Out Of The Shadows: Tilda's Brilliant Second Life Chapter 23

Chapter 23 Give Kyla a Break

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"Besides, we blamed Tilda without even checking the facts. Of course, she got mad and walked away. How could I just ignore that?"

Blair gave a bitter smile.

She had no idea where Tilda went after leaving the Jensons.

More than once, Blair thought about texting her, but then remembered—she didn't even have Tilda's number.

Any messages she sent just vanished.

When she scrolled through the family WhatsApp

thing stood out-Tilda was missing.

Soup, "A Loving Family," filled with cheerful chats, one

The more Blair looked, the more she thought, Have I been too careless as a mom? Is there anyone more neglectful than me?

But deep down, she knew Kyla mattered more to her.

They weren't related by blood, but Blair had raised Kyla since she was little. Years of love and memories had built a bond.

Tilda, her real daughter, still felt like a stranger after less than half a month together. The connection was nothing like with Kyla.

Still, the guilt about Tilda wouldn't go away.

"You know what? Maybe just let it go. Tonight, let's focus on talking about Kyla marrying my son."

Daphne didn't care about Tilda, thinking people like her—unstable and unpredictable—were better left out of the picture.

"But Daphne, our families originally planned for Tilda to marry Preston. That's why Kyla said no. Now that Tilda's back, Kyla definitely won't accept the engagement."

"Well, that's where we moms have to step in. Since Tilda already cut ties with the Jensons, Kyla won't feel bad. I've watched Kyla grow up–she's the perfect daughter–in–law. You've got to help me...

If it were up to Daphne, the engagement with Tilda would've been canceled ages ago.

Even though she was close to the Jensons, she believed Tilda—without a top—tier education—would never fit in with the Bells. She'd only bring trouble.

Suddenly, Blair froze, staring ahead.

"Tilda?! What are you doing here?"

At first, Blair thought she was seeing things.

Tilda can't possibly afford a place like Sky Dining.

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But looking again, it was definitely her.

"What?!"

Daphne was just as shocked.

Didn't Tilda cut all ties with the Jensons?

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Sky Dining wasn't just about money–Daphne herself had to wait two weeks for a reservation, even as a Bell.

Without the Jensons' help, how could Tilda get a table?

Tilda didn't even glance at Blair, acting like she didn't know her.

That annoyed Blair.

"You're Tilda, right? I'm your mother. Why are you ignoring me?"

"Mrs. Jenson, watch what you say."

Tilda finally spoke. "We have no relationship anymore. Don't rush to call yourself my mother—I'm honored, but I'm not worthy of being a Jenson."

"What ... Tilda, stop with the drama! Are you trying to hurt me? I'm your real mother!"

"Real mother?"

Tilda let out a bitter, cold laugh.

"If this is what a mother is, then I really don't want one.

"Save your love for Kyla. I don't need it."

Their voices drew the attention of Jude and Maurice.

"Hey, Jude, sounds like your girl's in an argument. Isn't that Russell's wife? Wait–that's your Aunt Daphne, right?"

Maurice looked confused.

What's going on?

He didn't know Tilda's story, but he was sure Jude did-Jude always dug up everything about his targets.

Jude stayed silent, his cold eyes still fixed on Tilda.

When their gazes met, there was a flicker of concern in his eyes.

Still, he knew she could handle herself.

"Tilda! Kyla's your sister. Can't you give her a break?

"Do you really think that just because you're a Jenson, you can steal the love Kyla deserves as the adopted daughter, and you can make everyone focus only on you? You're so selfish!"

Blair's voice was full of hurt and anger.

She never thought her own child could be so cold–unable to accept a sister who wasn't blood–related.

Tilda looked straight at her, unable to fake a smile anymore.

Give Kyla a break?

The Jensons must be blind if they thought I haven't done enough already.

I've stepped back again and again, terrified of breaking Kyla's fragile heart—until there was nowhere left for me to retreat.