Begging for a Second Chance

Chapter 12

"Heh." Jarred gave a low chuckle, instructed his driver to deliver the invitation, and hung up.

Sienna looked at the darkened phone screen and slowly let out a breath.

She didn't return to the ward right away. Instead, she went to her office, drafted a contract, and had it sent to Jarred.

Half an hour later, she received the invitation.

At the same time, Jarred received the document.

Jarred raised an eyebrow as he took it. When he saw the words "Temporary Employment Agreement" on the cover, and the clause explicitly stating, "To accompany the client to the Zeller family banquet, for a fee of three million dollars," he suddenly laughed.

His smile was lazy and held a hint of amusement, his captivating eyes narrowing slightly.

He immediately pulled out his phone and initiated a video call with Sienna. "Dr. Sloan, you really refuse to take a loss, don't you?"

He leaned forward slightly, his handsome face filling Sienna's screen. "Over these past few years, haven't I given you way more than just a measly three million?"

His words were like a knife, slicing open the most sensitive and vulnerable part of Sienna's heart.

It was true. He had given her a lot of money in the past, enough that she could have lived a carefree life as a wealthy socialite.

But hearing those words now felt like a direct insult, accusing her of being greedy, of leeching off everything he provided while still scheming for his cash.

She didn't deny his generosity. She was even grateful that he had covered all of Owen's medical expenses, which meant she had been able to save almost every penny of her own income over the years.

But she had witnessed firsthand the deep-seated coldness of the Sterling family, and she had experienced Jarred's ruthless methods.

If she didn't take this now, she wouldn't see a single dime from the Sterlings after the divorce. So, she might as well cash in.

"You don't have to sign it," Sienna said indifferently. "Either way, I don't work for free."

With that, she moved to end the call.

With a crisp rustle, the man on the screen flipped the document to the last page.

He still wore that half-smile, no longer looking at her.

Instead, he pulled a pen from his suit pocket, smoothly signed his name at the bottom of the agreement, and handed it to his assistant. "Transfer the funds."

The assistant took it with a nod, and Jarred's dark, warning voice filtered through the speaker. "The banquet starts at eight. You'd better not keep me waiting, Mrs. Sterling."

He ended the video call with a wicked grin.

Sienna stared at his unfathomable gaze and instinctively curled her fingers into fists.

Within ten minutes, a notification pinged on her phone.

Three million dollars, not a cent short.

She looked at the numbers on the screen, feeling a heavy weight lift slightly from her chest.

Returning to the ward, Luna was keeping watch over the unconscious Owen.

Seeing Sienna enter, she hastily stood up. "Sienna, I heard from the doctor that the German specialist is in the country!"

"I know." Sienna nodded, tucking the blankets securely around Owen. "I'm going tonight to see if I can get him to come."

"How are you going to get in? The Zellers don't just let anyone through their doors."

Sienna curled her lips into a smile. "I got an invitation."

Luna's eyes widened. "That banquet... I heard it's incredibly lavish. Half the socialites in the Capital will be there. I'm afraid you'll be treated poorly."

"Don't worry." Sienna patted her hand, her gaze lingering on Owen's pale face. "I'm not a kid anymore. I can handle it."

At eight o'clock that evening.

Jarred's car arrived exactly on time at the hotel entrance.

He didn't rush inside; instead, he dialed Sienna's number.

However, the receiver only gave a crisp, decisive dial tone.

She had actually hung up on him.

Jarred's brow furrowed, but when he looked up, he spotted a stunningly familiar figure standing right at the entrance of the banquet hall!