

Out Of The Shadows: Tilda's Brilliant Second Life

Chapter 20

Chapter 20 I'm Sorry

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Elbert flipped through the papers. "Looking at her bank records and what Tilda's company confirmed, she's been doing online work for a big public company—and she's been making some serious money."

He handed the documents to Howard.

Howard scanned through them, his face getting darker the more he read.

He'd gone to one of Cetherland's top sports schools—not just famous for brutal training and combat, but also for its strong academics.

And being a Jenson meant he'd gotten the best education since he was a kid.

Even though he didn't follow the same career path as his family, he still had a sharp eye for money and

business.

The company name on the papers rang a bell.

It was a huge billion-dollar corporation.

From the transactions alone, Howard could tell Tilda had close ties to it.

Her pay was so good that buying a Porsche Cayenne would be nothing for her.

Howard stared at her, stunned.

Even without the Jenson family name, she had real talent and real money.

She wasn't just well-off—she was "rich" rich.

A sophomore at Orica University making that kind of cash?

If people found out, they'd be shocked.

Howard suddenly realized Tilda was way more complex than he thought.

And for the first time, he actually respected her.

Kyla stepped up, trying to make sense of the papers but failing.

The Jensons were strict with their sons but softer on their daughters.

And since Kyla was the only girl—and adopted—Russell and Blair spoiled her plenty.

She loved studying and had gotten into Orica University through an arts program.

But compared to students who got in purely on merit, she fell short.

Next to real academic prodigies, she was like a small pond beside a huge ocean—no contest.

Still, Kyla knew one thing for sure: They had lost.

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Chapter 20 I'm Sorry

"Done looking? The proof's right here. Now, let's talk about payment.

"First, you owe me and my friend an apology. Howard, Kyla, apologize now."

Tilda's voice was ice-cold, carrying real weight.

It pressed down on them so hard that it was almost impossible to lift their heads.

Howard gripped the papers, then slowly set them down and handed them back to Elbert.

"I'm sorry, Tilda, Una."

Surprisingly, he was the first to clearly admit defeat.

Denying it now would just wreck his name and his country's trust in him.

Howard had a temper, but he wasn't someone who ignored what was right and wrong.

He just tended to lose control around Kyla.

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But with Elbert's reminder of his position—and the proof staring him in the face—he knew he had to take responsibility for his words.

If he didn't, he'd lose all dignity as a man. His dream of being the world's top fighter would be a joke.

Kyla froze at Howard's sudden change.

Then she quickly lowered her head.

"I'm sorry, Tilda, Una. We really misunderstood you. It's our fault.

"As for payment, just say the amount. We'll try our best to cover it."

They settled on a number quickly.

Howard transferred the money to Tilda on the spot.

When they left the police station, Tilda held Una's hand and walked away without looking back at either of them.

"Tilda..."

Howard called out suddenly.

She didn't turn around.

She didn't care.

People like Howard never had anything decent to say, and she wasn't about to waste time arguing.

"I'm sorry."

Howard muttered under his breath, so quietly even he could barely hear it.

Before, calling Tilda's money "dirty" had been easy—he wasn't involved.

But this time, he'd been part of it.

He had wrongly accused her of stealing.

Shame burned inside him, especially with his WWE World Championship medal still hanging heavy on his chest.

"Howard, what did you say?"

Kyla hadn't heard him clearly, but guessed it wasn't good.

"Nothing...

Howard shoved the thought away.

What's done is done.

Regret won't change it.

Besides, I'm not gonna let my guilt toward Tilda make things worse for Kyla.