

Begging for a Second Chance

Chapter 7

When Barrett saw the words on the cover, his face drained of color, and he immediately pulled his hands back. "Madam, this... this document... You should really give this to Mr. Sterling yourself."

He had served Jarred for over two decades and knew his temper far too well.

He had no idea how a perfectly fine couple had suddenly morphed into one refusing to come home and the other speaking in sharp thorns.

Handing over these divorce papers would be no different from detonating a time bomb.

Sienna originally had no desire to deal with Jarred anymore.

But now, even the highly observant Barrett didn't dare touch this hot potato.

"Forget it," she said, putting the papers back into her bag. "I'll go myself."

She had no idea where Jarred was.

Throughout their five years of marriage, she never questioned his whereabouts.

It took several calls to mutual acquaintances before she finally got an answer.

The Platinum Club, the most elite social club and money pit in the Capital.

Luna parked the car at the entrance. "You get off first. I'll park and come in with you."

"No need. Wait for me in the car."

With that, she headed straight for the entrance.

Knowing Sienna was coming, the group of rich kids who usually hung out with Jarred were somewhat baffled.

Gideon Grayson asked, "What is she doing here? Does she actually want to catch him in the act?"

"They've been married for years, and when has Jarred ever paid attention to her? She wouldn't be that tactless," Felton Sinclair remarked flatly.

"Then she..."

Before he could finish, the private room door banged open.

Startled, the crowd turned their heads in unison.

Sienna calmly swept her gaze across their shocked faces, finally landing on the tightly shut door of the inner suite.

"Is Jarred in there?" her voice was icy. "I have urgent business with him."

The group exchanged glances, no one daring to answer.

But their eyes had already given everything away.

Sienna understood and walked straight toward the inner room.

Just then, Lucas Lowell's phone rang.

The screen boldly displayed Jarred's name.

He frantically answered it, and after hearing whatever the other side said, he replied awkwardly, "...It's not the cleaning staff."

Before Lucas could finish, the voice spoke again.

Sienna wasn't standing too far away and faintly heard the words, "Let her in."

"What did he say?" Sienna asked.

Lucas held the phone away from himself, stammering, "Jarred said... to let you in... to change the bedsheets."

Snickers erupted across the room.

Everyone watched with bated breath, waiting for Sienna's reaction.

Yet she remained unusually composed, taking the phone from his hand. "Jarred."

The person on the other end clearly hitched his breath, likely not expecting her to be the one on the line.

Sienna waited two seconds. Hearing no response, a very faint smile graced her lips. "Forget the bedsheets, but I can help you change something else. I'll wait in the lobby; come out and we'll talk."

Hanging up the phone, she took a seat on the sofa.

Barely two minutes later, the door swung open.

Jarred stepped out wearing a dark gray suit, adjusting his cuffs in front of the mirror. His demeanor was lazy, yet he was still so handsome it was hard to look away.

Only, that suit was no longer the one he had been wearing earlier.

Celeste walked out behind him. She wasn't wearing a coat, just a form-fitting slip dress, her face carrying a trace of weariness.

Seeing Sienna, she was the first to speak. "I accidentally spilled water on Jarred earlier. I just went in with him while he changed."

Walking closer, she added, "Although Jarred said it wasn't necessary, I felt I should explain it so you don't get paranoid again."

"Weren't you changing bedsheets? How did it turn into changing clothes?" someone chimed in before Sienna could speak.

"Yeah, who knows what else you guys were changing, hehehe..."

Celeste laughed playfully, pretending to kick the guy. "Shut up, idiot."