

# **Out Of The Shadows: Tilda's Brilliant Second Life**

## **Chapter 19**

Chapter 19 How Did Tilda Make That Much Money?

Finished

"And another thing. Once it's proven that my money is clean and not stolen, those two need to apologize to me and my friend for what they did. And they owe me for the stress and lost wages too..."

Elbert nodded. "That's only fair."

With Tilda's recordings and the security footage, the evidence was solid. It was clearly a huge misunderstanding, and she had every right to demand payment for the damage they caused.

Seeing how confident Tilda looked made Kyla start to feel uneasy.

At first, she just wanted to make fun of Tilda and set her up.

She didn't believe Tilda could really have that much money—she was sure Tilda had stolen it or tricked the Jensons somehow.

Saying Tilda sold her body was just her way of making people disgusted with her.

But now, Tilda had gone to the police herself and stood her ground, even with officers right there.

Could this actually turn in her favor?

"Howard, maybe we should just drop this. She's still family. If this gets bigger, the Jensons will only be embarrassed. Mom and Dad will be furious if they hear about it."

"Uh..."

Kyla tried to pull back, but Tilda wasn't letting her.

"What? You think backing down now means you can avoid punishment? Howard, don't be a coward—if you said it, stick to it! No backing out now!"

Her words lit Howard's temper like a match to gasoline. "Who are you calling a coward? Officer, I want a full investigation! I don't believe Tilda made that kind of money legally!"

Idiot!

Kyla almost shouted it.

Tilda wasn't stupid. Letting the police check her account at this point could only mean one thing—she was innocent.

If Howard had used Kyla's excuse about "protecting the family's reputation" to calm things down, maybe this could have ended quietly.

But now, after what he said, there was no going back.

"Tilda, don't be mad. We were just worried you were going down the wrong road—"

"Kyla, shut up! And stop saying my name like we're close! You disgust me!"

Tilda's sharp words shut Kyla up instantly. She lowered her head, looking like she was about to cry, and hid behind Howard.

"Tilda!"

Howard's glare was so fierce it looked like he wanted to rip her apart.

But Tilda didn't care. She worked with Elbert, giving him all the bank info he needed.

Because this was an official case, Elbert sent everything through special channels.

Una stayed beside Tilda the whole time, holding her hand tightly, giving her strength.

Without speaking, she was saying, Don't worry, Tilda. I'm here for you. Even if your own family shames you and breaks your heart, I'll still stand with you. I'll help you fight this ugly, unfair world.

As time passed, Kyla got more and more nervous.

Meanwhile, Tilda and Una stayed calm—no panic at all.

That only made Kyla more on edge.

She wanted to say something to Howard, but didn't know how.

If they were wrong, paying damages would be bad enough.

But apologizing to Tilda?

Soon, Elbert came back with the results.

“After investigation, we’ve found Ms. Tilda’s funds came through legal channels and have nothing to do with the Jensons.”

It was exactly what most people expected.

Una quietly let out a sigh of relief.

Tilda’s face stayed calm—she knew her money was spotless.

Even if she had taken jobs from the dark web, Andy always made sure the payments were cleaned before they hit her account.

Not a single flaw for anyone to find.

“What?! That’s impossible! There has to be some mistake!”

“Mr. Jenson, calm down. Our investigation followed the proper legal process. There’s no mistake and no special treatment.”

Elbert gave Howard a cold stare. “I know your reputation worldwide. Your country is proud of you. So don’t do anything to damage your own name. Remember, you don’t just represent yourself—you represent the nation.”

Howard’s fights in the WWE and his dream of becoming the top fighter in the world were a big source of pride for Cetherland.

It felt like someone had dumped a bucket of ice water on him.

His head cleared.

He couldn’t afford to let his temper ruin him—not when everything he did carried the weight of his country’s honor.

“But... how did Tilda make that much money? She’s just a sophomore. I still don’t understand.”