

Out Of The Shadows: Tilda's Brilliant Second Life

Chapter 08

Chapter 8 Who Needs Family Anyway

Tilda's heart jolted.

Her blood type wasn't just rare—it was almost unheard of.

4 386%0

Finished

Doctors called it “Golden Blood,” officially known as the Omega type. It was a newly discovered, ultra-rare blood group that could be given to anyone but could only receive blood from someone with the exact same type.

Anything else, and her body would reject it.

No one knew how she had it. Russell and Blair both had perfectly normal blood types. The doctors just shrugged and called it a mutation.

That blood type was the reason she'd been adopted from the orphanage by her mentor—a brilliant, mysterious figure who taught her everything she knew. Her mentor had even suggested that her uncanny ability to learn, her sharp instincts, and her adaptability might all be tied to her blood.

Years ago, she'd been badly injured and needed a transfusion. The hospital didn't have a single unit of Omega-type blood in the entire country. Desperate, she'd called Andy and asked him to search the dark web. After paying a small fortune, they'd finally tracked down one matching donor.

That incident serves as a warning.

From then on, she always kept a supply of her blood in storage. She even asked Andy to quietly search for others like her, just in case.

Even though she kept her identity hidden well, anyone who worked in the dark web made enemies. And when you lived that kind of life, you learned to keep backup plans.

But in her previous life, after she left the dark web and Andy—those safety nets vanished. She'd been afraid that keeping any ties to that world might bring trouble to the Jensons.

“What did the caller say?” she asked.

Andy hesitated, then replied, “He made a strange request. He wants to sign a contract with you... to sleep beside him.”

Tilda blinked. “Come again?”

“Apparently, because of the side effects of this blood type, he hasn’t been able to sleep for years. It’s only gotten worse. He says the scent of someone with the same blood type helps him fall asleep. He’s offering a lot of money, Queen.”

“... I see.”

After hanging up, Tilda stepped out onto the balcony. Her phone buzzed—payment received. More than enough to keep her going for a while.

“Omega blood side effects, huh,” she muttered, rubbing her temples.

Truth was, she had them too.

1/5

09:32 Thu, Aug 28 6 AE

Chapter 8 Who Needs Family Anyway

Not insomnia, like him.

Hers came in the form of nightmares.

When she was little, the nightmares came once or twice a week.

But as she grew older, they became more frequent—darker, heavier.

By the time she died in her previous life, she was haunted six nights a week.

They always showed her the things she feared most.

٤ ٨,86%u

Finished

And back then, her greatest fear was her family—their accusations, their betrayal, and their rejection.

In the dreams, she would watch Kyla being embraced as the real daughter, laughing in perfect family photos.

Meanwhile, Tilda would be trapped inside a glass sphere, pounding on the walls and screaming, but no one could hear.

Above her, sand and dust trickled down, slowly covering her, burying her alive. She watched as Kyla kept smiling in the light, surrounded by the family's warmth.

"I wonder if I'll get another nightmare tonight," she muttered with a self-mocking laugh.

If the Jensions tried to hurt her again, she doubted she'd even feel it.

Sometimes, unspoken pain weighs heavier than despair itself.

The next morning..

Tilda groaned and rubbed her forehead.

Another nightmare.

It hadn't been about the Jensions this time, but it was just as bad.

3

She'd dreamed of the fire again—the searing heat, the choking smoke, the raw pain that made her want to claw her way out of her own skin.

After everything she'd been through, nightmares had become routine.

Still, all she wanted was one good night of rest.

She just wanted a peaceful life.

Was this because of her rare blood type?

Could sleeping next to someone with the same type really help?

She reached for her phone.

T

6

28

R

O

2/5

09:32 Thu, Aug 28G •

Chapter 8 Who Needs Family Anyway

Sixteen missed calls.

As she expected, not a single call from the Jensons.

Every missed call was from her college best friend, Una Colon.

86%

Finished

In her last life, Tilda had nearly fallen into depression. The suffocating emotional trap of craving her family's love, the constant fear of being abandoned, and the relentless nightmares from her rare blood type had almost pushed her to have depression and nearly ended her life.

If it hadn't been for Una, she might have done it—long before the Jensons had the chance to break her.

Everyone has a weakness.

Even Tilda.

And in her past life, that weakness was her desperate longing for family.

She'd given up everything for them—her pride, her dignity, even her life.

But in this life? She had cut the cord. That weakness no longer existed.

She returned the call.

Three seconds later, the line connected.

"Oh my God, Tilda! Are you okay? I saw the news at ten last night!"

"Sorry, Una," Tilda said quietly. "I moved out of my family's place and was so tired I just crashed. I didn't mean to worry you."

"You moved out?!"

Tilda told her everything.

“That’s awful. You must be so upset.”

They’d first met freshman year at Orica University, both majoring in computer science.

At first, Tilda had been distant and hard to approach. But as Una got to know her, she realized Tilda wasn’t cold—she was just lonely.

Tilda had grown up in an orphanage and had seen far too much of the world’s darker side.

By the time Tilda was a teenager, she had a sharp eye and a maturity far beyond her years.

Her mentor had been the one to bring light into her otherwise bleak, hopeless life—strict, yet kind, teaching her everything she knew.

But during her sophomore year, an accident took her mentor away.

After that, Tilda locked her heart shut.

All she wanted was to find her family.

6

28

R

O

3/5

09:32 Thu, Aug 28

Chapter 8 Who Needs Family Anyway

86%1

Finished

That’s why she endured everything the Jensons threw at her—the false accusations, the punishments, the humiliations, and the emotional manipulation. She took it all without fighting back...

Because she couldn’t bear to lose the only family she thought she had.

"I'm okay now, Una," she said quietly. "I've finally figured it out. I may have lost a family, but I still have so much. I have you—my best friend."

In this life, she didn't need family anymore.

She would live for the people who truly cared about her.

She wouldn't be a desperate little puppy, begging for scraps of affection.

"That's right! From now on, I'm your sister," Una declared. "My home is your home—you've met my parents, right? They love you. You can even call them Mom and Dad if you like."

Una generously shared her warmth with Tilda.

"Thank you, Una. By the way, I've already taken a few days off. Told my advisor I've got some personal matters to deal with."

"Tilda, do you have a place to stay? You gave up your dorm when you moved into your family's house. Why don't you come stay at my place?"

"I'm okay. I've got somewhere lined up. But when I do need a shoulder to lean on, I'll be knocking on your door."

"Yeah, you'd better. My family might not have the Jenson's money, but our home will always be your safe haven."

Tilda hung up and drew in a deep breath.

Yes—she still had people worth holding onto. People like Andy. People like Una.

In her past life, she'd been such a fool. But now? Things were different.

She stepped out of the motel wearing a mask and sunglasses, leaving her luggage at the front desk.

First stop: the Porsche dealership.

Tilda dropped a 150,000 dollars in cash on a brand-new Cayenne. No loans. No waiting lists. She wanted something straight off the lot, ready to drive. Pickup was set for tomorrow.

The sales staff treated her with polite smiles and quiet respect. They were used to seeing girls like her- young, mysterious, and clearly loaded.

Next stop: a real estate office. She wired three million for a fully furnished apartment in a prime location. Perfect size. Move-in ready. She signed the contract, transferred the money, and walked out with the keys. No hassle.

By the time it was all done, the sky had turned dark.

Tilda wheeled her suitcase into her new home. She paused by the floor-to-ceiling windows, staring out at

4/5

09:32 Thu, Aug 28 Si

Chapter 8 Who Needs Family Anyway

Slosa's glowing skyline.

This was her fresh start.

Her phone rang. It was Una.

Tilda smiled as she answered. "Hey, Una. What's up?"

"Are you busy? Am I interrupting?"

"Not at all. I'm pretty much done for the day."

"Want to meet me at Nightingale Bar? I thought we could grab a drink."

86%

Finished

Una had been racking her brain for a way to comfort Tilda without digging into her wounds. In the end, she figured this was the safest choice.

Nightingale Bar wasn't a noisy nightclub. It was a quiet, stylish lounge by the river where you could sip a drink, enjoy the cool breeze, and watch the city lights dance on the water.

Una thought maybe a drink would lift Tilda's mood. Tilda knew exactly what Una was trying to do, and warmth bloomed in her chest.

"Sure," she said. "See you later."

At Nightingale Bar.

Wade sat alone at the counter, swirling the amber liquid in his glass. His eyes were fixed on nothing, his expression dark.

“Wade,” a voice drawled from beside him, “never thought I’d see you like this. What’s going on? Drowning your sorrows?”