

Shadows 87

Chapter 87 Forgiveness ? Never Staring at Russell , the so - called head of the family , the celebrated chairman of Jenson Group , Tilda looked at him with nothing but contempt . " What's the matter , Russell ? Have you gone deaf ? I said , if you want me to drop the lawsuit , then get on your knees and apologize . " Russell didn't get that ? Fine . Tilda repeated it . Because saying it out loud- God , it felt good . She could say it a hundred times if she wanted . There was nothing sweeter than watching Russell grovel at her feet .

Looking at him bowing his head now brought the past crashing back - back to her third year after returning to the Jensons . Kyla had framed her . She had ended up scalding her own hand with hot water , screaming in pain . Tilda hadn't even touched the kettle ! She stood there stunned when it happened . She snapped out of it and tried to check on Kyla's burn . However , Russell was the first to come running , and he shoved her hard . It was so sudden that she nearly cracked her skull on the sharp corner of the dining table .

Her instincts saved her temple from being split open , but her forehead wasn't so lucky . " A 77 A deep gash burst open , blood pouring into her eyes . The dizziness knocked her off balance . 35 Russell didn't give a damn . He scooped Kyla up in his arms like a princess and stormed out . He even spat out a threat , " If anything happens to Kyla , Tilda , I'll make you wish you were dead ! " . The whole family rushed in . They all crowded around Kyla , comforting her , finding medicine , treating her like treasure . And every pair of eyes that turned on Tilda - cold , venomous , furious .

Not one of them saw her blood - soaked face , her wobbling steps , the huge wound on her forehead that nobody even bothered to cover with a bandage . They forced her to kneel and apologize to Kyla . That day , half - conscious from blood loss , freezing cold , Tilda had fought back , argued , shown every scrap of evidence that she wasn't the one who did it . Even Kyla put on her fake kindness , claiming it was her own fault , that Tilda wasn't to blame . Russell had refused to hear it .

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He had insisted that Tilda had deliberately scalded Kyla . He had claimed that Kyla was too merciful and too soft - hearted , pretending to shield her . He had kicked Tilda in the knees , ignored her wounds and screams , and dragged her down by the hair to force her head against the ground in front of Kyla . Over and over , her forehead had been smashed into the floor until fresh blood ran . The memory had never faded . " Bone - chilling " didn't even begin to capture that feeling . It was like she was about to be dragged straight into hell .

If anyone else had treated her like that , she would have kicked them across the room before they got near . But the one who brutalized her that day had been her own father - the man she had once craved the most , respected the most , and longed to get close to . Her so - called mother and all seven brothers had stood behind Kyla , watching , sneering , saying she deserved it , insisting that hurting Kyla deserved punishment . The cruelest joke of all had come at the end .

When she finally blacked out from the blows , it had been Kyla herself who had jumped out , crying and pleading , pretending to stop Russell . Without that fake intervention , Tilda would have ended up in the ICU with brain damage . That day , Russell had not been simply angry . He had been ready to kill her . To him , wiping out a " jealous , disgraceful waste of a daughter " was the only way to keep the so - called peace of the Jenson family . She had no idea how long she had been unconscious . When she finally woke , she was lying on the ice - cold floor .

The blood on her forehead had already dried into clumps . Her hair was matted and tangled across her face . There had been no family waiting , not even a helper willing to help her up . Everyone in that house knew that her place ranked lower than Kyla's pampered Persian cat . She was spite and envy wrapped in the body of a so - called sister . And she was nothing more than the family punching bag - beaten down , bullied , and left to die . Dragging herself up , she had taken the medicine box and staggered into the empty bathroom .

In the mirror , half - blind with dizziness from a concussion , she had patched her own face . Never Her tears had been cold by then , just like her heart . staring at Russell kneeling before her , the memory surged back and sent a manic , intoxicating rush of vengeance blazing in her eyes . Tilda , this isn't what we agreed on ! You're making a fool out of me ! " Moments ago , Russell had been groveling .

Now , hearing her words , fury rolled off him in waves , the full pressure of a powerful patriarch's presence flooding the room . His hawk - like eyes locked on her with murderous intent , as if carving her into a thousand pieces might not be enough . That glare could break weaker souls apart on sight . " That was then , Russell . Things have changed . Looks like Mrs. Jenson didn't have the guts to tell you . " At the airport , she came at me like a rabid dog and sank her teeth into me . I told her right then and there- I'll never drop this lawsuit . And my forgiveness ?

You'll never have it .