

Second chance 21

Chapter 21:

“The Witch?” Elia gasped.

The kids exchanged a look. The telepathic triplet connection flared to life.

“Operation: Rescue Mommy is a go,” Aron declared.

Ashley sat up. “Whoa — no. We wait for Kegan.”

“Uncle Kegan is two hours away. Mom needs us now,” Davy argued, already packing his drone kit.

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Aron pulled up the hotel blueprints. “I can hack the elevator. We sneak in through the vents from the roof.”

Ashley looked at the three determined faces staring back at her. She knew she couldn’t stop them. They were Cailin’s children, after all.

“Fine,” she conceded. “But I drive the getaway car. And no explosives.”

At the Grand Hotel, Hilliard pulled Cailin into the private elevator and pressed the button for the penthouse.

“You’re staying with me tonight. Tomorrow we fly to New York,” he stated.

“I have no clothes. No toiletries,” Cailin said, stalling.

“I’ll buy you new ones. Or you can wear nothing.” His voice dropped an octave.

Cailin blushed furiously. “Pervert.”

The elevator dinged.

The doors opened to the penthouse foyer.

Charla was standing there in a silk robe, holding a glass of champagne — waiting for Hilliard. She saw him walk in holding Cailin’s hand.

Smash.

The glass shattered on the floor. Champagne pooled across the marble.

“What is she doing here?” Charla screeched, her face twisting with ugly shock.

Hilliard stepped over the broken glass, pulling Cailin with him, not bothering to glance at the mess.
“She’s my wife, Charla. She stays where I stay.”

Cailin glanced back at Charla with a small, involuntary smile. She couldn’t help it.

“Sorry about the glass,” Cailin said sweetly. “And the fiancée title.”

Charla looked ready to lunge. Her hands curled into fists at her sides.

Hilliard opened the bedroom door. “Get in.”

He guided Cailin inside and shut the door on Charla’s screaming face.

Hilliard tossed his suit jacket onto the chair and loosened his tie, looking utterly exhausted.

“You sleep here. I’ll take the couch,” he said.

Cailin sat on the edge of the massive bed. It was covered in rose petals — Charla’s doing, no doubt. She swept them onto the floor with a disgusted swipe of her hand.

“Why, Hilliard? Why now?” she asked.

“Because you’re alive,” he said simply. He looked at her, and for a moment, the arrogance was gone.
“Because I never stopped looking.”

He walked to the door. “I’m ordering dinner. Don’t try to leave. The windows are reinforced.” He exited to the living area.

Charla was waiting for him, furious.

“You can’t do this! The press is downstairs!” she hissed.

“Let them talk. Cailin is back,” Hilliard said, pouring himself a drink.

“She’s a whore who abandoned you!” Charla yelled.

Hilliard slammed the glass down. It was heavy crystal, so it didn’t shatter — it simply made a deafening thud.

“Watch your mouth,” he warned.