

Messing With Her? Are You Crazy!

chapter 7-10

The list was so short you could take it in with a single glance.

Serena had been with the Wynns for four years.

And all her expenses fit on one thin sheet of paper?

If word got out, the other prominent families would think the Wynns had gone

bankrupt to treat their former daughter so poorly.

Patrick's eyes fell on the bank card. "Check the balance on this card."

The butler immediately took the card and the list to verify them.

Marianne wanted to say more, but seeing how grim Patrick's face was, she pursed her lips and muttered under her breath, "Are you actually taking that list seriously? This is obviously that brat's little game of playing hard to get!"

"She's just trying to make us feel like we mistreated her, trying to win our pity and make us regret everything, make us feel soft."

She refused to believe that Serena's expenses over four years with them only added up to five hundred thousand.

Even a servant at the Wynn estate would cost more than that over four years. She'd seen this kind of manipulation plenty of times before!

Inside the SUV.

The man with the buzz cut, Jaxon, sat straight as a board, hands on the steering wheel. He glanced in the rearview mirror at the girl resting in the back seat with her eyes closed.

"Boss, now that you've left the Wynns, should we... just head straight back to the Gray Zone?"

His voice was tinged with excitement. "The guys are all waiting for you to come back."

Serena's eyes opened a fraction, her voice soft. "For now..."

Before she could finish, her phone rang.

She glanced down; it was an unknown number from Vaelion City.

She answered, and a middle-aged man's urgent voice came through. "Miss, I'm Alfred, the butler your up, I'm so

father sent to pick you sorry was in a car accident on my way to the Wynn estate. I'm in the emergency room at Starlight Royal Medical Center now."

Serena's eyes narrowed slightly.

Miss? Butler?

Hadn't the Wynns investigated? Wasn't her biological family supposed to be living in

the poorest slum in the most remote part of Vaelion City?

Those two words didn't seem to fit with the word "slum" at all.

"Miss... I'm sorry for the delay in picking you up." Alfred's voice was full of guilt.

Serena's voice was calm, showing no emotion. "Give me the address. I'll get there myself."

Alfred apologized again guiltily and was just giving her the location when.....

Suddenly, an urgent shout

interrupted him. "Family of the

patient in bed one! Where's the family for bed one? The patient's blood pressure is dropping, and her heart rate is accelerating! We Suspect active internal

bleeding-she needs to go to the OR immediately!"

The butler's voice hitched. He quickly called out, "Doctor, over here! What's wrong with the patient in bed one?"

The doctor's tone was grave. "The patient's condition is critical. The CT scan shows the bleeding is near a major blood vessel. She needs surgery right away."

The butler's voice rose sharply. "Then operate now! As long as you can save her, money is no object!"

"It's not about the money," the

doctor said, sounding troubled. "The location of the bleed is extremely

tricky and the patient has a history

of heart disease. The risk is too high. I'm afraid the chance of success is less than ten percent."

The implication was clear. No surgeon dared to take on this case.

The butler's voice started to tremble, but he fought to remain calm. "This is Starlight Royal Medical Center. The most renowned doctors in all of Vaelion City are here. Isn't there a single surgeon... confident enough to perform this surgery?"

"Dr. Beverly, you're a surgical expert. Is there nothing you can do?"

Just then, another nurse ran over. "It's bad! The patient in bed one's blood pressure

is still dropping, and her pupils are dilated. If we don't do something now, she won't last ten minutes!"

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The butler's phone clattered to the floor.

The sound of footsteps approached, followed by someone speaking in a hushed, low voice. "Dr. Beverly, I just pulled up the chart for the patient in bed one. I found out who the young lady is..."

He paused, then added as a quiet warning, "We can't let anything happen to her in our hospital. We can't afford to face his wrath."

Dr. Beverly glanced at the file he was handed, his pupils constricting in shock. He urged anxiously, "Where is Mr. Wynn? Right now, in all of Vaelion City, he's the only one who can perform this surgery!"

The nurse replied, "We've already notified Mr. Wynn. He's at a medical conference in the next city today. He's on his way back now, but... but the patient might not make it until he arrives..."

"We have to make a decision now! The patient is already cyanotic, her lips and nails are turning blue-gray, and her vitals are continuing to drop!"

Suddenly, an authoritative and slightly arrogant female voice cut in. "Administer a bolus of Norman Forte intravenously, start rapid fluid resuscitation to stabilize her vitals, and buy us time for the surgery!"

Seeing the newcomer, the doctors grew visibly excited. "Dr. Turner, you're here! Is Mr. Wynn close behind?"

Dr. Beverly asked urgently, "Dr. Turner, are these Mr. Wynn's orders?"

Olivia Turner was the exclusive special assistant to the so-called medical genius, Mr. Wynn. Her own skills were exceptional, and she had accompanied him to several international medical summits.

At Starlight Royal Medical Center, she spoke for Mr. Wynn.

"These are Mr. Wynn's instructions. He's on his way back as fast as he can. Until then, we must stabilize the patient's vitals." Olivia ordered the nurse beside her, "Quickly! Do it now!"

The nurse nodded repeatedly and was about to leave when...

A calm, cool voice suddenly spoke from the phone on the floor. "If you do that, your hospital can expect a lawsuit."

The voice wasn't loud, but it carried an inexplicable sense of pressure.

The nurse froze.

"Who are you? What do you know?" Olivia frowned, glancing disdainfully at the phone on the floor before turning back to the nurse. "Get going. The patient doesn't have much time."

The butler finally realized he hadn't hung up. He quickly picked up his phone, his voice trembling. "M-Miss..."

"Stop her," Serena's voice was sharp and clear. "The patient can't be given Norman Forte. Her cyanosis is a sign of prolonged hypoxia. Norman, Forte Contains compound Y. Forcing it now will trigger an acute allergic reaction on top of the hemorrhagic shock. She'll be dead in five

minutes."

Without a moment's hesitation, Alfred blocked the nurse's path. "You can't administer that drug!"

"Sir, you'd better think about the consequences!" Olivia sneered. "Does your 'Miss' know anything about medicine? Does she have a

medical license? M Wynn

protocol is the gold standard And you... who do you think you are, daring to question his authority?"

"The patient is at death's door. If we don't start emergency treatment now, who

dies will be responsible if she

dies? Let me be clear, the hospital is not liable for any consequences resulting from you obstructing

medical care.” swnovels

"I will be!" Alfred's tone was resolute. “My miss said not to inject it, so you won't. I'll

take full responsibility for any and all consequences."

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"You'll take responsibility? Can you afford to?" Olivia's expression turned cold. "Mr. Wynn's orders can't be wrong. Administer the drug now, before it's too late."

Another doctor chimed in, "Exactly! I've never heard of Norman Forte containing any 'compound Y,' let alone causing an allergic reaction. That's just fearmongering!"

"Mr. Wynn is a recognized genius in his field. His successful surgeries are textbook cases!"

"Administer the drug! Now!"

Alfred tried to stop them again.

Olivia commanded, "Restrain him! If he continues to interfere, call the police!"

Alfred struggled, but he was held back and couldn't stop them. "Miss, what should I do...?"

Serena's voice remained even. "It's up to them whether they believe me or not. They'll have to face the consequences."

Olivia gave a cold laugh and issued her "authoritative" order. "Administer it immediately!"

A flurry of chaotic sounds came through the phone.

Alfred's strained voice could be heard as he struggled helplessly to stop them.

Finally, he said in a despairing tone, "They... they did it. They injected the Norman Forte..."

Serena said nothing.

She could already see how this would end.

And just as she expected...

Seconds. It only took a few seconds.

"Oh no! The patient has laryngeal edema, a rash is spreading rapidly across her body, and she can't breathe!"

"I can't get a blood pressure reading! Heart rate... it's dropped to 30! She's in V-fib!"

"Anaphylactic shock! Anaphylaxis... oh my God! Hemorrhagic shock compounded by anaphylaxis, what... what do we do...?"

The room was filled with a stunned silence.

Everything happened exactly as Serena had predicted, down to the last detail.

Olivia's face went deathly pale, her voice filled with panic. "N-No, impossible. Mr. Wynn's gold. Stand

dard protocol cant be wrong.... How could she be having an allergic reaction?"

"It must be something wrong with her! Yes! It's her fault!"

She tried to shift the blame.

But her voice trembled uncontrollably.

Alfred stared blankly as the doctors swarmed around the young girl, trying to save her. He clutched the phone tightly, placing all his hope Serena. "Miss... you can save her. You can definitely save her right?"

it

Serena was silent for a moment.

From the very beginning, this butler she had never met had shown her unconditional trust.

By extension, she felt a little more favorably toward her biological parents, whom she also hadn't met.

She spoke, her voice leaving no room for argument. "You, find someone who knows traditional medicine and bring a treatment kit."

Her unhurried tone was strangely reassuring.

Alfred immediately shouted over the chaos to the doctors, "Find someone who

knows traditional medicine, now! My miss has a way to save her!"

"Traditional medicine? Are you kidding? Everyone knows that stuff is just smoke and mirrors," Olivia couldn't help but scoff.

In a race against death, Alfred had no time to deal with her.

He turned to Dr. Beverly. "Get me someone who practices traditional medicine

immediately! I will take full responsibility for any issues!"

Dr. Beverly started to say something.

But then he saw Alfred's slightly open collar, revealing a pin worn underneath. Dr. Beverly's face changed dramatically. A cold sweat broke out on his brow as he immediately barked at the staff around him, "Well, what are you waiting for? Go find someone!"

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What a day.

How did two of Vaelion City's biggest heavyweights end up at Starlight Royal Medical Center at the same time?

And in such a chaotic situation!

Soon, a young, inexperienced-looking female doctor was pulled into the room by a

nurse.

As she entered the room, she was nervous. "I-I know a little about traditional medicine, but... but I'm not an expert..."

"As long as you can follow instructions," Serena's voice was calm, her words spoken rapidly but with perfect clarity. "Listen carefully. ***** (Serena's unique traditional treatment process)!"

"Complete all procedures within two minutes!"

The young doctor's hands had been trembling, but she was stunned by the professional authority in the girl's voice. Her hands moved faster than her brain.

Her body instinctively followed Serena's instructions.

Olivia clenched her fists, her expression full of disdain. "What? Hah. Does she really think a few herbs and needles can save a life?"

Even though she had caused this mess, she couldn't resist mocking them.

The other doctors felt the same. "Dr. Beverly, are you just going to stand there and watch this nonsense?"

"Real medicine is modern medicine! Push epinephrine! Get the defibrillator ready!"

"Can a few needles really be more effective than imported emergency drugs? Why does the government spend so much money on pharmaceutical research every year then?"

"Just wait until Mr. Wynn gets here. Let's see how you explain this then!"

Just then.

The young doctor suddenly cried out in surprise, "She's... she's responding! The laryngeal edema is subsiding, and her breathing is becoming steady!"

"Her blood pressure... it's starting to come back up! It's 95 over 60, heart rate is up to 115, O2 saturation is at 95 percent! The color is returning to her lips, and she's regaining consciousness!"

All the mocking voices fell silent.

Olivia's voice cracked, her tone filled with undisguised shock. "This... how is this possible?!"

Serena's voice was as calm as still water, yet it held the confidence of someone completely in control. "Wait for me."

Those two simple words nearly made Alfred cry with relief.

He was filled with awe for the young miss he had never met. His voice became even more respectful. "Yes, Miss!"

The call ended.

Serena languidly lifted her gaze to Jaxon.

Without a word needing to be said, Jaxon slammed on the accelerator, spun the wheel, and sped toward Starlight Royal Medical Center. "Boss never thought I'd see you personally intervene to save someone!"

Serena leaned back lazily against the seat, her slender white fingers tapping idly on her phone screen. "Studying medicine to save people is a doctor's duty

The corner of Jaxon's mouth twitched.

The living embodiment of death from the Gray Zone, the one who made every thug tremble in fear was actually saying that saving people was her duty...

If the guys heard that, they'd lose their minds.

Still, judging by the butler's attitude toward the boss...

The boss's biological parents had to be more reliable than that bunch of idiots at the Wynn estate.

The car moved like lightning.

Serena made another call.

The other end picked up within three seconds, the tone respectful.

Serena said coolly, "I'm going to Starlight Royal Medical Center to save someone.

Get over there now. I don't want to be disturbed by anyone."