

Begging for a Second Chance

Chapter 15

Sienna turned to Mr. Zeller. "Mr. Zeller, did your son experience a massive shock? Like witnessing a deeply traumatic event?"

His symptoms align with intermittent explosive disorder triggered by post-traumatic stress disorder.

Relying on sedatives long-term without providing psychological intervention will only worsen his condition, potentially leading to..."

"Enough!" Mr. Zeller's face turned livid. "My son is not mentally ill! Mr. Sterling, if your wife continues this nonsense, don't blame me for being discourteous."

He pointed toward the door. "Please have her leave immediately!"

Celeste seized the opportunity to fan the flames. "Dr. Sloan, I know you've been put on a pedestal by a lot of people over the years, which naturally gave you an ego, but you can't just go around diagnosing people like a curse.

Listen to the things you're saying. You've thoroughly humiliated Jarred."

No matter how you spun it, she was basically calling Sienna an arrogant fool who didn't know her place.

She was just about to retort when Mr. Zeller turned to Jarred, his tone hostile. "Mr. Sterling, you were the one who originally recommended Dr. Carlyle to us, and now your wife is claiming the opposite. With two entirely different stories, who are we supposed to believe?"

Everyone's gaze shifted to Jarred.

He, however, kept his eyes locked on Sienna, his expression unreadable and dark.

Sienna had already suffered through his countless "either/or" choices, so she harbored no hope at all.

She turned to the Zellers, her eyes earnest. "Everyone, I am not just a clinical doctor, I specialize in psychiatry. It is obvious that Maxwell's condition is—"

"Sienna." Jarred suddenly cut in, his voice as cold as ice. "Get out right now."

Sienna froze.

Even though she had anticipated this outcome, being publicly kicked out by him in a setting like this still felt like a sledgehammer to the chest.

She kept her face impassive, but her voice betrayed a slight tremor. "Jarred, you were the one who dragged me here tonight!"

Jarred remained unmoved and didn't even look at her. "The driver is downstairs."

The surrounding gazes pinned Sienna in place. Some held pity; others were indifferent.

Celeste wore the victorious smirk of someone who had just won.

In that instant, Jarred ruthlessly trampled all of Sienna's dignity underfoot.

But remembering the three million dollars in her account and her own ulterior motives for approaching the Zellers, she forced herself to swallow her fury.

She took a deep breath and let out a disdainful laugh. "Look at my terrible memory. I actually treated you like a decent human being again."

With that, she picked up the hem of her gown, turned, and walked away.

Jarred watched her proud, lonely silhouette disappear down the stairs, his eyes as dark as the night sky.

By the time Sienna returned to the hospital, it was late at night.

Luna was keeping watch over Owen. Seeing Sienna's pale face and red-rimmed eyes, she didn't even need to ask to know things hadn't gone well.

She stood up and grasped her hand. "...How did it go with the specialist?"

Sienna lowered her eyes, her throat so dry it ached. After a long moment, she let out a self-deprecating laugh. "Before I even had a chance to speak with him, Jarred kicked me out."

Sitting on the bench, she recounted the entire fiasco at the banquet.

Luna angrily kicked the chair next to her. "My expectations were already on the floor, but those two still managed to find a new low!

A half-assed quack like Celeste actually dared to bluff her way through treating the Zellers' son? If her dad wasn't the hospital director, she wouldn't have even graduated. Jarred really has no shame covering for her."

Sienna kept her head down and said nothing.

After all, Jarred had been giving Celeste her sense of entitlement for years.

Remembering the pressing issue, Luna softened her tone. "Right, the attending physician came by just now and put Owen on a new medication. He said... he said he can hold on for two more days at most. If we don't have a solution by then, not even a miracle could..."

Sienna trembled all over.

Owen was still comatose; he hadn't woken up in a week.