

master odells 121

Chapter 121

“Damn it!” Emmanuel shot up and nearly charged at Sylvia. Nevertheless, Sylvia was completely unfazed. Dona grabbed him just in time and smiled placatingly. “Emmanuel, don’t be angry. It’s not worth getting angry with this girl. You have to think of your health.”

Then, she turned to Sylvia. “I’ll let you know who your marriage candidate is and you can think about it. You’d better make up your mind quickly. I don’t know how long Aunt Tonya can keep waiting for you.”

Sylvia stiffened.

Dona smiled wryly and turned to Emmanuel. “Let’s go, Emmanuel. Give her some time to think about it.”

Emmanuel’s expression softened considerably as he muttered, “Yeah, sure.” He shot another hostile look at Sylvia before walking out with Dona. His crew followed him out of the house as well.

The whole house suddenly descended into silence.

Sylvia bowed her head and grabbed her head with her hands. The same sense of despair she had felt when she was kicked out of Westchester City three years ago rushed back to her like a tsunami.

Her mind was in disarray, and she felt as if her skull was about to burst.

That was when her phone rang.

Dona had sent her a message.

The message contained the name and occupation of her marriage prospect. It read, “Michael Foster, main stakeholder in Flora Shoes.”

Sylvia formed a frown. She seemed to have heard this name and company somewhere before.

She forwarded the message to Sherry and asked her, “Hey, what do you know about this person?”

Sherry replied very quickly, “Yeah, isn’t this guy the brother of Ledger Corporation’s Bruce Ledger? He’s a pretty famous hooligan in Westchester and has been having the time of his life leeching off his family wealth. I think this Flora Shoes is a small company that Bruce set up for him.”

Sylvia felt a terrible shiver run across her body. She felt terribly cold and her face had become horribly pale.

She now remembered seeing Michael Ledger twice when she was playing with Tristan in her childhood days. She remembered him being a fierce-looking man but also a womanizer

wherever he went. The thought that her father would marry her off to this old man was sickening!

Sherry texted her again, “Sylvia, why are you asking about him?” She twirled her fingers on the phone display and began typing with trembling hands. “They kidnapped Aunt Tonya and now want me to marry him.” Furious, Sherry sent a voice message. She roared, “What is this sick joke?! Was it your dad and Dona?” Sylvia texted, “Yeah.”

Sherry ranted, "Absolutely unbelievable! Are they trying to ruin you by setting you up with him? He's like fifty this year! He's old, ugly, and loves to mess around with women. I heard he has several illegitimate children out there! What's wrong with your father? How could he call himself your father?" Sylvia's face was horridly pale. Even she had her doubts if she was her father's biological daughter.

Nonetheless, this was not the time to dwell on these feelings; she had to rescue Aunt Tonya!

Sylvia asked Sherry, "Sherry, I need to know where Aunt Tonya was taken to. Can you help me find out what properties in Westchester are registered under the Rosses?"

They would not take Aunt Tonya back to the family house or the company headquarters. They must have hidden her somewhere she did not know of.

"Don't worry, leave it to me. I'll have someone look that up for you now."

"Thank you, Sherry." Sherry grumbled, "Don't be so courteous with me. I've never been so formal with you back even when you helped me out." Sylvia felt a warm, fuzzy feeling in her chest and said, "Alright." After wrapping up their conversation, she calmed down considerably. Emmanuel and Dona must have been in cahoots with Tristan's parents to set up something like this.

The goal was to marry her off so that Tristan could marry Sonia instead.

It occurred to her that Emmanuel had already disowned her, and Dona had never been keen on her returning to the family either. There was no reason they would have suddenly become motivated to find a partner for her.

Everything led back to 'Tara. Could she be pulling the strings underneath the surface again?<

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Sherry was extremely efficient.

Before the sun even set, she had compiled a list of all the properties the Rosses owned and sent them to Sylvia.

She attached another message along with it. "Hey, Sylvia. My guy accessed the surveillance cameras in these properties and did not see any sign of Aunt Tonya or anyone suspicious showing up. Do you think there's a chance they moved Aunt Tonya out of the city?"

Sylvia frowned tensely.

Judging by what she knew of Emmanuel and Dona, she doubted they would take so much effort to relocate Aunt Tonya out of the city.

But if they did not relocate her out of the city, where could they have hidden her?

She felt her head throbbing. She sat down on the ground and scratched her head until her hair turned into a tangled mess, and still, she could not figure it out.

Her phone rang again.

The caller ID was "Grandma".

Sylvia's eyes brightened as she answered the phone immediately. Isabel's saccharine voice greeted her, "Mommy, have you eaten yet?" Sylvia smiled sweetly and answered tenderly, "I've eaten. Have you and your brother eaten?" "We just ate, and we're waiting for you on the balcony behind the big meanie's room!" Isabel said with a tint of excitement.

Sylvia quickly told her, "I'll go get the binoculars right now. Both of you, wait for me."

She formed a claw with her hands and smoothed her hair. Then, she went to get the binoculars from the coffee table and walked to the yard.

Like the previous two nights, Sylvia saw Liam and Isabel standing on the balcony through the binoculars

Liam held the phone in between him and Isabel with one hand and grabbed the binoculars with the other.

Isabel, meanwhile, was holding the binoculars with both hands and looking at Sylvia.

With the binoculars, it was as if they were mere inches away.

Sylvia smiled warmly and spoke into the phone, "What did you two eat tonight?" Liam answered, "Steamed eggs with pumpkin, and some snacks." Isabel pouted. "It doesn't taste good. It's nothing like what Mommy cooks."

Liam echoed the same sentiment with a grunt.

Sylvia found it rather humorous.

The chefs in the Carter household were all professional and famous chefs, so how was it that their cooking was not up to standards?

It would seem as if the children rated her cooking a little too high. They were clearly very eager to see her again. A glint appeared in Sylvia's eyes as she told them, "Mommy has been quite busy recently. After I settle my things, I will talk to your father and see if I can take you back here and cook something nice for you. Does that sound good?" Isabel answered tenderly, "Okay, but hurry up, Mommy. We miss you so much." Sylvia smiled. "Yes, Mommy will take care of things quickly." That was when Ben, the bodyguard, appeared behind them. Sylvia heard Ben's anxious voice through the phone. "Young Master, Miss, your father has returned. Please get out of here quickly before he finds you two here." He lifted Isabel and Liam from the chair as he said this.

Before the two little guys could say goodbye to their mother, Ben had taken the phone away. They were carried out of the room with smooth efficiency. When they were gone, Sylvia put down the binoculars. Although she did not get much time to talk with them, her mood was significantly alleviated. Now that she was in a better mood, her mental state was faring better as well.

She sat back on the living room sofa and began to look through the messages Sherry sent her. If Emmanuel and Dona had not taken Aunt Tonya to any of their registered properties, they must have hidden her somewhere else.

There was a certain risk to hiding her in any common location, so they must have found someone they knew and could rely on.

Who could this person be?

It had to be the Ledgers with whom they were working now. When the idea occurred to Sylvia, she promptly called Sherry. She requested, "Sherry, could you help me find out what properties the Ledgers own in the city?"

Sherry answered, "The Ledgers have a couple of subsidiary companies under their name and additional accounts, so it's going to take very long." Sylvia thought for a while and decided, "Let's start with the ones under Michael Ledger."

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"Alright, it's way easier if we only investigate him. I should be able to get back to you by tomorrow morning."

"Ok, thanks again."

"No need for these formalities. Make sure you rest early and don't worry too much. They won't do anything to Aunt Tonya."

Sylvia grimaced and answered, "Okay."

At the Carters' residence, when Odell came to the living room, he saw Madam Carter sitting all alone on the sofa.

He frowned and asked, "Grandma, where are Liam and Isabel?" The madam had a shifty look in her eyes when she informed him, "They should be playing in their room."

Odell stepped towards their room.

Before he reached the door, he could hear Isabel complaining from inside, "I'm gonna turn the meanie into a turtle! Or I'll turn him into a puppy..."

She was busy casting a spell on him.

Without further thought, he pushed the door open. Isabel, who was on the floor and badmouthing him, immediately zipped her lips. Liam moved in front of her, fearing that Odell would grab her and teach her a hard lesson.

Nevertheless, Odell entered and nonchalantly pulled a chair to sit in front of them. He asked, "Have you two had dinner yet?"

Isabel turned away snobbishly. "Hmmp!"

She ignored him!

Odell scowled and turned to Liam.

Liam answered, "I've eaten." "What did you eat?"

"Food."

Odell had no comeback to that. He glanced at the watch on his wrist to see what time it was.

After that, he took a book from the bookshelf next to him.

He glanced at Liam and Isabel, then he coughed softly and announced stiffly, "Sit down. Let me tell you a bedtime story."

Isabel pouted and objected, "I don't want to hear your story."

Odell raised his eyebrows. "Then, you can sleep with me tonight." Isabel immediately shut her lips and clung to her brother's arm with all her might. The only thing scarier than listening to his bedtime story was having to sleep with him! Odell grinned with satisfaction and proceeded to read from the storybook. Meanwhile, Ben the bodyguard emerged from the other end of the corridor and arrived in the living room. He handed Madam Carter's mobile phone back to her. The madam asked, "Did Odell find out?" Ben answered, "The kids reacted very quickly, so Master Carter didn't notice a thing." Madam Carter heaved a sigh of relief.

An hour later, after successfully coaxing Liam and Isabel to sleep, Odell put the storybook down and carried them back to the bed one by one before covering them with a blanket. Then, he went back to his bedroom. Compared to the warm, cozy room that the children shared, his room was empty and lacked any semblance of homeliness.

A cold breeze blew in from the balcony. Odell frowned and went to the balcony. He was going to close the door connecting the balcony to the bedroom but found himself stepping out onto the balcony and facing north. It was a cool night, and many houses toward the north were still illuminated by an array of bright interior lights, including the one where Sylvia lived. A few days had passed already, but the woman still had not come for Isabel and Liam. It did not seem like she was going to come to him to apologize either. Was she going to give up on them?

Odell wore a stoic look. He proceeded to pick up a binocular that was left in the corner and aimed it toward Sylvia's place.

He was curious to see what would keep her up at night. Did she bring Tristan back home to spend the night with her? This woman must have given up on her children!

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The scene from several hundred meters away immediately zoomed in front of his very eyes,

The lights in the living room were turned on. Sylvia could be seen sitting in front of a canvas placed in front of the French windows.

She had paint all over her cheeks and on strands of her hair, but she remained completely unbothered. She held a paintbrush in one hand and was hard at work sketching something on the canvas.

She did it with such intensity that it seemed like she would drill a hole into the canvas.

Odell wore a dark look.

Before the divorce, he had seen her paint several times.

Those were the occasions when he got off work earlier than usual. He would return to the sight of her in plain clothes, with her hair tucked behind her ears and her face bare without makeup. She would sit on the lawn in the yard and draw with a fixed look

Twice, he had wanted to draw closer to observe her paintings, but she was very eager to please him and would immediately put her paintings away so that she could retreat to the bedroom where she cleaned herself and put on makeup to make herself presentable. Only then did she reappear to greet him.

The first few times, she painted with a calm, noble temperament.

Except for one occasion. It was when she had just found out about Odell and Tara.

Odell remembered the state he had seen her in. She had a blank look on her face and was drawing frantically. Her movements had seemed more like she was trying to jab the paintbrush through the canvas, and that was exactly what she was doing now.

Could this mean that she was in a bad mood now?

Was it because he would not let her see the children? Or did something happen with Tristan?

Considering her bold and fearless personality, she would have stormed to his company sometime during these two days and confronted him had she wanted to see the children. This meant that it must have something to do with Tristan.

Odell scoffed.

Then, he took out his phone and called his assistant, Cliff. "Find out if something has happened to Sylvia these past two days."

Within ten minutes, Cliff called him again.

He proceeded to report his findings, "Master Carter, the word is that Miss Sylvia's father and stepmother came up to see her this morning. Some people claim that they saw them taking Aunt Tonya away before Miss Sylvia got home." Odell frowned.

Emmanuel and his wife came for her? They even took Aunt Tonya away? After a brief silence, he enquired, "Why did they take Aunt Tonya away?" "I'm not very sure." "Look into it." "Alright." Odell picked up the binoculars again. Sylvia was still sitting in the same spot and drawing. She swung the paintbrush wildly across the canvas as if she would never get tired.

Odell bit his lip quietly.

After a while, Cliff called again. He answered the phone in one hand, still holding the binoculars with the other. Cliff relayed his findings again, "Master Carter, according to my findings, it seems that her parents went to her to propose a marriage arrangement. They took Aunt Tonya as leverage against her."

An arranged marriage? A gleam of ice appeared in Odell's eyes, and his voice lowered by several pitches. "Who do they want Sylvia to marry?" Cliff revealed, "Michael Ledger." Odell looked surprised. "Michael Ledger? Are you sure it's him?" Cliff whispered, "It is him."

Odell frowned.

Michael Ledger, the younger brother of Bruce Ledger, was already fifty years old and was a seasoned gangster in Westchester. Word was he had numerous bastards out there.

Yet, the Rosses wanted Sylvia to marry him? Was it because they were worried that Sylvia and Tristan's being together would sabotage Sonia's marriage prospect? However, Sylvia was also part of the Ross family. Odell became silent for a long time, then he grunted. This woman had schemed and plotted back when she wanted to marry him, so why could she not pull off the same manipulation tactics on her father?

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Such morbid incompetence!

After not receiving a response from the other end of the phone for some time, Cliff probed carefully, "Master Carter, should we help Miss Ross get Aunt Tonya back?" Odell answered in a disgruntled voice, "Do I look like a saint to you?" Cliff promptly shut his mouth. Two seconds later, Odell instructed him again, "Find out where Aunt Tonya is being held, and report to me once you find out." Cliff asked curiously, "I thought you didn't want to help her?" Odell snapped back harshly, "Who said I was going to help her? I'm just curious where Aunt Tonya is being held captive by Emmanuel."

Considering how Aunt Tonya was one of Sylvia's dearest friends, he figured he would make good use of this information. Perhaps he could force her to apologize to him with this intel as leverage. Cliff pulled a face and answered, "Okay, I'm on it." Odell then hung up and put down the phone. He looked through the binoculars again.

Sylvia was still sketching.

He grimaced and scoffed.

Judging by how she had been wildly sketching for so long, she must have been scribbling something ridiculous and infantile.

The next morning, shortly after Sylvia woke up, she got a call from Sherry. Sherry told her, "Sylvia, you were right. Aunt Tonya was taken to one of Michael's places." Sylvia enquired urgently, "Where have they taken her?" "Michael opened a clubhouse, and they had Aunt Tonya taken there yesterday. I'll send you the address of this club." Sherry told Sylvia while composing said message, "But this club is not a lawful venue-if you know what I mean-there are many dangerous people on guard, and my men couldn't get inside. There's no way you can sneak in by yourself. You'll need to find someone who has free access to it."

Someone with free access?

Sylvia immediately thought of Tristan.

She did not want to get involved with him anymore, but this was Aunt Tonya! She had to find her

After some brief hesitation, she made the call.

However, it seemed as if the other party had turned off his phone. She tried to call again several times only to yield the same result. Tristan would not block her number. He was probably occupied with

something else. Sylvia sent him a text message, "Tristan, I need your help. My father took Aunt Tonya to one of your uncle's clubs. I need your help to bring me inside to rescue her."

Meanwhile, at the Rosses', Dona and Sonia waited for a day without an answer from Sylvia, and both mother and daughter's faces were stark with annoyance. Sonia could not wait any longer and asked, "Mom, Sylvia doesn't care about the old hag's life, does she?"

Dona seemed rather skeptical as well. Aunt Tonya had taken care of Sylvia since she was a child. Dona thought that Sylvia would agree to the terms by last night, at the latest. She was not expecting there to be zero response even till now. Either she truly did not care about Aunt Tonya's fate, or she was still putting a stubborn resistance.

Either way, it was impossible for her to find Aunt Tonya's whereabouts on her own.

They had an agreement with the Ledgers that Aunt Tonya was to be taken to Michael's property to be hidden away. Meanwhile, Bruce and Catherine came up with some solution to keep Tristan out of the picture.

The only person Sylvia could go to was Tristan, and since Tristan was not around, she had no road leading to Aunt Tonya. Dona scoffed with disdain, "This bitch sure is difficult to deal with."

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"Mom, what should we do now?" Sonia asked anxiously, "If she bides her time until Tristan comes back, then we'll lose our advantage over her." Dona frowned and pondered deeply. An idea suddenly came to her as she turned to Sonia. "Sonia, don't you worry. I'll discuss things with your father right away." Sonia nodded.

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After she sent the text message, Sylvia stared at her phone screen and waited for a reply at home.

Almost an hour passed before Tristan finally called her back

When she answered, he quickly said to her, "Sylvia, I turned off my phone because I was in a meeting, so I didn't answer your call. Tell me why Aunt Tonya was taken to my uncle's club."

Sylvia replied, "My dad wants me to marry your uncle, so he kidnapped Aunt Tonya to threaten me. Can you take me to your uncle's club now?" "What? How can he force you to marry my uncle?" Tristan was furious. "I'll book a flight back right away. Wait for me. I'll hurry back as soon as possible."

Sylvia immediately frowned and asked, "Are you abroad now? Where are you?"

"I'm in Liberty. Don't worry. I'll get someone to help you find Aunt Tonya first. I'll definitely help you get her out. Just wait for me at home!" It would take more than ten hours for him to come back from Liberty, but the people he sent should be able to enter Michael's club. Sylvia had no choice but to answer, "Okay." After the call ended, she was still frowning. 'How is it that Tristan just so happens to be abroad now? Was he lured away deliberately?' At that moment, Sherry sent her a photo of Michael's club. There are five burly thugs at the entrance alone. There must be more inside.

'Could Tristan's subordinates be able to break in and find Aunt Tonya? 'However, who else besides Triston can go in and bring Aunt Tonya out now?' Sylvia scrolled through her contacts and finally stopped at the entry named 'Odell Carter.' On that day, after the two kids had stolen his phone to call her, they blocked her number to prevent Odell from finding out.

Her number should still be on his blacklist now.

Sylvia was torn, wondering if she should try to call him. However, just as her finger was about to press on the number, the caller interface popped up on the screen, and her phone suddenly rang. She did not save this number, but she recognized it as Dona's. Her expression turned cold as she answered it. Dona asked with a smile, "Sylvia, it's been a day. Have you thought about it?" Sylvia responded with a smile. "What's there to think about? About when you'll send Aunt Tonya back?"

Dona's voice cooled. "You're really more patient than I thought. Do you really think we won't do anything to Aunt Tonya?" Sylvia's expression turned cold. "What did you do to her?"

Donna laughed. "Of course, we won't do anything to her. It's just that she misses you too much and keeps clamoring to come back, so a few guests of mine accidentally touched her a little."

That meant that Aunt Tonya had been beaten up by those thugs. Sylvia clenched the phone and gnashed her teeth. Dona sighed. "Your father and I already told them not to touch Aunt Tonya, but they couldn't hold back. Don't be angry. Your father and I aren't bad people. We're doing this for your own sake. Why don't you come and see Aunt Tonya now? I'm really worried that she'll be too stubborn and ask for trouble instead."

Sylvia's expression changed after hearing this. "Are you telling the truth?" "Why would I lie to you? I've already sent someone to pick you up. You can go with them to see Aunt Tonya." Then, Dona hung up the phone. Sure enough, not long after, an MPV stopped outside. The only person in the car was the driver.

Sylvia was truly worried that something would happen to Aunt Tonya, so she had no choice. She grabbed her phone and sat down in the back seat warily.

If something wrong happened along the way, she would jump out of the car when it stopped at a traffic light.

The driver started the car after she got in. Neither did he look at her, nor did he speak to her. Sylvia opened the GPS app.

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As the car moved, the navigation icon moved as well.

According to the route, it seemed like the car was really headed toward Michael's club.

However, would Dona let her see Aunt Tonya so easily?

On the top floor of Carter Tower, Cliff reached the office door. He knocked twice, pushed it open, and hurriedly walked in.

"Master Carter, we found out where Aunt Tonya is being held." He walked up to Odell's desk and continued to report, "The people we sent to investigate found that she's been locked up in a club

belonging to Michael Ledger.” Odell nodded after hearing this. “There’s one more thing, Master Carter,” Cliff said somewhat hastily. However, he did not know whether he should say this or not.

Odell frowned. “What is it?”

“The people who went to the club to investigate found that Michael just arrived as well.” “Isn’t it normal for him to go to his own club?”

“They secretly heard a call that Michael received. The person on the other end of the phone told him that Ms. Ross got into the car. Michael was very excited after hearing this and had people prepare some wine. It seems that he’s also prepared a powder that will cause a person to faint upon smelling it. He also had people clean up the best suite in the club. He’s just waiting for Ms. Ross to arrive.”

It went without saying what Michael would do to Sylvia when she arrived. Odell’s expression instantly darkened. The next second, he got up and strode out, saying in a cold voice, “Bring a few people along and follow me there immediately.” Cliff quickly complied.

After half an hour or so, Sylvia’s car pulled up in front of the club, which was decorated with a nouveau riche atmosphere.

When she got out, two burly men who were guarding the door came up to her. She asked bluntly, “Where’s Aunt Tonya?” One of the men narrowed his eyes at her and grinned. “She’s inside. You just have to follow me.

Sylvia gave them a wary look and followed them into the club.

As soon as she entered, she was greeted by the pungent smell of smoke and alcohol. There were even a few men and women making out in the dark corners.

Sylvia frowned and quickly followed the burly men into an elevator. One of the men pressed a button, and the elevator arrived on the third floor. The decoration on this floor was also opulent, but there was not a single person in the corridor, so it looked a little odd.

The two burly men walked to the door of a room and stood at its sides. One of them smiled at her and said, “Ms. Ross, Aunt Tonya is right here. You should go in.” Sylvia was anxious to see Aunt Tonya, so she reached out to push the door open without thinking about it. However, all she saw inside was luxurious furniture and a table of wine. The inside was clean and empty. It did not look like there was anyone around.

She felt that something was wrong and immediately turned around to go out.

However, the man outside the door gave her a hard push.

She stumbled and fell in.

Immediately, the door of the room closed with a bang.

Sylvia turned and was just about to grab the doorknob when suddenly, out of the corner of her eye, a fat figure lunged toward her. She quickly turned and dodged to the side. Michael, who wanted to grab her, missed his target and almost lost his footing.

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Sylvia instantly understood what was going on. Dona did not send her to see Aunt Tonya at all. She wanted to send her to this fat middle-aged man!

Michael soon regained his footing and stared at her. When he saw Sylvia's pretty face and charming figure, he narrowed his eyes and smiled lewdly. "Why are you running, Sylvia? Let me hug you." Sylvia resisted the urge to punch him and shouted at him, "Tell them to open the door. Otherwise, don't blame me for being rude to you!" Michael stared at her and laughed. "You're feisty. I like that." He approached Sylvia as he spoke. Sylvia stepped back and tried to reason with him. "Tristan and I are good friends. Since you're his uncle, you're also my senior. Please behave yourself." "Hehe, don't you just want to marry that brat?" Michael laughed. "But he's still immature. He can't even go up against his parents, so he can't marry you. You might as well come with me instead. I promise that you'll have everything you dream of."

Sylvia did not want to explain that she never wanted to marry Tristan. Even if she explained it, this old rascal would not listen.

She went along with his words and said, "If he knows that you're bullying me like this, don't you think he'll hate you as an uncle?"

Michael was stunned for a moment, then snorted and laughed. "Who cares? I don't live off him."

"He's the sole heir of the Ledger family. Ledger Corporation will be his in the future. You don't live off him now, but what about after he inherits the company? Do you think you still won't need to rely on him?"

Michael's expression changed. He was obviously listening.

Sylvia continued, "Mr. Ledger, tell them to open the door and let me go. I'll pretend that nothing happened here. I won't tell Tristan about this either."

Michael stared at her face.

However, a few seconds later, he laughed lewdly again. "Hehe, not only are you beautiful, but you're very smart too."

Sylvia frowned

"He has to wait until my brother dies if he wants to inherit the company, and by the time my brother dies, I won't continue living for long anyway. I don't have to rely on Tristan!" Michael approached Sylvia as he spoke, his eyes still staring at her face lustfully. "And if I marry a smart and beautiful babe like you, I can be happy for the rest of my life!"

Sylvia only felt disgusted. She said coldly, "Then, don't blame me for being rude to you!" Michael giggled. She was just about to raise her fist. However, before she could do that, her body suddenly felt weak

It was as if her strength had been taken away. She not only lost strength in her fists, but her legs also went soft. She hurriedly backed up and pressed her back against the wall, asking him with a glare, "What's going on?" She had not touched anything since she came in here. Michael raised his hands and

said with a smile, "It's just a small gift from me. Don't worry. There are no side effects. It's just to make you more obedient later, so you don't have to suffer more."

Sylvia asked furiously, "When did you give it to me?" "When you pushed the door open and came in, the powder that was scattered above the door, entered your nostrils."

Sylvia did not expect there to be a drug like that. At that moment, Michael had already come up to her. He could not wait to reach out and touch her face.

She used the last of her strength to push him away and ran away.

However, after taking just two steps, she fell to the ground after losing her center of gravity. Her body was so weak that she could not move at all!

Michael came up to her again.

There was a lewd smile on his fleshy face, and he said in a disgusting tone, "Sylvia, as long as you behave, I'll dote on you the most in the future. I'll let you live the rest of your life in luxury."

Sylvia clenched her teeth as despair and helplessness filled her body. "Am I really going to be..." She closed her eyes. "No, I don't want to. I'll fight for my life. I won't let him take advantage of me!" She turned sharply, strained to pick up a vase, and threw it at his head.

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Bam!

The vase hit Michael's head squarely.

In an instant, he dropped to the ground with a heavy thud.

Sylvia got up and ran to the window.

However, Michael did not pass out. He sat up while covering his bleeding forehead.

He glared at Sylvia fiercely and shouted at the door, "Men! Catch that bitch. Don't let her get away. I'll play with her till she dies!"

The burly men outside opened the door and rushed in.

One of them went to help Michael while the other went toward Sylvia.

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Sylvia quickly climbed to the windowsill.

They were nearly ten meters from the ground. Although there was nothing for her to slide down with, the lawn below looked quite soft. Seeing that the man was about to reach her, she steeled her nerves and leaped down. In an instant, she tumbled on the lawn and rolled forward.

At the same time, several black cars were coming down the driveway beside it.

The black MPV in the lead stopped the moment she rolled over. Sylvia happened to stop rolling right next to this black car.

Even though she tried to maintain a good landing position so as to not hurt her vital points, her legs still hurt badly. There were also obvious scratches on her cheeks from scraping on the grass when she rolled. She curled up in pain.

The figure of a tall man got out of the car.

He took two steps toward her. When he saw that it was her, his brows furrowed tightly.

Sylvia also spotted him. Her eyes were shocked, and she asked weakly, "Odell? Why are you here?" Did he come here to save her? Odell looked at her coldly. His voice was frighteningly icy. "Why did you jump? Are you tired of living?"

Sylvia was in unbearable pain, but Michael's men should be coming after her soon, so she could not be bothered to notice his anger. She asked him directly, "Odell, can you please take me away?"

When she finished speaking, her reddened eyes were suddenly filled with anticipation.

Odell's gaze deepened. A moment later, he bent down and held out a hand to pinch her chin, asking, "Where's Tristan? Didn't you want to go with him? Why didn't he come to your rescue? Why did he let you be bullied here?"

His voice was indifferent, and his gaze was cold and contemptuous. It looked like he was laughing at her. The light in Sylvia's eyes instantly dimmed. She did not have the strength to explain to him that she did not have that kind of relationship with Tristan. Even if she explained, he would not believe her.

She turned her face away, ignoring him.

Odell's expression fell. 'She's still showing me this attitude at a time like this. Is it because she's unhappy that I mocked Tristan?'

He pinched her chin again and said in a cold voice, "You can forget about me saving you if you, ignore me." Sylvia responded breathlessly, "He's abroad. He doesn't know I'm here."

"Heh, his own uncle wants to sleep with you, but he doesn't know anything." Odell sneered. "What a useless man."

Chapter 130

Sylvia was speechless. She pursed her lips. She did not want to explain, and she could not be bothered to explain. When Odell saw her like this, he thought that she was upset because he hit the nail on the head. He sneered and patted her cheek. "Why aren't you saying anything?" Sylvia said, "You're right. Can you take me away now?" Odell frowned. He could feel that she was being sarcastic. However, since she was in pain, he did not mind lending her a helping hand. After a moment, he said to her, "I can take you away, but you have to admit your mistake to me first."

Admit her mistake? Sylvia asked in confusion, "What mistake did I make?" He said coldly, "You know very well what it is." What was it?

She asked directly, "Is it because I hit Tara before?" Odell pursed his lips and ignored her. Sylvia took his silence as agreement. She immediately said, "I didn't do anything wrong. I found Alister, and she

admitted that Tara bribed her. When I go back, I'll go find her and prove that what I told you before is true."

Odell frowned and looked even more sullen.

Sylvia wanted to groan out loud. 'I've already said this much, but he still doesn't believe me. Why does his expression look even worse now?'

After a while, Odell continued to ignore her. Sylvia could not help but call out to him. "Odell, can you answer me?" "Keep thinking. If you can't figure it out, then you might just as well die here." Sylvia was dumbfounded.

'What does that mean? Was that not the mistake he was referring to?' She frowned and thought about it. "I shouldn't have gone to peek at the children on the day I beat Tara up?"

Odell remained silent.

Sylvia tried again. "I shouldn't have gone to your office to bother you before?" He still did not speak

'Could it be that he knows I used the binoculars to secretly see and call the children two days ago?'

She said softly, "I shouldn't have secretly called the children and used binoculars to see them?"

Odell frowned and glared at her. "They went behind my back to call you? They even used binoculars to see you? Whose phone did they use to call you?" Sylvia's eyes flashed, and she pursed her lips. Odell glared at her coldly. "Keep thinking!" She really could not figure it out. Not long after that, she said, "If you really want me to find a mistake, then my biggest mistake was during that night. I shouldn't have walked into your room and made you marry

me."

This was also her biggest regret in life. If she could go back in time, she would not have fallen for Dona's trap. She would never have gone into his room. Odell's expression darkened. His thin lips pursed into a straight line, and his gaze turned cold. Sylvia shivered. After a long time, he said, "Your mistake was that you turned a deaf ear to my words and left with Tristan."

Sylvia instantly remembered what happened the day she was brought to Tara's place.

At that time, Tristan had brought his men to save her. She was afraid that Odell would slap her a dozen more times, so she had left with Tristan. She remembered that he had also threatened her. He had said that if she went with Tristan, she would never see her children again in her life.

However, if she did not leave, was she supposed to stay and get beaten up by him again? Sylvia did not feel like she was at fault. She pursed her lips.<