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Chapter 141

Was this 'ignorant girl' supposed to refer to Sylvia?

Bruce pursed his lips. Catherine said directly to Sylvia, "Leave. Don't waste our time." With that, she picked up a painting again to appraise it. Sylvia hurriedly said, "Mr. and Mrs. Ledger, I can promise not to see or have any contact with Tristan again in the future. If I break my promise, you can do anything you want to me. I just want to ask you to let Aunt Tonya go." Catherine was instantly displeased. "What are you talking about? Who's Aunt Tonya? We didn't take her."

The Ledger family would not resort to something like kidnapping. Furthermore, there were at such a prestigious occasion. What if other people heard what Sylvia said? While speaking, she also glanced at Dona. Dona's eyes went cold, and she shouted at Sylvia, "What are you talking about? If you don't get out, I'll tell your father to send someone to throw you out!" Sylvia pursed her lips. She had mentioned Aunt Tonya on impulse earlier.

She thought quickly and said to Bruce and Catherine, "Mr. and Mrs. Ledger, I meant what I just said earlier. If you don't believe me, please make another condition. Whether it's to break all ties with Tristan or to stop working in the wood carving industry, I'm willing to accept anything as long as you don't arrange for me to marry someone else."

Bruce and Catherine froze. Beside them, Dona and Sonia also stiffened. Of course, they wanted Sylvia to break off her relationship with Tristan, but she could completely cut off all ties with him? Soon, Catherine answered her, "Since you've said that much, we won't make things difficult for you."

Sylvia looked at her.

Catherine continued, "As long as you leave Westchester City and promise to never come back, I'll believe what you said."

Bruce nodded.

They were just asking her to leave Westchester City. It was not that difficult.

Dona and Sonia's expressions also lit up. It would be good if Sylvia left Westchester City. Out of sight, out of mind. That way, she would not be able to hook up with Tristan anymore. However, Sylvia frowned. She said directly, "That won't work. My children are in Westchester City, so I can't leave."

Catherine instantly snorted coldly. "Then, we have nothing left to talk about."

Sylvia did not want to leave Westchester City. Did she still want to pester Tristan?

Bruce's expression also darkened.

Dona and Sonia's expressions also turned cold. Before Sylvia could say anything else, Sonia suddenly walked over and glared at her, shouting, "Can't you even do something that simple? It's clear you just want to seduce Tristan! Since you don't want to go, I'll send you away!" Then, she immediately pushed Sylvia's wheelchair outside.

Sylvia could not stop the wheelchair and said anxiously, "Let go, Sonia!" Sonia did not listen and pushed her all the way to the manor entrance.

There were several flights of stone stairs outside the gate. Sonia stopped and used her hands to push Sylvia's wheelchair forward with great force.

The wheelchair immediately rolled down the stairs at a great speed, charging forward.

Sylvia had no time to react. The wheelchair shot toward the edge of an ornamental fish pond. Then, with a bam, the wheelchair overturned, and she fell into the cold, fishy water.

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Sylvia choked on the water and immediately climbed back up.

However, at that moment, Sonia's cold and scornful face appeared in front of her on the edge of the fish pond.

When Sylvia lifted her face from the water, Sonia raised her hand and struck down.

Smack!

The crisp sound of a slap immediately rang out on Sylvia's face. Sylvia could not defend herself at all and once again fell back into the pond.

At the same time, Sonia could not help but raise her chin and laugh as she looked at the weeds on Sylvia's head.

"B*tch, this is what you deserve. If you know what's good for you, hurry back and clean yourself up before going to Michael. Otherwise, you'll never see that old woman again!"

After saying that, she grunted and turned around to go back to the manor. Sylvia gritted her teeth and started to crawl out. It was late autumn now, and she was soaked to the bone. It was only when she climbed out of the water that her body shivered from the cold. She gritted her teeth tightly and flipped over, bracing her hands on the stone slab on the edge of the fish pond. However, since she could not exert her legs to support her, she let her body plop heavily to the ground right after she flipped over. She curled up in pain. In her blurred vision, Sonia's arrogant, conceited figure had already walked into the manor.

It was about time for the exhibition to end, so there were some people in the manor heading outside.

They passed by not far away. When they saw Sylvia on the ground, they were all surprised. "Who is she? I think I saw her talking to Mr. and Mrs. Ledger inside earlier." "I've never seen her before, but I saw Ms. Ross push her out earlier." "I recently heard that Tristan had a huge fight with Mr. and Mrs. Ledger over a divorced woman. Could that be her?"

"Tsk. Her looks and figure are good, but how could she be so contemptible?"

"Forget it. Let's go and ignore her. She must have messed with the Ledger and Ross families."

Their eyes quickly changed from surprise to mockery, and they finally left in indifference. The sun was still bright, but the cool breeze in the air did not stop. It blew incessantly at Sylvia's body.

She shivered a few times and crawled toward the place where the wheelchair was tipped over. Her phone was on the wheelchair. Sherry was probably resting in the car, so she wanted to call Sherry to come and pick her up. She could not move her calves, so she had to use her hands and knees to crawl on the ground. Just as she was about to reach the wheelchair, a pair of long and straight legs suddenly appeared in her line of sight. The light in front of her eyes also darkened. Sylvia could not help but look up. Then, she met a cold and deep gaze. The man wore an expensive black suit without a single crease. Even the leather shoes in front of her were clean and spotless.

Right now, Sylvia was no different than the dirt he was stepping on. She immediately lowered her head when their eyes met.

Odell sneered. "Weren't you supposed to be quite capable? How did you end up like this?" Sylvia ignored him and reached out a trembling hand to grab the wheelchair. Then, she groped for her phone. At this time, Tara came up from behind Odell with a delighted smile hidden in her eyes. However, her voice was gentle as she said to him, "Odell, she looks very cold. Should we call an ambulance for her?"

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Odell looked at Sylvia as she climbed into the wheelchair to find her phone, appearing like a miserable mongrel. His chest inexplicably felt stuffy. His expression darkened, and he said in a cold voice, "She's cold, not sick." Tara showed a helpless look. "Alright." Sylvia found her cell phone in the wheelchair. She rolled over and sat in the chair. After she steadied herself, she smiled coldly at them. "I'm going to call my friend. If you guys just want to mock me, please do that from far away. Don't interrupt my call."

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'Her face is blue from the cold, and her mouth is trembling as she's speaking. How can she still laugh? She still refuses to lower her head and beg for my help!' Odell's expression sank. After giving her a glance, he took a step to the side. Tara did not rush to follow him. After he left, she said, "Sylvia, you can't win against me." The corners of her mouth curled up, and her whole face was filled with a grin of delight as she watched Sylvia's wretchedness and despair. Sylvia's gaze was chilly as she clenched her fists. She forced herself to remain calm and ask, "You were also the one who pushed for my marriage with Michael, weren't you?"

Tara smiled pleasantly. "That's right. I told Sonia to do it. What are you going to do about it?"

Sylvia gritted her teeth coldly.

Tara laughed. "Hehe. I'll leave you here now. Odell booked us a table at a romantic restaurant. Well, I'm off to have dinner with him."

After laughing, she chased after Odell's distant figure. Sylvia's body was still trembling. She picked up her phone with shaking hands and fumbled to dial Sherry's number.

Sherry quickly brought Sylvia back. Sylvia refused Sherry's help and took a shower by herself before returning to the bedroom. She sat by the window and stared outside. Her face was pale, and her eyes had no focus at all. Sherry looked at her worriedly. "Syl, eat something. Aunt Tonya hasn't been found yet. You've got to look after your body." Sylvia gazed at her. "I'm fine. I just want some time alone. You

can go work on your stuff. Don't worry about me." Sherry sighed. "Okay, I'll be in the living room outside. Call me if you need anything." "Mm."

Sherry went out and closed the door behind her.

The bedroom became quiet at once.

Sylvia looked out the window and began to replay what happened since she came back to Westchester City in her head.

'Whether it was because Odell misunderstood Tristan and me, and prevented me from visiting my children, being targeted by the Ledgers and the Rosses, falling because of Michael and hurting my legs, being pushed into the fish pond by Sonia and humiliated in public... All these events connect back to Tara.

'I only came back to Westchester City because I wanted to see my children more often. Why did this have to happen to me?

'Will Tara only stop when she pushes me to the brink?'

Under the warm sunlight, her vision went cold.

'Three years ago, I let Odell slap me 60 times. I managed to survive even after I was kicked out of the Rosses.

'Now, they want to push me to the edge like this? No, I won't let them!' She raised her hand to pick up her phone and opened an invitation message she received a few days ago.

The person who had sent the message was Simon Foster. Simon was her good friend as well as a famous painter. He wanted to invite her to the award ceremony for this year's art competition.

Sylvia replied to his message. "I've thought it over. I'll be there at the award ceremony."

Simon replied in seconds. "Really?"

"Yeah."

"That's great! The award ceremony has been moved up to tomorrow at noon. It'll be held in the art museum in Westchester City tomorrow. Can you make it in time?"

Sylvia replied, "I'm in Westchester City now. I'll be there tomorrow at noon." Simon said, "Perfect. See you tomorrow!"<

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At Elysian House, in an opulent private room, Tara was sitting beside Odell, elegantly eating in small bites when her phone suddenly vibrated.

She looked at it and then said to him excitedly, "Odell, my friend in the Art Association told me that I won the bronze medal in this year's art competition!"

The art competition that she had participated in was world-class, and the participating artists were all famous painters from all over the country. She would have brought honor to her country by ranking in the top ten, but she actually managed to clinch third place!

Although it was largely thanks to Odell's help, she still could not help but be happy

She knew that with this award, her status in the art circle would go up a notch.

Odell nodded. "Not bad."

Tara said, "Odell, the award ceremony has been brought forward to tomorrow afternoon. I heard that Aquila and Jackson will be the ones handing out the awards. Also, it seems that the most mysterious Sunflower is also coming. Will you accompany me to receive the award tomorrow afternoon?"

If Odell went with her, the two people who won the gold and silver awards would be no more eye-catching than her.

Odell was silent. He was not interested in this kind of activity, but he remembered that his grandmother at home liked Sunflower's works,

Because of Sylvia's appearance today, he was not in the mood to browse the paintings and had only selected one of Sunflower's works. If he could meet Sunflower in person, he could ask for an autograph for his grandmother.

After a moment, he said, "Okay."

Tara's eyes instantly lit up. Then, she said, "I want to choose a dress tonight. Will you accompany me?"

Odell frowned

The two little runts at home were even more arrogant after not seeing Sylvia for a few days. Yesterday, they even encouraged Madam Carter to kick him out of the house. He had to go back early to watch over them.

"I'm not free tonight. Go by yourself." Tara let out a disappointed 'oh' before saying, "Alright, I'll go with my friend."

Odell picked up his phone again and casually transferred 450,000 to her.

Tara's eyes lit up when she saw the notification, but she instantly wrinkled her brows and said, "Odell, you don't have to keep giving money. I don't want to spend your money all the time."

"You're my woman. It's only natural for you to spend my money."

After he spoke, he picked up the cutlery and continued to eat. Tara immediately smiled and said, touched, "Thank you, Odell. You're so good to me." Odell's eyes softened as he looked at her. "Dig in." "Mm."

After dinner, he drove her back to Lake Victoria Villa and left. Tara did not rush out to buy a dress. Instead, she opened a bottle of expensive red wine for herself and sat on the sofa to sip on it.

As she drank, she reminisced on her life over the years.

'When I met Sylvia in my childhood hometown, she was the precious granddaughter of my grandparents and the eldest lady of the influential Rosses. She was beautiful, smart, and clever. No matter where she went, she was always the focus of the crowd.

'I could only play second fiddle to her! I had to pretend to be close to her. Otherwise, I would never get to know the rich folks through her.

'Fortunately, Sylvia was a fool and thought that I was really close to her. She actually told me everything about herself without any precautions.

"Then, I met Odell Carter, who was a perfect man that only seemed to appear in TV dramas He was handsome, powerful, and the young master of the Carters, the most influential family in Westchester City. 'Most importantly, he set his eyes on me! 'Although I could only bear with it during the years he was married to Sylvia, nothing is impossible for a willing heart. I finally waited until Odell took over Carter Corporation. 'He also divorced Sylvia because of me. Although Sylvia was lucky enough to give birth to two children for him, Odell still only approves of me.

'Since then, my career has been on the rise. I became famous in the art world. The upper echelon in Westchester City who used to look down on me before now have to look up to me.'

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'Today, I even won such a significant award. Even that damned Madam Carter would have to pay more attention to me now! 'As for Sylvia... Heh, from now on, she'll only be able to cower at my feet!'

That night, when it was time for dinner, Sylvia pushed her wheelchair and went out.

Sherry had ordered sumptuous take-out. They both ate dinner and talked about going to the award ceremony tomorrow. Sylvia said, "Well, I still have to trouble you to send me there tomorrow afternoon." Sherry patted her chest and said, "No problem. I've got you!" Sylvia laughed. "But why are you attending the award ceremony for the art competition tomorrow?" Sherry asked curiously and expectantly, "Did you participate and win a prize?" Sylvia replied, "I didn't win a prize. A friend invited me to go." Thinking about how Aunt Tonya had not returned yet, Sherry said, "It'll be good if you go. For an art competition award ceremony of this scale, the Ledger family will also be invited to attend. Maybe you can see them again and explain yourself to them."

Sylvia pursed her lips.

One of her purposes for attending was to see Bruce and Catherine again. However, it would not be the same as how they met today.

After dinner, Sherry wanted to go to Lush Heaven, so Sylvia went back to her room. Looking at the starry sky outside, she could not help but think of Isabel and Liam. They should have finished dinner by now. She wondered if they were messing with Odell again. Thinking of the two little ones' lovely appearances, Sylvia's gaze became softer and more determined.

In the old Carter residence, Odell came back much earlier than before.

When he entered the living room, he only saw Madam Carter sitting alone on the sofa. The two little limpets that usually clung to her and told her bad things about him were nowhere to be found

When Madam Carter saw him come in, her eyes panicked.

Odell instantly sensed that something was wrong and took a step inside.

When he arrived at the corridor outside his bedroom door, he saw two small figures standing by his door.

Liam was poking something at the keyhole of his door. Isabel nudged his side and asked anxiously, "Liam, why haven't you opened it yet?"

Liam's wide eyes stared at the lock as he said, "This lock seems different from the one I practiced with this afternoon."

Isabel nagged, "Then, hurry up. Baddie will be back soon."

Liam furrowed his little brows, and his hands fidgeting with the lock pick sped up.

Odell walked behind them without a sound.

He leaned his back against the wall opposite the door, folded his hands across his chest, and looked at the two sneaky siblings. Then, he cleared his throat. "Ahem!"

The little ones' backs stiffened instantly. They turned their heads together and put their hands behind their backs, looking at him with guilty eyes. Odell stretched a hand out. "Hand it over."

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Isabel looked at Liam.

Liam was conflicted for a moment. Then, he took two steps forward and placed the tools of his crime into Odell's hand.

Odell flipped it upside down and looked at them, asking, "Who taught you to pick locks?" "No one. I learned it by myself. It has nothing to do with Isabel." Isabel pouted and cried, "I told Liam to learn it!" Liam tugged her little hand and said to Odell, "It's because you won't let us see Mommy that we thought of picking the lock."

Isabel immediately shouted at Odell, "Uh-huh! It's all your fault! If you let us see Mommy, we wouldn't have thought of picking the lock!"

Yesterday, after learning from Sylvia that the two kids were secretly seeing her at night using binoculars, he locked the door to his room to keep them from coming to the terrace behind his room.

It was obvious that the kids were prying into his room to sneak in and get the binoculars to see Sylvia.

Odell raised his brows. "Go back to your room and face the wall." Isabel puffed up her face and stomped her feet. "Hmph!"

Liam also gave him a cold look. Then, he held Isabel's small hand and said, "Let's go."

“Mm!”

The two siblings walked away furiously, hand-in-hand. Odell pursed his lips coldly. He looked at the wire in his hand and frowned. After a moment, he took out the key and opened the door to the room.

He walked straight through the bedroom and came to the large terrace on the north side. Picking up the binoculars on the ground, he looked at Sylvia’s residence.

All he saw was the dark and empty courtyard. Sylvia was obviously not at home. Did she run away and hide somewhere else because she was afraid of being taken to Michael?

Or did she know that there was no way out and had given up on herself?

He had advised her a long time ago not to think about being the madam of the Ledger family, but she insisted on going with Tristan. Now, she was suffering because of it. ‘Hah. She reaps what she sows.’

Odell dropped the binoculars and went back to the bedroom.

The award ceremony for this year’s art competition was held at 3 PM. The next day, after lunch, Sylvia changed into fresh clothes and had Sherry help her put on light makeup. Then, she went to Westchester City’s art gallery with Sherry.

Meanwhile, on the other side of Westchester City, at the Rosses, Sonia wore a luxury designer dress she just bought. After draping all her expensive jewelry on herself, she ran to Emmanuel and Dona, asking excitedly, “Mom and Dad, do I look good like this?” Dona laughed. “My Sonia looks good no matter what she wears.” Emmanuel nodded. “It’s good. Just go in this outfit.” Then, he stood up, looked at the time on his watch, and said to them, “It’s getting late. Let’s hurry over.”

The Rosses had been influential since a long time ago. Although they bought famous paintings, they had never been involved in the art industry.

It was rare for them to be invited to such a prestigious art award ceremony. They would probably be able to meet a lot of industry bigwigs which was good news to Emmanuel and the Rosses.

He could not wait to get to the award ceremony. Dona knew that he was impatient, so she got up and led Sonia to his side. As they followed him outside, she said, “Emmanuel, our family was invited to the award ceremony today thanks to Sonia. If it wasn’t for her meeting Tara, we wouldn’t have gotten an invitation.”

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Emmanuel looked at Sonia with a loving face. “Sonia, you’re the best. You’re the greatest pride in my life.”

Sonia raised her chin happily. “Dad, I’m your most precious daughter. Of course, I have to think of ways to look out for our family.”

Emmanuel smiled and stroked her head. “You’re not only my most precious daughter but also my only daughter.”

He would rather have never given birth to Sylvia, who only knew how to cause trouble for the Rosses and fight against him.

It was bad enough that she could not hold a firm grip over Odell's heart back then. Currently, she refused to listen to him and even harmed Michael. Even now, she refused to marry him!

After hearing this, Sonia immediately looked at Dona happily.

Dona secretly smiled.

Whether Sylvia was willing to marry Michael or not, it would be impossible for her to return to the Ross family and share the inheritance with Sonia. There was also no way she could take away Sonia's husband, Tristan.

The Ledger family was composed of scholars, and there were many artists in the Ledger's extended family.

Bruce and Catherine received an invitation from their old friends in the Art Association two days ago, inviting them to attend the art competition award ceremony.

However, they were a little hesitant because of Tristan. Seeing that it was already noon, Catherine said to Bruce, "You go ahead. I'll stay at home and look after Tristan."

Bruce said, "I heard that Sunflower will be attending too. Don't you admire his works?"

Catherine's eyes lit up. Then, she asked in confusion, "Doesn't he never participate in these kinds of events that show his face? I remember that his previous exhibitions in Westchester City were always hosted by Aquila instead. Are you sure he's attending today?" "I just called and asked. They said that he confirmed his attendance."

Catherine frowned, conflicted. "But if I go, what about Tristan?"

Bruce said, "I'll get two more people to keep an eye on him. He won't be able to run away, so don't worry. Just come with me."

Catherine thought about it and agreed. "All right."

If they missed this opportunity, who knew how long it would take for Sunflower to show his face in Westchester

In a short while, they packed up and went to the courtyard together to get the car. On the second floor of the villa, on the balcony of a locked bedroom, Tristan had been sitting here for a long time. When he suddenly saw Bruce and Catherine's figures getting into the car together and leaving, he immediately stood up. After a long time, when their car was far away, he went straight over to the balcony and jumped to the ground. There was grass on the ground that cushioned his fall, so he simply swayed a little after the jump before walking in the direction of the gate. The guards watching the courtyard immediately gathered around him.

Tristan looked at him coldly. "If anyone dares to stop me, I'll fire them when I obtain my freedom later. In fact, I'll also make it such that they don't get to live a good life in the future!"

The bodyguards suddenly looked troubled. "Young Master, this is the Master and Madam's order. We don't dare to disobey them." "Yes, if we let you go, they'll fire us when they come back." "Please go back."

Tristan frowned and thought about it before saying, "I'll come back shortly. I'll be back before they return. If they come back before me, just say you couldn't stop me and I managed to run away."

This reason was indeed satisfactory. The guards did not want to be targeted by him in the future, so they hesitantly moved to the side,

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Meanwhile, backstage at the awards ceremony, a wall isolated the hustle and bustle outside.

Sylvia was brought to her waiting room by Simon. Not long after, several people rushed to knock on the door. Simon opened the door for them. One of them rushed to Simon and asked, "Mr. Aquila, Master Carter and Tara Avery are here. Shall we go say hello to them?" Simon was puzzled and asked, "Tara Avery? The one who won the bronze medal this year?"

"Yes. She's Master Carter's girlfriend. She's been very famous in Westchester City these years. Master Carter invested a lot in the art industry in Westchester City because of her."

Another person joked, "Master Carter must have invested a lot to get her the bronze prize too."

Someone immediately slapped his shoulder. "Come on, don't say that. What if Tara hears you?"

The people laughed and shut up. Simon frowned. He had seen the work that won the bronze award this year. It looked fancy but was not that aesthetically pleasing. The level of her brushstrokes was also not up to standard. He already felt something off about it. Now, it seemed like it was because of this famous Master Carter that Tara won this award.

Simon disdained this kind of thing the most. He said bluntly, "I'm not going. You guys can go instead."

"Okay," the people responded and were just about to leave. However, one of them suddenly thought of something and turned back to Simon. "By the way, Mr. Aquila, I heard that Sunflower will be coming too. The awards ceremony is starting soon. Is he here yet?"

Simon glanced at the room behind him and replied with a smile. "Yes. You'll see them when the awards are presented later."

"Really? That's great!" The group left happily. Simon closed the door again and looked at Sylvia's pale face. He hurriedly asked, "Sylvia, you don't look too good. Are you sick?" Sylvia immediately put away the cold light in her eyes, and her pale face regained some of its complexion. She smiled at him and said, "I'm fine." Simon was still uneasy. "Tell me if you feel unwell." "Okay, don't worry."

She just had a physical reaction when she heard Tara's name. However, if Tara saw her later on, her reaction would probably be even greater.

Sylvia looked forward to it.

In the front, in the middle of the first row below the podium, a group of people was gathered for a long time before dispersing back to their respective seats. Odell sat in his chair elegantly. Tara sat beside him with her chin raised and a happy smile on her face. She liked being surrounded by people like this. She especially liked seeing the eyes of those who were jealous that she could sit next to Odell. She could see that the other people who won awards were not satisfied with her, but with Odell around, they had to accept it even if they were unwilling!

After the crowd dispersed, the person in charge of the awards ceremony went to the podium and spoke into the microphone to start the ceremony. "Thank you all very much for coming. First of all, I would like to introduce the program of this awards ceremony today..."<

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The program was simple. They would start with the lowest award

The people handing out the awards were all master painters invited by the Art Association, including Jackson, Aquila, Sunflower, and so on.

When the name 'Sunflower' was mentioned, the audience went silent. Their eyes shined with anticipation

Although the emcee did not say it explicitly, according to their status in the art world, Jackson would give the award to the bronze winner, Aquila would give the award to the silver winner, and the much-anticipated Sunflower would naturally give the award to the gold winner. The rest of the artists would hand out the Excellence Awards and Most Popular Awards

"Gosh, I never thought my idol would really come today and possibly give me an award. I'm so happy!"

"Congratulations."

The two people who won the gold and silver prizes chatted happily

Tara, who was sitting next to them, instantly looked displeased when she heard their words. Then, she turned to look at Odell, "Odell, I also like Sunflower a lot. I wish he would give me the award too."

Odell's expression changed slightly. He glanced at the president of the Art Association sitting on his left

The president heard Tara's words and knew what Odell's look meant. However, the rules were set long ago. He could not change them willy-nilly.

He said to Odell, "Master Carter, I'll ask Sunflower for their opinion."

Odell was not an unreasonable person, so he simply hummed. The president immediately took out his phone and sent a message. Soon, he got a reply and said to Odell happily, "Master Carter, Sunflower agreed to give Ms. Avery her award." Odell smiled. "Good. Thank you." "You're welcome."

He looked at Tara again.

She had been listening to their conversation with a wide smile on her face.

When Odell looked over, she quickly said, "Thank you, Odell."

He pursed his lips in response.

Tara looked at the podium in front in anticipation, looking forward to receiving her award later. The person giving her the award would be Sunflower She was bound to be the most talked about person on the podium today!

On the podium, the host finished reading the program, and the awards ceremony officially began.

The first to take the stage to receive their awards were several people who won the Excellence Awards. The master painter who would give them their awards emerged backstage.

As the audience applauded, they received their trophies in turn and took a group photo for the camera before exiting the stage. Then, the host returned to the podium and announced, "Next, we would like to invite the three Bronze, Silver, and Gold Award winners of this competition to come on stage!" Tara immediately stood up and pulled off the woolen shawl draped over her shoulders, revealing the expensive and lavish long dress she was wearing inside. Then, under everyone's attention, she sauntered up to the podium with the Gold and Silver Award winners with an elegant stride.

The host first said a few words to congratulate them and set up the atmosphere, then said, "Please give a warm welcome to Jackson, Aquila, and Sunflower, to present the awards to our winners!"

A burst of applause rang out from the audience at the host's excited voice. In addition to the Art Association and the other people who were attending the ceremony, Bruce, Catherine, Emmanuel, Dona, and Sonia all straightened up.

Jackson, Aquila, and Sunflower were all outstanding domestic painters in recent years. They also entered the echelon of world-renowned painters. Although Sunflower only had a few works, his fame completely overshadowed the former two painters. He could be deemed the most popular painter in recent years. It was an absolute honor to be able to meet them today. Soon, amidst everyone's expectant gazes, a door connecting the stage to the backstage was pushed open