

## Master Odell's Secret Ex-wife Chapter 4

Chapter 4 Three years later.

"Oh my God, look, it's Isabel Ross!"

"She's even cuter in person than she is on TV!" "Little Belle, look over here! I love you!" Sylvia, who was holding Isabel in her arms, was not expecting to be immediately swarmed by people at the airport the moment she disembarked the plane.

She quickly lowered the brim of her hat and inspected her mask to see if she had worn it properly over her face. Meanwhile, safe in her arms, Isabel started making queer little gestures. She raised her little chubby hands and aimlessly pointed them at the crowd surrounding them, her cartoon-like large eyes blinking every now and then. The gathering crowd cooed. "My God! She's so cute I could die!" "Little baby, can I be your mommy?!" A sea of fans formed in no time and a bold group of fans chased after them. Isabel waved to them and told them, "Hello, everyone, I already have a mommy! Since you're all so young, you should all be my sisters instead."

The group of fans who asked to be her mother responded eagerly, "Okay! We will be anything you want us to be!"

Sylvia smiled.

The little girl could have anything she wanted since she was so likable. She had merely played a filler role in a movie, but that was all it took for her fame to erupt to unprecedented proportions.

It was only with the help of the airport security guards maintaining order that Sylvia managed to emerge from the crowd.

The little girl continued waving her little chubby hands at the crowd, "Goodbye, sisters. Remember to stay safe!"

The crowd continued interacting with her.

It was only after Sylvia entered the vehicle with Isabel that things finally quietened down.

Sylvia proceeded to take off her hat and mask.

Sitting on her mother's lap, Isabel turned her chubby cheeks to face her mother. "Mommy, I want a kiss."

Sylvia obliged her and planted a peck on her daughter's chubby cheeks. Isabel then pursed her lips and gave Sylvia an audible smooch on her cheeks.

This was a common occurrence between the pair of mother and daughter. After she got her kiss, Isabel turned to look outside the window, her eyes filled with wonder. "Mommy, is this where you grew up?" Sylvia suppressed the dark look in her eyes and answered with a smile, "Yes." The little girl asked again, "So, my brother is here?" "Yes."

"When can I meet him?" The little girl eagerly turned to her mother.

Sylvia pursed her lips and told her, "Let's head to our new home first. Mommy will take you to see your brother soon enough." "Okay, okay." The little girl crawled into her mother's embrace afterward.

Sylvia hugged her. Isabel's body was like a ball of cotton. She rested her face against her mother's chest and fell asleep in no time.

Sylvia turned to look outside the window.

After three years, she was back again.

She had returned here to Westchester City because Isabel had a starring role in a film. However, the main reason for her return was to see the child she had failed to protect and had to leave behind three years ago.

During that time, the toddler Isabel, who was prone to bouts of crying, had grown into a healthy child. She wondered if her other child had grown up to be as adorable as Isabel.

She doubted that Odell would treat the child poorly, but when it came to Tara...

The memory of what happened three years ago and the thought that if things had gone differently, she would have both her children with her for the past three years saddened her immensely.

The new house was located in a recently developed district, and the traffic was very smooth. It was located in a relatively quiet area and was overall a decent place to live in.

Aunt Tonya had cleaned up the place two days ago.

By the time Sylvia arrived with Isabel, Aunt Tonya had already prepared a giant feast for them.

It was nighttime by the time they finished the meal.

Sylvia entertained Isabel for a while and snuck outside after she fell asleep.

There was a historic villa in the older part of the city. It was the residence of the old Madam Carter. Today was her eightieth birthday. The parking spaces around the villa were filled with luxury cars of all models. The relatives and friends of the Carters were socializing in the bright and well-decorated yard and living

room, and the atmosphere was bustling.

In contrast to the lively atmosphere was a little boy wearing a black suit with a bow at the neckline while sitting quietly on the lawn and fiddling with a Rubik's cube.

There appeared to be an invisible barrier surrounding him that separated him from the crowd and the noise.

Nobody dared to approach the child for fear of disturbing him. The only ones close by were the old butler and two bodyguards who kept an eye on him.

Under the illumination of the light, his cheeks were smooth and his complexion was fine. His large eyes were wholly focused on the Rubik's cube, and he never made a sound.

Sylvia, who snuck in under the guise of a housemaid, had to resist the urge to run up to the child. She fixed her eyes on him.

The only person who could have attended the old Madam Carter's birthday banquet while being watched over by the old butler and bodyguards so no one would disturb him was the young master of the Carters.

He was also her son that she had missed for three years.

After staring at the boy for a short while, Sylvia took out her phone from her pocket and snapped a picture of the boy's blank and adorable expression so that Isabel, who had been going on about wanting to see her brother, could see the picture at home later.

Just as she lined up the camera for a shot, Liam Carter, who was playing with the Rubik's cube, suddenly looked up and stared right at Sylvia.

Sylvia met his gaze.

It seemed as if you could fit the entire galaxy inside Liam's round eyes. His cheeks were soft and smooth and complemented his features perfectly. He was a beautiful boy.

Sylvia subconsciously smiled at him.

Max's eyes lit up.

It was at this moment when the butler watching Max followed his line of sight and located Sylvia.

Sylvia turned around immediately.

The butler noticed something was wrong and questioned her, "How did you get in here? Why haven't I seen you before?"

Sylvia did not respond and headed straight for the center of the crowd.

The butler's expression shifted dramatically as he motioned to the bodyguards. "Go get her!"

Two bodyguards chased after Sylvia.

Sylvia sped up her face and blended into the crowd before slipping out of the crowd from another angle. She reached the backyard of the villa.

The back exit of the villa was just a short distance away. She could simply climb over it and escape.

However, the bodyguards were very fast and rapidly closing in on her.

Sylvia had to run.

Just when she was about to pass through the shade of trees to reach the exit, she suddenly crashed into someone's stocky chest.

A strong, familiar scent of a man suddenly rushed up into her nostrils.

She caught her breath and looked up.

Despite the dim lighting, she could still make out his features.

With the same pronounced facial features and chiseled jawline that seemed as if every vector of his face was carefully sculpted by a master artisan, he was just as handsome as he had been three years ago.

Odell was gazing down at her too. They looked at each other for a few seconds in silence. After three years since their last meeting, he had somehow managed to become more dashing than in the past. The sight of the familiar face was accompanied by flashbacks of memories from three years ago that was difficult for Sylvia. She promptly took a step back and apologized with a smile, "Sorry, it was an accident." Odell quickly recognized Sylvia too. As he observed her pale cheeks and bright eyes, he noted that this woman was unlike her past self from three years ago. He looked at the maid outfit she was wearing and interrogated her without any emotions, "Why are you here?" Sylvia shrugged. "You know, just loitering around."

Odell snorted. "You expect me to believe that?"

"It doesn't matter to me whether you believe it or not." Odell felt something catch in his throat as his expression darkened. It was at this moment when the trotting footsteps of the bodyguards came from behind. Sylvia's expression changed subtly as she tried to lap around Odell to get to the exit. His large hands immediately grabbed her by her wrist. "What's this? Are you trying to flee?" Sylvia was not as strong as Odell and was quickly apprehended. Odell studied her face with a frown. "Out with it. Why are you here?"

She winced at the question. This man was as vigilant as ever.

However, she would not confess to anything.

In a split second, she produced a razor blade from her pocket and immediately pressed it against his neck.

Odell stiffened when he felt the chilling and metallic touch of the razor blade against his neck.

Sylvia mimicked his sneering and threatened, "Master Carter, you'd better let go of me, or else