

Shadows 651

Chapter 651 Need Your Help Finding Someone After everything that had just happened, Tilda could see clearly the mutual feelings between Una and Alfie. She knew Una well. Even if she sometimes seemed a bit scattered, when Una has feelings for someone, she never gives up and would never betray them. A person like that, once in love, was devoted for life-there was no turning back. Tilda's biggest concern was Alfie's commitment. If he couldn't promise Una a future filled with happiness, he shouldn't have gotten involved at all. Otherwise, he would only bring her heartache.

Soon, Alfie replied. "I'm serious, Tilda. Since you're Una's best friend, witness my feelings for her. If I ever betray her, kill me-I won't hold it against you." "Then be prepared. I'll be watching. A lifetime is long, and I hope you never regret your decision today." Alfie answered instantly. "I won't. Promise!" After sending the message, Alfie glanced at Una, whom he'd dragged to the bathroom and was now grumbling nonstop while washing his suit. A small smile tugged at his lips. If he missed this chance, he knew he would never meet another woman who made his heart race like Una did.

What was it about her? Even he couldn't explain. Countless women were more beautiful, had better figures, higher education, or more impressive family backgrounds-but Alfie had never cared about any of them. Yet he was inexplicably drawn to this young woman. Somehow, his feelings had taken root, impossible to remove. Once in love, he realized there was no cure. When he had been confused, Alfie had once asked Jude the same question. Back then, Tilda had nothing. She had cut ties with the Jensons. No one knew she existed, and nobody understood her background.

Why would a man like Jude-cold, almost incapable of understanding "love"-care so deeply about Tilda? Jude's answer had stayed with Alfie. "Love is love. If your heart feels it, why worry about the reason? All that matters is whether this is a woman you're willing to protect for your entire life." At the time, Jude's words had made Maurice-who had never known the feeling of loving someone-burn with envy. Their lives seemed glamorous, but the first half had been far from happy. Especially for Jude.

Fortunately, he had met someone willing to share life's burdens, to give everything for him. And he had gained the courage to pursue happiness and protect himself and those he loved. No need to question why. All that mattered was thinking about the days ahead, walking life's path with someone he truly loved. That was enough. Tilda read Alfie's response. First test-he passed. Back at her apartment, she messaged Jude. Jude, do you know anything about Una and Alfie?" Jude replied, "I know he has feelings for someone, but he hasn't told me or Maurice who, Is that someone Una?" "Yup.

But you don't look surprised. You'd better not start lying to me before we're even married!" "Don't get me wrong. I'm not lying-I just don't care about anyone else's love life. The only thing I care about is our future!!!" Tilda couldn't help laughing. She could picture Jude sitting nervously in front of his phone. He hadn't just added three exclamation marks-he'd even made a typo, completely uncharacteristic for his

normally meticulous style. "That's fine, but Una's my best friend! If Alfie ever cheats on or betrays her, I'm going after him.

Don't even think about taking his side!" "No worries. I'll bring the knife. If you get fed up with Alfie, just deal with him. I'll help cover it up." "Haha..." The next morning, Tilda had just woken up when Sheldon called. "I heard from my secretary that you tried to reach me. Sorry, I was inspecting a new construction site, and the network wasn't set up yet. I just got back, so I'm late in responding." "No problem, Mr. Oliveson. About what you told me that night ... you remember, right?" Sheldon laughed.

"Of course! I'm not senile yet! That was just the other day. Of course I remember! I owe you a huge favor and have been waiting for the chance to repay you. I'm honestly thrilled I can finally do it." "Alright, Mr. Oliveson. I need your help finding someone ... His name is Harvey Kerrigan ... "

Chapter 652 You're Upsetting Me Tilda shared everything she had uncovered about Harvey with Sheldon. With so many people helping in the search, Sheldon's influence made him an invaluable ally- having one more powerful resource on her side only increased her chances. After speaking with Jude yesterday and learning he had already picked up some leads on Harvey, Tilda felt an intense, undeniable premonition. I will see my mentor again very soon . The feeling had come out of nowhere, without any concrete evidence-but Tilda trusted her instincts. They had never failed her.

Determined, she resolved to use every resource at her disposal. Listening to her, Sheldon immediately understood how crucial finding Harvey was. Tracking him down would be extremely difficult. But since he had promised Tilda he would do everything he could, he responded with solemn determination, "I understand, Tilda. I'll mobilize every information channel I have. Even if we have to search every corner of the earth, we'll find a trace of him!" "Thank you, Mr. Oliveson," she said sincerely. After hanging up, Tilda her morning routine and placed a breakfast delivery order.

Just then, a message from Andy popped up. "I've got two gifts in the form of good news-one big, one small. Which do you want to open first, Tilda?" "Andy, you sound so excited..." "Tilda couldn't help but smile, "Then let's do the small gift first." "Okay! The small gift is... I've already allocated one billion dollars to the charities you support -environmental, animal welfare, and educational causes. I've made sure every donation is organized and properly handled. "Each organization has been vetted to guarantee the money reaches those who truly need it- no middlemen, no corruption.

And since your passion moved me, I added another 500 million myself. That should be enough, right?" "Andy ... thank you." Tilda felt a warmth in her chest. Though they were both already wealthy beyond

measure, this money wasn't about wealth-it was about capability and impact. If society gives you resources, they should be used to serve society. Cetherland had countless people, animals, and environments in need.

Tilda never feared charity; her concern was that money could end up in the wrong hands, disguised as legitimate causes. That was why, after publicly announcing the successful development of the 4nm chip lithography machine and sweeping the Motrar stock market, Tilda entrusted the one billion dollars to Andy to oversee Cetherland's charitable projects. She only trusted Andy. Finding reliable organizations had been no small task, but now everything was in place. Andy didn't even have to donate in Cetherland; he wasn't from there, even if his business operated in the country.

His extra 500 million was largely for Tilda's sake. "Here you go again-are you trying to make me angry? I told you, saying 'thank you' between us feels awkward! You're upsetting me!" Andy feigned a pout. "Fine. To make up for it, next time you come to Slosa, I promise that I'll take you everywhere. We can eat, drink, and have fun-whatever you want, I'll follow. Think of it as repayment ... Anything you want, I'll be there for you." For someone who had everything, material gifts meant little, Shared experiences were the real reward. "Hmph... In that case, I'll reluctantly forgive you.

Since I can't have your heart, at least I can enjoy having you around and make that jerk, Jude, jealous. That's not a bad deal. "But the next big piece of news might keep you around even longer." "Did Kyla's biological parents finally take action?" Andy sounded deflated, like a scolded child. "Tilda ... "Ahem, my bad! My bad! I shouldn't have jumped ahead. Keep going. Pretend I didn't anything..." say "You already said it-how can I pretend it didn't happen? I'm not a three-year-old you can fool." Andy sighed.

"Nothing escapes your eyes. I was going to surprise you, but ... you're right. They've taken action, exactly as planned." ... now we can sit back and enjoy the show. By the way, Andy, I'll need your help with my "Hehe mentor too." "Don't worry. I never forget what you ask me to do. But finding a clue... that's tough. After all, he trained you and your three seniors. If he wants to hide, no one can track him. I've searched for a long time and found nothing." "I know, Andy ... but I have a feeling. I'm going to see him very soon. I've never had a feeling this strong!"

Chapter 653 A Trap Tilda Set : "Hehe well, I guess congratulations are in order, Tilda. May everything you hope for come true ... " *** Meanwhile, Kyla was in her bathroom, carefully applying her top-of-the-line skincare products that had cost tens of thousands. Her reflection stared back at her, half-covered in white lotion, yet the scars on her face were still visible. Her eyes blazed with anger. "Damn it ... When will I ever look normal again? I've taken every medicine, gone through surgery, bought endless protective serums ... and it's still the same every day!

Am I just being scammed?!" Whenever she thought of Tilda mocking her disfigurement, her blood pressure spiked. And yet, when faced with the stunningly beautiful Tilda, Kyla could never find a word to fight back. Before the accident, Kyla had considered herself the prettiest girl in all of Slosa. Wherever she went, people praised her sincerity, kindness, and innocence, and she had risen as a young socialite with limitless prospects. But the moment Tilda returned from the Jensons, shedding her timid façade, she instantly became even more striking and more captivating than Kyla.

Now, the Jensons were paying less attention to her and focusing on Tilda. Kyla felt like all her misfortunes were Tilda's fault. If it weren't for her, I wouldn't have ended up like this! The attention, the favor that should have been mine, were stolen by her! The more Kyla dwelled on it, the more her hatred for Tilda grew. She wished Tilda were standing right in front of her so she could plunge a knife into her and tear that wretched woman apart. Her thoughts flicked to Genevieve. Over the past few days, she had been investigating her.

Occasionally, Genevieve would message her, urging her to make a decision. But Kyla's cautious nature kept her from revealing her true self. Even though Tilda exposed Genevieve, who fled abroad to live as a mistress... What if it's a trap? If I get caught, no one can save me. "It's time to make a choice... The Jensons barely give me money anymore.

Forget seasonal luxury clothes-I don't even get my skincare now." If it weren't for Blair encouraging her to get out more and giving her a credit card with a 300-thousand-dollar limit, Kyla couldn't even afford these high-end products. But 300 thousand wasn't enough. Without the Jensons' support, it would disappear in no time. And asking Blair for more risked exposing her carefully crafted image of being frugal and disciplined. Her standing with the Jensons was slipping fast, and she couldn't rely on excuses anymore.

The only way to make money now was to steal the Jensons' secrets and sell them to Tobias. Not long ago, she had sold two secrets and made roughly 80 million, but had poured it all into her battle with Tilda and lost. Thinking about it still made her wince. "Lately, the Jensons have been watching me closely. I can't even get into Dad's study, let alone steal the company's current project plans. Could it be... that I have no choice but to use that method?" Kyla's eyes flickered with hesitation. It was her final card. Fortunately, she had kept it in reserve.

But if she used it, the Jensons might be destroyed forever. After all, they had raised her. It was where she had grown up for 18 years. If she could avoid being ruthless, she would. At that moment, an unknown number called. Kyla assumed it was Genevieve again. She had recently been calling from

abroad, always hiding something and refusing to give a permanent number. That was one reason Kyla didn't fully trust her. But when she saw the call came from Jeselton, Kyla's brow furrowed. "Jeselton? I don't know anyone there... Still confused, she answered, "Hello? Who's this?" "Kyla!

I've finally found you! I'm your real father!" The excitement in the voice on the other end left her frozen. Immediately, a wave of dread unlike anything she'd ever felt washed over her. "Are you kidding me? You've got the wrong person! I'm hanging up!" She slammed the phone down, a thin sheen of cold sweat forming on her forehead. "No... this can't be real. It's a prank ... a trap Tilda set to frame me!"

Chapter 654 Blind Trust Born of Family Loyalty "I was abandoned when I was so little-how could I possibly have a real father? Even if that creep were alive, there's no way he could find me! This has to be a trap! A trap!" Kyla could barely keep herself together. Listening to the sleazy voice on the other end, she couldn't help picturing a bald, overweight middle-aged man holding out his hands, trying to extort money. The thought made her want to scream. The man called again. Kyla, like an ostrich, ignored it.

When the ringing finally stopped and silence stretched on, she let out a shaky breath. "It has to be an act ... yes! Definitely an act! I don't believe it for a second! "Trying to trick me, Kyla? Not so easy! Now that the guy realized I'm on to him, he won't bother me again!" Just as Kyla congratulated herself on her cleverness, a new message shattered her composure. "Kyla, since you refuse to answer me, I have no choice but to go to the Jensions directly to prove that we are your real parents! Your mother, your sister, and I are all here!" She ground her teeth in fury.

No matter how much she told herself it was impossible, that her real parents were long dead, a tiny, nagging "what if" crept in. The caller knew her identity and phone number. They might actually show up at the Jensions and cause a scene, They might not be her real parents, just troublemakers. But now that everyone in the Jensions, except Blair, ignored her, it could play out like when she had framed Tilda. They might investigate nothing and just push her aside-out of sight, out of mind. If that happened, it would be worse than ever.

Kyla wouldn't even get a chance to dig up anything from the Jensions before being forced out. If these supposed parents had money, it might be manageable-but if they didn't, she'd be trapped. And even if they did, it could never compare to the wealthy Jensions. Thinking it through carefully, Kyla typed back, "Give me an address and a time. We'll meet, and that's it! No bothering the Jensions!" "Good. I'm glad you're willing to see us. I'm very happy. Your mother, your sister, and I will be overjoyed to reunite with you. We'll be waiting."

The next message provided the location. It was tomorrow at 3 p.m., at a restaurant on the outskirts of Slosa. "I'll be there on time." After sending the reply, Kyla gripped her phone tightly, her eyes darting

around nervously. She was completely unnerved, panic thrumming through her veins. Normally, Tobias was someone she could confide in, someone who would comfort her and guide her. But she couldn't tell him about this. If Tobias knew her real parents had come looking, it could jeopardize her standing with the Jensons.

He might even stop paying attention to her entirely. Losing Tobias's support now would feel worse than death. This was something Kyla had to handle alone. No matter what, she would meet whoever was on the other end tomorrow and deal with it then. That night, some slept peacefully, while others were doomed to a sleepless night. The next day, Kyla arrived early at the restaurant, wearing a hat, sunglasses, and a mask, her dark circles betraying a night of restless sleep. She didn't sit at the table reserved for Megan and the others. Instead, she chose a nearby table.

She ordered a lemon tea and pretended to flip through a magazine, glancing at her watch from time to time. Kyla was confident her disguise was flawless. Little did she know... Tilda was already hidden in a corner, completely undetectable. No one noticed her-or her concealment-unless she wanted them to. She watched Kyla with quiet amusement, even pulling out her phone to start a live stream for Andy, who was always eager for gossip. "Honestly, Kyla's disguise is pretty impressive. Most people wouldn't notice," Andy said neutrally, munching on peanuts. "Did she do it all instinctively?

She really can act," he added. For Andy to say that meant Kyla was exceptional among ordinary people. She had never trained in espionage or stealth, relying purely on instincts ingrained in her- reaching this level was extraordinary. Tilda spoke lightly, "Of course. Her acting could win an Oscar. Otherwise, how could she have fooled the Jensons for so many years? Blind trust born of family loyalty aside, Kyla's skill isn't inferior to Darell's." In her previous life, Tilda had been the same.

Kyla had tricked her for the first two years, betraying her while Tilda, foolishly devoted, believed Kyla genuinely cared and treated her like a real sister.

Chapter 655 Have a Seat It wasn't until Kyla accidentally let something slip that Tilda started to grow suspicious. After a bit of digging, she finally uncovered Kyla's real identity. When the appointed time arrived, Kyla saw the restaurant's door swing open. The crisp chime of the bell rang as they entered. The moment Kyla's eyes fell on them, it felt like a weight had slammed onto her chest. A strange, unexplainable sensation surged through her.

The woman was unmistakably Megan-still radiating her mature elegance, wrapped in a designer mink coat that screamed wealth and refinement. Beside her stood Kyla's supposed father, James, clad in a suit with a neat crew cut. His expression carried a roguish charm, the sort of streetwise confidence that suggested he had lived a rougher life. You could tell what kind of people they were at a glance-no

mystery there. On any other day, Kyla might have dismissed them with barely a glance. Raised under the Jensons' watchful eyes, she had encountered all sorts of people and learned to read them fast.

James's suit might have cost a few thousand at most-far from a true designer piece, more filler than fashion statement. It couldn't compare to the multi-million-dollar custom suits the Jensons' men wore to society events; the difference in fabric and cut was plain to see. Megan's mink coat was genuine, but the bag in her hand was a high-quality knockoff-a street-market LV replica that cost only a few hundred dollars. Cheap, fake, and obvious to anyone with an eye. And yet them.

*** the most disturbing part was that Kyla felt something stir inside her at the sight of The sensation was undeniable, like a pulse running through her veins. Kyla refused to admit even to herself that these two could possibly be her real parents. She had once clung to the faint hope that her real parents might have succeeded in life, that those searching for her had become respectable. Now it was clear that hope was meaningless. These people weren't here to help. If anything, she'd be lucky if they didn't ask her for money.

Tilda's lips curved into a cold, faint smile. "Andy, the main players have arrived. Let's watch." Andy grinned. "Finally! I was starting to nod off. This is going to be entertaining." At first, James and Megan didn't notice Kyla's disguise. Once they were seated, James pulled out his phone and dialed her. Kyla silenced it. Seeing that it was him, she used the excuse of going to the restroom to answer. "We're here, and it's almost time. Kyla, where are you? Your mom and I are so eager to see you." The forced sweetness in James's voice made Kyla's stomach churn; she nearly gagged.

"I'll be there soon. Give me ten more minutes." After hanging up, Kyla removed her sunglasses and tousled her hair. She kept her mask on and stared at her reflection, noticing her dark, shadowed eyes and haggard expression. She clenched her fists and took a deep, steadying breath. Like it or not, this is happening. Running won't solve anything - I have to face it. Kyla left the restroom, circled to the front entrance, and walked in as if she had just arrived. "Kyla!" James spotted her immediately, leaping up to grab her hand. "I finally see you again ..." Kyla coolly sidestepped him.

"Sir, let's talk first. Don't call me that. I don't even know if you're really my father." James smirked, oozing confidence. "Of course, I'm your father! I came looking for you, didn't I? If you don't believe me, we can do a DNA test. Modern technology will confirm it in no time..." Damn it! In that moment, Kyla wanted nothing more than to slap him across the face. This man had abandoned her all those years ago. And just when she had assumed he was long dead and was living her best life under the Jensons' care, he showed up out of nowhere!

And now he dared to meet with her, pretending to be a loving parent, saying he was her father and claiming he had missed her-it made her stomach twist. "Alright, honey, let Kyla sit. She's traveled so far; she must be hungry. Let's order something." Seeing Kyla's evasive glance, Megan felt a flicker of guilt. But glancing at James, she took it upon herself to smooth things over. "Yes, yes. Let's sit and talk while we eat. Why standing? Come on, Kyla, have a seat." James still reached for her hand.

Kyla quickly moved to the table and sat herself down. James shrugged, casually wiping his palm on his suit, and took a seat across from her, unfazed. Kyla subtly studied Megan and felt a sense of despair sinking in.

Chapter 656 All We Ever Wanted Kyla realized she really did resemble Megan-especially her eyes and eyebrows. The arch of her brows, the shape of her eyes ... every tiny detail mirrored Megan perfectly. She was almost certain that she was the biological daughter the couple had left in an orphanage all those years ago. Megan, for her part, was studying Kyla just as closely. Even though she already knew this was the child she had abandoned, and even had her photos, sitting face-to-face with her now was entirely new.

No matter what, Kyla had been Megan's firstborn-carried for nine months, delivered through pain and danger. After all these years of absence, a wave of guilt washed over Megan whenever their eyes met, making it impossible to meet Kyla's gaze directly. Even if leaving her had once seemed unavoidable, it didn't excuse the fact that she had been a heartless mother. James crossed his legs, lit a cigarette without concern, and exhaled smoke as he grumbled, "Kyla, why are you still wearing that mask? What, you won't even show your face to your own parents?" Does she think Megan or I am contagious ?

Or does she just look down on us ? "Honey, speak gently to Kyla. She's our daughter-don't be so harsh, okay?" "How am I being harsh? I'm just worried that our own daughter doesn't even see us as her parents! She's sitting there wearing a mask while we're about to eat. What's up with that?" James didn't care what Megan thought. Since Kyla was his biological child, who wouldn't even exist without him, he believed he had the ultimate claim on her life. His giving her life itself was a favor she could never repay. He believed he had to assert control from the start.

If he softened now, she might defy him later, making it impossible to demand obedience, respect, or financial aid. Kyla replied flatly, "I had an accident and was disfigured. I look awful now. I kept my mask on so I wouldn't shock you. Because of my face, my life with the Jensions hasn't been easy. Since you came looking for me and did your research, you already know all this, right?" James and Megan froze. A Since leaving Jeselton to find Kyla, they had investigated her.

Some of what they uncovered was so thorough it even surprised them. The private detectives they hired had delivered Kyla's full records in just a few days. That was why their plan to approach her had moved so quickly. Of course, they had no idea someone else had quietly accelerated the process behind the scenes... It was Tilda and Andy. James slammed his fist on the table, cursing, "Damn the Jensions! No matter what, they raised you. Even if you're not their biological child, raising you makes them your family, right? All those years of care-did that mean nothing?"

How dare they let this happen to you! They can't protect my daughter, and I'll make them pay!" "Heh... even if the Jensions ignore me now, they raised me. They provided the food I ate, the clothes I wore, the education I received, and the companionship I had while growing up! How dare you lecture me about my Daddy and Mommy?" Kyla's anger flared. "So you really are my biological parents? Fine. Then answer me-why did you abandon me back then? Why did you leave me in an orphanage and never care for me? Do you even know how close I came to dying there?"

If it weren't for the Jensions, spending money to hire the best doctors for me, I would be dead!" "I... Kyla, don't be angry. Back then, your father and I had no choice. We were broke, and you were sick. We couldn't care for you properly... If you had stayed with us, you might have died! The only option was the orphanage, hoping someone kind would help you." "And if no one had come? Or if someone came but couldn't save me? Without the Jensions' money, my illness wouldn't have been treated.

I would have died there, forgotten, and I doubt you would have even visited my grave!" James lost his temper. "Silly girl, what are you saying? We were just testing the situation. Of course, we wouldn't abandon you entirely. We were thrilled when the Jensions took you in and saved your life. Otherwise, how would we even have known how you've been doing all these years? All we ever wanted was for you to be happy!" Kyla fell silent. This was what puzzled her most.

Chapter 657 Please Don't Push Kyla Kyla wondered if James and Megan had known that the Jensions had taken her in, how could they only show up now? If they were after money, they should have come years ago. Back when Kyla was at the peak of her popularity and adored by the Jensions, James and Megan could have played the desperate, pitiful parents and gotten whatever they wanted. Thinking about this, Kyla turned her face away. "Why did you show up now? You gave birth to me but never raised me. I survived only because I was lucky, and because of the Jensions.

I don't owe you a thing." James exchanged a look with Megan. Megan lowered her head, fidgeting with her fingers, unwilling to say a word. James muttered, "Useless bitch," under his breath, then said aloud, "Kyla, what are you talking about? We're your biological parents. Seeing that you're all grown up, we just wanted to check on you quietly and see how you're doing-that's natural, isn't it?" "Hah ... why pretend in front of me? Smart people just say what they mean. You wanted the money I could give you as a Jenson heiress.

You've fallen on hard times, and now you're trying to dig some out from me, right?" Kyla's blunt accusation hit them like a punch. Even Megan, who was usually sly, greedy, and skilled in deception, felt a sting. She acted as if her mouth had been sewn shut as she stayed stubbornly silent under Kyla's venomous gaze. Facing the daughter they had abandoned and were now forced to seek out after falling on hard times... Even someone as thick-skinned as Megan found herself speechless. James, however, didn't overthink it. He laughed loudly. "Fine, Kyla. I'll be honest... We're in a bit of trouble.

We need your help." "My help? You mean the Jensons' help, don't you? But just so you know, all their attention is on their real daughter, Tilda. I'm just an adopted daughter, and I've been marginalized and ignored. Now, with my face ruined... "If you had come earlier, things would've been different. Back then, I could still influence the Jensons and get you some money. But now... you won't get a single cent!" "What ... : James knew Kyla spoke out of anger.

Tilda had told him how pampered Kyla had been by the Jensons, even to the point of forcing Tilda out. How could her disfigurement now make her lose favor? If anything, it should give her more leverage! "Fine, Kyla, that doesn't matter... I'll speak personally with Mr. and Mrs. Jenson! Considering you're their precious adopted daughter, I'm sure they'll be happy to help us. After all, a sum like this means nothing to the Jenson Group!" "Hah ... you can go ahead and try! Daddy's disgust with me has reached its peak, and if he knows you're here for money, there's no way he'll give you anything.

He might even tell you to take me away from the Jensons and live with you. Then what? All your efforts wasted!" Seeing Kyla stand her ground, James felt a twinge of unease. This damn brat is growing bolder by the minute. James sneered, "Isn't that better? Your mother has been haunted by guilt for abandoning you. If you really came back, she'd be even happier! And of course ... so would I, and your little sister too!" "Happy? You'd be happy? You'd probably treat me like a hot potato-a useless burden who lost the Jensons' support! And ...

you claim to miss me, to care about me, what about my little sister? Since we're all your children, why does she get parental care while I don't? "Since you're trying to ruin my life further, I'll drag you all down with me! I'm already disfigured and sidelined by the Jensons, living a life worse than death. I don't want to live anymore! If you've got the guts, come die with me!" Kyla's eyes burned red, her voice rising in fury, wild and raw. People around them started staring at her, wondering if she was nuts. Even James felt a flicker of intimidation.

Looking into Kyla's frenzied eyes, he began to doubt himself. Could it be... just as she said, the Jensons no longer care about her, and there's nothing to gain? If so, our plan is ruined. "Honey, please don't push Kyla. She's still our daughter. Do you really want to drive her to death?"

Chapter 658 The Only Person She Could Still Rely On) Seeing Kyla like this, Megan felt as if her heart were being ripped apart. The deeper she looked, the more she regretted agreeing to James' plan to come to Slosa and track down Kyla. But she had no choice. That man had stolen all their assets-every last penny Megan had painstakingly saved over the years-and disappeared without a trace. How had he done it, even cracking her carefully hidden passwords, was beyond her understanding. Without money, Megan couldn't maintain her old lifestyle. She couldn't support herself.

Relying on James, who had spent over a decade in prison and lived in some fantasy world, or on Jessie, a useless parasite spending money on worthless projects, was hopeless. Kyla was her only option. No matter how much guilt Megan felt toward Kyla, no matter how reluctant she was, she had to grit her teeth and come. Her survival depended on it. Yet now, seeing Kyla struggling even within the Jensons' household ... what else could they do? "Of course, I won't drive her to death ... " James slowly calmed himself, offering Kyla a smooth, practiced smile. "Kyla, I am your biological father.

I wouldn't force you into anything. Come on, let's eat first, okay?" For now, James had no choice but to play for time. If Kyla truly couldn't gain footing with the Jensons, at least her status as their heiress remained intact. No way would the Jensons turn completely heartless toward a daughter they'd raised for 18 years. Even a small advantage mined from the Jensons would let James live extravagantly for generations. This daughter of his still held immense value. He could not afford to offend her or risk her leaving the Jensons without shattering his entire plan.

Kyla kept her head lowered, shoulders trembling as she gradually forced her storm of emotions under control. Her voice was faint and wavering. "After we eat, let's go to the hospital for a DNA test." "Sure, of course! Don't worry, Kyla. We are definitely your biological parents. That will never be false. I'm not asking for forgiveness, and I don't expect you to accept us back. We just need you to know that we exist, that we will always stand by you, help you through anything, and never abandon you!" Kyla almost laughed at James' utterly hollow words. Always stand by me? Never abandon me?

Who was it that left me in an orphanage to fend for myself? A ghost? What a fucking joke! She wanted to laugh until her ribs ached. 4 If the Jensons hadn't adopted me, and if these so-called "biological parents" of mine hadn't seen any profit in me, they would have long forgotten I existed, never caring whether I lived or died. And now, here they are, putting on a show of being good parents. Do they really think I'm stupid?

That I'd forget everything and foolishly run into their arms just because they act nice ? Dream on. Megan watched Kyla quietly. Kyla kept her head down and her face hidden behind a mask, her expression unreadable. Suddenly, a sickening premonition crawled up Megan's chest. That feeling... was coming from the biological daughter sitting right in front of her. Megan found an excuse to slip to the restroom first and washed her face. Looking at her reflection, revulsion washed over her. What she was doing was wrong, and she knew it perfectly.

This was an act that even shook the bottom line of her conscience. She grabbed her phone from her fake LV bag and frantically scrolled through her contacts, dialing person after person. No one answered. Even those socialite friends who had once been close avoided her like she was contagious, after hearing her husband had run off with her money. Even showing up at their doors would have meant being thrown out by security-no one would see her. Back in her prime, those same women had called her their friends, acting all warm and delighted. Now, fallen from grace, they all turned their backs.

They were so fake that they made her sick. Megan cursed under her breath, calling again and again. Still, no one picked up. Every last road was cut off. Until... she reached the last page of her contacts. Tilda's name appeared before her eyes. Tilda is a brilliant prodigy and Dane's junior . If she helps me , I won't be in such an embarrassing mess . But... will Tilda help ? Even my so - called friends have turned away . I've only met Tilda twice . She won't help , right ?

Knowing my situation , she'll probably run before I even ask . Megan had no other options. The only person she hadn't called, the only person she could still rely on, was Tilda. She needed a way out of this mess.

Chapter 659 Last Resort Hesitating, Megan dialed Tilda's number. Beep... beep... beep... Each tone thudded like a hammer against Megan's chest. She closed her eyes instinctively, silently praying like a devout believer, hoping Tilda would pick up. Finally, The call connected. "Hello?" Tilda's calm, detached voice came through the line. Megan's heart nearly stopped. Stay calm , Megan , she told herself. Getting through the call was only the first step-there were still many more to face. "T-Tilda... it's been so long since we last spoke. I ...

I just wanted to check in, see how you're doing. I hope I'm not disturbing you." "Of course not," Tilda replied, her tone sharp and cool. "But let's be honest-we're not close enough for casual calls, are we? So tell me straight-what do you want? I don't have much time, and I don't want to waste it on small talk." The sudden coldness hit Megan like a slap. She felt a chill run down her spine, leaving her words stuck in her throat. Megan steeled herself, forcing the next words out. "I-I want to borrow some money." "Borrow money? How much? A few thousand?

I suppose a rich lady like you wouldn't even flinch at that. Can't scrape together a few grand, huh?" "I-I need... a million." The figure left Tilda momentarily speechless. Megan's chest tightened, each breath coming harder than the last. She desperately wanted to hang up, to escape the humiliation of waiting like this. If she hung up, she would have no choice but to rely entirely on Kyla and leech off of her. It was the one thing she dreaded but would have to do for survival.

So, she could only endure the humiliation, clinging to the tiniest thread of hope that Tilda might help. Then Tilda's laugh cut through the tension, cold and mocking. "Hahaha ... Megan, let's not even pretend this makes sense. Do you have any idea how ridiculous you sound? A million? For an ordinary college student, that's astronomical. And we aren't even related-how could I possibly hand you that much? Are you insane?" "I-I know it's sudden, but I've been cornered. I'm divorced. That man took everything. I barely have anything left-I can't even cover basic living expenses ...

Borrowing is the only way. Everyone avoids me-" Tilda cut her off before she could finish. "If all your friends avoid you, why would a near stranger like me lend you a million? Besides, if you're broke, get a job and work hard. You're not gonna starve. Stop clinging to that lifestyle you used to have! "You should do some research on how much a million is. It's not something anybody would just have. It's astronomical for an ordinary family!" Megan gritted her teeth, holding the phone tight, biting her lip to keep from shouting. "O- okay... I'm sorry, Ms. Tilda. I crossed a line.

Goodbye." She hung up. Her last resort was gone. For a moment, Megan felt as if her world had gone completely dark. She had barely found a gullible mark, and her decade-long fantasy collapsed before it even began. At that moment, James called her. "Why are you in the restroom so long? Kyla's getting impatient! Hurry up!" "I-I'm coming..." Megan quickly wiped her tears, touched up her makeup, and hurried out. The group moved toward the nearby hospital. After Kyla and the others left, Tilda leisurely her coffee, paid the bill, and moved on to

her next source of amusement. Meanwhile, the hospital was eerily quiet. Only nurses moved silently through the halls; not a single patient was in sight. Kyla, James, and Megan waited for the DNA results. Thanks to advanced technology, what used to take eight to ten days could now be processed within hours for a fee. James sat with his legs crossed, hands clasped behind his head, humming a carefree tune as if he already knew the outcome. Guilt-ridden, Megan glanced at Kyla, who kept her head down in silence, and asked softly, "Kyla, are you thirsty?

Do you want some water?" Kyla didn't respond. Megan sighed quietly to herself.

Chapter 660 Kill Them All Megan knew they had abandoned Kyla all those years ago, leaving wounds too deep to ever heal. No matter what excuses they offered, abandonment was still abandonment-it

was unforgivable. And now, shamelessly showing up with their little entourage, they had no right to demand her forgiveness. "By the way, you haven't met your little sister yet, have you?" At the mention of "little sister," Kyla finally reacted, her voice icy. "Little sister? I don't have a sister.

I'm the youngest in the family." Being the youngest had its perks-she was spoiled, cared for, and free of responsibility. Kyla had no desire to be an older sister, no wish to endure the same hardships Tilda had once suffered. She believed she had already suffered enough. "Exactly. Kyla is the youngest. Honey, stop bothering her." James shot Megan a contemptuous glance. If Kyla's last name were Dawson, she would have been worthless-just another mouth to feed. How could she have generated income? In today's world, survival requires money at every turn.

Only by keeping the Jenson name, as the youngest daughter of the family, did she retain maximum value. He felt that Megan must have completely lost her mind. And to make matters worse, all her money had already been taken by that man without a trace. James felt a growing regret for ever tying himself to such a woman, even serving over a decade in prison for robbery because of her. The more he thought about it, the angrier he became. Finally ... "James Dawson?" "That's me!" James hurried forward, "This is the DNA test report." The nurse handed him the folder and turned to leave.

In this line of work, nurses generally understood that a DNA test implied family drama, and it was best not to get involved. James opened the report, curling his lips into a smug grin, then strutted back to Kyla with exaggerated self-importance. "Here, Kyla. Take a look. This is the DNA test report-fresh off the press, authentic and genuine. We are your biological parents." Kyla took the report silently. Her eyes scanned the glaring result: "99% DNA match." She drew in a deep, steadying breath.

At that moment, her decision was made. "Kyla..." Megan watched anxiously. Kyla stuffed the report into her bag and said coldly, "Even if you are my biological parents, that doesn't mean I owe you anything, and I won't forgive you." James' grin widened, confident. "It's fine ... Kyla, we'll wait. We'll make amends. We'll try to atone for abandoning you. We'll never give up until the day you choose to forgive us. We'll never leave your side." Kyla suddenly lifted her eyes, locking them directly on James. James felt a chill at the intensity in her gaze, his smile faltering. "Kyla ...

what's with that look? Why are you staring at me like that?" "Heh... time shows true colors. Let's see what you're really made of." With that, Kyla grabbed her bag and stood, ready to leave. I can't stand these people and the Jensons anymore ! James, hearing her words, couldn't hide his excitement. "Kyla, just wait. I'll show you, I'll make you forgive us.... He had no idea she had already decided to kill them all.

" Megan hesitated. "Honey... maybe we should just give up. I don't think Kyla is willing to forgive us at all." James snapped, fury flaring. "You bitch, what are you talking about?"

Without Kyla, how do we survive? Huh? You want to go back to being an escort? Look at yourself. Do take on some factory job, screwing bolts? Can you even do that?" "Honey ... how can you say that sob, sob..." you think you can "If you're useless, shut up! Or take Jessie back to the countryside! Don't get in my way!" Under James' harsh scolding, Megan hurriedly wiped her tears, barely daring to breathe. Now abandoned, she had only James to rely on. She had no other choice. I'm sorry... Kyla ... I'm really sorry ...

When Kyla returned to the Jenson Villa, the house was empty. No one was home. No one had said a word about where anyone had gone. The place was cold and silent. 56 Whatever Russell and the others were doing now, they wouldn't bother telling Kyla. Kyla sneered inwardly. She had even considered sparing them out of gratitude for raising her. But now, the Jensons were indifferent, their attention fixed entirely on Tilda.