Begging for a Second Chance

Chapter 16

His already gaunt face was pale as paper, his breathing so faint it was barely perceptible.

"Sienna... do we have any other options?" Luna asked cautiously.

Sienna felt as though a massive boulder was crushing her chest, leaving her in agonizing helplessness.

But seeing Luna's panic, she suppressed the vulnerability in her eyes and reached out to pat her shoulder.

"I made myself perfectly clear at the banquet. If the Zellers want to save their son, they will inevitably come looking for me."

Luna knew full well that this was a gamble. "But time is running out. What if they don't come..."

"They will," Sienna replied with absolute certainty.

In truth, she was panicking endlessly on the inside.

But she was Owen's only pillar of support, and since Luna was already losing her composure, she had to remain steady.

Sienna urged Luna to go home and rest while she stayed behind in the ward.

The glass window reflected her exhausted silhouette. The exhaustion of the past few days and a relentless string of setbacks all crashed over her, nearly suffocating her.

She sat by the bed, gently holding Owen's ice-cold hand, her fingertips brushing against the tiny needle marks on the back of his hand.

The lively boy who used to shadow her everywhere couldn't even manage to open his eyes and look at her anymore; it had become an impossible luxury.

How she wished she could be like a normal person and find a shoulder to lean on, but she couldn't.

Owen was still waiting for her to save him.

She had to force herself to be strong, lock away all her vulnerability, and serve as her brother's only armor.

Dawn broke, casting a pale light over the horizon. Sienna stared at the ward door all night, but there was still no word from the Zellers.

Just as she teetered on the edge of despair, a knock sounded, and two security guards pushed the door open.

"Ms. Sloan, our boss would like to see you."

Sienna stood up, her voice tinged with a faint urgency. "Is your boss Mr. Zeller?"

"Yes."

That single syllable allowed the anxiety that had kept her on edge all night to finally dissipate.

She instantly dialed Luna's number. "Luna, hurry to the hospital and watch Owen for me. The Zellers sent someone, and I need to go to their estate."

Hanging up, she followed the guards out.

The atmosphere at the Zeller villa was a stark contrast to yesterday's banquet.

A servant respectfully guided her to a seat and served hot tea.

The extended Zeller relatives, who had ignored her completely the day before, now wore eager smiles, treating her like an esteemed guest.

Sienna scanned the living room but saw no sign of Mr. Zeller.

Just as she was wondering where he was, Mrs. Zeller descended the staircase.

"Ms. Sloan, our family was utterly discourteous yesterday." The older woman cut straight to the chase, all her previous aloofness gone. "Please don't take it to heart."

"Not at all." Sienna feigned ignorance, picking up her teacup for a small sip. "May I ask why you invited me here today, Mrs. Zeller?"

She had always been fiercely independent and despised relying on others. Even now, needing the Zellers' help, she remained poised and neither servile nor overbearing.

Mrs. Zeller sighed, dismissed the servants, and slowly revealed the truth.

"To be entirely honest, I asked you here to see my youngest grandson. Every symptom you listed at the banquet yesterday was entirely accurate.

They say dirty laundry shouldn't be aired in public. We've been keeping this from outsiders all these years, claiming he went to study abroad, when in reality, we've had him locked up at home for treatment."

"In the earlier years, sedatives could keep him stable, but lately..." Mrs. Zeller shook her head.

"His violent outbursts are becoming more frequent, and he's even developed sexually aggressive tendencies. He's nearly committed horrific mistakes several times. If this continues, he will eventually ruin the Zeller family."

"Isn't Dr. Carlyle treating him?" Sienna probed.

Mrs. Zeller paused, her expression turning complicated.