

Begging for a Second Chance

Chapter 9

Listening to Sienna recount what happened at the club, Luna completely lost her temper.

While driving, she vented furiously. "Is Jarred out of his mind? He's practically announced to the world that he has a new pet. Shouldn't a mutual divorce be a win-win for everyone? What right does he have to refuse?"

Sienna lowered her eyelashes, casting a small shadow over her eyes. "You said it yourself. He's a psycho."

Luna was about to keep cursing when she suddenly remembered something, her eyes widening in panic.

"Oh no! That contract you signed with the Sterling matriarch—if you don't divorce on time, that penalty fee..."

"The fleece comes off the sheep's back," Sienna said neutrally, meaning she wouldn't be the one paying for it.

If Jarred dared to make her breach the contract, she definitely wouldn't let him get off scot-free.

"Besides, the five-year marriage agreement between Jarred and me expires in half a month anyway. This divorce is happening no matter what."

Seeing her like this, Luna's fury subsided a little.

"Exactly! You can't let them bully you forever. Since you're getting divorced anyway, the worst-case scenario is taking him down with you."

The car drove into the old district. This was the two-bedroom apartment her grandfather had left her.

The moment she pushed the door open, Luna's jaw dropped. "You... you had this planned all along?"

The furniture was obviously new, featuring a minimalist Scandinavian design. A floor lamp with a smart-sensor warm yellow bulb stood next to a beige sofa, and a coffee machine and bean grinder were fully set up on the kitchen counter.

It was completely ready to move in.

Sienna paused while changing her shoes. "... When I first married him, I genuinely thought it would be wonderful if we could spend the rest of our lives together."

She pushed her suitcase inside. Luna watched her back, sighing in heartache.

The suitcase held only a few old clothes, some books, and a small tin box.

Luna picked up the box and shook it. "What's this? You're treating it like treasure."

Sienna took it back, her fingers tracing the faded print on the edge of the lid.

"Just some old things," she said softly.

Opening the box, a Polaroid sat right on top.

In the photo, she was wrapped in a thick scarf, her nose completely red from the cold, but her eyes were strikingly bright as she laughed into the camera.

Behind her was a heavy snowfall and a man with only half his profile visible, carefully tying the scarf around her neck.

The man's fingers were long and slender, his movements meticulous, as if handling a fragile treasure.

Luna instantly recognized who the man was.

She looked at Sienna, hesitating to speak.

Finally, she just sighed and picked up another piece of clothing to fold. "What do you think is going through Jarred's head? He clearly doesn't love you, and he has his precious first love on the side. A divorce should be a relief for him, so why is he holding on so tight?"

Sienna couldn't figure it out either.

Her marriage to Jarred had long become an empty shell—glamorous on the outside, but utterly hollow and rotting on the inside.

"Could it be that because you brought up the divorce in front of so many people, it bruised his fragile ego?"

Luna guessed, "So he's deliberately opposing you. If you want a divorce, he absolutely won't give it to you."

Sienna shook her head. "He's not that kind of person."

It was true that Jarred was fickle and cold-hearted.

But in front of outsiders, he always maintained the facade of a perfect gentleman.

Although he had a sharp tongue, he was incredibly charming. A few careless words from him could make any woman blush, and he was never short of female admirers.

Over all these years, aside from the fact that he didn't love her, he had been exceedingly generous and attentive.

He never hesitated to buy her the jewelry she wanted.

Whenever she ran into trouble, he handled it seamlessly, and he even gave her a credit card with no limit.

He just wasn't the type to spitefully torment a woman just to prove a point.