

Second chance 80

Chapter 80:

"If you divorce him, does he lose custody rights?" Ashely asked, handing Cailin a glass of water.

"He never had them. He doesn't even know they exist," Cailin reminded her. "If we divorce, I am a single woman. He has no claim over me."

"But if he finds out later..." Ashely said, her voice trailing off with worry.

"Then we fight. But I won't be his wife anymore." Cailin touched the spot on her stomach where the roses lay beneath her clothes. "I can't be."

At the Holloway Estate, Hilliard sat alone in the dark study, holding a piece of the torn red silk. He was drinking scotch straight from the bottle.

Charla walked in wearing a silk robe, looking annoyed.

"Hilliard? I heard she left. Good riddance," Charla said, moving to pour herself a drink.

Hilliard didn't look up. "Get out, Charla."

“Excuse me?” Charla froze.

“You said she was living the high life.” His voice was thick with alcohol and regret. “She has scars, Charla. Scars from a car wreck.”

“So? She’s clumsy,” Charla said, dismissing it with a wave of her hand.

Hilliard rose slowly from his chair. He towered over her. “Did you know about the accident? In Milan?”

Charla blinked and took a step back. “I... I might have heard rumors. Something about a crash.”

“And you said nothing.” Hilliard hurled his glass. It shattered on the floor near her feet.

Charla screamed and fled the room.

Hilliard sank back into the chair. He needed to find Cailin — not to arrest her, not to accuse her. To apologize.

But Cailin was already moving. She called a courier service.

“Deliver this to Hilliard Holloway. Nine AM sharp,” she said, handing over the folder.

She touched her stomach. The roses felt like they were burning.

The Obsidian Auction House was buzzing with activity. Cailin worked through the inventory list, trying to drown out the noise in her head with facts and figures.

Chloe dropped a heavy, cream-colored envelope on her desk.

“For you. From the Palace,” Chloe sneered.

Cailin opened it. Inside was a gold-leafed invitation.

Charla English’s 28th Birthday Gala. Fireworks by Holloway.

A handwritten note was clipped to it: Come see what real love looks like. — C

Cailin crumpled the note. “Childish.”

"Are you going? Everyone says Hilliard is proposing during the fireworks," Chloe said, leaning against the doorframe. "Finally making an honest woman out of her."

"I have better things to do." Cailin tossed the invitation into the trash.

What she didn't know was that the Triplets were monitoring her office through a hidden camera Aron had installed in her briefcase.

"He's proposing? To the Witch?" Aron watched the feed on his tablet, his face tight with fury.

"Not if we stop it," Davy said, cracking his knuckles.

"We need to go to that party," Elia insisted, jumping up and down.

"Mom won't take us," Aron said.

"We don't need Mom. We need Uncle Kegan." Davy grinned.

They called Kegan on the secure line.

“Uncle K, we need a tactical insertion team,” Aron said, entirely serious.