

Out Of The Shadows: Tilda's Brilliant Second Life

Chapter 13

Chapter 13 Jude Marked Tilda

Jude had been walking right behind Tilda.

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He'd heard her fight with Wade and watched her stroll alone by the river, her eyes clouded with sadness as she looked at a happy family.

She looked like a fierce animal, but deep down, she carried pain no one else could see.

Only at night could she hide away and quietly patch up her wounds.

Tilda had this mysterious, magnetic pull about her, like a flower that only blooms when it's dark.

Just like Jude—they were the same kind of people.

From the very first time he saw her, Jude had felt it.

Now he was sure.

Tilda glanced at the man standing in the shadows—his whole vibe screamed proud and untouchable.

Danger!

This man is pure danger.

Her instincts wouldn't stop shouting at her.

But there was also something about him that felt oddly familiar—exactly like what Jude was feeling about her.

Why?

In my whole life, no one but the Jensons has ever made me feel like this.

"Who are you?"

Tilda kept her voice steady.

Jude stepped forward out of the dark.

First thing she saw—polished leather shoes. Then long legs in sharp, tailored pants.

He wore no jacket, just a neat blue shirt.

The blue and black set off his face perfectly—so refined and artistic, no words could really describe him.

His looks went beyond anything you could find in a dictionary.

Tilda thought he might be the most handsome, most noble man she'd ever laid eyes on.

He was dignified. Distant. Proud.

Even she was caught off guard.

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“Jude Bell.”

He gave his name without hesitation.

“You’re Jude Bell?!”

Everyone in Slosa knew that name and what it meant.

He was the CEO of DY Group, the youngest head of the Bells.

He ran the whole company and doubled profits every year!

He’d even made Forbes’ global list—the youngest CEO ever to do it.

Most men on that list were in their 60s or older.

Tilda had heard the rumors.

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He had cold, ruthless methods, but he always covered his tracks so well that no one could trace them. Cross him, and you'd suffer worse than death.

She didn't doubt it for a second.

A man with this kind of chilling nobility was someone even she had to be careful with.

If this is the legendary Jude, everything makes sense.

But... why would someone this dangerous be here?

"The one watching you from the fourth floor of Nightshade Bar—that was me. I'm guessing you noticed."

Seeing her look puzzled, Jude explained casually.

"I see ..."

No wonder that stare set off all my alarms.

"Why would a big shot like you follow me? You're not like those creeps, are you?"

Tilda started to take a step back, eyes searching for a way out.

Giving up wasn't in her plan for this second life.

But this man was way too dangerous.

Sometimes the smartest move was to run.

She had no clue what Jude's real motive was.

"Are you an Omega-type?"

His question froze her in place.

"I don't know what you mean."

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Chapter 13. Jude Marked Tilda

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“Yes, you do. And you just gave yourself away. You’re an Omega–type.

“And so am I. You should’ve caught my scent by now.”

Caught, Tilda didn’t bother to deny it.

Someone like Jude could dig up her past without even trying.

“So? Mr. Bell, what do you want?”

“I want to sign a contract with you. I want you to sleep with me.”

Her eyebrow twitched.

What he said... it sounds almost exactly like the job Andy told me about.

Could this be the guy posting contracts looking for Omega–types on the dark web?

“That’s pretty sudden. I’ll think about it.”

Sure, Jude was her type—handsome, noble, powerful—but the most beautiful flowers usually had the sharpest thorns.

In this new life, she wanted freedom. Peace. Time with people she trusted. No chains.

Dating was fine. But men like Jude?

That was flirting with death.

She would rather stay away from him.

“Leave me your contact,” Jude said again.

He was straight to the point.

Tilda didn't answer right away.

"Phone number."

He repeated it, as if he thought she didn't understand.

He was slow and patient in a way he rarely was with anyone.

It was like he'd marked her from the start.

Her scent hooked him—maybe because of their shared blood type, or maybe because they were too alike.

Maybe they both had cold, proud hearts locked up in ice.

"Alright."

She gave him her number.

Not because she wanted to, but because Jude would find it anyway.

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Chapter 13 Jude Marked Tilda

She figured there was no point in fighting over something she'd lose.

He checked her WhatsApp.

Name—Tilda.

Profile pic—Crayon Shin—chan's family of five.

Meanwhile, his own profile name was just a single dot. Picture—solid black.

"Got it. If that's all, I'll go.

"As for your... offer, I'll think about it. Give me some time."

Right now, she just needed to get away from him.

"Wait."

Jude spoke again.

“Yes, Mr. Bell?”

“Your name.”

He looked straight at her. “I still don’t know your name.”

“Tilda Jenson. May I go now?”

“Sure.”

He actually let her leave without a fight.

Tilda didn’t stick around—she got out fast.

Jude stayed where he was.

The men on the ground were still groaning.

Tilda had been brutal.

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They rolled in pain, bones aching like they were crushed, too out of it to even hear the talk between her and Jude.

Now, standing before them, was the one man they never wanted to see—Slosa’s king of the night.

A black-clad, sharp-eyed man approached Jude. “Mr. Bell.”

Jude’s voice was calm. “Get rid of them. I don’t want to see them in this world again.”

He said it like he was talking about the weather, not life and death.

For him, killing was as easy as stepping on an ant.

He was used to it anyway.

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“Yes, sir.”

“Mr. Bell, that young lady... Is she really an Omega-type?”

Jude’s cold glance cut like a knife. “You heard that, Vassal?”

That look made Vassal Bell break into a sweat and drop to his knees.

“Sorry, Mr. Bell. I didn’t mean to.”

Vassal wasn’t just a name.

He had passed countless tests to become Jude’s bodyguard.

More than that, Jude had saved his life.

Without Jude, Vassal wouldn’t be here.

His name meant one thing—Jude’s loyal servant.

And he’d give his life for him anytime.

But even so, under Jude’s pressure, he could only kneel in fear.

Jude was a dark king—commanding without even trying.

“Forget it.”

Jude let him off without punishment.

But that only made Vassal’s heart pound harder.

This isn’t a good sign.

With Jude, mercy was more dangerous than anger.

“She’ll come to me sooner or later,” Jude said quietly.

Omega-types had gifts no normal person could match, but they also paid for it with endless nightmares.

Jude was cold and merciless, killing without hesitation.

But for those he marked, he showed a strange kind of gentleman's grace.

His eyes gleamed with obsession and possession.

Sooner or later, Tilda will sign that contract willingly to sleep with the devil.