

Out Of The Shadows: Tilda's Brilliant Second Life

Chapter 27

Chapter 27 No Respect

Even Blair, who never shut up about her seven sons, had to admit it—none of them could hold a candle to Jude.

Guys like him are rare—born to stand out, born to lead.

Right then, her chest tightened and her heart pounded. She could feel it ...

Jude was angry.

And when someone like him gets angry, it's like the air turns to ice. The tension stabs at you, and the pressure makes it hard to breathe. Normal people can't handle that.

"I just came to grab some food. Didn't expect to catch you making a fool of yourself, Aunt Daphne.

"You've got three seconds. Leave. And don't ever come back.

"Or you'll regret it."

Daphne went pale and started shaking.

The only person she really feared in Slosa was Jude..

Still, she was his aunt, and with so many people around

If she actually backed down after what Jude said, there'd be no way she could keep her place in the elite circles.

"Jude, don't forget—I'm still your aunt. Is that any way to speak to me?"

Daphne was still trying to use her status to save face.

Alfie couldn't help but chuckle.

This woman must be clueless.

She thinks family ties will make Jude back down?

She clearly has no idea how much he hates that.

"If I'm feeling nice, I might call you Aunt Daphne. But if I'm not in the mood, even Ryan would have to grovel in front of me.

"And you? What makes you think you matter at all?"

That was expected.

Her words had hit one of Jude's triggers.

His tone dropped—icy, threatening—like something invisible was squeezing the life out of Daphne's chest.

She gasped for air, her whole body frozen.

Jude... That jerk!

"Daphne, I'm suddenly not feeling so good. Could you take me to the hospital? I've lost my appetite..."

Blair clutched her chest, eyes flicking around, clearly faking illness to get out of the situation.

"Oh no, Blair, are you okay? Hold on, I'll get you there now!"

Daphne jumped at the excuse, quickly helping her out of Sky Dining.

Just before leaving, Blair turned and looked at Tilda.

Tilda noticed the glance and instantly looked away.

An unbearably cold gaze.

The message in her eyes was crystal clear-

"There's nothing left between us.

"We're completely finished."

A sharp ache shot through Blair's chest. W

Tilda, those harsh things I said ... I didn't mean them....

As soon as they stepped out of Sky Dining, Daphne began ranting, "That stupid Jude! He doesn't respect me at all, and he even has the nerve to insult his uncle? What kind of nephew talks like that?"

“Stop it, Daphne. I’m exhausted. Let’s just go home.”

“Oh, Blair, today’s just been awful. First, your annoying daughter, now Jude. Let’s head somewhere else I’ll treat you. We’re never coming back here again. What’s so great about this place anyway?”

Blair wanted to say something but ended up giving in to Daphne’s enthusiasm.

“Jude, you haven’t been back to Slosa in ages, and your weird relatives are still the same—maybe even worse,” Alfie joked, throwing an arm around Jude’s shoulder.

No one would believe it...

A restaurant manager, bold enough to casually sling an arm around the CEO of DY Group’s shoulders, and even roast the Bells right in front of him.

Clearly, Alfie didn’t care about playing it safe.

He turned to Tilda and Una with a charming grin.

“Ladies, sorry to ruin your dinner.

“Our staff should’ve been more careful about who we let in. This one’s on us.

“Your meal’s free today, and we’d also like to give you a VIP card ...

“But I don’t think Ms. Tilda needs it. So, how about we give it to your friend instead?”

Una was slightly startled by this.

Her mind went blank, and she had no idea what Alfie had just said.

Jude walked over just then.

He looked at Tilda, then spoke softly.

“You alright?”

“Yeah, I’m fine,” she replied.

After hearing that, Jude turned and walked away.

Tilda stared after him. For the first time, she had no idea how to read someone.

Still...

Maybe Jude is on my side?

Maurice twirled his wine glass, eyes sparkling with amusement as the whole scene played out.

The drama was too good to ignore.

As Jude approached, Maurice quickly stood and politely pulled out a chair. "Please, have a seat."

Jude shot him a cold glare.

"Are you tired of living?"

Maurice laughed nervously. "No way! I love being alive, thank you very much."

"Alfie, you coming or not?" he added quickly.

"Gimme a minute," Alfie replied.