

# **Out Of The Shadows: Tilda's Brilliant Second Life**

## **Chapter 06**

Chapter 6 Walking Away from the Jensions

"I don't need this family, Mr. Jenson."

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Tilda's eyes flashed with disdain as she took a slow, steady breath. At last, she spoke the words she'd been holding back for years.

"You treat Kyla like she's the center of your universe, terrified someone might threaten her spot.

"Well, from this moment on, I'm cutting all ties with this family. I'm no longer your daughter."

Without another word, Tilda turned and walked upstairs, ignoring every stare in the room.

As the words left her lips, an unexpected calm settled over her. The last thread of attachment had finally snapped, and she could let go.

When she came back down, the living room was frozen in silence. The Jensions were too stunned to react.

With a small suitcase in one hand and a plain backpack slung over her shoulder, she gave them a cold glance and headed for the front door.

"Wait!" Russell finally snapped out of it. "Tilda, are you serious?"

"Dead serious, Mr. Jenson. Isn't this what you all wanted?"

A faint smirk curved her lips as she dragged her suitcase outside, not bothering to look back.

Inside, Kyla was nearly glowing with joy. She couldn't believe Tilda had just handed over her place as the rightful heiress without a fight.

It was more than she'd ever dared hope for. Still, she had to play the part.

“Wade, you need to stop her,” Kyla cried, grabbing his arm. “If anyone should be leaving, it should be me, not her!”

“She must be heartbroken over the misunderstanding. Please—go talk to her!”

Wade didn’t answer right away. His face was tight with mixed emotions.

Sure, a part of Wade had wished Tilda would just disappear forever so Kyla wouldn’t get hurt or overshadowed.

But blood ties are hard to ignore. Like it or not, Tilda was his sister.

And deep down, he knew—it was their blind faith in Kyla, their constant readiness to believe the worst in Tilda—that had pushed her to this point.

For once, guilt crept in.

Kyla caught the flicker of hesitation on his face, and panic shot through her. The Jensions still cared about Tilda. If she didn’t move fast, they might grow close again, and then... there might not be a place for her in this family anymore.

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“Fine! Go ahead and leave!” Russell’s temper snapped. “Walk out that door and don’t come back! As far as I’m concerned, I have no daughter!”

Did this girl really think she could threaten him? That she could just storm out of the house and cut ties?

Did she think he'd fall for it?

Russell had seen it all in his years running the business world. He was certain that Tilda would regret this and come crawling back. No one in their right mind walked away from a life of luxury and privilege.

"Enough, Russell!" Blair's voice cracked like a whip.

The change in him was instant. He shrank back, his fear of his wife plain for everyone to see.

"Mom, please, go after her," Kyla said, her voice trembling as she switched to a softer approach, directing her plea at Blair.

"I'll talk to her," Blair said, striding toward the door. "Russell, Wade—stay here with Kyla."

"This is all my fault," Kyla cried, collapsing to the floor as tears streamed down her face. "If I hadn't cried and made everyone misunderstand Tilda, none of this would've happened. I'm just a burden. I should be the one leaving this family."

Wade's chest tightened. Seeing Kyla cry tore him apart.

"Kyla, no," he said quickly. "This isn't on you. You were upset—anyone would be. We're the ones who shouldn't have kept things from you. That's what made everything blow up."

Russell let out a long sigh. "Wade, take Kyla to her room. I'll deal with the rest."

Blair caught up to Tilda just outside the door.

"Tilda, wait!"

Tilda stopped and slowly turned, her voice calm and distant. "Mrs. Jenson, what is it?"

"I know you're hurt. I know you think we've treated you unfairly. If an apology is what you want, then we'll give it. But please—don't talk about cutting ties. Things aren't what you think."

"You're my daughter," Blair said, her voice shaking, eyes glistening. "I carried you for nine months. You're a part of me. How could we ever not want you?"

She meant it. She cared for Tilda—she always had. But with Kyla in the picture, the choice between them had never been simple. In her heart, they were both her daughters, just in different ways.

Tilda studied the woman in front of her—elegant, tearful, and heartbroken. She lamented.

In another life, there had been so many moments when she'd been ready to walk away. But each time, Blair's kindness had pulled her back. She had stayed, soft-hearted and desperate for love, and it had trapped her.

In the end, she had sunk deeper and deeper until there was no way out—betrayed by Kyla, left to die in a burning warehouse. She had felt the searing agony of flames consuming her and the crushing loneliness of being abandoned by her own family.

This time around, Tilda swore she would never endure that pain again.

"I don't need it. And it's too much for me," Tilda said firmly.

"Mrs. Jenson, this is my choice. Don't carry it like it's your burden.

"I'm not going to do anything stupid. I'll be fine—better than fine."

"Tilda ... " Blair reached out instinctively to stop her.

But Tilda stepped back.

"Goodbye, Mrs. Jenson. Let's end this with some dignity.

"You already have the daughter you've always cherished. As for me, I'll find my own way."

If she was going to cut ties, she'd do it clean—no loose ends.

Ignoring Blair's desperate plea, she gripped the handle of her suitcase, turned her back, and walked out of the villa.

Just like the day she first arrived.

Back then, she had come with nervous excitement—hope, fear, and even joy.

This time, her heart was steady. There was no shock, no grief—only clarity.

When you've truly made up your mind, that first step isn't nearly as hard as you thought.

That family had given her nothing but scars, and there was nothing left to mend.

Blair stood frozen, watching her daughter disappear down the hill, completely at a loss.

Just yesterday, Tilda had looked at her with wide, hopeful eyes and sneakily called her “Mom.”

Like a child afraid to do anything wrong.

She longed for a mother’s love, but the gap between them made her afraid of upsetting Blair, so she trod carefully, never daring to get too close.

If it weren’t for her face, Blair might not have recognized the girl walking away now.

Tilda rolled her suitcase down the slope and raised a hand to flag a taxi.

The driver had the radio on, and just as she climbed in, a news segment about the Jensions scandal blared through the speakers.

“Where to, miss?” he asked.

“A nearby motel,” she said. “One that doesn’t require ID.”

She didn’t have a place to stay yet.

Tilda barely had any money left.

First things first—she needed cash. Without it, even feeding herself would be a problem.