

Secret triplets: The billionaire's second chance

Chapter 8:

Cali burst into the secure playroom, slamming the door and locking it.

She ripped the mask off her face, gasping for air as if she had been underwater. Her face was flushed, her heart racing so fast it hurt.

"We leave. Now," she commanded.

Aron and Davy were already packing their gear into their backpacks. They looked guilty.

"Where is Elia?" Cali asked, scanning the room.

The boys exchanged a look.

"She dropped her ribbon," Aron mumbled. "She went back to get it."

The blood drained from Cali's face. "She's out there? With him?"

"She said she'd be right back!" Davy defended.

Cali grabbed her phone and dialed.

"Hey, beautiful," a smooth baritone answered. "Ready to say yes to the ring?"

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"Cut the crap, Kegan," Cali snapped. "Hilliard is here. Elia is missing in the building."

The playful tone vanished instantly. "Damn."

She heard the furious sound of typing. "I'm scrubbing the building's feeds now," Kegan said. "Accessing the garage cams — his team is already downloading the buffer."

"Can you stop them?"

"I can corrupt the files, but I need two minutes," Kegan warned. "If he sees her face on those tapes..."

“I have to go find her,” Cali said.

“Put the mask back on, Cali,” Kegan ordered, his voice hard. “Don’t let him see Cailin. If he sees Cailin, the war starts today.”

Cali shoved the mask back onto her face, her hands shaking so badly she nearly poked her eye out.

“Stay here,” she told the boys. “Do not move.”

“I’ll jam their radios,” Aron said, opening his laptop. His face was set in grim determination.

Cali ran back into the hallway, moving through the shadows and avoiding the main corridors.

She reached the loading dock — a cavernous space filled with crates and shipping containers.

“Comb the area!” Hilliard’s voice echoed off the concrete walls. “The kid can’t have gone far. Look for paint on their hands!”

He was hunting.

Cali crouched behind a forklift and scanned the room.

There.

Behind a stack of wooden crates near the exit ramp — a small flash of velvet. Elia was huddled there, perfectly still, watching Hilliard pace back and forth like a caged tiger.

Hilliard turned. He caught the movement. “Hey! You there!”

Cali lunged forward, then stopped. She was too far away. If she broke cover now, his guards would be on her in seconds.

Elia stepped out from behind the crates. She lifted her chin and didn’t cry. She looked exactly as Hilliard did when facing a hostile board takeover.

Hilliard strode toward the child.

Cali watched in horror as father and daughter faced each other for the first time.

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Tip: You can use left, right, A and D keyboard keys to browse between chapters.