

Out Of The Shadows: Tilda's Brilliant Second Life

Chapter 24

Chapter 24 Assault

One more step, and I would've fallen into a pit so deep there'd be no way out.

But the Jensions don't see it that way. To them, even that isn't enough.

They want me to fall all the way down and hand everything over to Kyla before they'd be happy.

Honestly, they probably wished I'd never come home—dead for the past 19 years.

I never expected the kind of love and attention Kyla got from the Jensions.

All I ever wanted was a tiny piece of it. Not much—just a sliver, a fraction of a percent—something small, just for herself.

Was that really too much?

I've risked my life more than once for the Jensions.

I thought maybe that would change things.

But all I got back was cold indifference.

That little bit of love is something I can't afford.

"Yes, I'm selfish. I'm self-centered. I'm unforgivable. I don't even deserve the Jenson name. I wish I could drain the Jenson blood out of my veins and replace it with anything else. Carrying your family's blood just makes me sick!

"So, Mrs. Jenson, now that you've seen the real me, go ahead—give up on me as your daughter. Love Kyla all you want!"

Her words hit Blair like a knife in the heart.

She'd worried that after leaving the Jensions, Tilda would be freezing and starving.

Now she realized she'd been wasting her concern on someone who didn't care.

"Tilda, how dare you talk to your mother like that!"

Daphne's voice snapped through the air. She clutched her designer bag and stomped forward, glaring at Tilda.

"It's none of your business! And she's not my mother! We've cut ties!"

Tilda stiffened when she saw Daphne.

In her last life, the Jensions had kept her at arm's length, and Daphne only made things worse.

Why? Because Daphne adored Kyla and wanted her to marry her son, Preston.

She was afraid Tilda might be interested in him.

Since the Bells and Jensions had arranged an engagement, Tilda was technically Preston's fiancée.

Kyla had turned Preston down because of that, so Daphne took it out on Tilda.

Tilda had no interest in Preston. She'd said it a hundred times, but Daphne never listened.

To her, Tilda was just a thorn in the way—someone to remove and replace with Kyla.

The Jensions were terrible, quick to believe lies, and never trusted Tilda. But Daphne was just as bad.

"You little brat. You think you know everything. You have no manners, no respect!"

"If Blair weren't your mother, I'd slap you right now to teach you a lesson!"

As Ryan's wife, Daphne was used to being treated like royalty.

No one ever dared insult her like Tilda just had.

Her whole body shook with rage—she wanted to slap her so badly.

"Enough!"

Una slammed her hand on the table and stood up, furious. "We're here to eat! What are you doing, picking fights? Get out! All of you, leave!"

Una was genuinely angry now.

First, it was Howard and Kyla, and now these two.

Why is Tilda's family so cruel?

Even after she left the Jensons, they kept tearing her open and rubbing salt in her wounds while pretending it was "for her own good."

"You rude little brat! We're talking to Tilda—why are you butting in?"

Out of respect for Blair, Daphne held herself back from hitting Tilda.

But with Una stepping in, her temper snapped.

She raised her hand to slap Una.

Smack!

Tilda was faster—she grabbed Daphne's wrist and gave it a sharp twist.

Daphne's face twisted in pain, and she screamed like she'd been cut open.

Blair's face went pale. "Tilda, what are you doing? She's my friend! Let her go!"

"So what? I don't care!"

Tilda let go, her face cold.

Daphne clutched her wrist, sweat beading on her forehead.

Blair rushed to her. "Daphne, are you okay? What happened?"

The noise brought the Sky Dining manager running.

He was tall—about 6'1"—handsome, well-dressed, and carried himself with authority.

His nametag read: Alfie Woodward.

"Mr. Woodward, you're just in time! Call the police! I want to report this woman for assault!"

Daphne's delicate wrist had never been hurt like this.

If it leaves a scar, I'll make sure Tilda pays for it.

"Uh... "

Blair frowned.

She was furious with Tilda, but she was still her biological daughter.