Begging for a Second Chance

Chapter 14

"Bitch! You dare try to run!"

The man bounded down the last few steps, grabbed the woman by her hair, and slammed her viciously against the wall.

A sickening thud echoed, followed by the woman's cry of agony as blood trickled down her temple.

The guests retreated in terror.

Mr. Zeller turned pale and shouted desperately, "Quick! Pull him off her!"

A group of guards surged forward to yank the woman away, but not a single one dared to touch the deranged man.

Even those who got too close ended up taking accidental hits from his flailing arms.

Sienna's gaze swept across the scene.

The tense expressions of the Zellers, the complicated looks from the guests, and the guards' sheer apprehension toward the man...

She understood.

This man was the Zeller family's youngest son, the one they had always kept hidden from the public eye.

The rumors said he was studying abroad, so how did he end up here like this?

Judging by his manic, out-of-control state, this wasn't just a simple outburst; it was a severe psychiatric episode.

The situation was spiraling further out of control.

Mr. Zeller finally barked, "Take Maxwell upstairs now! Everyone, I'm deeply sorry, but tonight's banquet is over!"

The guests looked as if they had been granted a pardon and quickly dispersed.

Jarred took Sienna's hand and pulled her toward the exit. "Let's go."

Just then, a familiar figure carrying a medical kit strode in under the guidance of the butler. It was Celeste.

Sienna paused, surprised. "What are you doing here?"

Celeste's gaze flickered over Jarred's face before landing on Sienna. She spoke with blatant disdain. "I'm the Zeller family's private physician for their youngest son. As for you, unauthorized personnel should leave early. Don't cause trouble here."

Sienna found her words laughable.

Could an internal medicine doctor like Celeste really treat Mr. Zeller's son?

She had approached the Zellers with her own hidden agenda, and she certainly wasn't about to let Celeste steal the spotlight.

Sienna immediately shook off Jarred's hand and followed them.

"Sienna!" Jarred warned in a low growl.

But she was already heading upstairs.

Jarred closed his eyes for a brief second before reluctantly following her.

Seeing the two of them trail behind, Mr. Zeller and his family looked stunned. "Mr. Sterling, what is the meaning of this..."

Jarred spoke calmly, "My wife is also a doctor. She might be able to help."

Clearly intimidated by Jarred's influence, Mr. Zeller forced a nod.

Inside a second-floor bedroom, Maxwell had already been pinned to the bed by four security guards, though he was still thrashing wildly.

Celeste expertly opened her medical kit, injected him with a sedative, and quickly set up an IV drip.

However, the color and consistency of the IV fluid...

Sienna frowned. "What did you just give him?"

"You have no right to know," Celeste replied coldly, intentionally blocking Sienna's view.

She turned back to the Zellers, her tone aggressive. "Maxwell is highly unstable right now. Don't let outsiders stay here and agitate him!"

Soon, Maxwell's thrashing subsided, and his eyes began to glaze over.

Mr. Zeller shot an inquiring look at Jarred, silently pleading for him to escort Sienna out.

Catching their silent exchange, Sienna let out a scoff. "Entrusting your son's life to an amateur... You Zellers really like to take risks."

"Sienna!" Before Celeste could utter a word, Jarred's face had already darkened. "Watch your language. Celeste is a doctor at a top-tier hospital!"

Sienna ignored him, stepping forward to closely examine Maxwell's symptoms.

"Abnormally dilated pupils, intermittent muscle spasms, flushed skin, and profuse sweating.

He's not just sick; his condition is critical. He must have suffered extreme trauma to become this volatile and deranged.

Sedatives only treat the symptoms, not the root cause. Long-term abuse will only destroy his nervous system, and this IV..."

As Celeste looked at Sienna standing by the door, a flash of panic darted through her eyes.