

Begging for a Second Chance

Chapter 13

Sienna was already flawlessly dressed, her crimson gown trailing along the floor, her makeup striking and aloof.

Clutching the invitation in her hand, she had actually walked into the banquet hall by herself.

The moment their eyes met, she turned and walked further inside without the slightest hesitation.

Jarred paused for a second before arching an eyebrow.

He caught up in a few long strides, reaching out to wrap his fingers firmly around her wrist.

"Taking the money and ditching your date? You've got nerve." Jarred's lips curled into a dangerous smirk, his voice dropping low.

Sienna pulled against his grip a few times but couldn't break free. "Let go!"

Jarred scoffed, following her gaze toward the direction she was heading. Mrs. Zeller and a few of her friends were seated right there.

Realization hit him instantly. "I wasn't your target at all. It's the Zellers. Tell me, what exactly are you planning?"

Sienna couldn't be bothered to argue with him. "None of your business."

Jarred only tightened his grip. "You're my wife and my date. Tonight, you aren't going anywhere."

"We are getting a divorce, Jarred!"

Sienna tried to yank her arm away again, but the man's mocking voice rang out. "Dr. Sloan, don't forget you took my money. Try to run, and I'll make sure you lose everything."

Sienna smirked. "I suggest you read clause three of the addendum. I've shown up to the banquet. Whatever I do or wherever I go from here is none of your concern."

Jarred let out a sharp laugh of disbelief.

Perfect. She had actually outsmarted him.

Sienna didn't want to deal with him anymore. Her gaze shifted back to the main table.

Mrs. Zeller looked visibly fatigued, and Professor Krueger considerately stood up, seemingly ready to help her retire early to rest.

Sienna was just about to make her move.

Crash—

A deafening noise echoed from the second floor of the banquet hall. It sounded like glass shattering against the floor.

Immediately after, a piercing scream erupted from the stairwell.

Everyone's attention snapped toward the sound.

They saw a young woman stumbling frantically down the stairs from the second floor.

Her clothes were torn, her long hair was a mess, and tear stains streaked her face as she practically tumbled down the steps.

"Help... help me..."

The doctor's instinct took over.

As Sienna stepped forward, her professional habit kicked in, compelling her to assess the situation first.

Aside from the visible bruises, the woman seemed to be exhibiting signs of mild asthma.

Even her terrified eyes were screaming to the crowd that she had just endured something horrific.

However, as if on cue, the crowd looked away, their avoidance suggesting they had seen this sort of thing plenty of times before.

The Zellers' expressions faltered slightly, and Mr. Zeller immediately shot a look at the security guards lingering in the shadows.

A group of men in black suits instantly swarmed out, attempting to drag the woman away.

The woman stumbled to dodge their grasp, her legs gave out, and she collapsed right at Sienna's feet.

Sienna couldn't just stand by. She was about to bend down when Jarred grabbed her wrist. "Stay out of their family business."

Sienna ignored him completely. Putting the Zeller family aside, she couldn't stand seeing a woman treated like this.

She shoved Jarred's hand away, stepped forward, and crouched down. "Don't be afraid. I'm a doctor. Where does it hurt?"

The exact second Sienna moved, Jarred stepped right up beside her.

He didn't say a word, nor did he make a single move.

Yet, the encroaching security guards instantly froze in their tracks.

The woman grabbed onto Sienna as if she were a lifeline. "...He's psycho! He's going to kill me..."

Before she could finish, a man's guttural roar tore through the air from upstairs.

The sound was wildly enraged, like some rabid animal.

Before anyone could react, a man bolted down the stairs.

His eyes were bloodshot, his demeanor bizarrely deranged.

He completely ignored the room full of guests, his predatory gaze locked dead on the woman slumped on the floor.