

Out Of The Shadows: Tilda's Brilliant Second Life

Chapter 29

Chapter 29 Everyone Meets Their Match Eventually

"Ugh, just thinking about keeping that jerk's dirty money makes me sick. Why don't we donate all of it to Sunshine Elementary School?"

"Brilliant idea!"

After Tilda and Una had eaten and finished their wine, they got up and left the restaurant.

Not once did they glance in Jude's direction.

Only after they were completely gone did Jude finally look away.

"Well, she's gone now. Can you eat your food already?"

Maurice was already done eating.

Meanwhile, Jude's plate sat in front of him, barely touched and steak going cold.

Unbelievable! He hadn't looked at Maurice once all night.

His eyes had been glued to Tilda's table the whole time!

He really ditched his bros for a girl!

The worst part? Tilda hadn't even glanced in Jude's direction!

From the looks of it, Jude was the one acting like a simp.

Honestly, if anyone had told Maurice before that Jude—the powerful CEO of DY Group and the youngest Bells heir—would end up chasing after a girl who clearly didn't care, he would've called them crazy.

But now? He was starting to believe it. Everyone meets their match eventually.

The ones you can't have always stir your heart, and the ones who know they've got your heart never hold back.

Maurice really wanted to tease him.

But with Jude, pushing too far was basically asking to die.

Forced to submit under Jude's tyrannical pressure, he decided to just imagine poking a mini Jude voodoo doll in his head instead.

At that moment, Alfie strolled over. He was now dressed in casual clothes and had loosened his tie, looking completely relaxed.

"All done with work," he announced as he slid into the seat next to Jude.

He'd barely sat down when Jude asked coolly, "What did you say to Tilda earlier?"

"Pfft..."

Alfie almost choked trying not to laugh.

But he held it in—because like Maurice, he wasn't dumb enough to laugh in front of Jude when he looked that serious.

He was pretty sure Jude would snap if pushed too far.

"Jude, when Maurice told me about this yesterday, I didn't buy it. But now I totally do.

"This is the first time I've seen you care about a girl. Are you actually into her?"

Maurice immediately chimed in, "Hey! What do you mean you didn't believe me? I've never lied to you, have I?"

"Come on, no one would believe it. Jude likes someone? That's hard to imagine."

"Alfie!"

Alfie was still arguing with Maurice when Jude said his name in a cold, sharp voice that made him sit up straighter.

"Look, I was just doing my job, okay? Don't get worked up. I'd never chase a buddy's girl. Don't treat me like the enemy."

He raised both hands like he was surrendering.

If Jude got the wrong idea, even being his best friend wouldn't save him.

"But the girl you like isn't just anyone. I checked—she used a VIP card to book her table."

Maurice's eyes lit up. "Wait, what? Those cards are almost impossible to get unless you've got serious

connections.”

“Exactly. So she’s definitely not just some average girl. But let’s be real—anyone you’re interested in probably has something special going on.”

Alfie glanced at Jude, waiting for a reaction.

But Jude just pressed his lips together and said nothing.

Suddenly....

Buzz!

Jude’s phone buzzed.

He looked at the screen, and his eyes flickered for a second when he saw the sender, Tilda.

He quickly opened the message.

“Thanks for tonight. ”

Jude replied, “No problem.”

After a second, he added a smiling emoji.

Then, he stared at her contact name.

Alfie didn’t see who Jude was texting and urged him, “Jude, what’s so interesting on your screen? Spill it already. Let us check her out for you.”

Jude locked his phone and said calmly, “She has the same blood type I do—Omega type.”

Maurice’s eyes widened. “Wait, for real? She’s the one who can save you from insomnia?!”

“And what else?”

Alfie and Maurice leaned in closer, eyes full of curiosity.

Jude ignored their excitement and pushed his plate away. “This steak’s cold. Bring me another one.”

“You’ve gotta be kidding,” Alfie groaned.

Is Jude seriously acting all mysterious now?

Since when did he like to keep things to himself?

The old Jude was always straightforward—he either said everything or nothing at all.

Still, Maurice noticed something weird.

Right after Jude checked his phone, his entire mood shifted—he looked lighter, almost like he was in a good mood.

He must've been texting Tilda.

Later that night, Tilda dropped Una off at her house.

“See you tomorrow, Tilda!”

“Yeah, get some rest.”

After watching her friend head inside, Tilda glanced down at her phone.

She saw the messages Jude had sent—not just one, but two—and realized he'd even sent her a smiling emoji.

Ahem...

Her fingers gently traced the edge of her phone screen.

Should I reply?

Maybe not. I still haven't figured out how to deal with that contract.

But one thing was for sure—her path had crossed with Jude's again today.