

Shadows 63

Chapter 63 Lost in Hell Finished " I wouldn't listen ! Every single year , I spent endless time , money , and energy searching for you because I wanted to make things right , because I refused to give up even the smallest bit of hope ! That's what being a mother means ! You were part of me , carried inside me for nine long months ! " But was I wrong ? Was it all a mistake ? How could you turn out like this ? I never dreamed ... I brought an enemy into my own home ! " Blair's voice was rough , desperate , breaking through the air .

Her eyes were bloodshot , filled with tears she refused to let fall . This wasn't an act to get sympathy . Even as she spoke , a cold dread spread through her chest . Why ? Why is my daughter - the one I'd searched for , the one I'd lost for 19 years - now stabbing my heart and dragging the Jenson name through the mud ? Why would fate play such a cruel , twisted joke on me ? If everything collapses the way I fear , it will be because of her . She herself set the stage . She will become the Jensons ' biggest enemy . Andy stopped walking . His brows knit together slightly .

He glanced sideways at Tilda , uneasy . He didn't know the full story between her and the Jensons , but the way Tilda brushed it off so casually made one thing clear : Blair's perfect , sugar - coated version of the family wasn't real . The Jensons hadn't given Tilda love . They'd given her betrayal so raw that it made her see through the lie of " family . " She had left , and she had thrived without them . Her words now feel like emotional blackmail . But still ... she's Tilda's biological mother . Wouldn't words that harsh sting , even just a little ?

Tilda seemed to notice Andy's worried gaze . She tilted her head and gave him a small , quick smile . A silent message , telling him she was fine . Because to her , this kind of humiliation wasn't new . She'd already survived worse , wounds ten times deeper . 37 % Finished Like when Wade humiliated her and forced her to cut off her beloved long hair , then turned around and praised Kyla's flowing locks right in front of her . He crushed her small , fragile hunger for affection under his heel . That was only a drizzle in the storm the Jensons had poured on her .

Tilda turned to Blair , her eyes cutting cold and sharp . It was so cold that Blair froze . And in that gaze , Blair saw something alien . Something she didn't recognize . No trace of shared blood . No trace of a mother - daughter connection . Even Blair's usual commanding aura as a mother began to fade . What rose up instead ... was fear . " Blair , now you want to play the mother card on me , huh ? AK " You say you fought against everyone for years just to find me , your words dressed up so noble they could make strangers cry .

Then tell me why was it that when you finally brought me back into the mansion , you acted as if I were invisible ? " You clung to Kyla every day , doting on her , while your own daughter - your flesh and blood

, missing for 19 years - wasn't even worth a glance , a shred of guilt , not even the smallest drop of love . I lived in that house like I mattered less than Kyla's pet ! " Two weeks . A whole two weeks ! And you never once asked if I was sleeping well , if I was comfortable , if I even liked the food . What kind of mother is that ? The love for me you brag about - I never saw it .

Not once . " Her words burned like fire , but her voice stayed steady and calm . The weight of her presence froze Blair from the inside out . Without realizing it , Blair was the one pushed down , cornered beneath her daughter's dominance . And the worst part ... Tilda's words were facts . Undeniable , crushing facts she didn't know how to face . " Tilda , you're wrong ... I just ... You came back so suddenly , so I panicked . I wasn't ready . I didn't know how to face you . " But ... I gave you a home , didn't I ?

I gave you family , I gave you love - aren't those the things you wanted all along ? "

Even Tilda blinked in disbelief . Family ? Love ? 37 % Finished Did she really just say she didn't know how to face her own daughter - the daughter who had been missing for 19 years , who came back desperate for warmth , who clipped her own wings and hid her gifts just to carefully , painfully earn approval ? Then why bring me back at all ? Why play the hero who " saved " me , insisting on giving me a chance , only to abandon me once I stepped into the house ?

Maybe if I had never gone back , if I had never set foot in the Jenson Villa , my last life would have been happier . I wouldn't have burned to death or been broken into pieces by my so - called family . Tilda almost admired Blair's shamelessness . How have I not seen it before ? How have I not realized Blair is this bold and manipulative ? After all , in my last life , every time I thought about giving up , every time I was bleeding from their cruelty , half - dead , drowning in depression , even cutting pain into my own skin It was Blair .

Blair , with her tears , her sweet words , luring me back . Blair , like a devil's messenger , dragged me back into the pit with invisible hands , deeper and deeper , until I was lost in hell again .