Begging for a Second Chance

Chapter 17

"Ms. Carlyle is indeed able to get close to Maxwell." Mrs. Zeller hesitated, choosing her words carefully.

"To tell you the truth, before you, we hired several psychiatrists, but Maxwell absolutely refused to let any of them near him.

Only Ms. Carlyle could calm him down, so we had no choice but to trust her."

Sienna raised an eyebrow.

How could Celeste get close to a patient who wouldn't even tolerate professional psychiatrists?

Unless she was using highly unethical methods.

"It's all my useless son's fault. He was a notorious playboy in his youth, and his wife caught him cheating."

Mrs. Zeller's eyes filled with remorse. "My daughter-in-law was the heiress of a wealthy family, very proud. She grabbed a knife on the spot and hacked the mistress to death, severely injuring my son in the process.

Afterward, the shock was too much for her, and she threw herself off a building.

My grandson witnessed the entire gruesome scene. Ever since then, he's been like this."

Sienna was stunned.

No wonder...

"Mrs. Zeller, I understand your concern." Sienna set down her teacup. "I can try, but on one condition."

"Name it. The Zellers can fulfill any condition."

"My brother needs treatment from a neurology specialist. I know this particular specialist is currently a guest at your estate," Sienna said.

"As long as you arrange this consultation, I promise to put all my effort into treating your grandson."

Mrs. Zeller didn't hesitate. "You mean Professor Krueger? As it happens, he's staying here for a few more days. As soon as Maxwell shows improvement, I can have him treat your brother right away."

The deal was struck, and Sienna didn't delay any further.

"In that case, please lead the way to your grandson."

"Alright."

Mrs. Zeller personally escorted Sienna to the west side of the villa, toward a detached two-story house.

"He's been given several doses of sedatives since last night. I was afraid something might happen, so I had him locked in."

Mrs. Zeller signaled the guards to unlock the door. "Ms. Sloan, please be careful."

The moment the door opened, a stale wave of medicinal and damp odors rushed out.

Maxwell was strapped to the bed, his breathing heavy and strained.

Sienna approached, her fingertips hovering just half an inch over his forehead. She could feel the volatile tension radiating from him.

Even while unconscious, his muscles exuded a violent, pent-up rage.

This wasn't treatment; it was forceful suppression via sedatives.

Celeste had truly taken the Zeller family for fools.

Just as Sienna leaned in to check his pulse, the man on the bed suddenly snapped his eyes open.

Maxwell thrashed violently, reaching out his hands to claw at her.

Mrs. Zeller's heart leaped into her throat. "Guards! Call the guards!"

Yet, Sienna showed not a flicker of fear.

With a calm expression, she took a white pill from her bag and slipped it into Maxwell's mouth right as he gasped during his struggle.

Instantly, the bloodshot intensity in Maxwell's eyes faded, and his breathing gradually steadied.

Sienna sat down on the edge of the bed, softening her voice as she spoke to him.

Through the glass window, everyone watched in shock.

In the past, whenever Maxwell had an episode, you couldn't even get close to him. Simply talking to him would earn a violent reaction that forced people back.

Yet right now, he was listening quietly. Whenever Sienna asked a question, he murmured a faint reply.

Though his answers were simple, it was a level of compliance he had never shown before.

The butler caught on to what she was doing. Pointing at the pocket watch Sienna was idly twirling, he whispered to Mrs. Zeller, "Madam, Dr. Sloan's reputation in the Capital is half built on her hypnotherapy. That pocket watch is her prized tool!"

Realization dawned on Mrs. Zeller, and she quickly stopped the guards from barging into the room.

Half an hour later, Maxwell was in a deep sleep.

Sienna pocketed the watch and stood up. When she pulled the door open, she met Mrs. Zeller's anxious gaze.