionally flicking toward Serena.

The morning light traced the delicate, striking profile of her face. Her clear, captivating eyes showed faint signs of fatigue.

He noticed the insulated container in her hands and asked in a low voice, "Haven't had breakfast yet?"

Serena gave a soft "Mm-hmm."

Nicholas smirked. "You should eat it now while it's hot. Once you get busy, you probably won't have time."

Serena turned her head slightly to look at him.

It seemed that from the very beginning, he had never asked a single prying question.

And yet, it felt as if he knew everything.

Serena didn't stand on ceremony. "Thank you," she said again.

She opened the container to find an arrangement of pastries and a thermos of hot coffee.

She picked up a pastry and began to eat quickly.

It was obvious Serena was truly hungry.

She ate fast, but her movements retained a natural elegance. As she focused on her food, her cheeks puffed out slightly.

For a moment, her usual cool demeanor was replaced by a rare, unguarded ease.

A subtle hint of satisfaction softened her expression.

The curve of Nicholas Blackwood's lips deepened.

Serena quickly finished her breakfast and packed away the container. Once her stomach was full, the exhaustion from a sleepless night washed over her.

She yawned.

"You were up all night?" Nicholas asked.

"Yeah." Serena leaned back lazily, her eyelids drooping.

"We're about forty minutes from the

institute. You can rest for a bit. I'll

wake you when we get there," Nicholas said, his voice dropping lower in the quiet, confined space, its deep, magnetic tone was so incredibly soothing.

After a period of intense mental exertion, this moment of relaxation was a welcome relief.

Perhaps it was the scent of cedar filling the car that made her feel an inexplicable sense of peace.

The fatigue was overwhelming.

She leaned against the headrest and closed her eyes. Within minutes, her breathing became light and steady.

She had actually fallen asleep, completely defenseless, in the car of a man who was practically a stranger.

It was a first for her.

Nicholas's gaze rested on the girl's face for several seconds, a softness he himself didn't notice flashing in his eyes.

He raised the temperature in the car

by a degree and drove steadily.

toward the national core reseal

of the city.

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Forty minutes later.

The black Maybach passed through multiple high-security checkpoints and pulled into the institute's underground garage.

Almost at the exact moment the car stopped, Serena's long lashes fluttered, and she slowly opened her eyes.

The short nap had refreshed her, and her clear eyes had regained their usual brightness.

She glanced at the surroundings outside the window, then shot Nicholas a slightly surprised look.

She seemed curious as to how he had managed to get past the institute's high-level security checkpoints and drive right into the garage.

But she didn't ask. She simply unbuckled her seatbelt and got out of the car. "Thanks."

"You seem to be thanking me a lot."

Nicholas got out as well, stuffing one hand in his pocket. He strode

over to Serena's side and they walked toward the institute together. "Should we count how many times you've said 'thank you' to me today?"

Serena glanced at him from the corner of her eye.

The man's posture was relaxed as he turned his head to look back at her.

As she looked, her eyes met his, which shimmered with a subtle light.

His thin lips were curved in a lazy, devilish smile that made his aloof, almost ethereal face seem vividly alive.

"Didn't I tell you we were heading the same way?" Nicholas's well-defined brows arched slightly.

Then, he suddenly leaned in closer to Serena. "Or are you saying..."

The distance between them shrank, and Serena could feel his breath on her face.

That crisp, pine-like scent wrapped around her, making her lashes flutter again. The coolness in her eyes seemed to ripple.

He chuckled softly. "... Miss Lancaster thinks I was waiting for you at the Lancaster estate on purpose?"

His deliberately lowered voice was intimate, like a feather gently stroking her eardrum.

It was a ticklish, strangely warm sensation.

Serena pressed her lips together, her delicate brows furrowing. "So, you're the...

partner Mr. Harrison so urgently recruited?"

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

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Novel 20254-5 minutes

The situation was critical.

Although she had pulled an all-nighter to repair the core data, the rest of the work had to be done on-site at the institute, in collaboration with other experts.

Mr. Harrison had told her he'd found her a partner with a "strong background, solid skills, and the ability to help her handle certain special problems."

She never expected that partner to be Vaelion City's golden boy, Nicholas Blackwood.

The two of them walked into the national core research institute's central control room for "Project Aegis."

The atmosphere was tense. On the massive circular screen in the control room, the core algorithm module was flashing with glaring red alerts.

Dozens of researchers in white lab coats, including several senior members with graying hair, were clustered around the control panels, working furiously.

Their entrance made a few of the researchers pause.

A young, heavysset researcher with a messy mop of hair irritably scratched his head.

"Do you two know where you are? Get out!" he snapped.

Being a group that spent all their time in institutes and labs, none of them recognized Nicholas Blackwood, the famous heir.

"I'm....." Serena started to say, not wanting to waste time.

Tyler, already on edge, waved his hand impatiently. "Go, go, go! This is a classified national control center. I don't care who you are, you have no right to be in here! Unauthorized personnel, get out now!"

His voice was loud, causing many of the nearby researchers to frown in his direction.

At such a critical time, both Tyler's shouting and the intrusion of two "outsiders" were just adding to the chaos.

Serena's brow furrowed, and her fingers tightened impatiently on the strap of her canvas bag.

Just as Tyler was about to rush over and shove them, Nicholas, hands still in his pockets, took a single step forward.

His tall frame completely shielded Serena.

His roguish, lazy aura receded slightly as he glanced at Tyler.

That single look was enough to make Tyler's voice catch in his throat, leaving him speechless.

"You're aware this is a classified national control center?" the man's voice was cool and tinged with danger.

Tyler's expression immediately stiffened.

It was impossible to enter this control room without clearance.

But... how could they possibly have clearance?

"Move."

Serena's voice was sharp with impatience.

She reached out and pushed the obstructing Tyler aside.

Her hand was incredibly slender, and next to the heavyset man, her arm looked as if it could snap with a firm grip.

Yet, with what seemed like little effort, Tyler stumbled two steps to the side, nearly falling to the ground.

Without so much as a glance, Serena found an empty seat, sat down, and pulled her laptop out of her bag.

While it was booting up, Serena looked up, her eyes quickly scanning the massive screen before her, imprinting all the data flow paths into her mind.

"Pull up all the data changes from last night's repairs until now," she commanded.

"And sync the logs from the data cleanse I ran last night."

The girl's voice was cool and calm, not loud, but it carried an authority that compelled obedience.

One of the researchers was about to comply.

But Tyler, who had just regained his balance, slammed his hand on the table, his face flushing with angry embarrassment. "Who do you think you are? This is classified national data. Why would we ever pulbit up for you?"

"Tyler, she... she might be the help Mr. Harrison called in..." another researcher reminded him.

Tyler sneered, his eyes raking over

Serena. His face, greasy from lack of

sleep, was filled with disdain. "How

old is she? Is she even an adult? A kid who's barely out of her teens is our savior? If she's the help Mr. Harrison sent, I'll get down on my knees and call her my master!"

"No need." Serena's gaze was frosty. She finally looked up to give Tyler a direct look her voice indifferent. "I- have no desire to have an idiot like you in my family line."

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

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Novel 20254-5 minutes

"You!" Tyler Grant's face darkened. He strode over to Serena and stared at her for a moment before letting out a cold sneer. "Little girl, do you have any idea what the consequences are for messing around in a place like this? You think because you have a laptop and know a little programming, you're some kind of expert? This isn't your college computer club!"

Serena didn't even bother looking up, her eyes as cold as ice. Her fingers flew across the keyboard. "Right. You're the expert. So expert that after all this time, the core module is still blaring alerts, huh?"

The girl's flat, indifferent tone was even more mocking. It didn't just hit a nerve with Tyler; it struck a chord with every researcher in the room who had been working for over a dozen hours with minimal progress.

Tyler's face instantly turned beet red. "What do you know?" he retorted, mortified. "The fact that it could crash the national core research data proves how

sophisticated and powerful the attacker's methods are! Our team has been working at peak efficiency for seventeen hours straight and we still haven't completely solved the problem. You..."

"So," Serena said without looking up, her finger hitting the enter key. A massive wall of complex commands scrolled across her screen. She finally lifted her gaze, her eyes cold. "If you're incompetent, you should own it."

Several of the younger researchers couldn't help but let out a snort of laughter.

Furious, Tyler clenched and unclenched his fists, then laughed coldly. "You're so capable? Then you do it!"

"The reason I'm standing here," Serena said, her eyes scanning her screen as the scrolling commands rapidly integrated with the control room's system, "is to solve problems."

Tyler scoffed. "Arrogant!"

Serena lowered her head and spoke again. "Sync the data and logs I requested. Now."

At that moment, an older researcher with white hair walked over quickly.

His gaze shifted between Serena and Nicholas Blackwood before settling on Serena. With a hint of barely concealed hope, he asked in a grave tone, "Are you certain... you can handle this?"

Serena's voice was calm. "As long as everyone cooperates and follows instructions, it shouldn't be a problem."

The old researcher gave Serena a long look, then glanced at her screen. The code was now scrolling so fast it was impossible to read, and the girl's typing speed was only increasing as if she were running a program.

His eyes sharpened. He addressed everyone in the core area, "From this moment on, everyone will provide their full cooperation. All questions can be addressed later!"

"Mr. Davenport!" Tyler's eyes

widened. You can't seriously believe her! What if she only knows the basics? If she messes up a single wi

data set, the core module Single

self-destruct, and then..."

"Tyler, the lack of sleep must have addled your brain," the old

researcher said shooting him a cold look "Since these two have clearance to be in the control room, it means they have permission from the Director."

He paused, his tone becoming sterner. "Or perhaps, Mr. Grant, you have a better solution?"

Tyler immediately fell silent.

Mr. Davenport ignored him and quickly pulled up the data Serena had requested, rattling off key data points at a rapid pace.

Serena listened, her eyes fixed on the screen, her long fingers a blur across the keyboard.

Her expression was one of absolute calm and focus.

Nicholas sat down next to Serena and immediately fell into a rhythm, matching her pace.

In that instant, it was as if they had entered a state of shared consciousness.

His fingers moved across his own keyboard at a speed that was no slower than hers.

"Found it."

"Found it."

Their voices rang out at the same time.

Serena and Nicholas looked up, their eyes meeting.

The man smirked, a lazy smile that was as captivating as a cunning fox.

"That's impossible!" Tyler's eyes bulged. "How long did that take you? A few minutes? You found the

attack program embedded in the core module that quickly?"

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

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Novel 20254-5 minutes

Serena didn't spare him a glance, her expression serene. "Last night's data crash was a trap set by the attacker. The goal was to create chaos and conceal the real path of data theft."

As she spoke, her fingers never stopped typing. "Their true objective is to steal the primary core of the Project Aegis algorithm."

A series of sharp intakes of breath echoed through the control room.

The old researcher, Mr. Davenport, frowned. "The core of the Project Aegis algorithm is its heart. It's central to our national defense, aerospace, and energy sectors... If it's stolen, the consequences would be unimaginable!"

Serena hummed in agreement, a detached smile on her red lips. "Indeed, very dangerous. The attacker is also very cunning. The moment we detect the embedded crash program, it's designed to self-destruct, consuming all surrounding data streams and erasing all traces of itself."

Mr. Davenport's face went pale. "Then... then Project Aegis..."

If it self-destructed, Project Aegis would suffer catastrophic damage.

"What? You knew that program would self-destruct and you still tried to access it?! Why can't you just wait and let the professionals handle professional matters?" Tyler yelled, as if he'd finally found a legitimate reason to blame Serena. "I told you, you don't know what you're doing! You're just being reckless!"

"You're the professional, yet you couldn't even see that it was a trap," Serena said, her fingers hammering the keyboard with a series of sharp clicks.

Being dressed down by a young girl in front of all his colleagues, Tyler's face turned black. "So what if you found the trap? A program like that is impossible for you to break! You're more likely to destroy Project Aegis!"

"Just because you can't, doesn't mean I can't." Serena lifted her gaze, her eyes cold. "If you can't help, then get out. Stop wasting time."

"You!" Tyler gritted his teeth, a furious smile spreading across his face. "Fine! I'd like to see just how capable you are! I'm not going to be a part of this mess. If anything happens to Project Aegis, it's all on you people!"

With that, Tyler ripped off his white lab coat, threw it on the floor, and swiped his access card to leave the control room.

"The annoying fly is gone. Let's continue," Serena said, her expression unchanging as she looked back at her screen.

Mr. Davenport was worried. "This... this program, can it really be broken?"

"Don't worry." Serena's smile grew deeper, and colder. "Coincidentally, what I do best... is catching little rats."

A spark of interest lit up her cool eyes.

As her fingers danced, she issued a command. "Teams one, three, and

five, I'

opening a path. Your job is

to cut off all external connections to the core phase

Her fingers tapped, and a vast network of data spread across the main screen.

"Teams two, six, and ten, initiate the cleaning program immediately." She had already laid the framework the night before; they could handle the rest.

After giving her instructions, Serena's fingers moved, pulling up another interface. Her cool eyes sharpened.

She smirked, her gaze laser-focused. "Tracking team, with me."

met

Some of the researchers still didn't know that Serena was the one who had performed the emergency repairs last night. They just saw a girl who was too young... so young it was impossible to trust her O expertise.

But, mindful of what Mr. Davenport had just said, one of them couldn't help but ask, "How do we track them?"

Their entire team of professionals had been struggling with this for fourteen hours with no success.

Serena's fingers didn't stop. She answered the reasonable question with patience. "As long as it travels through the network leaves a trace. We can track them using the residual path markers they left

behind."

"It can't be that easy to track. They would have erased all their traces..." The attacker wasn't stupid.

"It's simple," Serena said.

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

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Novel 20254-5 minutes

Her ten fingers flew across the keyboard, yet she was still able to multitask. "Look at the data here. If you follow this procedure, you can consolidate all the paths, and then from here..."

The girl's voice was cool and clear, every word distinct.

Following her words and the movements of her fingers, she soon announced, "See? Target locked."

The tracking team watched as the virtual marker representing the attacker jumped between network nodes across the country on the screen, finally settling on a single base IP address.

"Tracking team, get on it."

Serena's fingers moved as if playing a piano, a blur of motion.

As the tracking team mobilized, Nicholas's support units arrived quickly, surrounding the location.

"Repair team, restore the data sources I've marked, step by step," Serena continued, issuing more commands.

All her instructions were perfectly clear and easy to understand.

Moreover, every time she performed an operation, she would patiently explain her entire process in the quickest way possible for everyone to follow.

Meanwhile, her fingers moved faster and faster across the keyboard.

Her fluid operations and precise commands instantly stabilized all the algorithm paths and core data.

"Good. Now... let's see what we can find at that base," Serena said, her fingers quickly pulling up another window. A waterfall of code scrolled down, forming an inverted triangle.

By now, the researchers, who were normally proud and arrogant, were left with nothing but shock and awe.

Her brilliant analysis, the speed of her reverse programming...

It was completely beyond the capabilities of a normal human brain.

Especially since she was operating, commanding, and teaching them all at the same time.

What was crucial was that the way she explained it made the problems they had agonized over for hours seem trivial.

Elsewhere.

In a dark space, the only light came from the flickering glow of countless computer screens, illuminating the faces of everyone present.

One of the men suddenly burst out with a frustrated curse. "Damn it!"

He threw his keyboard aside, stood up, and roared in an international language, "Those bastards in Elyndor, they dare to play games with me

He stared furiously at his screen.

When he had first detected the IP

address trying to breach their defenses, he had been gloating to

the others, certain his plan

had

succeeded.

Once those fools from Elyndor fell into the trap he had planted, the core data of Project Aegis would be theirs.

But he never expected it.

The invading IP had completely

bypassed the trap. Instead, it

hovered near the trap's perime

whow

posturing as if it were about to attack.

At the time, he had sneered, thinking they were naive.

With a flick of his finger, he had easily wiped them out.

But what followed was an endless stream of intrusion programs.

It was as if..... the enemy's program could split into countless attack commands.

He'd destroy one, and it would split into two.

He'd destroy two, and they'd split into four.

He was quickly overwhelmed by a dense swarm of them.

This was blatant mockery!

They had clearly discovered that all the chaos from last night was a trap.

The Elyndorians were fighting back on their own terms.

The enraged man barked an order, "Go! Get that idiot moving now! We have to get the Project Aegis core data!"

But no one answered. Everyone was sweating, the only sound in the room the frantic clatter of keyboards.

They were struggling just to maintain the trap, let alone use it as a distraction to steal data through another channel.

Suddenly, with a flicker, every screen in the room flashed twice and then went completely black.

The man's face turned ashen. He opened his mouth and just kept repeating the same curse over and over again. "Damn it! Damn it all!"

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

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Novel 20254-5 minutes

Serena's fingers paused. She watched the program on the screen gradually return to normal operation.

She confirmed the critical parts were stable. The subsequent operations could proceed automatically, and the other institute staff could maintain them.

Only then did she let out a slow breath.

Her fingers were slightly numb from the high-intensity, non-stop typing.

"It's... it's done..."

"My God! This cleanup speed is even faster and cleaner than the advanced program we spent so much time developing!"

"The trap in the core module has been eliminated! The alarm is off!"

"Holy crap! The person who did the emergency fix last night... it couldn't be this girl, could it? Did she anticipate a second attack last night? She set up a cleanup and interception framework in advance!"

"The enemy's location has been confirmed! It's been synced with the Department of Defense. It won't be long before they can round them all up!"

With the trap removed and the alarm turning from red to green, everyone erupted in cheers of relief.

At the main console, Mr. Harrison was so emotional he was moved to tears. "Well done..... Serena, Mr. Blackwood, you both did an amazing job..."

He saw the girl through the connected screen, sitting at her console, lightly pinching the bridge of her nose.

He quickly said, "You two, go to the cafeteria and get something to eat."

Mr. Harrison's eyes were also full of fatigue, but his spirits were exceptionally high. "Everything is stable now. You need to refuel and rest for two hours. The next phase is reinforcement and repair, which will require clear heads and full concentration. There's no room for error."

Nicholas stood up at the right moment, stretched lazily, and naturally picked up the empty water cup by Serena's side to fill it with warm water for her. "Mr. Harrison has spoken. We wouldn't dare disobey."

He placed the cup next to her, leaned in slightly, bracing himself beside the cup, and looked down at her with a lazy gaze. "Mr. Harrison is right. Time to recharge."

The man was suddenly a little too close.

The elegant, smoky scent of pine surrounded her, along with the warmth from his body, enveloping her.

Their position felt a lot like... he was holding her, caging her in an embrace.

Serena felt a little uncomfortable. She frowned slightly and looked up.

Her eyes fell on his loosened collar, revealing a stretch of his flawless, pale collarbone.

Further up was his slightly prominent Adam's apple.

The moment their eyes met.

His Adam's apple bobbed.

It almost invited a bite.

The man was a total devil.

Serena raised her hand, picked up the cup, drank the water in one go, and stood up. "Let's go."

Her steps were a little fast.

Nicholas watched the girl's

retreating back, which looked a bit like she was fleeing in a panic. His thirips curved slightly into a dazzling smile.

He stuck his hands in his pockets, took a step, and followed her.

It was a critical time and not a

so the

caltime, so the inset

was very quiet, with

few researchers eating silently

The two of them got their food, chose a corner table, and started eating.

Isabella stood in a corner outside the institute's main gate, clutching a stack of organized research papers crāning her neck as she stared at the entrance.

Her delicate face was etched with anxiety.

She had been waiting here for a full four hours, from morning until afternoon. She was starving but didn't dare to leave.

She was afraid she'd miss Mr. Harrison the moment she left.

Especially after waiting for so long, she wasn't willing to just give up.

The longer she waited, the more anxious Isabella became, a sense of grievance welling up inside her.

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

Messing With Her? Are You Crazy! #Chapter 67 - Read Messing With Her? Are You Crazy! Chapter 67

Novel 20254-5 minutes

As the daughter of the Lancaster family, the wealthiest family in Vaelion City, when had she ever been forced to wait like this?

She had always been the center of attention.

To her, this was an utter humiliation!

But looking at the rows of Department of Defense guards outside the institute's entrance...

If she hadn't shown her D-University student ID to prove she had passed Mr. Harrison's initial assessment and was about to become his student, she probably wouldn't even have been allowed to wait at this gate.

Isabella waited and waited.

Finally, she saw a man in an institute lab coat and glasses hurrying over.

"Ian!"

Isabella's eyes lit up, and she immediately went forward to call out to him.

He was a student from D-University, also one of Mr. Harrison's students, and was highly regarded by him.

She had previously gone to great lengths to become Mr. Harrison's student.

Over time, she had gotten to know this favored student of Mr. Harrison, Ian Walters.

"Isabella?"

Ian's gaze fell on Isabella's exquisitely made-up face. He pushed up his glasses and flashed what he considered a dashing smile. "What are you doing here?"

"I'm looking for Mr. Harrison." Isabella looked at Ian expectantly. "Ian, I've been waiting here for a very long time, but I haven't seen Mr. Harrison come out. Could you please let him know I'm waiting for him at the gate?"

Ian looked at the girl's beautiful figure and her luxurious outfit, and his eyes glinted behind his glasses.

He smiled. "Isabella, it's not that I don't want to help you, but you've come at a really bad time. Mr. Harrison is so busy he hasn't even had a moment to eat. Look at me, I was called in to help the second I got back to Vaelion City."

Isabella clutched the research papers to her chest, bit her lower lip, and her eyes reddened slightly.

When she had first passed Mr. Harrison's initial assessment, he had told her to come find him anytime if she ran into trouble with her experimental thesis or needed help.

She hadn't expected... was it really such bad timing?

"Isabella, you should come back another day. I have to get back to work." Ian took out his phone. "How about we exchange contact info? I'll let you know when things calm down."

The smile on Isabella's face froze. She naturally understood Ian's intentions.

Her slender fingers tightened. Her

eyes red with unwillingness, her tone became even more delicate. "Ian,

please just go ask forme

What

what Mr. Harrison is willing to

make time for me when he hears it's

me?"

As she spoke, she waved the papers in her hand. "I just want Mr. Harrison to glance at my paper. Five minutes, just five minutes, okay?"

Come back another day?

Go back just like that?

No way.

She couldn't bear to tell her family that she couldn't even get a meeting with Mr. Harrison!

She couldn't let her family think she held no importance in Mr. Harrison's eyes!

Besides, if she went back now, wouldn't that wretched Serena laugh at her? Wouldn't she think that all her gloating from this morning was just an act?

Anyone could look down on her.

But not Serena. Absolutely not.

She took out her phone, speaking in a soft voice, "Ian, you're so important to Mr. Harrison. If you mention it to him, I'm sure he'd be willing to make time for me..."

Before she could finish, her voice trailed off Out of the corner of her eye, she spotted a familiar figure Serena dressed in a whi top and black pants, carrying a canvas bag!

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

Messing With Her? Are You Crazy! #Chapter 68 - Read Messing With Her? Are You Crazy! Chapter 68

Novel 20254-5 minutes

How could *she* be here?!

Why would Serena show up at the institute?

Did she follow me here?

That country bumpkin is just as restless as I thought!

At home, she acted as if she didn't care at all that I was going to study under Mr. Harrison, pretending she had no interest in school.

But now she's followed me all the way here.

And now, Serena was even looking down at her phone as she walked toward the institute's security gate, looking as if she was about to force her way in.

Isabella's pupils constricted. She cursed inwardly, "Is she crazy?!"

A country bumpkin is always a country bumpkin.

Does she have any idea what kind of place she's trying to get into?

This is the national core energy research institute, not a place just any riff-raff can wander into!

Isabella completely forgot about Ian scanning her contact info. She strode toward Serena in her high heels.

"Serena!"

She put out a hand to stop Serena. "What are you doing here?"

She glanced at the nearby guards, a look of "well-meaning" rebuke on her face. "Go, quickly! This is a top-secret national facility. Unauthorized people who get too close can easily be

mistaken for foreign spies. If these Department of Defense guards arrest you, it will be very troublesome and humiliating."

"You can't use your phone here, and you definitely can't take pictures!" She looked at the phone in Serena's hand and reached for her arm. "Serena, you just got back, so don't blame you for not knowing the rules, and wanting to take some pictures to build up your image. But you need to leave with me right now. Don't cause trouble for the family."

Every word sounded like concern for Serena.

In reality, every sentence was an attempt to draw the guards' attention, implying that Serena was a vain person trying to take selfies at a top-secret national facility, potentially endangering national security and leaking state secrets.

However, the Department of Defense guards didn't move a muscle.

And Serena, without even a sideways glance, walked straight toward the security gate.

Ian followed from behind, feeling a bit slighted after being so abruptly abandoned by Isabella.

But when his gaze landed on Serena's face, a flash of astonishment crossed his eyes.

He immediately straightened his lab coat, displaying the institute's logo, cleared his throat, and said, "Miss, what Isabella said is right. This is a highly classified national area. Unauthorized personnel are strictly forbidden."

"You're so young. Don't throw away your bright future by knowingly breaking the law for a moment of vanity."

As he spoke, he adjusted his lab coat again, making sure Serena could see the institute's logo. "Miss, if you're really that curious about the institute, I could tell you some interesting stories about it."

Serena's steps faltered slightly. She lifted her clear, cool eyes and looked at Ian's smug, self-satisfied face.

Seeing that his words had indeed made Serena stop, the smugness in Ian's eyes grew.

He put on what he thought was a dashing, handsome smile, pushed up his glasses, and began to boast

proudly about being . Harrison's

avored student what projects he was in charge of at the institute, his rank, and how many difficult problems he had solved.

Seeing two exceptionally beautiful girls looking at him with rapt attention...

Ian grew more and more animated.

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"You probably don't know this, but last night at 11:50, the institute's è

core data showed an abnormal peak fluctuation. Everyone has been working frantically on it since last night... Let me tell you, if I hadn't

stepped in, the core data would have

collapsed last night. It never would have held on this long."

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

Messing With Her? Are You Crazy! #Chapter 69 - Read Messing With Her? Are You Crazy! Chapter 69

Novel 20253-4 minutes

Serena's finger, which had been on her phone screen, suddenly paused. The corner of her eye lifted.

Her gaze turned sharp, tinged with scrutiny.

The institute's log showed that the problem with the core data was discovered at 1:37 AM.

And according to her calculations, the trap program had been implanted at 11:52 PM.

This Ian...

How did he know the time the trap was implanted?

The girl's cold gaze made Ian pause for a second, but then he couldn't help but grin.

See? Another young girl stunned by his "academic god" aura and professional knowledge.

Such a top-tier girl admiring him like this...

Just the thought of it made him proud.

Ian softened his tone, a hint of smugness still there. "Little lady, it seems you're really curious about the institute. How about this: after I go back to the control room and take charge, tonight... I can tell you more. How does that sound?"

"Ian..." Isabella bit her lip, annoyed that Serena was such a vixen, seducing every man she met!

Ian turned his head and looked at her with a grin. "What? Does Isabella want to join us tonight? That's fine, too. If you two want to tour the institute later, I can arrange it..."

Serena didn't listen to any more of his self-satisfied boasting. She withdrew her gaze, walked around the two of them, and headed toward another security gate.

"Hey, Serena, why are you still trying to force your way into a top-secret international facility?!" Seeing this, Isabella was secretly delighted and let out a deliberately panicked cry. "Oh no, you're really going to be treated like a spy stealing state secrets..."

As she spoke, she yelled at the armed guards over there, "Quick! Someone, stop her! Don't let her force her way in!"

The commotion had already attracted the attention of the Department of Defense guards.

Regardless of whether it was true or not.

Upon hearing words like "stealing state secrets" and "spy."

The on-duty Department of Defense personnel quickly surrounded them.

Their guns weren't raised, but their sharp, vigilant eyes swept over the three of them.

Initially, they were focused on Serena.

Now, Isabella and Ian were also surrounded.

Isabella shrank behind Ian in fear, pointing a trembling finger at

Serena. "It's-it's her... She's trying to force her way to the institute! I'm Mr. Harrison's student, I was just trying to stop her..."

Even Ian, who frequently entered and exited the institute, was startled

by the scene. He quickly tugged on his lab coat. "I-I'm with the institute

And yet, facing several gun barrels and the sharp intimidating pressure department of Defense

Swa

guards.

Serena's stunningly beautiful face showed little emotional fluctuation.

She casually pulled an unmarked, solid black card from a compartment in her canvas bag.

Then, she swiped it over the gate's sensor and, at the same time, lifted her eyes for facial recognition.

"Beep—"

"Verification successful."

A cold, electronic voice sounded, and the security gate slowly opened.

Serena raised an eyebrow, her voice light. "May I go in now?"

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

Messing With Her? Are You Crazy! #Chapter 70 - Read Messing With Her? Are You Crazy! Chapter 70

Novel 20254-5 minutes

The Department of Defense guards immediately holstered their pistols, gave a solemn salute, and cleared a path for Serena.

Without so much as batting an eye, Serena put the black card away and walked through the gate.

"S-Serena..."

Isabella's beautiful eyes widened, her face a mask of disbelief as she watched Serena walk into the institute unimpeded.

Her breathing suddenly became ragged, and her lips trembled. "How... how could she... how could she possibly have clearance to enter the institute?"

Isabella's first thought was, did the Lancaster family give it to her?

But, even with their immense wealth, the Lancaster family couldn't possibly interfere in the affairs of a national research institute.

Getting in and out of the institute required more than just a card; it also needed facial recognition...

That meant Serena couldn't have stolen someone's card. She herself, truly and without a doubt, had clearance to enter the institute.

But how was that possible?

Serena..... a country bumpkin, a bastard child that even the insignificant Wynn family didn't want, how could she?

Ian was also completely dumbfounded, his mouth hanging open as he stared

blankly at Serena walking into the institute. He looked at the strange black card in her hand, unable to even begin to guess...

What was this girl's identity?

Just then, Isabella's eyes lit up. She saw the person she had been waiting hours for, hurrying toward them.

Mr. Harrison had graying hair that was a bit thin, and he wore glasses.

Despite his age, he walked with a spring in his step and seemed full of energy.

When she saw Mr. Harrison walking toward her, Isabella's eyes brightened. She immediately put on her most obedient smile and called out, "Mr. Harrison! Mr. Harrison!"

Hearing his name, Mr. Harrison gave her a quick glance, his mind racing. He responded formally, "Ah... Miss Isabella is it? The institute's regulations prohibit private you have any academic questions, please make an appointment through the university."

He spoke quickly, clearly not wanting to waste any extra time.

Isabella had originally thought Mr. Harrison had heard she'd been waiting for him for a long time and had rushed over specifically for her.

Now, her smile froze, and the hand that was about to offer her research papers clenched into a fist.

Her lips quivered, and she wanted to say something more.

But she saw Mr. Harrison walk straight toward Serena, his attitude changing noticeably. "Miss Lancaster!"

He was used to calling her "Miss Wynn," but now he knew Serena had returned to her biological family and changed her surname to "Lancaster."

He naturally corrected himself,
saying, "Are you rested? Your partner
just detected a small fluctuation
from the attack source. They're
probably attempting a second probe..."

As he spoke, he naturally reached out, wanting to carry Serena's bag for her.

Mr. Harrison was her elder.

Naturally, Serena couldn't let an older man carry her bag.

She subtly sidestepped him and placed a hand on his arm as she walked into the institute.
"Let's talk as we walk."

The two of them quickly walked away, murmuring to each other as they went, without giving Isabella another glance.

Isabella stood frozen, staring blankly at their retreating backs. All the blood in her body seemed to rush to her face, leaving her with a feeling of shame and humiliation.

Her breathing grew more and more rapid as she recalled how, when she saw Serena that morning, she had deliberately boasted about how much Mr. Harrison liked her, how proud she was to become his student, and how, she had shamelessly offered to ask Mr. Harrison for a chance for Serena to

audit one of his classes...

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