

master odells 111

Chapter 111

Could Tara have already informed her?

Suddenly, the phone in her pocket began ringing.

It was Aunt Tonya calling

Sylvia picked up the call, "Hey Aunt Tonya, what's wrong?"

"Sylvia, there are several men outside the house, they're hulks around the size of Ben and Jacob, and they're not leaving," Aunt Tonya reported in a bushy voice masked with concern. "Did something happen again? What's wrong?" Sylvia frowned Odell was quick to act.

"Don't worry. Just lock the doors and leave the house," she said.

It was also at this time when there was a sudden movement outside the studio.

Through the glass window, Sylvia saw a group of well-trained bodyguards surrounding the entrance of the studio.

She hurriedly hung up the phone. There was no back door in the studio, so she could not run and had to directly confront them. The bodyguard leading the charge spoke to the studio receptionist, "Mr. Odell has dispatched us to pick Miss Sylvia up"

The name "Mr. Odell" intimidated the receptionist.

Sylvia suddenly appeared and said to the receptionist, "Carl, I'm stepping out for a bit." The receptionist, Carl, looked at the crew of bodyguards with a leery gaze, "Alright, see you." Sylvia then walked out while the bodyguards followed her closely

After they left, Carl quickly called Tristan.

Tristan had maintained some contact with him. Only a few days after Sylvia began working here, 'Tristan contacted him and tasked him with taking care of Sylvia

With Sylvia's sudden kidnapping, Carl immediately sprang to action and informed Tristan

As soon as Tristan picked up, he relayed, "Tristan, Sylvia was just taken away by a crew of men. They're from a security force, and the leader said it was Odell who sent them."

Sylvia was taken to 'Tara's residence at Lake Victoria Villa

Even after four years, the villa retained its extravagant and magnificent state. All of the furnishings in sight were priced in the millions.

Sylvia only swept a glance across the decor before she was taken to the living room where

Ovell was sitting on the sofa

Tara sat beside him with a band of gauze seen tied around one of her wrists Odell regarded Sylvia with anger when she entered Meantime, Tara look Odell's arm in hers as if Sylvia would be made jealous by this action.

Sylvia grabbed a chair and sat with her arms folded across her chest. She began, "Odell, if you have something to say, you'd better hurry up. I have to go back to work." When Odell saw how she was not only unintimidated but even arrogantly pulled a chair out for herself to sit, he immediately frowned and shouted, "Get up!"

"Fine."

Knowing that she was outnumbered, Sylvia decided against provoking him. She stood up obediently

Odell was appeased by this. He said, "Apologize to Tara." Sylvia twitched her lips and looked at Tara who was still clinging to him with an affectionate gaze

This scene was nearly an identical copy of the scene from three years ago when she was slapped sixty times

Now that her adversary was here, Tara put on a show of magnanimity, "Sylvia, seeing that we were once friends, I'll let you leave after you apologize to me. I won't make things difficult for you."

What a nice, kind gesture Sylvia scoffed, "If you claim that you won't make things difficult for me, why did you even let Odell go through all the trouble, to begin with?"

Tara stiffened.

Odell cast a repulsed look at Sylvia and said, "It was I who wanted to get you. She didn't persuade me in any way." "Then, why didn't she try to get you to stop?" Odell's lips jerked, and Tara's face took on a shade of pale. Sylvia went on, "Or maybe she did, but you never listened? Or more like, you never had the intention of listening to her, to begin with? That's not right. How long have you two been together? Why does Tara still have no say in this relationship? What a shame. I thought you two had something good going on but-" Odell became irritated and cut her off with a sharp roar, "Shut your mouth!"

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With his sharp roar, all the air in the spacious living room was sucked out

Sylvia withdrew the harsh look from her eyes and grinned She wore a sharp smirk as if to mock him and imply. "Look what a good hostess!"

Odell was silent He felt his temper rising in his chest

He pused With an overpowering stare, he said, "I'll give you three minutes to gather your thoughts and prepare an apology to Tara." Sylvia smiled "And what if I don't apologize to her?"

"Then, don't even think about ever leaving this place!"

The smile on Sylvia's mouth vanished

Was he going to repeat what happened and have her slapped sixty times? Was he going to break her legs instead?

After a few seconds, she said, "I won't apologize to her even if you make them kill me today

Odell frowned coldly

She met his gaze without fear, her eyes shining with determination

Odell felt his body tightening involuntarily

Suddenly, Tara tugged at his arm to counsel him, "Forget about it, Odell. It doesn't matter that she hurt my wrist a little I just won't be able to draw for a short while, but it's fine. I just need to rest for some time, and I'll be okry "

Nell's calm expression suddenly became intense again

"Heh" Sylvia chuckled.

Odell glared at her "What are you laughing at?"

"Sorry about that I'm just very impressed."

Odell eyed her suspiciously, completely failing to comprehend what she was amused by

Sylvia put it bluntly as she could this time, "Ladmire Tara's ability to make speeches Before she wild all that, I thought she was doing just fine, but after that speech of hers, I became convinced that I have gravely wounded her She can't even pick up a paintbrush!"

The urcasin in her voice pierced through her adversaries. If they were not angered just now, they will now

Otell shuddered

Tara became pale She quickly sorted herself out and pleaded with a sincere expression, Sylvia, I wasn't implicating that Aren't you misunderstanding me a little I wanted Odell to let you go"

"Then, why not just tell him to let me go now?" Sylvia smiled at her and said in a sincere

voice, "He loves you so much. He'll definitely say yes if you're the one asking." Tara clenched her hands. She did not expect every word Sylvia said to be so cutting

She would be contradicting what she said previously if she did not tell Odell to let her go now. Odell was now being used against her to take her dowti.

If she asked Odell to let her go, and he refused, it would imply that he never loved her that much!

In just a few sentences, Sylvia had thrown her into a deadlock! Tara ground her teeth and looked at Odell. He was gazing at Sylvia with deep regard. It would be more fitting to say that he was observing Sylvia. He had a distant look on his face, the shades of anger appearing to have been wiped off.

Meanwhile, Sylvia fixed her sharp gaze on Tara She wanted to laugh at the distinct signs of agitation and panic in Tara's expression

Just when it seemed like Tara was about to crumble, a bodyguard walked through the living room door and announced, "Master Carter, it's Mr. Ledger. He says that he's here for Miss Sylvia."

Odell's face sank as he glared at Sylvia,

Sylvia frowned.

Tristan? What was he doing here?

"Well, Mr. Ledger sure is well-informed. He's here for you already." Tara's look of panic vanished, and she even resisted the urge to break out into a wide grin. Shortly after she said that, Tristan shoved his way through another bodyguard and entered the living room. He quickly went to Sylvia's side and inspected her all over, asking in an anxious voice, "Sylvia, are you alright?"

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"I'm fine," Sylvia said, "What brings you here?" "Carl told me." Tristan then turned to Odell and addressed him sternly, "Master Carter, Sylvia hasn't done anything criminal, has she? And even if she has, it's the police who should take charge. Surely it's not for you to play judge." Odell raised his eyebrows and sneered, "Well, she's here. What are you going to do about it?"

Just like that, he established his dominance.

Tristan stammered for a few seconds before composing himself. "I put together a crew of my own as well, and their numbers are no fewer than yours. Do you want to settle a score?" Odell flashed a hostile look immediately. Tara spoke up, "Odell, let's let them go. This whole thing all started because of me. It's my fault. Please don't be angry."

Her voice was tender and thoughtful.

However, Odell was unaffected as he peered at Sylvia.

Sylvia was emboldened when she heard that Tristan brought more men than Odell.

Odell had been long suspecting something going on between her and Tristan anyway, so explaining things would just be a waste of time. Now that Alister had gotten away, she had no proof of any kind. She was not going to let herself get beaten.

She smiled sarcastically at Odell. "Master Carter, it's not worth fighting for your ex-wife like this."

Odell shot her a gnarly smile. She grinned and went on, "If you're not going to say anything, I suppose I'll leave with Tristan."

With that, she turned around and walked out with Tristan following her closely.

Just when Sylvia was about to step over the threshold between the living room and the corridor, a deep and harsh voice came from behind her.

"If you take a step out of this place with him, you'll never get to see Liam and Isabel again in the future."

Sylvia stopped. She frowned, her expression turning glacial.

Tristan turned immediately and was going to say something to Odell when Sylvia stopped him.

“Ignore him, let’s go.” With that, she left the living room with Tristan trailing after her. The living room was instantly swept away by a gust of cold air with the temperature dropping sharply. All around them, the air felt oppressing and heavy.

The bodyguards lowered their heads and dared to move.

Tara remained fixed like a statue. She did not dare to make any gesture or talk to him. His expression was terrifying.

Tara had known him for so many years, but this was the first time she had seen him make such a terrible face. Even when he was dealing with his stepmother back then, he had never worn such an expression. Was it because Sylvia left without apologizing to her? Or was it because Sylvia refused to obey him and went with Tristan?

After leaving Tara’s place, Sylvia got into Tristan’s car.

When the car left the borders of Lake Victoria Villa, Sylvia breathed a sigh of relief, her sweat finally drying up. Although she did not steal a look at Odell’s face when she left, she could vividly feel his intense gaze on her. The moment she walked out, she broke out in a cold sweat, but the good news was that she had made it out.

She turned to Tristan who was driving. “Tristan, thanks for saving me.” Tristan glanced back at her with a warm smile and replied, “We’re friends. I can’t just sit back and ignore it when something happens to you.” Besides, he would not let what happened three years ago be reenacted, Sylvia smiled back at him. However, when she suddenly remembered Odell’s parting words, her smile instantly faded.

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The car coasted down the lane.

Sylvia leaned back in the seat with an iron expression. She felt like all the energy was drained out of her body.

Tristan quickly sensed that something was wrong with her. He recalled Odell’s final threat before they left and said to her, “Sylvia, I can help you sue for custody of the child.”

The look in her eyes wavered.

Tristan added, “Isabel has been living with you the entire time. Even if I can’t help you secure Liam’s custody, I will do everything in my power to help you take Isabel back.”

Sylvia was quiet for a while before responding. “Thank you, but it’s fine.”

It was not that she did not want to go to court against Odell, but she did not want to be the one to bring ruin to the relationship between the Ledgers and the Carters.

Both were very well-known families in Westchester that had been working together for a long time. One of the reasons that the Ledgers could grow so rapidly in recent years was attributed to its alliance with the Carter Corporation.

Besides, if Tristan helped her with the lawsuit against the Carters, there was a strong chance that Odell would not respond well and would make life hell for the Ledgers.

Tristan thought she didn't have faith in him and quickly added, "Sylvia, just trust me. I will help you."

Sylvia smiled weakly. "I trust you, but this is between me and Odell, and it's better for me to deal with it myself. I do appreciate your kindness though."

Tristan had something more to say, but Sylvia interjected before he could and said, "Drop me off over there I'm not going back to work today"

**Then, I'll accompany you for a walk to take your mind off things."

** No, I want to be alone"

Tristan grimaced. "Okay"

Sylvia did not linger outside for long and went home quickly

Aunt Tonya told her that the crew of bodyguards who came to get her had left just ten minutes ago. It appeared that Odell was not going to insist on her arrest any longer.

Sylvia went back to her room, thinking about what she could do to see her children.

11 If it came to a lawsuit, she doubted she could win even if she exhausted all her resources. Taking them by way of force or stealth was not going to work either.

The more Sylvia thought about it, the more troubled she became.

After some time, she took out a drawing board along with a brush and began painting.

Painting helped her calm down. Perhaps she might be able to think of a way to meet the children after she had relaxed.

At Lake Victoria Villa, Odell finally rose from his seat some time after Sylvia and Tristan left. He strode out with a gloomy expression. Tara did not dare to go after him, she kept her distance and asked in a low voice, "Odell, where are you going?" Odell shot a look at her. "Just stay home and rest."

"Okay." she answered quickly. He did not answer and walked out. She looked at his back and began feeling a sense of unease in her heart.

A black car parked outside the entrance of the Carters'. The bodyguard posted by the door was startled by the sudden visitor. He quickly opened the gates and ran to open the door for Odell. Odell stepped out of the car and looked pointedly. "Are Liam and Isabel still at school?"

The bodyguard answered, "The lady and young master will still be at school for another two hours." Odell glanced at both sides of the road. "Expand our manpower. Capture Sylvia the moment you see her." He uttered Sylvia's name with a harsh coolness in his voice. The bodyguard shuddered and responded hastily, "Yes, sir." Two hours later, after kindergarten ended for the day, Isabel and Liam went to the school gate while holding hands.

Ben and Jacob picked them up at the gate.

Isabel greeted them indifferently while Liam was quiet and unresponsive. The two of them followed Ben and Jacob to where the car was parked.

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Jacob opened the door for them before Ben carried them into the car one by one.

After entering the car, the children immediately saw Odell's figure,

Liam was slightly startled, and Isabel pulled and pouted.

Odell looked at them. His face was as harsh and intimidating as always.

Isabel was about to yell at him but immediately decided against it when she noticed the expression he wore,

Liam observed them with a narrow look.

The two children huddled together and kept as far away from their father as possible. They were visibly scared of him this time and wanted to stay away from him.

Odell frowned. "Sit down."

They fixed their pearl-like eyes on him with timid expressions and did not move a muscle. "Don't make me repeat that again." The two of them exchanged a look.

Shortly after that, Liam moved to Odell's side, and Isabel followed suit and begrudgingly shuffled over to Liam's side.

Odell swiped a look at the siblings and extended an arm to pick Isabel up. He picked her up effortlessly and carried her past Liam before finally taking her into an embrace.

Isabel puffed up her cheeks.

She noticed that her father's expression was a shade darker than usual. Afraid of being punished, she kept her lips shut and her clenched fists were balled still behind his back instead of thumping him like she always did.

Odell was staring at her.

Her little cheeks seem like they would burst like a balloon at any second, and her burning eyes seemed as if they would sprout embers. Her fists were clenched so tightly that they were turning red.

She was furious with Odell, and yet she did not hit him.

Odell watched

Even three-year-old child understood the capacity of her strength and knew to stomach her rage, so how was it that that woman could not comprehend this?

Or did she suppose that Tristan could help her get her children back?

With this thought in mind, something flashed past his eyes again.

in his arins, Isabel could not comprehend the mindset of an adult She was only struck by fear of her father's terrible gaze

She never even said anything yet, so why was the baddie acting like he was going to kill her?

Isabel became so frightened to the point that she curled into a ball. She wore a distraught expression, and her nose was scrunched up to the point of tears Odell did not notice the change in her expression, and by the time he saw it, it was too late. Isabel began bawling her eyes out and cried loudly.

He was taken aback by this response, thus he swiftly withdrew the harsh look in his eyes.

Isabel was trembling in his arms. "Mommy, Mommy" The baddie was so scary 'The baddie wanted to kill her. She wanted her Mommy!

She turned her face away from him and bawled her eyes out, crying out for her mother. Her

Ties were full of anguish and pain as if she had been tormented for ages.

Odell furrowed his brows into a tight frown and was at a loss. He wiped her tears with his hands as best as he could and told her. "Don't cry."

"Wah, wah... I want Mommy_" Isabel was crying hysterically and had no time to answer him.

Odell did not know how to placate her.

Next to him, Liam finally said with a tint of anxiety. "You're scaring my sister. Put her down." Odell hesitated for a few seconds and reluctantly put Isabel next to Liam. The moment the little girl wrung free from him, she calmed down significantly Liarn hurriedly hugged her. Isabel burrowed herself into his chest and wrapped her arms tightly around him. She was still sobbing then and was endlessly muttering "Mommy". Odell's expression darkened Liar tried to console her, "Sis, we'll see Mommy soon enough." Isabel cried, "Wahhhh_" She cried so much that she was beginning to lose her voice

Liam turned to Odell and demanded urgently. "Daddy, you need to let us see Mommy, or else she will never stop crying"<

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In the past, Odell would have caved in and let them go, but now, thinking of Sylvia only reminded him of how she had left with Tristan without any remorse.

She had even abandoned her children to go with him.

Odell had a terrible look on his face and did not answer.

Liam cocked an eyebrow and observed him while Isabel was still whimpering.

After failing to draw a response from Odell, she rested for two minutes before she wrapped herself around Liam and went back to sobbing again.

Odell was at a loss for words. His forehead had several creases formed across them.

Several minutes later, Isabel seemed tired of crying and subtly turned to him. She tried to steal a look at him from the corner of her eyes. Odell flicked an eyebrow and proceeded to glare into her scrutinizing

gaze. She pulled away instinctively and buried her face into Liam's neck again. Shortly after that, she started whimpering again. Odell stayed silent and put a finger to massage his temple. Seeing that he was not going to answer, Liam urged again, "She's going to go mute from crying." "If she cries again, I'll hug her," Odell quipped. He said this to Liam though it was directed at Isabel. The mere thought of his scary face made Isabel shrink in fear, and she immediately shut her mouth after that. She desperately clung to Liam's arm while poking her head out and sticking her tongue out at Odell.

Odell frowned.

She still could not be tamed.

It did not take long for them to reach their home.

The moment the car stopped, Isabel opened the door and hopped outside.

Liam followed closely after her. Meanwhile, Odell lazily waltzed in behind them. When he got to the living room, the two brats were already clinging to the madam. Isabel's eyes were red like a traffic cone. "Great-grandma, the baddie is such a jerk. I'm scared

Madam Carter hugged her tightly and asked Liam, "Liam, did your Daddy get angry at Isabel again?"»

"Yes, just because she wanted to see Mommy. He even hit her. I witnessed it myself," Liam

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answered solemnly

Odell was speechless.

Madam Carter blew up on him immediately, "Why are you getting angry at the kids?! They just want to see their mother. What makes you think you can hit them?!" Odell shifted to a nearby couch and picked up a glass of cold water to drink. One of these days, he might develop high blood pressure. One of these days, he just might beat the kids.

Madam Carter glared at him viciously and went back to consoling Isabel, "Don't worry, Isabel. Grandma will bring you and your brother to see Mommy later."

Isabel stopped crying right away, and Liam's eyes had a revitalized look in them as well.

Odell insisted, "You can't bring them to see her."

Madam Carter scowled and glared at him. "Why can't I? They're my darling great

grandchildren. I'll bring them wherever I want to without your permission!" "Grandma, I wish you wouldn't get yourself involved in this affair," Odell implored with a sharp look

Madam Carter had never seen her grandchild look at her in this manner. He must have been greatly angered by Sylvia to do something as disrespectful and outrageous as this.

The look in her eyes shifted and she asked, "What is it that Sylvia has done wrong?"

“You don’t have to worry about it,” Odell said with his eyes fixed on the children, “Point being, she can’t see the kids.”

Madam Carter sighed.

Isabel was enraged. She wanted to go off on him, but Liam stopped her just in time. He cast several looks at her.

She understood the message and quickly shut her lips.

At night, Liam and Isabel went back to their room after they had something to eat.

They closed the door. Isabel whispered, “Brother, have you figured out how we can see Mommy?” Liam revealed two binoculars he had recently bought and kept stashed under the bed. Isabel whimpered, “If he finds out, he’ll take them away.” “We’re not going to let him find out this time.”

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“But I want to see Mommy and talk to her.”

Liam patted her head, “Let’s call Mommy.”

“But the baddie took our phone away. He won’t even let Great-grandma, Uncle Ben, or Uncle Jacob lend us their phones.”

“There is one more person whose phone we can borrow.” Isabel’s eyes lit up as she asked, “Whose?” Liam smirked mischievously. “Dad’s.”

Several hours later, in the middle of the night, two small figures snuck out of the room and crept across the floor on their bare feet. They reach Odell’s room without making a sound. Liam slowly held the door handle and pulled it down. – Isabel slipped inside like a slippery loach. When she saw Odell sleeping soundly in bed, she crept to the head of the bed and stole the phone from the bedside table.

She quickly crept out with the prize in hand.

Liam closed the door softly and brought Isabel back to their room. He turned on the phone and took Sylvia’s number off the blacklist. Then, he clicked the dial button.

Meanwhile, at Sylvia’s residence.

Ding! The ringtone began playing. Sylvia put down her paintbrush and picked up her phone. She did not anticipate the phone display to show Odell calling, so she was taken aback. Why was he suddenly calling her? Though she was flabbergasted, she still quickly answered the call. The moment the call connected, she heard the ecstatic voice of her daughter crying out, “Mommy!”

“Isabel?” Sylvia’s eyes brightened.

“Mommy,” another voice chimed in.

“Liam? Why are you two calling me on your Daddy’s cell phone?” Sylvia asked with a mixed tone of joy and perplexity. Seeing how she had burned bridges with Odell the previous day, he would not be so kind as to let the children use his phone to call their mother.

“Brother and I stole it from the baddie since he’s sleeping,” Isabel admitted.

So, that was what happened.

Sylvia was amused and smiled, then she asked, “It’s so late already. Why haven’t you two slept yet?”

Isabel said softly, “Because we miss you so much. We miss you so much that we can’t sleep.” Liam did not say a word, but Sylvia could only imagine how cute he looked huddled up together with his sister with a phone between them. Sylvia’s voice softened. “I miss you two too.” All her sleepiness went away. She added, “But it’s getting late. You two have to go to bed and sleep, you got that?” Isabel pouted and said meekly, “Ok” Liam took the phone and said, “Mommy, I bought binoculars for me and Sister, so we can see you from our house.” Sylvia’s face brightened. “I bought one too! In that case, we’ll see each other tomorrow with our binoculars tomorrow after kindergarten, okay?” “Alright.”

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Isabel cheered, “Yes, yes, yes!” They talked for a little while longer, and Sylvia finally ended the call. After the day she had been through, this certainly helped to alleviate her mood. She put away the painting materials and called Sherry Fowler. Sherry Fowler was the owner of Lush Heaven. Although she was not necessarily the most influential member of the Fowlers, she was still considerably well-connected. She picked up very quickly. Her pleasant voice sounded through the phone. “Sylvia, why are you calling me at this hour? Haven’t you slept yet?”

“Not yet. I need to ask you for a favor.” “What is it? Shoot.”

“I need help finding someone.”

“Who?”

“Alister, a colleague of mine. She’s been missing for two days, and I need to know where she lives.”

Sherry smiled and answered, “That won’t be a problem. Send me every information you have concerning her.” “Alright.”

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Meanwhile, at the Lake Victoria Villa, in Tara’s large living room illuminated by bright crystal chandeliers, Tara could be seen in a swanky dress. She sat gracefully on the sofa with a glass of wine in her hand. Sonia was sitting next to her and anxiously darting her eyes across the room. As expected of the most iconic villa in Westchester City, every nook and cranny seemed like something out of a painting, exuding fine elegance and tasteful architecture. Although Sonia was someone who was born with a golden spoon in her mouth, she was still amazed by the decor.

The Rosses lived in an affluent area where the plot of land was priced significantly, but the houses were on the older end. Meanwhile, there were only ten sparse units in Lake Victoria. These properties were something that money could not buy. Tara read every hint of envy in Sonia’s eyes, and she smiled. “Sonia, Odell gave me this wine a long time ago, and I never had time to try it. Give it a sip. It should taste divine.” Sonia could smell the wine from miles away. She accepted the invitation and picked up a glass of red wine to take a sip. She remarked, “Tara, this wine must be very expensive.” “I don’t know

either. Odell brought it, so I drank it.” Sonia glanced at the label on the wine bottle. It was bottled in 1992. She felt a burst of jealousy sprout in her mind.

Tara was not that much more beautiful than her and came from a similar background, but how did she get to live such a pampered life? –

The thought of her fate made her sullen. Sensing this, Tara asked, “Sonia, what’s wrong with you? Have things been going well for you recently?” Sonia snorted. “It’s because of that bitch Sylvia. Who else?” Tara feigned ignorance and enquired, “What about her?” “She made Tristan go on a hunger strike to corner his parents into letting him live with Sylvia!”

“What? How did that happen? What did your parents say about that?” “Mom and Dad are furious. Dad called Uncle Ledger a few times as well. Both Uncle and Aunty Ledger were so infuriated that they were this close to fainting. Still, there’s nothing they can do if Tristan wants to live with Sylvia so desperately.” “Geez, how could she make Tristan do something so terrible?” Tara reflected with a sentimental sigh.

“She’s shameless! Even though she’s already divorced with children, she still wants to marry Tristan!”

Sonia was so furious that she didn’t even want to drink anymore. She set the glass of wine down and said to Tara, “Tara, I have been losing sleep for several days. Please help me think of something. I don’t want Tristan to marry her!” Tara grimaced and said with a hesitant look, “I do have an idea, but it feels kind of wrong.” Sonia pressed the matter. “Come on. Anything is fine as long as it means that Tristan won’t marry her!” “Okay,” Tara said, “Sylvia has lived a rough life and is just trying to find a good man to settle down with. At the end of the day, she is the daughter of your family. Why not convince your parents to take charge and find her a good husband? Once she marries the right person for her, Tristan won’t have to marry her.” Sonia perked up with joy the moment she heard this suggestion. She rose up. “Yes, I’ll go back and discuss it with my parents!”

Tara quickly followed up, “Sonia, I was just throwing around ideas. We need to make sure Sylvia is up for it first.” “Hmph, she’ll have to agree to it even if she doesn’t want to.” With that, she urgently trotted outside. Tara looked at her strutting away so quickly and grinned capriciously while muttering to herself, “Sylvia, I’ve been nice enough to pair you with Tristan, but since you’re not going to play nice, I won’t hold back either.”

The next day, when Sylvia was hard at work, she received good news from Sherry. Sherry had dug up everything including Alister’s current residence, her family’s address, and even further details considering her parents. She left behind a final message. “Sylvia, here’s what I managed to dig up. See if there is anything else you might need.”

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Sylvia was very satisfied and thanked her. “This is enough. Thank you.” Without any delay, she went to Carl who was in charge of the studio to request half a day of leave, then she drove to Alister’s address.

Alister lived in the secluded outskirts of the suburb district, and it took Sylvia almost an hour to get there. She raised her hand and knocked it against the door.

Alister quickly opened the door from inside. Her face registered shock the moment she saw Sylvia, and she instinctively tried to close the door.

However, Sylvia pushed the door open before she could and walked past the threshold. Alister stumbled backward and regarded her visitor with a vigilant look. "What are you doing here?"

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Sylvia answered harshly, "You know."

The look in Alister's eyes shifted and she said, "I don't."

Sylvia was not going to beat around the bush and went straight to the point. "When did Tara pay you to spy on me?" "Who's Tara? I have no idea who that is." She continued to feign ignorance.

Sylvia then said, "Your father is a gambler and owes a lot of money, and your mother is having a lot of health issues. You must be very desperate for money, aren't you?"

Alister suddenly cried out, "How did you know about that?"

"I asked a friend of mine to investigate you."

Alister became flustered.

"Don't be afraid. I'm not here to bring you trouble," Sylvia remarked honestly, "As long as you admit that it was Tara who paid you off, I will help you with your situation as well. I can even give you double of what she paid."

Alister's eyes grew wide, but she continued to regard Sylvia with a suspicious look.

She had taken money from Tara and had been spying on Sylvia for a long time. She even managed to take many pictures.

How could Sylvia be so kind as to offer her double of what she was paid?

"I just want to prove that I'm not having an affair with Tristan. You don't have to worry about what I'm going to do to you," Sylvia said. Alister's eyes flickered, but alas, she frowned and said, "I can't betray Tara. She is Master Carter's girlfriend! If she knows I betrayed her, I'd never survive in Westchester City." Sylvia refuted the point, "She doesn't have that much influence. Also, I can guarantee that you keep your current job." Tara did have Odell supporting her, but if Alister admitted that it was Tara who her to do such scandalous spying, Odell would find out about Tara lying to him. It might even ultimately lead to a division between the two. Even if Tara was going to ruin Alister with Odell's confidence, Sylvia was certain she could keep Alister safe.

Nevertheless, Alister was still hesitant. Sylvia was about to further persuade her when the phone in her pocket suddenly rang. It was Aunt Tonya calling. Sylvia pondered for a moment before answering the phone. Aunt Tonya's anxious voice immediately said, "Sylvia, your father and Dona are here. They have brought men with them." Sylvia frowned. "Why are they there?" "I don't know, but it doesn't look very good. You— Hey, what are you doing with my phone? Give me back my phone..." Aunt Tonya's voice slowly faded away. Her phone must have been taken away. Immediately after that, Sylvia heard the much anticipated, raspy, middle-aged voice speaking to her on the line, "Sylvia, come back right now! Otherwise, don't ever hope to see Tonya again!"

He hung up the phone after placing the threat. Sylvia stiffened for a second before turning to Alister, "I have something I need to deal with. Think about it. I'll come back to see you again." Without waiting for Alister to form an answer, she hurriedly strutted towards the stairs

Chapter 120

Apart from Isabel and Liam, Aunt Tonya was the most important person in Sylvia's world. She could not allow harm to befall her.

She rushed back to her house as fast as she could.

The gate outside was guarded by two large and intimidating men.

Sylvia marched inside quickly.

The broomstick that Aunt Tonya used could be seen on the floor.

Sylvia entered the living room to see her biological father, Emmanuel Ross, and her stepmother, Dona, sitting on her sofa. She even saw someone pouring tea for them as she entered.

She glanced around the room but saw no sight of Aunt Tonya "Where's Aunt Tonya?" she asked urgently. Emmanuel took a sip of tea and answered slowly, "I sent her somewhere else." Sylvia's expression became aggressive. "Where did you take her?" Emmanuel suddenly shouted angrily, "How dare you speak to me in that tone?" Dona said with a pleasant chuckle, "Sylvia, we just asked Aunt Tonya to rest somewhere else for now. You can rest assured that we won't hurt her." "Then, where is she now?!"

How was she supposed to calm down when they took Aunt Tonya away?!

Dona continued with a placating smile, "Don't worry about that. We came here because we have something to ask of you. If you agree to meet our demands, we will bring her back to you immediately."

Sylvia asked icily, "What do you want me to do?"

"Here's the situation. You and Odell have been divorced for more than three years already, and your father and I are very worried about your future. We have decided to find a suitable partner for you to spend your life with. Except for the fact that he's on the older end, he's a wonderful man, more than anything you could ask for. If you promise to marry him, we won't have to keep worrying about your future, and you'll also get your Aunt Tonya back." Sylvia's expression was painted with disdain, and she had to chuckle at this offer, "Worried about my future? How about when you kicked me out when I went back to you three years ago? Let me guess! You're worried about me being with Tristan because that means Sonia can't marry him!"

Bang!

Emmanuel immediately slammed his rough hands on the table and bellowed, "I am your father. How dare you talk to me like this?!"

Sylvia glared at him. "You were the one who told me that you disowned me three years ago. Are you having your first signs of dementia?" Emmanuel glared at her menacingly. "You brat! So what if I said that? I was the one who raised you with my wallet!" Dona's expression changed subtly as she motioned

to Sylvia. "Sylvia, I believe you still want to see Aunt Tonya," she said with a curling smile, her voice full of implications. How very disgusting! Sylvia gritted her teeth. "Kidnapping is illegal." Dona smiled and said, "Whoever said anything about kidnapping her? She used to be a servant of the family, and we all are familiar with her. We just invited her as a guest to someplace you don't have any business knowing. If you dare to call the police, you'll be making a grave mistake."

Sylvia clenched her hands so tightly that her knuckles were beginning to hurt. The pain took her edge off and calmed her slightly. She could not rush things, or else she would be playing into their schemes. She suddenly perked up and asked, "So, you will take care of Aunt Tonya, won't you?" "Of course." "Allow me to thank you in place of Aunt Tonya." Sylvia turned around and pulled a chair to sit down on, throwing one of her legs onto another, and folding her arms across her chest. Emmanuel and Dona were baffled by this display of confidence. Sylvia smirked coyly. "You two may leave now." Emmanuel and Dona were speechless as their faces were filled with disgust and horror. "What's wrong with your attitude?" Emmanuel shouted. Dona laughed. "Sylvia, your dad and I made the trip here to see you. Don't be so ungrateful." Sylvia laughed heartily. "I guess I am pretty ungrateful. What are you going to do about it?" Dona's grimaced.