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Chapter 131

Odell saw that she did not say anything and asked impatiently, "Why are you keeping silent again?"

Sylvia said, "I'm not wrong."

His expression fell.

She immediately felt the temperature around her drop. Her leg did not even feel as painful anymore.

However, after just a moment, Odell's lips curled up again. He said to her with a wry smile, "I'll give you one more chance to reword that properly and admit your mistake to me. Then, promise me that you'll have nothing to do with Tristan in the future. If you do that, I'll take you away. If you don't, you can resign yourself to marrying that old rascal, Michael. You'll never see Isabel or Liam again."

Each word he spoke was cruel and stabbed at her like knives.

The way he looked down on her was as if he was a king peering down condescendingly from high above his pedestal. He looked at her like she was a worm that he could trample at any moment.

Sylvia was so cold that her body stiffened.

With reddened eyes, she asked him in a trembling voice, "Odell, what else can you do besides using Isabel and Liam to threaten me?"

Odell looked at her teary eyes and grew irritated. "Don't test my patience. If you don't admit your mistake, then I'm leaving."

"I refuse. Leave if you want to!" Sylvia shouted hoarsely. Then, she turned around to lie prone on the ground and crawled to the side of the road with her hands,

Odell looked at her figure expressionlessly.

He saw her hands on the ground and how she could only move slowly despite her best efforts. She looked like a witless turtle. He suddenly got angry.

'She just had to open her mouth to admit her mistake to me. She was able to speak so well before. Why can't she say it now? 'She'd rather be tortured by that old rascal, Michael, than admit her mistake to me!

'Is Tristan that important to her? 'Damn it. She's so ungrateful!

'What a stupid idiot!'

Swoosh!

He got up instantly. With two large strides, he bent over, reached out, and pulled her up.

He picked her up in one swift motion and threw her into the car. Sylvia fell into the back seat. Her legs hurt so much that she could not sit up, so she had to curl into herself.

Odell sat next to her and said to Cliff in the driver's seat, "To the hospital." The car started immediately. Odell's indifferent eyes looked ahead, not sparing her a glance at all. Sylvia also knew her place and curled up, clenching her teeth to fight back the pain. A while later, the phone in her pocket suddenly rang. She reached out to grab it. However, her hand slipped, and the phone fell under the car seat. She reached for it again and groped a few times before finding it. Then, she saw the caller ID.

It was Tristan.

She subconsciously looked at Odell. His head was bowed, and his eyes were dark. It was clear that he also saw the caller ID on her phone screen.

Sylvia's eyes flickered. However, Tristan was definitely calling because of Aunt Tonya. Thus, she did not hesitate and brought the phone to her ear. Tristan's gentle voice spoke immediately. "Sylvia, the people I called have already arrived at my uncle's club. They should be able to find Aunt Tonya soon. I've already boarded the plane and will have to turn off my phone soon, but I told my men to send Aunt Tonya over to you as soon as they find her." Sylvia's expression lit up. "Okay, thank you."

"Don't mention it, and don't worry. I'll solve everything when I get back." "Alright."

Hanging up the call, Sylvia put away the phone. Then, she felt a gust of cold air sweeping across her.

She turned to see Odell's cold and dark expression.

"What? Is Tristan coming back to solve your problems?" He raised the corners of his mouth in a smirk.

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Sylvia's eyes twitched. Tristan was boarding a plane to come back, and he was indeed coming back to solve her problems.

However, if she answered 'yes', Odell would very likely toss her out of the car immediately.

Sylvia did not want to die, so she pursed her lips.

After a long time, Odell looked at her and said impatiently, "If you don't answer me, I'll throw you out now."

She could only let out a low hum.

The next second, he bellowed, "Stop the car!" Cliff said softly, "Master Carter, there's still a hundred meters to the hospital." Odell asked coldly, "Did you not hear what I just said?"

Cliff did not dare to say anything else and immediately pulled over to the side of the road.

Odell looked at Sylvia. His eyes were like frost, and his voice was frighteningly cold. "Get out!" Sylvia felt a shiver make her whole body shudder. She wanted to get out immediately, but the pain in her legs was too severe, so she could not stand up at all.

After struggling for a few seconds, she looked at Cliff in the driver's seat in front and asked in a small voice, "Cliff, can you help me? I just need help getting down."

The hospital was just a hundred meters away, and there were many pedestrians passing by, so she could ask someone else for help to get to the hospital.

However, Cliff did not dare to answer her. He glanced at Odell in the rearview mirror. Odell's expression was even more terrifying than the devil from hell.

Cliff immediately withdrew his gaze. He did not dare to respond to Sylvia.

Sylvia knew that he was in a difficult position, so she did not force him. She reached out to open the door on her side and crawled out with her hands.

When her upper body was out of the car, a tall shadow suddenly appeared in front of her eyes. A muscular arm circled around her waist and picked her up with a little strength. Sylvia tilted her head up and saw Odell's handsome but stony face. His expression was so cold that it could freeze her to death.

Her eyelids fluttered.

Odell did not look at her. He kept his gaze ahead and quickly walked forward. In what seemed like the blink of an eye, she was carried to the hospital lobby. Then, she was mercilessly thrown in a wheelchair by the wall. Sylvia's body rattled slightly before firmly sitting on the wheelchair.

At that moment, Odell had turned his back and was stepping out.

Sylvia said, "Thank you."

His steps paused.

She thought he did not hear her clearly, so she said again, "Thank you for saving me and taking me to the hospital."

Although she was very upset with him, his timely appearance had indeed saved her today. She was not someone who was oblivious to her situation.

Odell turned around and looked at her coldly. "Don't overthink it. I took the time to save you only because I don't want Isabel and Liam's mother to be fooled around with by an old rascal."

Sylvia replied calmly, "I know. I won't overthink it." Odell's eyes were cold. He spared her another glance before walking straight out. His back was tall and indifferent, and his strides were long and wide. He walked out without any hesitation and disappeared from the hospital in the blink of an eye.

Sylvia withdrew her gaze and wheeled herself to register at the emergency department. By the time she was examined and bandaged, an hour had passed. Both her calves had hairline fractures and were splinted. She emerged from the hospital in the wheelchair. However, there was still no news about Aunt Tonya.

'It's been more than an hour. The men that Tristan sent should have found Aunt Tonya by now, right?'

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Sylvia suddenly felt uneasy.

She called Aunt Tonya as well as the landline at home, but Aunt Tonya's cell phone was still off, and no one answered the phone at home.

'Could it be that they haven't saved Aunt Tonya yet?'

At that moment, in a parking lot outside the hospital, Cliff returned to the MPV after making a few calls.

He looked at the man sitting alone in the back and said softly, "Master Carter, I just asked my friend in the hospital. He said that besides a slight fracture on both legs and a few bruises on Ms. Ross's body, there are no other problems." After hearing this, Odell said with a callous expression, "There's no need to report her condition to me."

'If that's the case, why are you still in front of the hospital?' Cliff pursed his lips in exasperation and answered, "Understood. I won't do it again."

Then, thinking of something, he continued, "There's one more thing. The people we sent to the club have found Aunt Tonya. However, there is a lot of manpower stationed there. There was a group of people who went there before our men, but they were driven away and didn't manage to get in. They were probably Mr. Ledger's men."

Odell snorted.

When Cliff saw that Odell's expression improved, he asked in a low voice, "Master Carter, our men asked if they should go in now and save Aunt Tonya."

Odell said in a cold voice, "Do I look that idle?" Cliff was speechless. 'If you're not, why did you have people go to the club to find Aunt Tonya?' "Tell them to keep watching for now. No one is allowed to save her." 'That woman wants to be with Tristan, right? Tristan is coming back to find her, isn't he? 'I want to see if this young man, who has never suffered since he was a child, can beat his parents and help her!

Sylvia did not stay in the hospital for a long time before she called Sherry.

When Sherry learned of her situation, she immediately rushed to the hospital. Upon seeing Sylvia's legs, she cursed furiously, "That old hoodlum! How could he be so mean and nasty?"

Sylvia comforted her. "I'm fine now. It's just a fracture. I'll be fine after a while."

Sherry frowned and said, "What are you going to do next? Since you threw a vase on Michael's head, he'll never let you off. He'll probably go to your father and stepmother. What if they come back and cause trouble for you?" "That's not important," Sylvia responded. "I still can't contact Aunt Tonya. I think that Tristan's men couldn't save her." "What did Tristan say?" "He's on the plane now and can't answer the phone." Sherry sighed. "So, we can only wait for him to come back?" Sylvia replied, "That's all we can do for now." Who else could help her besides him? Odell Carter? Sylvia shivered when she thought of the look in his eyes when he sent her to the hospital. He had only saved her for the sake of the children. He would not help her save Aunt Tonya. Sylvia did not stay in the hospital much longer and left in Sherry's car. In order to prevent Michael and Emmanuel from finding Sylvia, Sherry did not let Sylvia go back home. Instead, they went to Sherry's place. It was a spacious three-room house. Sherry was single and lived alone, so there was space for Sylvia.

Not long after they arrived, Dona called. Sylvia's expression turned frigid as she instantly declined the call. A while later, Emmanuel called instead.

Sylvia hesitated and hung up as well. Then, she received a text message from Emmanuel. "You b*tch, how dare you harm Michael? I'll give you half an hour to come over to the Ledgers' and apologize to him immediately!" Sylvia took a look at it and did not reply.

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Two minutes later, Dona sent her another message. "Sylvia, your father and I aren't joking. You're in big trouble this time. Michael is Mr. Ledger's own brother. Both Mr. and Mrs. Ledger are furious right now. If you don't come quickly and admit your mistake, you're the one who will suffer in the end.

"By the way, don't count on Tristan to help you save Aunt Tonya, and don't think that he can protect you when he comes back. He hasn't taken over the Ledger family yet, and he has no ability to go against the wishes of Mr. and Mrs. Ledger. Your best bet is to go back to Michael. Don't be ungrateful."

It was obvious that Tristan's men failed to save Aunt Tonya.

Sylvia clenched her fists and blacklisted all their numbers. She could not just compromise like this.

Tristan would be back in ten hours, so she just had to wait. When he came back, he could explain their relationship clearly to his parents. Then, Bruce and Catherine would definitely make Michael release Aunt Tonya!

At the same time, in the Ledger residence, Emmanuel and Dona rushed over after learning that Michael had been harmed by Sylvia.

There was a bandage wrapped around Michael's head. His portly body lay on the sofa as two beautiful young maids sat beside him, feeding him. Bruce and Catherine sat on the other side with unpleasant expressions. Emmanuel and Dona first apologized to them, and then called Sylvia. However, she did not answer. They sent text messages to her one after another. Unfortunately, even after some time passed, she did not reply. Dona called Sylvia again, but after several tries, she said to Emmanuel, "Emmanuel, I think Sylvia has blacklisted our numbers." Emmanuel immediately called Sylvia as well. However, the only prompt he got was that the number could not be reached. He was so angry that his expression darkened, and he almost smashed his phone on the ground.

"That little b*tch! I'll go find her and drag her here!" he shouted and went out.

Dona grabbed him. "Emmanuel, that girl was skilled enough to escape. She won't let us catch her again."

"Then, what do we do? Are we supposed to just let her hide like this?"

"Calm down." Dona looked at Michael, Bruce, and Catherine.

As Michael lay on the sofa, he took a bite of the fruit the maid offered, and grunted, "I don't care. I won't let you off until you bring that woman here and make her apologize to me."

Dona was inwardly disgusted, but she said, "Don't worry. We'll find a way to get her to apologize to you."

Emmanuel also frowned.

They were naturally not afraid of a useless person like Michael. What they were afraid of were his elder brother and sister-in-law, Bruce and Catherine.

Emmanuel said to Bruce and Catherine, "Mr. Ledger and Mrs. Ledger, don't worry. I'll definitely give you an explanation of this matter."

Bruce responded, "Don't be too hard on yourself. Just tell Sylvia to come here and apologize to Michael. If she really doesn't want to marry him, we won't force her either."

As an older brother, Bruce knew very well what kind of person Michael was. A young woman like Sylvia would suffer for the rest of her life if she married Michael.

If not for the purpose of splitting Tristan and Sylvia up, Bruce would not have agreed to this proposal in the first place.

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Michael immediately shouted, "No, I've taken a fancy to that woman, and I want to marry her!

He did not have much desire before seeing Sylvia, but he did not expect her to be so much more beautiful and even more charming than any other woman. He had to make her his!

Bruce frowned and glared at him.

Michael reluctantly closed his mouth.

Dona glanced around and said, "Since Mr. Ledger has taken a fancy to Sylvia, we'll try our best to get them together. However, Sylvia is very cunning. She even managed to call Tristan back when he was abroad for business. It's clear that her methods are extraordinary."

After she finished, Bruce and Catherine's expressions turned hard.

Catherine then asked her, "Then, do you have any good ideas, Mrs. Ross?"

Dona said, "I heard that Sylvia is doing wood carving in Westchester City. It seems that her craft isn't bad. The Ross family isn't involved in this kind of industry, but I heard that Mr. and Mrs. Ledger have a strong voice in this field. How about letting her never find a job in Westchester City ever again?"

Bruce and Catherine's eyes flashed with surprise.

Catherine looked at Dona, then at Emmanuel, who had no reaction. She could not help but be surprised and mock them in her heart.

Sylvia had children and got divorced, yet she still wanted to make connections with the Ledger family. She had promised to resign from Tristan's company, but he had gone on a hunger strike to protest. If not for those facts, Catherine would never have agreed to Dona's plan of forcing a young girl to marry Michael. She would have also thwarted the plan to make Michael sleep with Sylvia this morning. She had seen ruthless fathers and vicious stepmothers before, but never to this extent.

With parents like these, Catherine suspected that Sonia was not a good person either.

It seemed like after Sylvia and Michael got together, she would have to find a way to break off the engagement between Tristan and Sonia.

Before she could say anything, Bruce said, "That's too extreme. Sylvia relies on her craft to survive."

Emmanuel replied, "There's nothing wrong with that. She'll only face reality once she suffers a little."

Bruce pursed his lips. Since Sylvia's father said so, there was nothing else he could say.

Dona piped up, "We're doing this for Sylvia's own good. She's always so ungrateful and thinks that she can play up to people in power. We're also forced to use this kind of extreme measure to educate her."

Catherine held back her sneer and said, "Fine. We'll make it so she can't find a job in Westchester City. That way, she won't be able to continue living. When she's cornered, she'll have no choice but to listen to you." Dona immediately smiled when she heard Catherine agree. "You're very wise, Mrs. Ledger."

Catherine merely smiled insipidly.

Dona added, "But I heard that Tristan is already on the way to Westchester City. Will Sylvia make him do something again when he returns?"

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She was worried that Tristan would ruin their plans.

Catherine said, "Don't worry about that. As soon as he gets off the plane, we'll pick him up and bring him home. We won't let him take another step out of this house."

Dona smiled. "Since Tristan can no longer interfere, that's a relief."

At Sherry's place, Sylvia was thinking about Aunt Tonya and was not in the mood to go back to the studio to work.

She was just thinking of taking a few days off when she suddenly received a message from the studio owner, Carl.

He said, "Sylvia, I heard that you're injured. Take good care of your injuries at home. You don't have to come to work in the future."

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Sylvia frowned. She had hurt her legs, not her hands. Furthermore, she did not tell anyone in the studio that she was injured. How did Carl know?

She felt that something was wrong and called him directly.

The line was busy for a while before connecting, and she asked directly, "Carl, why are you firing me? Did I make any mistakes at work?" "No, you perform exceptionally well. The customers like your work the best."

"Then, why did you fire me?" "Well..." Carl stammered. She asked in a cold voice, "Someone pressured you to fire me, didn't they?" Carl sighed and said, "Since you guessed it, I won't hide it from you. You've really offended: someone you shouldn't have. No one in our line dares to ask for you anymore. You can

either find another job or go to another city to work. Your wood carving skills are impressive. You won't be any worse off if you go to another city besides Westchester." "I see. Thank you for telling me this." After finishing the call with Carl, Sylvia tried sending messages to other people she knew in the wood carving industry, asking if she could work for them.

However, the answers she got were a consistent 'no'. It was clear that she was being boycotted in this industry.

In order to force her to marry Michael, they first kidnapped Aunt Tonya, and now she was being shut out of the industry.

As expected of her family! She picked up her phone again and looked at the time. It was 3p.m. There were still around six hours before Tristan returned to Westchester City. She put down her phone, took out two small pieces of wood from her bag, and began carving them.

She needed to get through these six hours quickly. Time passed little by little with her movements. Finally, when she finished carving the two pieces of wood into cute little dolls, the sky outside had grown dark.

She picked up her phone and saw that it was almost 11 p.m. Tristan should be getting off the plane by now. She stared at the time on her phone expectantly.

Just as the needle on the clock was about to reach 11 p.m. sharp, a caller ID appeared on the screen.

It was Tristan.

Sylvia quickly put the phone to her ear. "Tristan, are you back?" Tristan quickly told her, "Sylvia, I just found out that my uncle's men kicked out the men I sent in the morning. They couldn't take Aunt Tonya out, but don't worry. They saw that she was locked in the basement. The environment inside was quite clean, and the people inside didn't abuse her."

Sylvia was instantly relieved and asked him, "Have you gotten off the plane? Can we meet?" "I'm on my way to the parking lot now. I'll get a car to meet you right away. Don't worry, I'll

– Hey, who are you people? Give me back my phone-" "Sorry, Mr. Ledger, we're here to pick you up and take you home as requested by your parents.

On the phone, Tristan's voice was replaced by a different person's, and then the call ended. Sylvia frowned uneasily. She heard what the voice said.

Tristan's phone had been confiscated, and he was taken away by people arranged by his parents...

After a while, she called him again, but she received an automated message saying his phone was turned off. Her hand stiffened as she held the phone. 'They even took Tristan out of the picture. They're not leaving me any way out.'

At that moment, in Carter Tower, Odell had just finished a multinational conference and was resting in his office. Cliff knocked on the door and walked in.

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Cliff said to Odell, "Master Carter, I just received news The Ledger family seems to have put a hold on Ms. Ross's career because she harmed Michael. No one in Westchester City's wood carving industry dares to hire her now

Odell frowned and glared at him "I told you not to report about her to me"

Cliff immediately bowed his head. "My apologies I won't do it again." Odell said coldly, "Get out."

"However, there's one more thing regarding Ms Ross Would you like to hear what it is?" Cliff's voice became smaller

Odell frowned in annoyance. "Get to the point."

Cliff quickly said, "Just now, Mr. Ledger got off the plane and was taken by people sent by his parents."

Odell raised his brows and sorted a laugh. He was right.

Cliff looked at his obviously pleased face and said, "Master Carter, if there's nothing else, I'll go out now."

Odell nodded, "Go ahead"

Cliff turned and left Odell leaned back against the chair, folded his hands across his chest, and pursed his lips in silence

With Tristan being controlled, her only hope was gone. He wanted to see what she would do next

At that moment, his phone suddenly chimed.

It was a message from Tara

She asked, "Odell, can you accompany me to an art exhibit tomorrow morning?"

Odell replied, "What art exhibit?" "It's being held by Mr Collins He took out all the paintings he's collected his entire life. There are many masterpieces from artists such as Aquila and Sunflower, who have rarely come up with any pieces in recent years I heard that these paintings have never been made public."

Odell thought for a moment and asked, "Are those paintings for sale?"

Tara replied, "If you want to buy them, Mr. Collins will definitely name you a price"

Odell agreed, "All right. I'll go with you tomorrow morning"

He remembered that his grandmother liked the artist, Sunflower, very much. If his works were good, he could buy a few paintings for her Recently, the two little ones at home had been causing a lot of trouble because they could not

see Sylvia, so the Old Madam was quite angry with him. He might be able to appease her if he bought her some paintings.

At Sherry's place, when Sherry finished work, she rushed straight home to see Sylvia sitting by the window in a daze. The window was open, allowing the cold air outside to blow at her. Her face was already pale from the nippy wind. Sherry immediately closed the window and called out to her. "Syl, what are you doing? Is Mr. Ledger back? Did he call you?" Sylvia responded, "He was taken away by people sent by his parents." Sherry was instantly shocked before cursing angrily, "They're going too far!"

Sylvia looked at the cold night outside and said nothing.

Sherry fumed. "I'll call my friends and tell them to break in and rescue Aunt Tonya!"

Sylvia quickly stopped her. "You can't fight them head-on. Besides, the people that Tristan, sent found Aunt Tonya, so Michael's people might have moved her somewhere else."

Sherry asked, "Then, what should we do now? Are you just going to compromise and marry that old hoodlum?" Sylvia pursed her lips coldly. Sherry suddenly thought of something and cried out, "Oh right! There's someone else who can definitely help you!" Sylvia asked curiously, "Who?" "Odell Carter!" Sherry said, "He's the boss of Carter Corporation. As long as he gives the word, your father and stepmother won't dare to make things difficult for you. They'll let Aunt Tonya go as well."

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It was not that Sylvia had not thought about Odell before, but she dropped the idea. She stated, "He won't help me." Sherry knew about the grudges between Sylvia and Odell these three years. She also hated Odell for what he had done to Sylvia because of Tara three years ago. However, right now, he was the only person who could help her rescue Aunt Tonya.

She looked at Sylvia's face and said, "Syl, why don't you beg him? You're still the mother of his children, as well as his ex-wife. He won't just leave you in the lurch, right?"

Beg him?

Sylvia could not help but shiver as she remembered his face when he dumped her at the hospital.

It was not that she did not want to beg him. However, even if she did, he most likely would not agree. Perhaps he might even humiliate her. She was silent for a moment and said, "I'm thinking of talking to Tristan's parents and clearing things up with them." Sherry said with uncertainty, "Will they listen to you?"

Sylvia replied, "I've met them many times when I was a child. They don't seem like unreasonable people. If I talk to them face to face, they might believe me." After all, she really had nothing to do with Tristan, and she did not want to marry him.

The four of them just wanted to force her to marry Michael to prevent her from being with Tristan.

This was the only solution she could think of now.

Early the next morning, Sherry accompanied Sylvia to the Ledger residence.

The butler said that Bruce and Catherine were not home since they had gone to an art exhibition. He told Sylvia to come back again next time. Sylvia was anxious about Aunt Tonya. She did not have the patience to wait, so she immediately asked, "Sir, do you know where the exhibition is held?"

The butler replied politely, "It seems to be over at Art Haven. However, it's a private event. Only people who have received invitations can go. If you're in a hurry to meet Mr. and Mrs. Ledger, it's better if you wait for them to come back from the exhibition."

Art Haven?

That was near Isabel and Liam's preschool. Sylvia thanked him and asked Sherry to drive her to Art Haven.

Along the way, Sherry made some phone calls and found out where the exhibition was held. The exhibition was hosted by Mr. Collins, a famous collector in Westchester City, in one of his small estates.

However, one needed an invitation to get in, and Sherry managed to get it from one of her friends. They made a detour again to get the invitation. Soon, they arrived at the small and artistic manor. When they got out, Sherry pushed her to the entrance.

She passed the invitation to Sylvia and said uneasily, "Syl, there's only one invitation, so I can't go in with you. I'll be right outside. Call me immediately if anything happens." Sylvia smiled at her. "Don't worry. Nothing will happen to me."

There would be other people inside. Bruce and Catherine were not barbarians. Even if they hated her, they would not do anything to her.

After saying that, Sylvia took the invitation and went into the manor.

The exhibition venue was an open lawn in front of the manor.

Many famous paintings were arranged in an orderly manner. Some people ambled through the aisles to admire them or were chatting with their friends who were accompanying them. Sylvia looked around, but Bruce and Catherine did not seem to be present.

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Could they be in the back of the house?

Sylvia turned her wheelchair to go inside.

However, when she arrived at the house, Sonia suddenly ran over from the side and blocked Sylvia's way. She glared at Sylvia coldly. "How did you get in here? Who let you in?" Sylvia did not want to argue with her. She said directly, "Get out of the way."

Sonia saw how Sylvia was stuck in a wheelchair and could not move. She said with contempt, "What are you doing here? Lowly b*tches like you can't come to a place like this."

Sylvia simply turned her wheelchair to go around Sonia and head inside. However, no matter how she tried, Sonia moved to block her way.

Sylvia swallowed her anger and said coldly, "Sonia, I'm here to find Mr. and Mrs. Ledger. Please move aside!"

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Sonia crossed her arms and continued to stop Sylvia with a sneer. "Mr. and Mrs. Ledger are resting inside. They don't have time to see a cripple like you. Get lost."

Sylvia clenched her fists.

If not for the fact that she could not move her legs, she would have pushed Sonia away. At that moment, in the house behind Sonia, a group of people watched them through the transparent glass wall. Bruce, Catherine, and Dona were admiring a famous painting when they saw Sonia running outside and blocking Sylvia. Although they could not hear what was being said, they could tell from Sylvia's unpleasant expression that Sonia was taunting her. Catherine pretended not to see and laughed mockingly. Dona also ignored it and continued to discuss a painting she had just bought with Catherine. Bruce frowned but did not say anything. On the other hand, behind a screen, Odell and Mr. Collins were sitting at a table, having tea. Noticing the gaze of Mr. Collins being distracted, Odell could not help but look outside. Then, he saw Sylvia, whom Sonia was blocking from entering. Perhaps it was because she had not slept well lately that Sylvia's face seemed pale under the bright sunlight. Her complexion also looked dull and haggard. His eyes deepened as he frowned. Tara had been standing next to him and noticed Sylvia a long time ago. However, she did not say a word because she wanted to see Sonia chasing Sylvia away. Now that Odell noticed them as well, she could not pretend not to see them, so she made a surprised noise and said, "Sylvia? Why is she here?"

Mr. Collins was sitting across from them. When he saw Odell and Tara both looking at Sylvia outside, he asked, "Master Carter, do you know the girl in the wheelchair?" Odell pursed his lips. Tara's gaze flickered. Sylvia's purpose here was either to find Tristan to explain their relationship and release Aunt Tonya, or to find Odell to beg him to help her. Either way, Tara could not let her succeed. She thought about it and replied, "Mr. Collins, although we don't have a good relationship with her, we're considered old acquaintances." They did not have a good relationship? Mr. Collins looked at Odell's face again.

His expression was a little sullen, and he seemed a bit unhappy. Was he upset that Sylvia came? Mr. Collins immediately glanced at the assistant to his side and said, "Go and ask the girl in the wheelchair to leave."

Tara's eyes lit up. However, Odell suddenly said, "No need." Mr. Collins' expression changed. Then, he said to his assistant, "Don't ask her to leave. Also, tell Ms. Ross to stop making things difficult for that lady." Outside the door, Sylvia and Sonia's obvious standoff had attracted a lot of attention. Mr. Collins thought, 'Since Master Carter doesn't dislike the girl in the wheelchair that much, there's no need to allow something so unpleasant to happen on my own turf.'

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The assistant agreed and followed his instructions.

Tara frowned and leaned into Odell's side.

Meanwhile, at the entrance, Sonia was still arrogantly blocking Sylvia's way.

Sylvia sat motionlessly, not planning to leave. No matter what, she had to meet Bruce and Catherine today. Since Sonia was not letting her in, she would wait here. Catherine and Bruce had to come out eventually, anyway.

Just as they were at a deadlock, a polite young man came out.

He smiled and said to Sonia, "Ms. Ross, Mr. Collins said that everyone here is his guest. Please stop blocking this lady's way." Sonia instantly said, "She's not Mr. Collins' guest. She must have snuck in." The man looked at Sylvia who waved the invitation in her hands. The young man said, "All those who have invitations are Mr. Collins' guests. Please come in." Sylvia looked at Sonia, who was still standing in her way. Sonia snorted at her coldly and turned into the house in displeasure.

Sylvia turned her wheelchair into the living room.

The living room was spacious and decorated with antiques. There were quite a few people enjoying the paintings and chatting in small groups.

She did not notice the man who was covered by a screen next to a tea table. As soon as she entered, she saw Catherine, Bruce, and sitting together by the window. Sonia entered before her and sat beside Dona, looking at Sylvia coldly. When Dona saw Sylvia enter, she laughed at the latter's wheelchair. Sylvia went straight to Bruce and Catherine.

She did not look at Sonia and Dona, and said to Bruce and Catherine, "Mr. and Mrs. Ledger, I'm sorry to bother you at this time, but I've come to talk to you about my relationship with Tristan."

Catherine said coldly, "We have nothing to say to you." Bruce nudged her and said to Sylvia, "What do you want to tell us?" Sylvia immediately said, "I think you must have misunderstood me. Tristan and I have never shared the kind of relationship you assume we have. Indeed, I work in his studio, but our relationship has only been that of a superior and his subordinate. I have never flirted with him before, let alone have a man-woman relationship with him. "Neither have I pursued any relationship with him, nor have I ever wanted to marry him, let alone ask you guys to let him be with me. That's all a misunderstanding. If you don't believe me, you can ask Tristan. He will explain all the misunderstandings clearly to you."

She looked at Bruce and Catherine, enunciating her words clearly. There was not the slightest intention to hide in her expression.

Bruce fell silent.

However, Catherine snorted. "Tristan is so charmed by you that he's willing to go on a hunger strike for you. He can lie to us and say that he has nothing to do with you."

Bruce thought about it and said, "That's right. That brat flew back from Liberty for you and left his client behind. How are we supposed to believe you?"

Sylvia frowned. She did not expect Tristan to fly back directly after dumping a client.

Sonia immediately piped up from the side. "Uncle, Aunt, stop listening to her nonsense. Just tell her to leave."

Dona tugged at her and said to Bruce and Catherine, "Mr. and Mrs. Ledger, although Sonia is a little straightforward, her words aren't without reason. The exhibition will be over in a while, but you haven't picked your favorite paintings yet. Don't let this ignorant girl waste your time.