

MESSING WITH HER? ARE YOU CRAZY!

Chapter 7

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!"