

Begging for a Second Chance

Chapter 8

The group laughed and joked around, treating Sienna—the official wife—like an irrelevant background prop.

They were used to it. Jarred's tacit approval was their VIP pass to disrespect her.

Sienna watched expressionlessly as Celeste repeatedly shot her disdainful looks, then smiled faintly.

"I used to be paranoid about you, but now I realize it was completely unnecessary. After all, not everyone with a mouth actually has a brain."

Celeste's face instantly shifted. "Sienna!"

Sienna picked up her bag and stood. "Don't speak to me. I have a germ phobia."

Turning around, she saw that Jarred had finished adjusting his clothes and was now standing right in front of her.

"Mrs. Sterling, is it really necessary to be this sarcastic?"

His gaze swept over her carelessly, his entire body exuding an aloofness that screamed he couldn't be bothered.

Walking over to the sofa, he finally looked her in the eye, amusement rippling in the depths of his gaze. "Here to check up on me?"

"I'm not that bored."

Sienna didn't even look at him. She calmly pulled the divorce agreement from her bag and handed it to him, her voice entirely flat. "Sign it, and get yourself a new wife."

In an instant, the laughter died down, and no one dared to breathe.

Jarred's handsome face darkened, his black eyes locking onto Sienna as if he wanted to swallow her whole.

Sienna had assumed that delivering the line she had rehearsed countless times in her head would be easy.

But it wasn't easy at all.

A dead silence dragged on for seconds, everyone waiting for Jarred to detonate.

Instead, he hooked his lips into a smirk, as if everything around him was entirely beneath his notice. "You've got it backward, haven't you? If anyone's bringing this up, it should be me."

A few chuckles drifted into Sienna's ears, laced with undisguised contempt.

"Did she forget the dirty tricks she used to climb the social ladder and join the Sterlings?"

"To think she'd have the nerve to initiate a divorce, she really doesn't know her place."

"Playing the victim while holding the cards! Does she think this will make Jarred respect her? How pathetic."

Their sneers felt like a bucket of ice water poured directly over Sienna.

"Our agreed timeframe is up at the end of this month anyway. Wouldn't it be better if I show some tact and leave before you have to kick me out?"

She curled her lips. "Besides, you've already found your next target."

"You make it sound like you're doing me a favor."

Jarred scoffed, taking the agreement from Sienna's hands and flipping through a few pages casually.

He looked up, his tone lazy. "Since when did you become so generous?"

Despite the lightness of his words, they carried a piercing weight.

The roars of laughter around them grew louder, the gloating stares practically tearing Sienna apart.

Normally, with her personality, she would have ripped into them until they were utterly speechless.

But not today.

She needed Jarred to agree; she needed this piece of paper to take effect. So, she just smiled and stayed silent.

The man on the sofa suddenly stood up, looming over her. "You think you can just come and go as you please, and expect me to humor you?"

He leaned in close, the vicious smirk on his lips impossible to hide. "What kind of cheap commodity do you take me for?"

Jarred had always been a gentleman. When he wanted to coax you, he could make you feel like the center of the universe.

But when he froze you out, he could drag you straight down to the abyss in a matter of seconds.

Just like right now—every single word out of his mouth was an insult, yet his expression remained refined, not a single crease on his brow.

Only Sienna knew how profoundly cold-blooded he truly was.

Rip. Without warning, he tore the agreement to shreds.

Raising his hand, he tossed the pieces into the air and walked toward the door.

The shredded paper fluttered down over Sienna's head, striking her face like a vicious slap.