

Secret triplets: The billionaire's second chance

Chapter 9:

Hilliard towered over the child. He expected a scared street urchin. He expected tears.

Instead, the little girl glared up at him with startlingly green eyes.

“Did you paint my car?” Hilliard asked sternly.

Elia crossed her arms over her chest. “Maybe. It was ugly anyway.”

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Hilliard blinked, caught off guard. Most adults couldn't hold his gaze. This three-foot-tall menace was challenging him without flinching.

“Where are your parents?” he demanded.

“I don't have parents,” Elia said, reciting the line Davy had taught her. “I hatched from an egg.”

Hilliard felt the corner of his mouth twitch. He suppressed a smirk. “An egg. Right.” He crouched down to her eye level.

“Look, kid. You caused fifty thousand dollars in damage. This isn't a joke.”

Elia pouted, her lower lip jutting out. “You have money. Everyone says so. You're the Bad Daddy.”

Hilliard froze. The air around him seemed to drop ten degrees.

“What did you call me?” he whispered.

Elia realized she had slipped. She clamped her mouth shut, eyes going wide.

Hilliard leaned closer and studied her face. The shape of her nose, the stubborn set of her jaw, the arch of her eyebrows.

A headache began to throb at his temples. Why did she look so familiar? It was like staring at a ghost, or a reflection in a funhouse mirror.

Hidden behind the forklift, Cali was hyperventilating. She reached into her clutch and pulled out a tactical pen — a tranquilizer dart launcher Kegan had given her. She aimed it at Hilliard's neck.

If he touches her, I drop him.

Hilliard reached out. "Let me see your pockets. Do you have ID?" He grabbed Elia's wrist.

Elia panicked. She opened her mouth and bit down hard on the fleshy part of his hand.

"Ow!" Hilliard recoiled, yanking his hand back.

"Don't touch me!" Elia screamed.

"Sir!" Two security guards came running around the corner. "We found the breach point!"

Hilliard stood, rubbing his hand. Small teeth marks were pressed into his skin.

He looked at the girl. She was frightened now, her defiance cracking at the edges.

"Take this child to the car," Hilliard said, his voice cold. "We're going to the police station."

He was bluffing — he only wanted to scare her into revealing her parents so he could sue them. But Elia didn't know that.

"No police!" she wailed.

The guard reached for her.

"Let her go!"

Cali stepped out from the shadows, holding the tactical pen like a weapon.

Hilliard turned. The masked woman again.

He looked from her to the child. The same green eyes. The same defiance.

"So," Hilliard said, a cold smile touching his lips. "She's yours."

"Let the child go, Holloway," Cali warned. Her voice trembled, betraying her. "She's a minor."

Hilliard stepped between Cali and Elia. “She’s a criminal,” he said. “And you’re her accomplice. Get in the car. Both of you.”

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