

Second chance 90

Chapter 90:

Cailin sat on the edge of a velvet sofa, smoothing the silk of her dress and willing herself to stay composed. "Maybe."

Hilliard spun around. "Did he touch you? Did he buy you this dress?" He pointed an accusing finger at the midnight blue fabric.

"Yes. He bought the dress," Cailin lied. It was Kegan who had bought it, but letting Hilliard believe it was a lover was safer than the truth.

Hilliard saw red. "Does he know about the accident? The scars?"

Cailin's jaw tightened. "He knows everything. He accepts me. He doesn't look at me as though I'm broken goods."

The words landed like physical blows. Hilliard stopped pacing. He walked toward her, his movements slow and deliberate.

He reached down and pulled her to her feet.

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“He can’t have you. You are my wife,” Hilliard whispered.

“Ex-wife. As soon as you sign the papers.” Cailin pushed against his chest. It was like pushing against a wall.

“I will never sign.” Hilliard cupped her face, his fingers threading into her hair.

He kissed her.

It wasn’t gentle. It wasn’t romantic. It was a claiming — a branding. He kissed her with the desperation of a starving man and the fury of a king watching his kingdom slip away.

Cailin struggled for a moment, her hands balling into fists against his shirt. But then the chemistry — that cursed, undeniable chemistry that had drawn them together years ago — ignited.

She melted. Her body betrayed her. Her lips parted, and she let him in.

She hated herself for it. She hated him.

But her body remembered him.

Hilliard groaned and deepened the kiss. His hands traveled down her back, gripping her waist and pulling her flush against him. He lifted her effortlessly and set her on the edge of the heavy mahogany table.

Cailin's fingers found his hair. She pulled, hard.

"Stop," she gasped against his mouth, drawing back just an inch.

"Tell me you don't love him," Hilliard demanded, his breath hot on her face.

"I don't love you," Cailin lied. Her voice shook.

Hilliard pressed his lips to her neck, right over her pulse point. "Liar."

A loud banging on the door shattered the moment.

Bang. Bang. Bang.

"Hilliard! I know you are in there! Open this door!" Charla's voice. Screeching.

The spell broke.

Cailin shoved him away and slid off the table, her legs unsteady beneath her.

“Your fiancée is calling,” she said, wiping her mouth with the back of her hand.

Hilliard stared at the door with pure hatred. He looked dazed — a man pulled violently back from somewhere he didn’t want to leave.

“Ignore her,” he said, reaching for Cailin again. “We aren’t finished.”

Hilliard reached for her arm.

Cailin snapped. The fear, the adrenaline, the anger — it all boiled over at once.

She lunged forward and bit his lower lip. Hard. She tasted copper instantly.

Hilliard jerked back, his hand flying to his mouth. He touched his lip and pulled his fingers away. They were stained red.

“You bit me,” he said, staring at the blood. He looked genuinely shocked.