

Second chance 52

Chapter 52:

“She is involved,” Hilliard said. “And I want her where I can see her.” He looked at Elia, who was clutching the gummy bears like a lifeline. “And where I can see you,” he added softly.

The Brooklyn loft smelled of ozone and stale pizza — a stark contrast to the sterile hospital room and the opulent estate, but to Aron and Davy, it was command central.

Ashely paced the concrete floor, her heels clicking with nervous energy. “You two need to eat. Cailin would kill me if you starved.”

Aron and Davy ignored her. They sat cross-legged on the floor, surrounded by a nest of cables and glowing screens.

“We found the security feeds for the Holloway Estate,” Aron said, his fingers flying across the keyboard. “The local server hadn’t been patched.”

“Show me,” Davy said.

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Aron hit a key. The large monitor on the wall flickered to life.

The sunroom. High definition. The timestamp was from the day before.

They watched in silence. They watched Charla walk. They watched her look at Elia. They watched the deliberate shift of weight before the trip.

They watched the water fly.

They watched their mother dive.

Davy's small fists clenched until his knuckles turned white. "She looked at Elia before she tripped," he said, his voice trembling with barely contained rage. "It was a hit."

"And Hilliard did nothing," Aron added. "He just stood there."

"Mommy says he's investigating," Ashely tried, though her own voice wavered. "He took Cailin to the hospital."

"Investigating?" Davy turned on her, his eyes blazing. "He is living with the witch! He is letting her stay in the house!"

“We need to punish them,” Aron said. He didn’t shout. He was perfectly calm. And that was infinitely more frightening. He sounded exactly like Hilliard.

“What are you planning?” Ashely asked, stepping cautiously closer to the screens.

“Operation Blackout,” Davy said. He smiled — not a happy smile. A predator’s baring of teeth.

“We hit the Holloway Group,” Aron explained. “Make him pay attention. Make him hurt where it matters most. His money.”

Ashely reached for the laptop. “No! That’s illegal! You can’t hack a conglomerate!”

Davy dodged her hand with practiced ease. “Kegan Uncle gave us these servers. They’re untraceable. Bouncing through Russia and China.”

“Kegan.” Ashely pressed her palm to her face and slid slowly down the wall. “Of course he encourages this.”

A text pinged on her phone.

Stuck. Returning to Estate. Keep boys safe. He knows something. — C

Ashely read it aloud. "Your mom is going back there."

The boys looked at each other. A silent communication passed between them — the twin bond.

"Then we have to work fast," Aron said.

"Target: Holloway Plaza mainframe," Davy whispered. "Times Square screens."

"Execution time: tomorrow at noon," Aron said, typing the command. "When the market is at its busiest."

Green lines of code cascaded down the screens, reflected in their identical grey eyes.

Ashely watched them, and felt a chill move through her. She wasn't looking at children anymore. She was looking at the heirs of a ruthless dynasty, waging a war their father didn't even know had started.

"The timer is set," Aron said.