

Begging for a Second Chance

Chapter 3

The loud ringing of the phone shattered the tense atmosphere.

Jarred answered the call and immediately moved to leave.-

Sienna watched his hurried demeanor and sneered, "Is Celeste dying? Calling you over for her funeral?"

Jarred glared at her. "It's from Sterling Manor."

He grabbed his coat and came over to pull her hand. "Come with me."

Sienna yanked her hand back. "Are you sure they want to see me?"

Jarred chuckled low. "You are the officially wedded Madam of the Sterlings. Who would dare give you an attitude?"

"Are you blind, or just playing dumb? You know exactly how they treat me."

Jarred took a deep breath, suppressing his irritation, and coaxed her patiently, "Stop fussing, everyone is waiting."

"We're getting a divorce, why would I—Mmph..."

Before she could finish, Jarred pulled her into his arms and captured her lips in a deep kiss.

Coaxing and forcing her into the car, he ordered Barrett to drive her over while he took a different vehicle.

Sienna stared at the McLaren tailing closely behind them, clenching her fists.

He wouldn't even ride in the same car as her, so why drag her along?

The driver's phone rang. Connected to the Bluetooth, Sienna heard Jarred's voice echo through the speakers.

"She's not wearing a coat. Give her my jacket."

Barrett hung up and handed over a suit jacket. "Madam, don't catch a cold."

Sienna recognized the jacket—it was the exact same one Celeste had worn in the news photos.

A wave of nausea washed over her. She turned her face away. "I don't need it."

Arriving at the manor, the two of them walked in one after the other.

Helena Sterling walked right past Sienna, handing Jarred a bowl of soup. "Go see your grandfather first, and bring this up to your grandmother on the way."

Jarred took the soup and glanced back at Sienna. "Go have some hot soup yourself."

Sienna watched him head upstairs.

Ever since the old man suffered a sudden heart attack half a year ago, Sienna hadn't seen him once.

Word was he only had one breath left, kept alive entirely by IV drips.

Because of this, the Sterlings cut off all outside contact with him. Only one person was allowed to visit him each day.

Today happened to be Jarred's turn.

The Sterling patriarch was the only person in the family who harbored no malice toward her, and she was desperate to know how he was doing.

A maid brought over two bowls of sweet soup, handing one to Helena.

As Sienna turned, the maid stuttered, "Madam, the soup was made according to the usual portions. We didn't know you were coming, so... if you'd like some, I can..."

Sienna swept her gaze over the mocking smile on Helena's face and replied expressionlessly, "No need."

She walked over to the sofa and sat down just as Celeste descended the stairs.

The entire Sterling family treated this orphaned girl they had taken in years ago as their own flesh and blood.

Naturally, she occupied the manor, parading around with more dignity than the actual wife of the household.

Sienna pretended not to see her, but Celeste pointed at the brooch on her chest and smirked. "Oh, so this thing ended up with you?"

Sienna frowned. "What do you mean?"

Celeste acted nonchalant. "You know about the Dream of Aurora, right?"

Of course Sienna knew. It was the only item at a globally sensational auction years ago—a top-tier white diamond known as the Dream of Aurora.

It was ultimately won by a mysterious billionaire.

Rumor had it that the billionaire's first love needed an accessory for her new sports car, so he spent a billion dollars to buy it for her.

He even hired the world's top artisans to craft it into a custom car ornament, spending millions of dollars on the labor alone.

Sienna kept her face cold. "What exactly are you trying to say?"

Celeste laughed gleefully. "Jarred bought the Dream of Aurora for me back then. That brooch was just a freebie that came with the diamond crafting.

He thought it was too cheap for my status and wanted to throw it away. I told him to keep it to give to someone else. I didn't expect he'd pawn it off on you."