

Secret triplets: The billionaire's second chance

Chapter 5:

The VIP parking garage was silent, save for the hum of ventilation fans and the occasional drip of condensation. It was a showroom of wealth — Ferraris, Lamborghinis, and right in the center, occupying two spaces, Hilliard's armored Maybach.

Hilliard's driver, a burly man named Kent, was leaning against a concrete pillar, scrolling through his phone.

Suddenly, it pinged. A notification: Congratulations! You've won a free year of coffee! Click to redeem at the lobby kiosk!

Kent blinked. "Free coffee?" He looked at the car, then at the elevator. "I'll be two minutes."

He walked away.

The moment the elevator doors closed behind him, a small ventilation grate near the floor popped open. Davy rolled out, dusting off his knees. He was followed by Elia, who looked like a soot-covered angel.

“Clear,” Elia whispered.

Aron’s voice came through their earpieces. “Cameras looped. You have five minutes before the loop resets.”

Davy unzipped his backpack and pulled out a can of neon pink spray paint. He shook it.

Clack-clack-clack.

We update every week on galnove/s.com

The sound echoed through the garage.

Davy grinned. He stepped up to the pristine black hood of the Maybach.

Psssst.

He sprayed a large, jagged, crooked letter D. Then an E.

“Make it big,” Elia encouraged, bouncing on her toes.

Davy finished the word. DEADBEAT. It dripped pink down the front grille.

“Perfect,” Davy said.

“Upload the virus,” Aron commanded.

Davy plugged a small USB drive into the car’s external sensor port. “Locking him out... now.”

The elevator chimed.

“Abort! Abort!” Elia hissed.

The boys scrambled, diving behind a thick concrete pillar. Elia turned to run, but her foot caught on a grease stain. She stumbled, sliding behind a large trash can just as the doors slid open.

It wasn't the driver. It was a security guard on patrol.

The guard walked past the Maybach. He stopped. He dropped his flashlight.

"Holy—" he muttered, grabbing his radio. "Control, we have a 10-99 in the VIP garage. Someone vandalized Mr. Holloway's vehicle."

While the guard was distracted calling it in, Elia sprinted across the open space to join her brothers.

"Go, go, go!" Davy whispered.

They squeezed back into the stairwell.

Elia reached up to fix her hair and froze.

“My ribbon,” she whispered, her hand touching her ponytail. The custom velvet ribbon Cailin had made for her was gone.

“Leave it,” Aron said, pulling her arm. “We can’t go back.”

Upstairs in the main hall, Monsieur Laurent found Cali. He looked pale.

“Madame, a VIP client demands your expertise. Immediately.”

“I have a headache, Laurent. Send someone else.”

“I cannot,” Laurent whispered. “It is Ms. Charla English. She is... making a scene.”

The name hit Cali like a physical blow.

Charla.

The woman who had smiled while Cailin’s life burned to the ground.

Cali straightened her spine. A cold, dangerous calm settled over her. She adjusted her mask.

“Fine,” she said. “I’ll handle her.”

She walked toward the VIP suite, her heels clicking against the marble floor like gunshots. Click. Click. Click.

She entered the suite.

Charla was sitting on a velvet sofa, sipping champagne. She looked exactly as she had five years ago — beautiful, polished, and radiating entitlement. She looked up as Cali entered, letting her gaze travel over the masked woman with a sneer.

“You’re the help?” Charla asked. “Fetch me some water. Sparkling. No ice.”

Cali didn’t move. She stood tall, her eyes hidden behind the mask, burning with quiet hatred.

“I am the broker, Ms. English,” Cali said, her voice dropping to that low, modulated register. “Not your maid.”

Charla blinked, caught off guard by the tone. “Excuse me?”

“You asked for an appraisal,” Cali said, moving to the table. “Show me the item. I don’t have all night.”

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