

Begging for a Second Chance

Chapter 18

"Ms. Sloan, is Maxwell..."

"His mania isn't baseless. His childhood trauma runs incredibly deep," Sienna said calmly.

"He harbors intense disgust and fear toward women. To recover, he must be guided to confront his past and untangle those psychological knots."

Mrs. Zeller hurried into the room.

She saw that while her grandson was still asleep, his face held a long-lost peace, completely free from the nightmarish twitching of the past.

Mrs. Zeller wept tears of joy, turning to grasp Sienna's hands. "Dr. Sloan, how do we proceed with the treatment? How long until he recovers?"

"We can't rush it."

Sienna pulled a white pill bottle from her bag. "Healing psychological trauma requires caution at every step. Have him take this medication on time. I'll come by twice a week."

Finally, she deliberately added, "Unless absolutely necessary, stop abusing the sedatives. They do nothing for his treatment."

Mrs. Zeller nodded repeatedly.

Sienna suddenly remembered something. "By the way, did you check the contents of the IV Dr. Carlyle has been giving him?"

Mrs. Zeller replied, "We did. There wasn't anything wrong with it."

Sienna frowned. How was that possible?

Mrs. Zeller looked at her, her expression cautious. "Ms. Sloan, reasonably speaking, you just saved Maxwell, so I shouldn't be disrespectful to you.

But during the time Ms. Carlyle has been treating him, there haven't been any major mishaps, even if his condition hasn't improved much."

Seeing the suspicion in her eyes, Sienna offered a faint smile. "Mrs. Zeller, if you have something to say, feel free to speak your mind."

Mrs. Zeller nodded. "Ms. Sloan, you are a smart woman, so I won't beat around the bush. I don't care about the rivalry between you and Ms. Carlyle. Whoever can cure Maxwell will be treated like my own granddaughter.

But if anyone dares to use my precious grandson's life as a stepping stone, I will ensure they experience the wrath of the Zeller family firsthand!"

Mrs. Zeller's ruthless business tactics in her youth were legendary; everyone knew of them.

Sienna knew that the veiled daggers she and Celeste traded that night hadn't escaped the older woman's sharp eyes.

She maintained her calm demeanor. "Mrs. Zeller, rest assured, prioritizing the patient's well-being is my absolute bottom line."

Only then was Mrs. Zeller satisfied. She waved the butler over. "Contact Mr. Zeller immediately. Have Professor Krueger transferred to the city hospital to see Ms. Sloan's brother. The sooner, the better!"

The butler complied and scurried off.

Mrs. Zeller said, "Ms. Sloan, go back to the hospital and wait. You'll have good news by this afternoon at the latest."

"Alright."

Sienna expressed her thanks and left the Zeller estate.

Upon returning to the hospital, she shared the good news with the attending physician and Luna.

The attending physician was thrilled and immediately gathered his team to inventory surgical instruments and double-check pre-op reports, ready for Professor Krueger's arrival.

Luna's eyes welled with tears. "This is wonderful! We finally made it through!"

Sienna patted her back, feeling that all the exhaustion of the past few days had finally paid off.

However, they waited until nightfall, and there was still no sign of Professor Krueger.

Unable to wait any longer, Sienna called Mrs. Zeller.

Mrs. Zeller sounded entirely helpless. "Ms. Sloan, I just got the news myself. Professor Krueger boarded an international flight two hours ago. No one knows the exact reason."

With a clatter, the phone slipped from Sienna's grasp.

The attending physician rushed over. "...Sienna, we're out of options. If worse comes to worst, just... take Owen home. Let him spend his final days in comfort."

Those words struck like a thunderbolt right above Sienna's head, obliterating her very last shred of hope.

It felt as if her entire skeletal structure had collapsed. Just as she was about to hit the floor,

A pair of warm, strong hands caught her firmly from behind.