

Second chance 18

Chapter 18:

He took her hand. His grip was iron.

"We're going home."

He pulled her toward the door.

Hilliard marched Cailin into the elevator. She refused to look at him, staring at the numbers counting down, her jaw clenched so hard her teeth ached.

"This is kidnapping," she said.

"It's a marital dispute. Police won't intervene," Hilliard countered coldly. "I'm taking my wife home."

Novels in trend on *galnovels.com*

They reached the lobby. The doorman stepped forward, looking concerned. Hilliard shot him a glare that stopped the man dead in his tracks.

Outside, the Maybach — a new one, sent to replace the disabled vehicle — was waiting.

Hilliard guided her into the back seat and got in beside her. “Lock the doors,” he told the driver.

The locks engaged with a heavy thunk.

Cailin pressed herself against the far door, putting as much distance between them as the seat allowed.

“Where are we going?”

“To the hotel. Then to the estate,” Hilliard said, pulling out his phone and checking emails as if this were a normal Tuesday.

“I have a life. A job,” Cailin argued.

“Your job as ‘Cali’ is finished. You’re Cailin Holloway again.”

Cailin laughed, the sound brittle and hollow. “Cailin Holloway was a doormat. She died.”

Hilliard looked up from his phone. "Then who are you?"

"Someone who hates you," she said calmly.

The words hurt him more than he showed. She caught the flicker of pain in his eyes before he masked it.

Cailin's phone vibrated in her pocket. She pulled it out, shielding the screen.

A text from Ashley: Got Elia safe. Boys are secure. Don't worry.

Cailin exhaled. Her shoulders dropped an inch, the tension in her body releasing slightly.

Hilliard noticed the shift. He was watching her like a hawk.

"Who texted you?" he asked.

"My lawyer," Cailin lied.

Her phone rang — loud, piercing. She had forgotten to silence it. She fumbled to decline the call, but the screen lit up the dark interior of the car.

Caller ID: Baby Davy 🦖

Hilliard stared at the screen. “Baby Davy?” he asked, suspicion threading his voice. “What kind of lawyer uses a dinosaur emoji?”

Cailin lunged for the phone. “It’s a secure line!”

Hilliard caught her wrist, twisting it gently but firmly until she dropped the phone. He picked it up, pressed the green button, and put it on speaker.

A child’s voice chirped through the car.

“Mommy? Did the Bad Daddy eat you?”

The car went silent. The only sound was the hum of tires on asphalt.

Hilliard looked at Cailin. His eyes went wide with shock, and then something slower and darker moved through them — a burning fury taking hold.

“Mommy?” he repeated.

He looked at the phone, then back at her.

“You have another child?”

Cailin tried to snatch the phone back. Hilliard held it out of reach, his arm like a steel bar.

“Who is Davy?” Hilliard demanded into the phone.