

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

## **Chapter 21**

### Chapter 21 The Family She Really Wants

"Howard, why don't you just go after Tilda and try to bring her back to the Jensons? She's all by herself out here, and honestly, it's kind of sad.

"And this whole mess happened because we completely misunderstood her. No wonder she got mad and wanted to leave... Sometimes I wish I wasn't even part of the Jensons."

Kyla's face was full of regret, like she wanted to smack herself.

"Don't say that. You're a Jenson, and that's never going to change.

"Yeah, we messed up by misunderstanding Tilda, but that's not the point. She's already decided to leave- pushing her now would just be a waste of time."

Howard's voice softened when he saw Kyla blaming herself again. He tried to calm her down, telling her to stop feeling guilty about Tilda.

Tilda gripped the keys to her brand-new Porsche Cayenne and took Una for a spin around town, feeling on top of the world.

Howard had just sent her 20 grand in compensation, and she had no problem taking it.

She decided to treat Una to a fancy dinner at the best place in Slosa.

"Tilda, maybe skip the splurge and just eat at my place. Save the money—you might need it later ..."

"Half that money is yours anyway, Una. And I've never been to Sky Dining before. I want to go—think of it as a treat for both of us."

"Okay."

Una had already made up her mind—whatever Tilda wanted, she'd support her 100%.

Tilda had been down all day, and Una wanted to see her smile again.

Sky Dining was the most famous restaurant in Slosa.

It used to have the city's longest waitlist—people waited a month for a table.

Just like its name, it was on the 100th floor of a skyscraper.

Dinner there meant looking out at a sky full of stars, with Slosa's glittering city lights below—the winding

river, the giant Ferris wheel, and the massive suspension bridge stretching over the water.

The chefs were Michelin five-star veterans, turning every plate into a piece of art.

And of course, it wasn't cheap—meals started at thousands per person.

"Tilda, isn't Sky Dining usually packed? Don't you need a reservation?"

"Don't worry—I booked way ahead."

She showed Una her phone.

"Good news: No reservation needed tonight."

"Really?!"

Una was puzzled—this was supposed to be the busiest time for Sky Dining.

When they walked in, the host scanned their QR codes and politely led them to their table.

Una noticed how the staff treated Tilda with extra respect.

She leaned over, sticking her tongue out playfully. "Tilda, you're getting more mysterious every day."

"I'm just me. What's mysterious about that?"

"It's just a feeling."

Sky Dining only had ten tables.

Every night, they served exactly ten parties—no exceptions.

If you didn't know the owner personally, there was no getting an extra table.

They believed more guests meant more noise, and a place like Sky Dining didn't allow that.

The high prices added to the exclusivity, making the experience feel special.

Tilda and Una sat by the window.

Una looked around, amazed at the luxury—it was almost overwhelming.

“The last time I came here was two years ago. And it still blows me away every time by how stunning it is.”

“Una, you’re the VIP tonight. Order whatever you want.”

“Okay!”

Even though Una chose the dishes, they were all things Tilda liked.

Just a few plates already cost thousands.

Then Tilda took the menu back and ordered a bottle of red wine worth over ten thousand.

“Keeping Howard’s money feels wrong. I’m spending all of it tonight—that’s how you enjoy life.”

“Yeah! I’m with you! We don’t need that lousy man’s dirty money. You can shine all on your own!”

Tilda smiled softly and patted Una’s hair.

“Thanks, Una. When Howard and Kyla were throwing mud at me, you stood up for me.”

Normally, Una wasn’t the type to speak up.

But for Tilda, she’d found the courage and pushed away her fear.

Sometimes, Tilda thought, if she were a Colon with a sister like Una, she’d finally have the kind of family she wanted.

Not the Jensons—the ones who hurt her, crushed her, and left her to burn alone in the fire.

“Tilda, we’re best friends. Don’t say stuff like that. Come to my place for dinner sometime—my parents will make you something good.

“My mom always says you’re so pretty and well-behaved. She even wants to make you her goddaughter...”