

Out Of The Shadows: Tilda's Brilliant Second Life

Chapter 14

Chapter 14 Fifth Brother, Howard Jenson

"After you're done with them, find out everything about Tilda," Jude ordered Vassal.

"Yes, sir!"

4 86%

Finished

Tilda hurried back to her apartment as fast as she could.

Once inside, she grabbed her laptop, set it on the table, and got to work right away.

Two hours later, she finally shut it.

She glanced at the wall clock—it was already past midnight.

She stood, went to the kitchen, and poured herself some water.

Her cover story had to be solid, especially against someone like Jude.

A second-year computer science student at Orica University, and the supposed rightful heir of the Jensons...

At least this fake ID couldn't be cracked easily.

That was her lifeline—her anchor.

With all that prepped, she hoped she could hold out.

"I hope there won't be any nightmares tonight," she muttered.

Surprisingly, she actually slept well.

When she woke up, she felt fresh and clear-headed.

No nightmares. I actually feel good... How long has it been since I felt like this?

She pressed her lips together.

Was it because of Jude yesterday? Because of his scent?

Could being near another Omega really have some weird effect?

Shaking the thought away, she grabbed her phone and opened WhatsApp.

There was a message from Una.

And... Jude.

On impulse, she opened Jude's first.

"Thanks to you, I slept well last night."

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Chapter 14 Fifth Brother, Howard Jenson

Her heart skipped.

Could being close to Jude really stop the nightmares?

Now she felt nervous.

She had planned to keep far away from someone as dangerous as him.

But if he helped her sleep peacefully... and their goals lined up...

She typed back, "I'll seriously consider your offer."

No one liked nightmares.

But signing a deal to sleep beside Jude was like dancing on a knife's edge with the devil.

Almost right away, Jude replied, "I'll wait."

She didn't read the text.

Thinking too much would only mess her up.

She shook her head and opened Una's message.

"No classes today. Wanna go somewhere? I'll come with you!"

A small smile tugged at Tilda's lips.

“Okay, come here.”

She sent Una the location of a Porsche dealership.

After getting ready, she headed out.

She caught a cab and met Una soon after.

86%

Finished

Una wore a sunhat, a flowy white dress, and sandals. A bell bracelet jingled on her wrist as she walked, making her look extra cute.

“Tilda!”

Una smiled brightly as she came closer.

“Sorry for making you wait.”

Una gave her a once-over, then grinned. “Tilda, you look gorgeous!”

She wore jeans, open-toe heels, and a thin black jacket over a white top.

Her fair skin was smooth and flawless, her delicate face almost unreal. Sharp brows gave her a strong, striking beauty—like she could outshine most men.

When she smiled, her eyes sparkled—proud and free.

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Tilda pinched Una’s cheek. “Don’t butter me up or I’ll get cocky.”

86%

I’m not buttering you up. It’s true. You’ve changed a lot, and honestly, I think you’re even better now.

Una’s words were sincere.

Tilda felt lighter, like a weight was gone.

“Yeah, this feels right. Let’s go. Once I get my car, I’ll take you for a spin.”

“Get your car?”

Before Una could ask more, Tilda pulled her into the dealership.

The staff already had the contract ready. Tilda signed without a second thought.

Finished

Una stood nearby, listening as Tilda handled the process. Only when she saw the logo did she realize—Tilda was buying a white Porsche Cayenne! She couldn’t hide her shock.

“Tilda, you’re buying a Porsche?! That’s amazing!”

To the Colons, a Cayenne wasn’t much.

But Tilda was only a sophomore, and she bought it with her own money.

Una knew she had crazy—good computer skills—the professors always praised her.

She’d been quietly making money online for a while now.

“Where to? I’ll drive.”

But before Tilda could get the words out, the dealership doors opened.

“Welcome, Mr. and Ms. Jenson.”

Tilda turned and saw two people she’d rather avoid.

Kyla was still Kyla.

But instead of Wade, the man beside her was Tilda’s fifth brother, Howard Jenson.

Howard was a legend—strong, hot-headed, and unstoppable.

After high school, while the others took normal paths, he went to Cetherland’s toughest sports academy.

He graduated early with top scores and was chasing the dream of being the best fighter in the world.

He debuted in Motrar, mastering boxing, grappling, taekwondo, Muay Thai—everything.

Now 24, he was the WWE boxing champ, aiming for the taekwondo world title next.

At 6'2", wearing military green and black combat boots, his body was pure muscle. His eyes were sharp like blades, his tanned skin glowing with strength.

And his face? Handsome enough to make people stop and stare.

Like his six brothers, he got the best looks from Russell and Blair.

He was both intimidating and heart-stopping.

Rumor said Howard was a big hit in the gay community.

Many saw him as the perfect "safe" boyfriend—tough outside, gentle inside.

And he had one soft spot—his little sister, Kyla, whom he'd spoiled since she was born.

"Kyla, I'll get you any car you want. Don't be upset, okay?"

"It's fine, Howard. After finals, I got my license. Mom and Dad already gave me a Benz ..."

"They can give you theirs, but the more cars you have, the better. If you're happy, I'll do anything."

Who would've guessed this fierce fighter could be so tender with his sister?

His sharp face softened—it was true tough-guy warmth.

"Thanks, Howard."

Touched, Kyla sniffled and hugged him tight.

"Your hugs always make me feel safe."

"Of course. Now, pick a car. Don't let Tilda's stuff bother you. None of this is your fault..."

Howard spoke gently, comforting Kyla.

Then his eyes drifted across the room—and locked on Tilda.