

Shadows 51

Chapter 51 Feared Nothing Tilda bit her tongue lightly , trying to calm herself down . " Oh , right - I almost forgot . " Jude's thin , cold lips lifted in the faintest smile . " Then , as an apology , all you need to do is say you want it . No matter rain or storm . I'll make sure you get it in no time . " Mr. Bell , is this how you win over girls ? You're the CEO of DY Group , not exactly a guy with lots of free time . " " If it's for you , it's worth it . " He said it seriously without hesitation .

His burning eyes had no hint of a joke - only sharp intensity , like fire cutting through the night . " Thank you , Mr. Bell . But I'm a little tired . I'd like to rest . " Her voice was calm and steady , but it was a dismissal . A gentle push , keeping her mind from sinking back into the pull of his scent . Because if Jude stayed any longer , if they kept standing here alone , this man , with his overwhelming presence , would push her Omega - type blood to the edge . And no matter how strong she was , Tilda was still just a woman . She couldn't promise nothing would happen .

" Then I won't disturb you . Goodbye , Tilda . " " What ... " Your name is beautiful . I like calling your name . " Thump . Thump . Thump . What's going on ? Tilda felt dizzy , lightheaded , as though she could hear her blood rushing too fast inside her body . Every word Jude spoke was like sweet poison slipped into her mouth . It was so sweet , sweet enough to drag her under . But instead of sweetness , it poisoned her . It took all her willpower to finally push Jude out of the apartment . The second the door shut , she collapsed onto the couch .

One hand covered her face as she breathed hard , pulling in and pushing out air . It took a long time before the burning in her blood finally started to calm down . " Damn it ... Staying too long around someone of the same Omega - type blood really does mess you up like this ? " Her mind clearer now , she got up , rubbing her temples . Before , she'd only been near Jude for short moments , never this close and alone for so long . This was her first time feeling these side effects . The couch where Jude had sat still carried his warmth .

The air still held his scent , pulling at her . No. I need a shower . Something to snap me out of it , and fast . 6 Meanwhile , Jude slid into his Maybach after leaving her place . He looked down at his fingertip . He could still feel the heat of Tilda's lips . 0 He lifted his hand , pressed that finger to his mouth , and slowly ran his tongue across it . Her taste . It's so intoxicating and addictive . The same side effects burning through Tilda's body were crawling through his . His blood surged hot , every cell screaming the same thing . Hold her .

Claim her . Consume her . Like a predator dragging prey back to its den . But ... patience . Jude clenched his fist so tightly that his knuckles went white , veins standing out across his forehead . His eyes gleamed strangely in the dark , blooming like poisonous flowers - beautiful but dangerous . " Mr. Bell ? " The

driver kept his eyes on the road . Jude's figure was swallowed by the shadows of the backseat . The driver couldn't see him - otherwise , he'd be scared to death . Because this Jude was nothing like the man people saw in daylight . " Head back . " " Yes , sir .

" Finished The next morning . Russell woke up at 9 a.m. He rubbed his temples with a groan . He hadn't slept well at all . He figured it had to be because of what happened with Tilda yesterday . "I did nothing wrong . I was just worried about Wade , that's all . " And if Tilda hadn't messed up so many times before , driving me crazy , I wouldn't have snapped and blamed her like that ! " If anyone's at fault , it's her . How did I end up with such a useless , ungrateful daughter ? She's a curse on this family .

Kyla had been my real daughter , my life would be perfect . " 10 As a father , as a man with status and pride , Russell refused to bend . Tilda wants a face - to - face apology ? Ha . Dream on . No way I'd throw away my dignity like that . Finished He was twisting things in his head , trying to call yesterday's cruelty " concern , " convincing himself he'd done nothing wrong , when a series of door knocks rang out . Knock , knock , knock ... " Honey , are you awake ? " " Yeah , I'm up . Come in . " Russell thought Blair was missing him .

His lips curved into a grin - a grin that only belonged to men foolishly , happily in love . Everyone knew that Russell feared nothing . Nothing , except Blair's anger and her tears . People said he was obsessed with his wife , and Russell wore that title like a crown . After all , Blair was the woman he had begged the heavens for , chased for years , and finally won with relentless pursuit . She was the woman he chose above everything , without regret . His life motto was simple : Everything could be thrown away , even his sons . In a crisis , he wouldn't even bat an eye at them .

But Blair was worth more than his life . He loved her more than anyone , cherished her , and wanted to give her the whole world .