

Shadows 661

Chapter 661 Trump Card : On top of everything else, the sudden appearance of James and Megan-the very parents who had abandoned her-pushed Kyla to the breaking point. If she didn't act decisively, she could already imagine herself being manipulated for money by James, humiliated, stripped of dignity, and forced to survive under the Jensons' roof. The thought alone filled her with despair. She would rather die than endure that life. With a sharp motion, Kyla pulled the DNA report from her bag. She flicked open a lighter and set it ablaze, watching the paper curl and turn to ash.

Her eyes glinted with a deadly resolve. "This is all your fault ... your fault ... If this had shown you weren't my biological parents, none of this would have happened. Don't blame me don't blame me" Her words were a whisper to herself, a bitter mantra, yet also a silent accusation aimed at them. Kyla's fists clenched tight. To make James and the others vanish completely, she needed money. Money was the only way to hire someone for the task. And the fastest, most reliable way to get that money ... was by betraying the Jensons. There was no hesitation left in her.

Her eyes went ice-cold as she dialed Tobias's number. Beep... beep... beep... The call connected. "Kyla, what's going on?" "Tobias, we need to meet. Soon." "Kyla... is something wrong? Why the sudden urgency?" "Yes. There are things I need to tell you in person. And regarding our previous agreement, I think it's time we continue. I need money." Kyla no longer bothered to mask her desperation. Only cash could solve her immediate problems. "Sure. I've been waiting for this moment for a long time.

I'll book a flight to Slosa right away."" Tobias showed no surprise, speaking in a calm, unshaken tone. He seemed to have expected this. "Good. I'll wait for you. After this deal ... we'll finally be free. Then we can truly be together." His heart skipped a beat. Could it be ... Kyla uncovered critical information about the Jensons ' operations ? When Tobias had first tried to manipulate her, he'd sensed she was hiding something significant about the family. Something even Russell and the others didn't know.

He believed Kyla possessed a secret that could shake the entire Jenson Group-and that was exactly what Tobias wanted. Not petty cash or small schemes, but a leverage that could topple giants. Until now, Kyla had maintained some loyalty to the Jensons and would never have done anything to destroy them. But something had changed. Whatever had occurred pushed her to the edge-she was now willing to risk their ruin to get the money she needed. For Tobias, the reason didn't matter. The secret was now within his grasp. Unbeknownst to either of them, Tilda was quietly observing their every move.

She removed her earphones, tapping her chin thoughtfully. "I didn't expect Kyla to have a secret this big. Judging by the timing, she must have discovered it when the Jensons trusted her most. Otherwise, they wouldn't have given her access to something so crucial. "Heb ... so Kyla isn't as naive as she looks. She has a trump card. I wonder what she knows that gives her so much confidence... but it doesn't matter. The best surprises are revealed at the end." All that remained was to wait for Kyla and Tobias to meet. At that moment, Tilda's mind flicked to Darell.

According to her intelligence, Theo had taken Darell away to recover from his injuries for a few days, then flew to Yvoria to meet Zorana. He'd told the Jensons he had urgent business and couldn't return, but he was likely hoping to use Zorana's powers as a "medium" to uncover the outcome of that so-called "dream." A Tilda wasn't sure if Darell understood that the "dream" mirrored her death in a previous life, and everything that followed.

But the family might be killed off by Kyla before he could grasp why Tilda hated the Jensons so much. Russell, Blair, it's probably your dream to be destroyed by the daughter you cherished as your own! Two days later, Tobias arranged to meet Kyla at a scenic café on the outskirts of Slosa, nestled among mountains and rivers. Kyla arrived early, checking her makeup with a small mirror. She carefully covered the marks on her face and nervously waited for Tobias to appear. Since the incident, she hadn't seen him even once.

Even though Tobias had promised he wouldn't care about her appearance, that he would protect and love her, Kyla knew he had never actually seen her like this.

Chapter 662 The Final Bargain Compared to before, she must look awful now. So awful that even Kyla herself could hardly bear to look, let alone someone as tall and handsome as Tobias. Finally, Tobias arrived. The moment he saw Kyla, his eyes lit up like sunlight breaking through a crystal-clear lake, warm and tender, overflowing with light. "Kyla!" His gaze was a pool of springtime, so deep, Kyla could almost drown in it. Overwhelmed, Kyla instinctively turned her face away. She didn't want Tobias to see her like this, looking so ugly. But Tobias didn't give her the chance.

He pulled her into his arms before she could react. She sank into the comforting scent of his cologne, into the strength and warmth of his chest. Thump-thump, thump-thump. It wasn't just the steady rhythm of Tobias's heartbeat. Kyla could clearly hear her own, growing faster and faster. Her nose suddenly tingled. A wave of emotion surged up, the urge to cry. This was her place. Her safe haven. The one she had dreamed about for so long. "Tobias... Tobias!" Kyla kept calling his name, tears blurring her vision as she threw her arms around him, the man she loved so deeply.

The only one who could save her now. The only one who still gave her hope. "I'm right here, Kyla. I finally found you..." Tobias rested his chin on the top of her head, gently stroking her hair. His voice was

like moonlight spilling across still water, soft, soothing, impossibly tender. It was that voice that made Kyla feel like her heart was about to melt. In that moment, she suddenly felt that if she had to die for the man who had given her such warmth, she would do it willingly.

After holding her for a while, Tobias gently pulled back and wiped the tears from Kyla's face with his fingers. "Silly girl, we haven't seen each other in so long, and the first thing you do is cry? That's no good. Kyla, you're at your most beautiful when you smile," he said softly. Kyla lowered her gaze, speaking with deep insecurity. "No ... Tobias, my face was disfigured. I had to go through so many surgeries just to look like this again. But I still feel ugly ... I was too ashamed to face you." Tobias cupped her face in both hands, gently lifting her gaze to meet his.

He stared at her, not even a hint of disgust in his eyes, only complete sincerity. "You're not ugly, Kyla. To me, you're the most beautiful woman in the world. The moment I chose you, I accepted everything about you. I don't care what your face looks like. The woman whose soul resonates with mine... that's the woman I want to protect for the rest of my life." "Tobias... 11 Kyla, completely immersed in Tobias's warmth, was already deep in love, too far gone to sense anything else.

No, even if she had sensed something, even if she realized that Tobias might have ulterior motives, she had no strength left to care. Her biological parents had shown up, ready to drive her into a corner. The Jensons had turned their backs on her, shattering the last bit of stability she had. Kyla felt like she could barely breathe, like she was adrift in a stormy sea, seconds away from drowning. Unless she clung to something, anything, she would be swallowed by the cold, by the dark, by the hopelessness. Her only light in this dark and desperate world was Tobias.

Even if that light came with hidden intentions. Even if his warmth wasn't pure, As long as he was the one keeping her alive right now, it was enough, Tobias leaned in and kissed her deeply, without hesitation, as emotion overtook him. Kyla melted into the kiss, swept away by the fierce and passionate love she had always dreamed of. In that moment, she didn't want to think. Didn't want to do anything else. All she wanted was to kiss him back. To give herself fully to this kiss, her kiss of salvation.

After the kiss, Kyla melted into Tobias's arms, completely limp. She felt like she was floating in a sea of pink bubbles. Her head was spinning, her whole body burning up, like she had a fever. Tobias sat down on the couch, still holding her close. His voice turned low and husky, laced with desire. "If this place weren't so out in the open, I'd have already devoured you, Kyla." "Tobias... you're such a jerk ..." Kyla weakly raised her fists and playfully pounded on his chest. "Hahaha, even if you think I'm a jerk, it's too late now. You're already mine, Kyla." "Tobias...

you're the worst!" But she loved this side of him. This bold, bad-boy charm, she couldn't resist it. Blushing, Kyla buried her face in Tobias's chest. The two of them teased and flirted like a couple lost in their own little world. Time slipped by. Eventually, Kyla remembered why she'd come in the first place. She pushed herself up from his lap, her expression turning serious. "Tobias, I came here to make one final deal with you." Tobias ran his fingers through her hair, perfectly content with Kyla sitting on top of him. "Go ahead, Kyla. I'm listening." "I have something in my hands..."

The moment she said that, even Tobias's breath hitched. His eyes widened.

Chapter 663 The Billion-Dollar File "Seriously? Kyla, are you sure?" A "I'm sure. It happened five years ago. I accidentally walked into my dad's study and overheard something. Later, I secretly copied a file from his computer just in case. I've studied the contents. If it ever gets out, the Jensions and the entire Jenson Group would be completely destroyed." As Kyla spoke those words, she was already all in. She shoved down the last flicker of guilt still lingering in her heart.

If she felt guilty for betraying the Jensions, then who had ever cared enough to feel guilty for ruining her life? Her whole world was about to be wrecked by the same biological parents who had abandoned her, and now had the nerve to come crawling back, demanding money. And the way the Jensions were now treating her with cold indifference ... This wasn't about revenge. This was survival. Kyla hadn't turned her back on them, they had pushed her to this point. If she doesn't look out for herself, who will? And now that she had shared this with Tobias, there was no going back.

Tobias pressed his lips together, thinking. "Kyla, if what you're saying is real, then the person Mr. Jenson forced out of the company years ago... we'll have to find them first. That's the only way we can use this info to its full advantage." "That's your part, Tobias. All I have is the data. I'm sorry, but I need a large sum of money to secure my future. This file is my last bargaining chip. I've betrayed the Jensions. If they find out I'm working with you, they'll never forgive me.

The Jensions will be completely destroyed and I..." Tobias suddenly reached out and gently pressed a finger to her lips. His voice was soft, calm. "I get it, Kyla. Just tell me how much. I'll make it happen. This is your safety net, your future. Don't let our relationship cloud your decision." Kyla took a shaky breath. "I ... I want five hundred million in exchange for this file." Kyla knew exactly how valuable that file was. Honestly, if she found the right buyer, they might be willing to pay a billion for it. Because this file wasn't just leverage, it was a weapon.

The kind that could completely annihilate the Jenson Group and the entire Jensons. If Kyla hadn't been so caught up in her feelings, if she hadn't been afraid that Tobias might think she was being greedy, might get turned off or start to resent her, she could've asked for way more. Way more than just five hundred million. Tobias thought for a moment, then said, "Kyla, you're holding back.

If this file is really as powerful as you say, you could easily sell it for billions." Kyla quickly explained, "It's okay, Tobias. Five hundred million is enough, I was just worried you'd ..." Tobias gently cut her off, "Kyla, I'd never look down on you. The fact that you're thinking about your future instead of blindly trusting someone else, especially me, that's a good thing. What I worry about the most is you getting hurt or taken advantage of, because you're too kind, too innocent, too trusting. I want you to remember how you're thinking right now.

Don't change that, okay?" Hearing the genuine care in Tobias's voice, Kyla's nose began to sting. She couldn't hold it in anymore. Her tears fell like a broken string of pearls, one after another, soaking through Tobias's shirt with quiet, steady drops. Kyla's body trembled as she sobbed softly. "Thank you ... Tobias ... really, thank you so much ..." Tobias gently stroked her hair and said, "Here's what we'll do, Kyla. I'll give you a hundred million upfront as a down payment. When we make the trade, I'll give you the remaining four hundred million to make it a full five.

And once everything's done, I'll give you another three hundred million as a bonus. With that kind of money, you can disappear overseas and live a life of luxury, never needing to worry about a thing again. I'll help you erase your tracks, set you up with a new identity. Even if the Jensons try to come after you, they won't be able to find a trace. And if this plan works the way we think it will, the Jensons will be in so much chaos they won't even have the time or resources to chase after anyone.

Even if they do figure out it was you who betrayed them, they'll never be able to touch you." Kyla's eyes filled with tears again, overcome with emotion. "Tobias, you ... you're really thinking about everything for me. I'm so touched..." "Silly girl. You're the woman I love. If I don't think of you, who else would I think of? Kyla, this is about our future. We're building something together, something just for us. Don't go back tonight, okay? I want to stay with you. I want to be with you all night." His words dripped with temptation, smooth and coaxing.

Tobias's fingertips traced down the side of Kyla's face, then brushed lightly over her lips, and kept going lower. Kyla felt her throat go dry, a soft heat breaking out over her skin. Tiny beads of sweat formed at her temples. In that moment, her world narrowed to only Tobias. Her gaze could hold no one else. Her thoughts began to blur. Her mind went hazy, like she was drifting between dream and reality.

Every time Tobias's fingers brushed her skin, it felt like he was branding her soul, leaving behind sparks that burned hotter than fire. And for Tobias, the infamous heartbreaker, the man who had once toyed with countless women and captured who knows how many broken hearts.

Chapter 664

Even though Kyla had a natural gift for pretending, for playing roles and putting on masks, but when it came to love, she was far too naïve. Tobias had seen countless women-more composed, more calculating, more talented, more powerful, and far wealthier than Kyla. If Tobias wanted someone, if he truly set his sights on her, he'll made the first move, and used every tactic in his arsenal. No woman had ever escaped his clutches. He had a thousand ways to make Kyla willingly submit, to become his toy, his plaything, without even realizing it.

The moment Tobias marked her as his prey, Kyla's fate had already been sealed. She had no way out, not when the spider had already spun its web. And Kyla, caught in that web, still didn't even realize she was the prey. She kept struggling, clueless that her ending would only be inevitable. To be devoured. Kyla was already drowning in the sweetness of Tobias's tenderness. With her heart newly awakened, resistance was no longer even a thought. Her heart burned, her blood raced, and something deep inside her, down to the soul, itched and cried out. She wanted to give him everything.

Everything she was. It wasn't just desire. It was raw instinct that primal pull between a man and a woman. A surge of hormones so intense that no one could resist it. But what Kyla didn't know was, from the very beginning, everything she and Tobias did had already been seen. Tilda had known all along. She saw how things were falling perfectly, exactly the way she had planned. And now that everything was moving in order, just the way Tilda wanted, she had no interest in watching the rest of the footage. She closed the surveillance video of that disgusting couple.

Then, without a second glance, she drove off in her Porsche Cayenne, disappearing down the road. The next morning, Kyla woke up to Tilda's kiss. On the hotel bed, a small trace of crimson stained the white sheets. Tobias lightly smacked Kyla on the butt. "Lazy girl, time to get up." Kyla pouted, her voice soft and spoiled. "Ugh, my whole body's sore, Tobias, I can't even move ... "Alright, alright. I'll bring breakfast up to you." eyes.

Tobias glanced at the faint marks left on the bed, and a flash of guilt passed through his "I'm sorry, Kyla. It was your first time, and I still couldn't control myself, I just love you too much. That's why it hurt so much... Kyla sat up, wrapped her arms around him, her hair falling loosely over her shoulders. Eyes

closed, she whispered with a content smile, "No, Tobias, I'm happy. You're the one who taught me what it means to love someone. What it really feels like to be a woman. Thank you for showing up in my life when everything was so dark and empty.

If it weren't for you, I honestly don't know how I would've kept going..." Tobias teased, "Silly girl, don't say stuff like that to me. Say one more word and I'll get mad, and you know what happens when I get mad, right? You'll be punished properly." His hand began to wander again across Kyla's bare skin. Kyla's breath started to quicken. "Again? No ... don't ... " But once it started, it lasted for hours. By the end, Kyla had no strength left. She passed out completely. When she finally woke up, it was already four in the afternoon. Tobias was gone.

"Tobias?" She called out his name, but there was no answer. He was nowhere to be found. On the nightstand, she spotted a card. It was a handwritten note. "Here's a bank card. The PIN is your birthday. Tomorrow, I'll transfer one hundred million into the account as a deposit. I'm working on getting the rest, but we'll also need to find that key person if we want to make the most out of this data. Wait for good news, Kyla. If you miss me, you can call me anytime.

As the man who loves you the most in this entire world, I'll always be waiting for your command, my princess." "Tobias..." Kyla held the card to her chest like it was a priceless treasure, eyes closed, as if she could feel Tobias's hand on her skin again, so warm, so steady, so intense. She even secretly brought the card to her nose and took a soft breath in. It still carried his scent. Just that familiar fragrance sent her mind spiraling back to the wild moments they had shared. Her cheeks flushed crimson, heart racing.

The adrenaline surged through her body, completely out of control. "Tobias... Tobias... Tobias..."¹ Kyla could only whisper his name over and over, trying to soothe the burning ache of desire and longing inside her. Meanwhile, on the other side of the city, Tobias pulled up to the airport in his flashy red Ferrari 718. Everything was going exactly as he'd planned. After their intense night together and the emotional groundwork he'd been laying for weeks, Tobias was now certain that Kyla had completely fallen for him. She was under his thumb. A puppet-his puppet.

For a woman who had just experienced her first taste of passion, Tobias-confident, experienced, tall, dangerously charming-was the ultimate poison. One taste, and there was no going back. Just endless obsession, caught between addiction and helplessness. Doomed to crave more, while forgetting what it was like to breathe freely. And all of it was for that file Kyla held in her hands.

Chapter 665 Eliminate the Threat If this plan worked, Tobias would be able to skip years of slow progress. He would shoot straight to the top, becoming Malcom's most trusted son. No competition. No second place. Tobias made a call to Malcom. Ring- On the other end, Malcom's cold, detached voice

came through. "What is it, Tobias?" Tobias replied respectfully, "Uncle Malcom, I'd like to borrow some money. I'll explain everything in person once I land in Hetsa." The next morning, at the Jenson villa, Kyla had just woken up when she received a text notification.

A bank transfer of one hundred million. She stared at the number, silently counting the zeroes. Her entire body began to tremble with excitement. This was the first time in her life she had ever touched this kind of money. She had just gone from struggling to being crazy rich. A full-on baby heiress overnight. Even though she knew the money would soon go toward "dirty work" and a huge chunk of it would disappear, her heart still ached a little at the thought. But Tobias had promised that once everything was in place and the file was ready, he'd give her another seven hundred million.

That would be more than enough. Fueled by excitement, Kyla picked up her phone and called Genevieve. Ring- The call connected quickly, "Kyla, you finally called me." Genevieve's voice came through loud and chaotic, background noise blaring. It wasn't clear where she was. But Kyla didn't care.

She got straight to the point. "Genevieve, can you still get in touch with that famous assassin group from the dark web?

I need their contact info." It was Genevieve who had first told Kyla about the dark web, about the places where, if she had enough money, she could put a hit out on someone like Tilda. Desperate to stay on Kyla's good side, Genevieve had spilled everything she knew, no filter, no hesitation. "You got the money? Kyla?! That means Tilda can finally die!" Just the sound of Tilda's name made Genevieve grind her teeth in hatred. Tilda was the one who shattered Genevieve's dream of marrying into the Jensons. If she had the chance, Genevieve wouldn't hesitate to tear Tilda apart piece by piece.

She had been forced to give up her piano career, blacklisted by the Jensons, and had to flee to Endralsia just to stay out of sight. To make things worse, the man who had been bankrolling her lifestyle, William, had crossed someone he shouldn't have. His entire security team had been wiped out, and William himself was left paralyzed and comatose in the ICU, not expected to wake up. When Genevieve tried to visit him, the Evans had her thrown out like trash. To them, she was just some disposable woman their son had played with. Letting him have fun was one thing, but marrying into the Evans?

Not a chance in hell. William's fortune? Genevieve wouldn't see a single cent. Just like that, she was back to being broke. After getting used to luxury, excess, and spending without thinking, living on her own savings was unbearable. Money was tight. Unbearably tight. And it had all started with Tilda. Not once, but twice-Tilda had ruined her life. Genevieve would never forgive her. She wanted Tilda dead

more than anyone else. Because to her, Tilda wasn't just a rival, Tilda was a curse. A walking disaster who had dragged Genevieve into darkness again and again.

But Genevieve didn't have the power, and she definitely didn't have the money. "Send me the contact first. I'll reach out myself." At this point, Kyla's biggest threat wasn't Tilda, who had already cut ties and burned bridges with the Jensons.

It was her biological parents, who had come crawling back, begging for money. If she didn't deal with them soon, and they got desperate enough to go to someone like Russell and expose the truth, that they were Kyla's real parents, everything she had worked hard for would fall apart.

Her entire plan would be ruined. "Got it, Kyla. I'm counting on you, just make sure Tilda dies! I'll send you the contact right now." Genevieve still believed Kyla was asking for the contact to have Tilda killed. As soon as she hung up, she immediately forwarded the assassin group's information to Kyla. She'd originally gotten it by accident, overhearing something while she was still with William. Figuring it might come in handy one day, she secretly saved it. The organization in question? R Organization, the third-largest assassin group on the dark web.

Kyla received the message, but didn't rush to make contact. Instead, she forwarded the information to Tobias. "Tobias, do you know of an assassin group on the dark web called R Organization?" Tobias replied almost immediately. "Yeah, I know them. Kyla, how do you know about the dark web? Why are you looking into assassin groups?" "Tobias, if I don't act now, someone could destroy everything we've worked for. I need to take care of this before it's too late." As soon as Tobias saw that message, he didn't ask another question. "That contact is legit. It is the R Organization. No doubt about it.

Is the hundred million I gave you enough? Do you need more? R Organization charges a lot for clean kills."

Chapter 666 Every Move Watched "It's fine. The money's more than enough. After all, I'm only targeting three bottom-feeding lowlifes. For professionals like them, that should be easy. I just want everything cleaned up perfectly, with no trace left behind. Shouldn't cost that much," Kyla said. "Alright. Kyla, if you need anything, just tell me. I'll do everything I can to help," Tobias replied. "Thank you. Tobias, do you think I'm a terrible woman? I mean, I'm actually hiring a hitman to kill people..." Kyla asked. What Kyla cared about most was how Tobias saw her.

Even though it was necessary to get Tobias's confirmation, the truth was, she didn't trust Genevieve at all. The only person in this world Kyla trusted anymore was Tobias. Since Tobias had confirmed that the contact was legit, that it really belonged to a dark web assassin organization, Kyla finally felt at ease. Tobias's reply came quickly and gently. "No, Kyla. I don't think that at all. I believe everything you're

doing is for our future. The world isn't kind to people like us. You know the saying, 'if you don't fight for yourself, no one else will.

I've done things in the dark too, and I understand what it feels like. I'm not here to judge you. You have to believe me, no matter what the world says, no matter who tries to call you evil, I know who you really are. You're honest. Kind. Soft- hearted. You're just doing what it takes to survive, and that's not wrong, it's instinct. The people who stand on moral high ground and point fingers? If they were in your position, they'd be even crueler than you. I'll be by your side, Kyla. Through every rumor. Every accusation.

I'll stand with you without hesitation." Tobias's words landed exactly where Kyla was most vulnerable. They shattered the last flicker of doubt she had been clinging to. He was right. Tobias was absolutely right. If she didn't protect herself in this world, no one else would. Those who sacrificed everything for others, who bent over backwards just to play the saint, were nothing more than fools. At the core of it, people were selfish. That was the truth of human nature. She hadn't done anything wrong.

She had only done what anyone else in her shoes would have done, And like Tobias said, the ones who judged her? If they had to make the same choice, they'd probably go even further than she had.

Unless you've lived it yourself, there's no way to truly understand why Kyla made the choices she did. But it didn't matter anymore. Kyla had stopped caring what people thought of her. She had money now.

She could rely on her own strength to live a life of luxury, and with that, she could make even those who once looked down on her bow their heads in submission. And most importantly, she had the man she loved by her side. As long as Tobias believed in her, trusted her heart, nothing else mattered. who truly "Thank you, Tobias. You're the man I love most in this world. With someone like you understands me, I don't feel alone anymore. Even if I died right now, I'd have no regrets." Tears streamed down Kyla's face as she typed the message with shaking hands.

The moment she hit send, she didn't hesitate, she dialed the number for R Organization. Meanwhile, Tilda had thrown together a simple lunch-a sandwich with egg, ham, and shredded pork, paired with freshly brewed pour-over coffee. As she took a sip, her phone buzzed. It was Rain. Tilda casually tapped the speaker button with one hand while holding her coffee with the other. "Tilda." Rain's cheerful voice came through the line. "Rain, how's it going with Kyla?" Tilda asked, calm and focused. "Everything's unfolding exactly the way you wanted! Hehe... Tilda, aren't I such a good boy?

Don't I deserve some praise?" Hearing the anticipation in Rain's voice, Tilda responded with playful affection, "Of course, my Rain is the best, the cutest, and the absolute most amazing little brother in the world. Come visit me in Slosa sometime, I'll take you out for some fun and introduce you to a few new friends." "Sounds like a plan! I'm really curious about your friends too, Tilda. Oh, by the way, Skin Organization's situation is mostly under control. That means we'll have enough resources freed up to start digging into your mentor, Harvey. What about Genevieve?"

What's the plan for her?"

"Grab her. Don't kill her yet, she still has a role to play later on. And as for Kyla's biological parents and her little sister... you already know what to do." "Easy. I'm on it." After hanging up, Tilda carried her coffee out onto the balcony. The sun was shining. People moved along the street below, rushing to wherever life was pulling them. A few birds fluttered by, chirping as they passed. Life felt peaceful. Almost indulgent.

Tilda took a slow sip of the rich, steaming coffee, the scent wrapping around her like silk. A slight, icy smile tugged at her lips. Kyla had no idea. Not even in her wildest dreams could she have imagined that every message, every call, every move she made with Tobias ... Tilda had been watching it all. Genevieve, Tobias, Kyla, and that still-unseen, mysterious player ... Everything was part of a web. A web Tilda had spun herself. And when it all finally tore apart and burst into flames, the ones who'd burn to ash would be the Jensons.

Chapter 667 Make Them Disappear That day, Kyla finally got a response from R Organization. A cold, robotic voice came through the line, "We've decided to take the job. One life costs 30 million. If you want all three targets eliminated, the total is 90 million. Are you ready to proceed?" "Ninety million? Seriously? Those three are nobodies! No protection, no power, nobody would even notice if they dropped dead. Can't you give me a better deal?" Kyla blurted out. She couldn't help trying to bargain. Yes, she had a hundred million in her account, but blowing almost all of it in one go?

That would leave her with just ten million. And we're talking 90 million here! More money than most people could earn in ten lifetimes. Just thinking about it made Kyla's heart ache. "That's the price. You have one minute to decide. If you decline, the deal is canceled automatically. However, you'll still owe us a ten-million inconvenience fee for wasting our time." The voice on the other end didn't budge. It remained as cold and mechanical as before. Kyla nearly had an aneurysm. They hadn't even officially started, and they were already charging her? What kind of extortion logic was that?

This is basically highway robbery! But Kyla didn't dare argue, Even if she didn't fully understand how dangerous R Organization truly was, Tobias had made one thing crystal clear that if she pissed them off, she wouldn't live to regret it. Even Tobias himself wouldn't dare cross a giant like R Organization. So Kyla had no choice but to accept their price. The other end sent her a burner message with a self-destructing bank account number.

She was told to transfer 90 million within one hour.

Just as she ended the call, her phone buzzed again, James was calling. A flicker of cold fury flashed through Kyla's eyes. She forced down the disgust in her chest and answered with a flat tone, "What do you want?" James's voice came through, putting on a fake layer of panic. "Kyla, your sister suddenly came down with a high fever, and she's in the hospital. The doctors said it's serious. You need to come see her right away!" Kyla's temper snapped. "Sister? I don't have a sister.

Even if you two really are my biological parents, that doesn't mean I recognize her as my so-called sibling. I have zero connection to her! And she's in the hospital with a fever? Isn't that your job as parents to pay for it? Why the hell are you calling me?" "Kyla, how could you say something like that? You know our situation. We can barely afford daily expenses or hotel stays right now. Where are we supposed to get the money to cover hospital bills? If you won't help, then I guess I'll just have to go talk to Mr. Jenson.

He's a kind man, I'm sure he wouldn't just stand by and watch a child suffer." Faced with James's threat, Kyla let out a cold laugh. "You? James, if you really go to Dad and make a scene, you won't get a single cent out of me. If I get kicked out of the Jensons, I lose everything. So go ahead, try it. Let's see who wins." James scoffed, his tone turning sharp and bitter. "With that attitude, what do I have to lose? Maybe if I tell Mr. Jenson the truth about you, I'll get something out of it.

I mean, look at you, you won't even lift a finger to help your own little sister who's lying sick in a hospital. Cold- blooded. Heartless. Fine. Let's just burn everything to the ground, then. I'm sick of begging someone like you. Let me tell you something, Kyla, I don't owe you anything. If it weren't for me, you wouldn't even exist. You've spent 18 years living the high life, enjoying elite-level resources most people could never dream of. Maybe it's time you gave something back to your real father." James's expression twisted with rage.

It wasn't that he had forgotten his original plan to play nice with Kyla in order to get money out of her. But no matter what he tried over the past few days, Kyla had shown zero reaction. Not even when he mentioned Jessie being hospitalized with a high fever. She still acted like she didn't give a damn. At this rate, they were just throwing money away. Their funds were drying up, and Kyla clearly wasn't going to lift a finger to help. So what was the point? James finally snapped. His true nature came out.

Did Kyla really think that just because he treated her a little nicer and threw her some sweet talk, she could suddenly act like she was untouchable? Delusional. If that plan didn't work, he might as well blackmail the Jensions, grab a decent payout, and vanish. That was better than continuing to kiss up to Kyla and getting absolutely nothing for it. Sure enough, the moment James threatened to go to the Jensions, Kyla fell silent. At that point, Kyla's rage was boiling over. Her desire to see James and the others wiped off the face of the earth was getting harder and harder to suppress.

She could barely hold it in. All she wanted was to send the money to R Organization right now and erase them completely. Because if James actually went to Russell and Blair, everything she had built would collapse. Taking a deep breath to force down the hatred twisting inside her, Kyla spoke through clenched teeth, "Fine. You want money, right? How much?" James let out a mocking laugh. "Kyla, do you have to be so cold-blooded? If you'd just shown a little kindness to your sister from the start, we wouldn't be here.

The doctor said between the hospital stay, procedures, and follow-up care, it'll cost 50 grand."

Chapter 668 I Want Them Dead Kyla instinctively exclaimed, "Fifty grand?! Just for treating a fever? The hospitalization costs are outrageous! What do you mean by asking for fifty grand all at once?" James, calm like always, said, "Jessie has always been raised in luxury. She's never had a fever this high before. The doctor's about to mark it critical. Without 50 grand for emergencies, how can we manage?!" This is pure blackmail! It was blatant blackmail! Kyla caught on to James's scam right away.

At the core, he was just using that so-called sister-who had absolutely nothing to do with Kyla -as an excuse to hit her up for cash. "I only have 20,000 dollars on hand right now. I can transfer it to you first, and for the remaining 30,000... let's meet up tonight, and I'll give it to you." James scoffed, "Come on, Kyla, you're not messing with me, are you? You're the heiress of the Jensions. You've splurged on every limited-edition bag, all the designer stuff, and more allowance than you could ever burn through. Fifty grand wouldn't even cover one of your handbags.

And now, when your sister needs help, you're suddenly hesitating? Just hand it over already." "I only have that much! If you don't want it, then forget it! Don't push me, James, or you won't get a single cent from me!" Kyla was genuinely furious, nearly shouting those words. After letting out that roar, Kyla was gasping for air, hair all over the place, looking downright wild. Anyone who saw her would probably think she'd completely lost it. James on the other end of the line was startled by this sudden outburst.

He realized he couldn't push Kyla too hard; otherwise, he might lose his reliable source of income. Getting a few thousand dollars from her was already a good outcome. Sure, a few grand didn't mean much to James, but as long as Kyla stayed at the Jensons, he could keep squeezing her. She was the heiress-he could eventually pull tens of thousands, hundreds of thousands, maybe even millions. After all, the Jensons were incredibly wealthy, and Kyla was highly favored! That was what James was really after.

"Okay, okay, Kyla, don't get mad. I was just worried about your sister when I said those things. Don't take it personally. Twenty grand works for now-I'll handle the rest of her bills. But don't forget, I need the other 30 grand tonight, or I'm really worried about your sister." Kyla hung up without another word. After transferring 20,000 dollars to James, she received a quick message from him, "Thanks, Kyla! I knew you had a good heart and wouldn't let someone in need suffer."

Your sister and mom are going to be thrilled about this." After getting the money, James whistled a little tune, blissfully unaware of the impending doom. He grabbed a sandwich from a convenience store and happily walked into an underground casino. "Alright, everyone, I'm loaded and ready to play today! Feeling lucky-watch me take it all and make a fortune!" Kyla looked at James's reply with a cold smile. Thrilled? Today would be your doomsday! Anyone standing in my way- just go die already! Kyla didn't waste a second. She had Tobias transfer 90 million to the R Organization's account.

She wanted James, Megan, and Jessie gone. Tobias confirmed one last time, "Kyla, are you sure about this?" I'm positive! Tobias, if I don't deal with these three, my future's over. They'll just cling to me and pull me down like parasites! And for our plan to work, they can't be alive. If anyone at the Jensons catches wind of this, the whole thing could blow up in our faces!" "Okay, I'll transfer the money right away." Tobias already knew that these three were Kyla's biological parents and sister, who had suddenly appeared after 18 years to ask for money, acting like parasites.

He felt nothing about it, if Kyla wanted to kill them, so be it. The only thing that really mattered? They had to vanish-fast-before they ruined his plans. Even if Kyla got cold feet at the last second and backed out, Tobias would see to it that they disappeared for good. But with Kyla taking care of it, it saved him a lot of hassle. As soon as the R Organization received her transfer, they called her back. This time, a rough male voice answered. "We've received the payment."

These three will soon disappear without a trace." Kyla's anger and hatred boiled over, her voice breaking. "I want them dead-today! I never want to hear their names again. They're like a virus, eating up my life!"

Chapter 669 The Bait "No problem. Just wait for our updates." After hanging up the phone, Tilda casually tossed her phone onto the table. She rested a finger on her chin, a sly smile tugging at her lips. Kyla probably would've never guessed ... The caller was actually Tilda Jenson herself! Tilda had used her voice

modulation skills, so Kyla would never realize it was her. Or maybe Kyla was just too furious, completely consumed with taking out James and the others, to pay attention to anything else.

She certainly wouldn't suspect that the founder of the R Organization, the third-ranked assassin group on the dark web, was Tilda's younger brother, Rain! "Kyla, it's all going to happen exactly how you want- and exactly how I want." Tilda sent the update to Rain through a message. "Rain, she took the bait. Everything will proceed according to our plan." "Don't worry, Tilda, I've got it covered." Just as she sending the message, Liam called. "Sorry, Tilda, I've been so busy lately that I haven't had time to return your calls. Did you need something from me?" "Um....

Liam, how is Dane doing?" "Dane's improving every day. Didn't we chat about this already? His vocal cords are almost back to normal. It's just that he's been slammed with so many projects lately, and I've had to keep up with him non-stop. Honestly, Dane's wiped out, but only he can pull all this off. I really respect him." Liam spoke sincerely. Dane was just in a league of his own. He could do things no one else even dreamed of. With his skill and brains, he was basically holding the future of Cetherland on his shoulders.

Even Liam, known as the Mad Doctor, felt inferior when witnessing Dane's numerous achievements and astonishing ideas! "Yeah, Dane's incredible. But you're incredible too, Liam. You cured Dane's disease that no one else could. Everyone has their own kind of greatness. To me, you're both legends." "Okay, Tilda, I get it-you're trying to lift my spirits. I appreciate it. I chose this path, so no regrets. And it doesn't change how much I admire Dane-he's really remarkable. So, besides Dane, you wanted me to help with something else, right?" Liam hit the nail on the head.

Tilda paused for a moment and then laughed. "I can't hide anything from you." "You're my girl, Tilda. We haven't known each other that long, but growing up under Mr. Harvey's guidance, there's this instant connection between us-we just click." "Tilda, you don't have to pretend with me. If you need anything, just ask. If it's in my power, I'll make it happen. That's what we work so hard for-to help the people who actually matter to us." Hearing Liam's sincere, heartfelt words, Tilda let out a deep breath. Tears filled her eyes. She felt touched, overjoyed, and full of excitement.

The regret, the pain, the torment-none of that weighed her down anymore. At last, Tilda had finally found her own spark of hope. She fought to steady her voice so Liam wouldn't catch the sound of her tears. "When you're done treating Dane, I'd like you to come to Slosa and take a look at someone for me." "No problem. I'll be there." "Perfect! I'll be waiting, Liam!" As night fell, at the Jenson Villa, during

dinner, Blair noticed Kyla was distracted and asked with concern, "Kyla, what's wrong? Are you feeling unwell? Or is the food not to your liking?" Kyla quickly put on a smile. "Oh...

it's nothing, Mom. I'm just a bit short on appetite. I think I'll go rest for a bit." "Alright, I'll have the kitchen make you a little something later. I don't want you going to bed on an empty stomach. How about some chicken soup?" "Thanks, Mom." Once Kyla went upstairs, Russell finally felt that the depressing mood had eased a lot. "Justin, how've you been feeling lately?" "I'm fine ... Dad, I'm doing a lot better now, but ... I'm a bit worried about Darell.

I haven't been able to get through to him lately." Out of nowhere, Kayden spoke up. "I think Darell went to Yvoria to track down someone really important." Everyone turned to him, surprised. "Kayden, did Darell actually reach out to you?" "Um... maybe the signal is just lousy out there. After all, some places in Yvoria are so run-down they don't even have cell tower. The text was sent three hours ago, but it only just showed up on my phone."

Chapter 670 Darrell's Sixth Sense Blair couldn't help but feel worried. "Why on earth would Darell go to Yvoria? Justin was clearly in trouble at that time. Darell has always been a level-headed and family-oriented kid. His dad and I thought it was something really urgent, but he's been gone for too long. We can't even reach him by phone." She wasn't mad at him for leaving Cetherland at such a crucial time. The fact that he decided to go meant the situation was probably getting out of hand. The main thing was that Darell hadn't explained what was going on.

Now he was in Yvoria, which was in chaos, far away with no way for them to get a hold of him. Blair was afraid that something bad would happen to him. "Our child has grown up, Blair. Darell is our son. We watched him grow up and taught him everything we could. We have to trust that he can take care of himself. He isn't stupid; he knows how to handle things out there. Let's just trust him and wait for him to come back." At this point, Russell could only comfort Blair in this way. Blair let out a soft sigh. "I guess that's all we can do." Clink! Suddenly, something dropped to the floor.

Everyone looked over. It was Wade, dropping the fork he had been holding. He quickly picked it up. "Sorry, I got distracted for a moment just now." "Wade, do you know something?" Justin and Kayden exchanged a look. Wade's behavior was definitely strange. Having grown up together, they were so close that any time the other tried to hide something, it was instantly obvious from their expressions. For example, whenever Wade was hiding something or lying, his right eyelid would start to twitch. He was doing it now.

Wade hesitated for a moment before saying, "I don't know if this has anything to do with Darrell suddenly going to Yvoria. Actually, when I talked to him before, he seemed to be having a weird dream... Yvoria is a very religious country, so I was thinking maybe he went to get his dream interpreted?" Russell was taken aback. "Interpret dreams? There's no way Darell would just go to Yvoria to get a dream interpreted at such a critical time, right? Blair said, "You know...

Darell has always had a sharp intuition ever since he was a kid, almost never wrong. Honey, do you remember? During two World Cups, whenever Darell had a feeling and predicted the scores, he was always right. "And there were so many times I wanted to go out, and he stopped me, saying it would rain heavily. At the time, I thought it was strange-the forecast said it would be clear, and the sky looked fine. But sure enough, it would get cloudy and start pouring five minutes later. There were so many other little things like that." Now that she mentioned it, it was true.

At first, the Jensions thought it was just a coincidence. But over time, they realized Darell's sixth sense was really sharp. Sometimes, whenever Russell had a sudden whim to do something, he'd check with Darell first. But the predictions were only right when Darell had a strong feeling. When he didn't, he was just like anyone else. "That's... that's just a coincidence. We're in the modern age, we have to believe in science!" Even Russell sounded unsure as he said it. There were times when Darell's guesses were unbelievably accurate. Not just once or twice, but many times!

If Darell hadn't entered the entertainment industry after growing up and spent less time with the family... Russell probably would've treated him like a fortune teller and asked him about everything. Justin turned to Wade. "Do you know what his dream was about? If he really went to Yvoria to interpret it, then the content of that dream might be very important to him." "I asked. Darell said something about a huge fire burning down a warehouse, and it had something to do with our family. He didn't say anything else. Darell normally only trusts science, not superstitions.

If this dream hadn't been so bizarre, or if he hadn't been having this kind of dream repeatedly over a long period, he probably wouldn't have cared." Everyone fell silent. The man with the strongest sixth sense actually believed in science and didn't believe in superstition. Thinking about Darell saying that so seriously, while his strong sixth sense correctly predicted future events... Cough , cough , cough ! But the world is vast. Having a few extraordinary people isn't impossible.

Russell and Blair had lived for so long that they had seen some people do things that science or tricks couldn't explain. They were low-key and lived like normal people in cities. If you didn't have the right connections, it would be difficult to even witness their abilities. If you ran into one on the street, you'd just think they were a regular person; you wouldn't feel any powerful aura from them. But the abilities they had were beyond what a normal person could even imagine. The world is full of mysteries humanity has neither discovered nor understood.

