

Out Of The Shadows: Tilda's Brilliant Second Life

Chapter 30

Chapter 30 A Lousy Brother

Tilda thought, Maybe tonight I'll have a nice dream?

The next day came.

She didn't have a single nightmare.

Tilda woke up feeling fresh and rested.

She grabbed her phone and sent Una a quick text.

While getting ready, her phone buzzed again.

Thinking it was Una replying, she checked it.

But to her surprise ...

It was Jude.

"I slept really well last night. Thanks."

Tilda texted back, "I didn't really do anything, though."

Jude instantly sent another text, "Just having you around made the difference."

She furrowed her brows a little, unsure how to respond.

After thinking for a second, she replied, "Well, thanks to you, too. I didn't have any bad dreams either."

Tilda let out a quiet laugh when she saw the reply, "Glad to hear it. "

She pictured Jude with his usual cold, serious face—typing a smiley emoji on his phone.

It feels unreal.

Even people who seem untouchable and powerful also have feelings, she thought. Nobody is truly emotionless.

With her backpack slung over her shoulder, Tilda got into her Porsche Cayenne and drove to Orica University.

In her past life with the Jensions, she'd followed every family rule without question—keep a low profile, avoid trouble, never steal Kyla's spotlight. She'd been constantly scared of disappointing them.

But this time, things were different. She was over that nonsense.

Why should I? I worked for everything I have—my money, my talent—and now I'm supposed to hide it all just for the sake of my so-called family. I have to tiptoe around while worrying that Kyla might feel insecure. I have to force myself to play small and stay invisible just so no one notices me?

Just because I'm labeled an "orphan" or a "nobody" doesn't mean I have to believe it.

How foolish!

Thinking about her old self made her want to yell at the girl she used to be.

"Screw you!"

Her Porsche Cayenne pulled smoothly into a parking space near the university gates.

She stepped out, wearing sunglasses and carrying her bag casually over one shoulder.

She had on skinny jeans that showed off her long legs, a crisp white t-shirt, a light brown windbreaker, and clean white sneakers.

Her chin was up, face tilted toward the sun Every step radiated confidence.

She looked so cool and stylish!

As she walked across campus, people couldn't help but notice her.

"Whoa, she's stunning."

"When did Orica University get such a gorgeous girl?"

"Is she a senior? A freshman? Or maybe a new professor?"

"I need her number."

Everyone around started whispering.

Just as Kyla and Wade got out of the car, they caught sight of the scene.

Hearing all the chatter nearby, they turned to see what the fuss was about.

And the moment their eyes landed on her, they froze in place.

“Wait... is that Tilda?”

Kyla’s chest tightened as if she’d been punched.

Her hands clenched around her backpack straps.

It didn’t make sense.

How could Tilda be glowing like that?

Back in college, Tilda had been practically invisible.

Back when she first showed up at the Jenson Villa, Tilda was nervous, quiet, and didn’t believe in herself at all. She couldn’t even dress well.

Kyla had never seen her as a rival—Tilda couldn’t match her talent, background, or charm.

That girl was nothing more than an irritating relative. To stay the center of attention in the family, Kyla had no choice but to stir up that whole “trending topic” mess.

It hadn’t gone exactly as planned, but in the end, she’d gotten rid of Tilda without their parents suspecting a thing.

Kyla had thought everything was finally under control. Since Tilda had cut ties with the Jensons on her own, getting back into the family would be nearly impossible.

And if she ever did try to return, Kyla could easily step in, put on some tears, and tug at the family’s heartstrings. There’s no way they’d take Tilda back.

But now, seeing her in person, Kyla’s instincts screamed at her.

Ever since that scandal went viral, Tilda had done a total 180—and Kyla couldn’t wrap her head around it.

“It’s her...”

Wade finally spoke.

He couldn’t quite describe what he was feeling.

Tilda, which version of you is real?

Why the huge change?

It's like you've been reborn.

Her face was the same, but everything else—her attitude, her style, the way she carried herself—was totally different. She wasn't the shy, desperate-for-approval girl he remembered, the one who used to annoy him.

Meanwhile...

Wade and Kyla were just getting dropped off at the university.

As the car pulled away, something hit Wade—Tilda went to the same university as them.

She had been home for over two weeks, and it had never once crossed his mind to offer her a ride.

Part of it was to avoid upsetting Kyla.

Another reason was that he simply didn't like Tilda. He didn't want her to be part of the family again, and he couldn't stand how weak and nervous she used to be.

But...

Was it because he still felt guilty toward Tilda deep down?

Or maybe, now that Tilda had cut ties with their family and no longer posed a threat to Kyla, he could finally see things more clearly?

It hit him that he might've been a lousy brother all along.

Tilda wasn't just anyone; she was his biological sister.