

Out Of The Shadows: Tilda's Brilliant Second Life

Chapter 22

Chapter 22 How Can I Just Ignore Her?

"Sure!"

A tiny spark lit up in Tilda's eyes.

Being the Colons' goddaughter? That would be huge.

If she were part of the Colons, no one would step all over her like the Jensons did. In that family, Kyla was always in the spotlight, shining bright, while Tilda got pushed aside and forgotten.

But in her past life, Tilda had been crushed by too many disappointments and ended up paying with her life.

The word family didn't mean much anymore—it felt cold and empty.

Just then, a man wearing a coat that shimmered like starlight walked past Sky Dining.

His eyes locked on Tilda, who was sitting by the window, laughing with Una.

So... she could smile like that, huh?

"Jude, what's up?"

Maurice leaned in, whistling when he saw Tilda.

"Looks like fate's calling. Why not say hi?"

"Not yet."

Tilda noticed Jude staring and met his gaze head-on.

For a moment, their eyes clashed like thunder sparking in the air.

Jude's stare was deep, endless, and sharp—like a predator watching its prey.

Under that piercing gaze, it felt like he could see straight through her, pulling her into a dark, bottomless pit.

She quickly looked away, muttering, "Why am I running into familiar faces all day?"

“What a lousy day.”

Jude and Maurice sat down nearby—not too close, but close enough to see Tilda and Una.

“Jude, I’ve never seen a woman ignore your stare before,” Maurice teased.

Jude carried himself like a god—distant, untouchable.

An irresistible bachelor like him didn’t even need to mention he was CEO of DY Group. Just a snap of his fingers could make women from Slosa to Flonche chase after him.

But Tilda? She was clearly avoiding him.

And honestly, she had reason to. Jude was dangerously unpredictable.

Even Maurice, who knew him well, sometimes felt uneasy around him.

Jude stayed silent, still watching Tilda like a hunter fixed on its target.

It wasn’t hostile—just intense.

Suddenly, Tilda felt uneasy.

Una noticed. “Tilda, what’s wrong?”

Una hadn’t seen Jude and Maurice come in.

She only caught Tilda’s strange expression and was about to turn around.

“It’s nothing.” Tilda cut her off quickly, stopping Una from looking.

That world isn’t meant for someone as kind and pure as Una.

Una belongs in a happy, safe world.

Just then, someone else came into Sky Dining.

“Blair, I finally got us a table here. We’re in for a treat.”

Daphne Rowse linked arms with Blair, smiling warmly.

“Yeah...” Blair answered softly, looking tired.

“Come on. Don’t be down. You just had a fight with your daughter, right? At least it’s out in the open now.

“You never really cared for Tilda anyway. You’ve got Kyla now—and with her in the Jensons, her place is set.

“That’s just fate. You and Tilda were never meant to be family. She’s alive, and she’s had chances to come back, but she chose to walk away,” Daphne said calmly.

Daphne and Blair had been best friends since school—something Daphne valued a lot.

Even after marrying Jude’s uncle, Ryan Bell, she stayed close to Blair.

She often visited the Jensons to see her and spend time together.

That also meant Daphne had watched Kyla grow up and adored her like a future daughter-in-law.

She knew all the Jensons’ secrets.

She didn’t want Tilda, some unknown “outsider,” stirring up trouble for Blair and Kyla or wrecking the peace in the Jenson household.

A long time ago, Daphne had told Blair not to take Tilda back.

She felt that the girl who’d been gone for 19 years and had no high-class background was damaged goods and didn’t belong with the proud Jensons of Slosa.

The Jensons had a happy life—why let Tilda ruin it?

And just as Daphne predicted, Tilda had caused chaos since she came back.

Thankfully, she’d only been with them for half a month—not long enough to do lasting harm.

Cutting ties seemed like the smartest choice.

“Daphne, I know you mean well, but no matter what, Tilda is still the daughter I carried for nine months, taken from me at birth, and lost for 19 years. Now that I know she’s alive, how can I just ignore her?”