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The first person to walk out was a dandy middle-aged man in a suit.

Someone in the audience had seen him before and shouted as soon as he came out, "It's Jackson!"

The next person who came out also wore a suit. He had a beard and looked like he was in his forties.

Someone also recognized him and said, "That's Aquila!" Then, the atmosphere in the hall went silent. Everyone looked behind Aquila, expecting to see Sunflower, who had never shown himself in public before. What did he look like? Was he as tough and wild as his paintings? Was he very handsome? Or was he straightforward and unique?

Soon, the sound of wheels sliding rang out in the silent air,

Everyone held their breath and looked intently at the podium. At the same time, the door at the back of the venue was pushed open. Tristan, who just arrived, looked up

On the bright podium, a young woman in a wheelchair appeared.

Tristan was frozen in place.

Someone in the audience screamed in shock, "Oh, God! Sunflower is actually a young woman!"

At that instant, Emmanuel, Dona, and Sonia also stood up. Their eyes widened in disbelief as they looked at the figure in the wheelchair.

Bruce and Catherine also stood up in shock

The man who had been sitting elegantly in the middle of the front row was also stunned. He frowned as his gaze locked onto the figure.

That was because the person who came out in a wheelchair behind Jackson and Aquila was none other than Sylvia.

At the same time, the host pointed at her and shouted excitedly, "Ladies and gentlemen, please give a warm welcome to the esteemed Sunflower!"

She was Sunflower, the one who everyone was anticipating

Sylvia smiled and followed Jackson and Simon's actions, waving her hand toward the people in the audience.

Her eyes also locked onto Emmanuel, Dona, Sonia, Bruce, and Catherine, meeting their shocked and dumbfounded gazes. Then, she looked at Odell's sharp eyes as he sat closest to the podium in the first row.

She glanced at him indifferently and was then pushed to the middle of the podium so that she was between Jackson and Simon.

Then, the people who won the gold, silver, and bronze awards standing in front of them turned around eagerly to look at the presenters.

Sylvia looked at them with a smile and saw Tara, who was standing at the very edge.

Tara's eyes widened and she asked, "Sylvia? Why are you here?"

Sylvia ignored her. Beside her, Simon asked curiously, "Sylvia, do you know her?"

Sylvia said, "Yeah, but we don't get along."

She was very blunt. Simon was also a candid person and said, "True. If you were on good terms, she wouldn't be oblivious that you were Sunflower."

Tara froze as her face turned pale.

Sunflower? Sylvia is Sunflower? That master painter, Sunflower, whose works have been the most sought after, is actually her? 'No. This can't be!

Tara subconsciously backed up to the edge of the stage. Then, her foot slipped on the edge and she fell.

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Bam!

It was a loud noise. The venue was instantly plunged into silence. Everyone on and off stage looked at Tara in surprise.

Sylvia could not help but snicker.

The next second, she felt a sharp gaze. It came from the middle of the first row in the audience, Odell. It seemed that he was not happy that she laughed at Tara. Sylvia raised her brows at him.

'I can laugh if I want to!'

Odell frowned, the look in his eyes growing cold and stern, but his eyes stared straight at her. His gaze was somewhat scalding.

Sylvia was instinctively repulsed and withdrew her sight in annoyance.

At the same time, Tara was helped up by someone. She quickly tidied up her hair and clothes, then swiftly regained her composure. She forced a smile and said, "My apologies. I slipped."

The host hurriedly said, "It's okay as long as you're fine."

Tara smiled stiffly and walked back to the podium.

Sylvia instantly saw that Tara's hands were clenched by her sides. She said with a smile, "Tara, I know that you're excited to see me, but you don't have to perform such an exaggerated greeting."

Simon reacted, "Pfft..."

Jackson, the host, and the others also pursed their lips.

Tara's face instantly turned ashen. She wanted to scold Sylvia. However, everyone present here was famous people in the art world, and Odell was sitting right below.

She could only swallow her anger and give Sylvia a very forced smile. "I'm indeed surprised that you were Sunflower, but I really only fell because I slipped."

Sylvia raised her brows. "There's no need to explain. I know."

Tara was speechless. She was so angry that her face went red.

The host could obviously sense that Tara and Sylvia were at odds, but the award ceremony had to continue. He quickly interrupted with a laugh. "I didn't expect the winner of our Bronze Award today to know who Sunflower is."

Tara immediately squeezed out a warm smile as if she was very close to Sylvia. Sylvia simply turned her head and looked away indifferently, not even willing to give Tara a welcoming look. The crowd was speechless.

Most of the people were shocked. It was the first time they saw someone who dared to disregard Tara in public. Some people who had long been displeased with Tara's rise to power because of Odell snickered.

Tara felt like her lungs were about to explode in anger. She glared at the host.

The host quickly snapped back to his senses and said, "Now then, let us invite the three masters to present the awards to our three winners." According to the final order, Jackson went to the Silver Award winner, Simon went to the Gold Award winner, and Sylvia was pushed to Tara. Sylvia laughed when she saw how the obviously angry Tara was still maintaining a fake smile. "Didn't you want me to give you the award? Why do you look so unhappy?" Tara wanted to tear Sylvia's face off. However, she forced herself to smile, bent down to take the trophy from Sylvia, and gritted her teeth, saying in a low voice, "Don't be too complacent." Sylvia laughed. "Heh." The laugh was short and disdainful.

It was the laugh of someone standing on the top of the pyramid, looking down at worms who only knew how to crawl on the ground.

Tara immediately clenched the trophy in her hand. Because of her anger, she could no longer suppress the emotions in her heart, and her face turned red.<

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Sylvia did not stay long beside her. After the award presentation was the photo session. Simon came straight over and pushed her to the middle of the group.

Jackson and Simon stood to her left and right. Those who won the awards then stood to the side.

Then, they faced the camera and took a group photo. Sylvia smiled calmly for the camera.

Standing at the very edge, Tara's expression became distorted.

Below the podium, Odell looked at the woman who was surrounded in the middle of the podium, and his eyes deepened slightly. She sat in a wheelchair and was shorter than the others, but her face was calm and seemed to appear aloof.

He thought of the painting, 'Sunflower in the Rainstorm' that Madam Carter bid a high price for.

Under the stormy sky, the rain and wind blew harshly, almost swallowing the whole world. However, a cluster of sunflowers stood against the heavy rain and high winds, remaining bright as always. The artistic conception of the painting was obvious, but the visual impact of the painting was extremely impactful.

When he saw it, he could not help but stare at it a few more times. At the same time, he also remembered that the artist of that painting was Sunflower.

Now, this mysterious painter was in front of his eyes. She had a bright face and smiled like a flower when she looked into the camera. Her beauty was astonishing. She was none other than Sylvia Ross.

This ex-wife who used to disgust him so much, this woman who had been thrown into the fish pond by Sonia yesterday and had crawled on the ground miserably, was actually a world famous painter! He thought that she only knew to use her beauty and dirty tricks to hook up with men. His gaze became sharp as if he wanted to see through her thoughts. Sylvia was not far away from him, so she could clearly feel his gaze. He was probably still in shock and suspected her of impersonating Sunflower. After taking the group photo, she looked at him and raised her brows, a provoking and crafty light flashing in her eyes. She was telling him with her eyes that whether he believed it or not, she was Sunflower.

Odell naturally caught what her look meant.

'This woman isn't just provoking me. She's showing off.' He snorted, but the corners of his mouth curled up.

Tara, who saw all of this, only felt her lungs burn in anger. She looked toward him when the group photo was taken, worried that he would see her unpleasant expression. However, she did not expect him to keep staring at Sylvia.

He did not spare her a single glance this entire time!

'Sylvia, that b*tch! Not only did she steal all the limelight from me today, but she even made Odell stare at her!

Tara seethed in her heart. She wanted to make Sylvia disappear from this world.

After a long time, the host asked them to leave the stage. She suppressed her emotions, quickly got off the stage, and walked back to sit beside Odell. Her figure also subconsciously pressed closer to him.

Sylvia, Simon, and Jackson came out from backstage, so they naturally had no intention to go back.

There was still a program later. When that program was over, the awards ceremony would conclude.

Sylvia did not look at Tara. She joined the audience with Jackson and Simon. They also sat in the first row, but they were on the left side. Thus, they were a few seats away from Odell and Tara.

However, coincidentally, Sylvia sat in front of Emmanuel, Dona, and Sonia. The three stared at her when Simon nudged her over.

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Sylvia also looked at them.

A trace of guilt flashed in Emmanuel's eyes. Dona's expression also changed, but she forced a smile and said to Sylvia, "Sylvia, I didn't expect you to be Sunflower. Why didn't you tell us about it before?"

Sylvia did not want to talk to her at all and simply ignored her.

However, Simon, who had no tact, asked curiously, "Sylvia, who are they? Are they your family?"

Sylvia said bluntly, "No, I don't know them."

The smile on Dona's face instantly froze.

Emmanuel's expression also darkened, but Sylvia was incredibly cold. Furthermore, he heard the people behind him mention Sunflower's status in the current art world. The people around him were all prominent figures, so he could not make a fool out of himself. Thus, he swallowed the "b*tch" that almost left his lips.

Sonia muttered in a low voice, "So what if she knows how to draw a little?"

Her voice was so soft that it sounded like a mosquito.

Sylvia could not hear her clearly either and could not be bothered to bicker with her.

Simon also sensed that something was wrong. After sitting down next to Sylvia, he quickly moved on to another topic.

At that moment, in addition to Emmanuel, Dona, and Sonia's unsightly expressions, Bruce and Catherine, who were sitting diagonally behind Sylvia, also looked sheepish.

In addition to shock, they also felt embarrassment. They never imagined that Sylvia was Sunflower. She was supposed to be a cheap woman who desired to be the young madam of the Ledger family.

However, each of Sunflower's paintings had a very strong visual impact. There were some that were tough and unyielding, and some that were bright and hopeful. Anyone who had seen those paintings would think that Sunflower was a strong and big hearted man.

However, 'he' was actually Sylvia!

Catherine remembered that when she had gone to Sylvia and told her to leave Tristan, Sylvia had agreed without even touching the cheque. Soon, Catherine regretted her recent collaboration with Dona and the others to force Sylvia to marry Michael.

She also regretted making things difficult for Sylvia at Mr. Collin's manor yesterday. Bruce's expression was also unpleasant. He sighed. Thinking of something, he said, "I remember that Sylvia was raised by her grandparents."

“That’s right. Her grandparents were very respectable people, especially the Madam. Sylvia’s father wasn’t her own, but she always took care of Sylvia as her own granddaughter.”

Those words were not spoken by Catherine.

When Bruce and Catherine heard the voice, they turned their heads in unison. Then, they saw that Tristan had nestled in the seat behind them at some point.

The couple was stunned. Bruce asked, “Tristan? When did you get here?”

Tristan looked at where Sylvia was sitting and replied with little emotion, “I’ve been here a while.” Bruce and Catherine looked at each other, pursed their lips, and said nothing. At this point in time, they did not have the mood to question Tristan for running out. Tristan could not help but say, “I’ve told you so many times that my feelings for her are unrequited. Do you believe me now?” Bruce and Catherine were silent.

The night before yesterday, Tristan had flown back to Westchester City because of Sylvia, and his parents had sent people to put him under house arrest as soon as he got out of the plane. They also confiscated his phone and prevented him from calling Sylvia.

At that time, Tristan had explained to them that neither did Sylvia seduce him nor did she want to marry him. He simply had unrequited feelings for her. However, they only thought that Sylvia had brainwashed him with her powerful tactics and did not believe him.

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Everyone in Westchester City knew how much the Ledger family loved art. If Sylvia really wanted to be the young madam of the Ledger family, all she had to do was reveal her identity as Sunflower.

She was Sunflower. If other people knew that she was the daughter-in-law of the Ledger family, it would definitely be a great honor.

Therefore, there was no need for her to use underhanded methods to get them to agree to her being with Tristan.

It was their narrow-mindedness that made them think badly of her.

They even tried to set Sylvia and Michael up. Furthermore, they also joined forces with her parents to suppress her so that she could not find a wood carving job...

When they remembered such things, they instantly felt embarrassed.

The awards ceremony was over in no time.

There would be a reception later. The award winners, organizers, and all invitees such as Simon and Sylvia were on the guest list.

Sylvia declined the invitation. After saying goodbye to Simon and Jackson, she called Sherry, who had been sitting on the other side of the audience.

Sherry went to her excitedly and said, “Sylvia, I didn’t know that you were a master painter. How did you hide it so well? You didn’t even tell me.” Sylvia smiled back at her. “I wanted to tell you before, but I

couldn't reach you." Sherry thought of something and fell silent sheepishly. However, she soon smiled again." Today was a great day. You probably didn't see it, but Tara's expression was hideous when you went on stage. She was so shocked that she actually fell down, hahaha..." The more Sherry thought about it, the funnier it felt to her. She could not stop laughing. At that moment, she coincidentally jostled Sylvia to Odell and Tara's seats.

They had not gotten up yet.

Odell glared at Sylvia coldly while Tara's face twitched.

Sylvia curled her lips in disinterest and did not stop Sherry. They went out of the venue, talking and laughing. They only stopped when they reached the entrance of the parking lot outside. Sylvia was sitting in her wheelchair, and Sherry stood firmly behind her. They soon saw Catherine and Bruce. To Sylvia's surprise, Tristan was also there.

However, it was just a moment of shock. She looked squarely at Bruce and Catherine.

The Ledger couple subconsciously averted their gazes.

Sylvia said politely, "Mr. and Mrs. Ledger, may I ask for a few minutes of your time?"

Catherine did not say anything and stood behind Bruce.

Bruce sighed and said directly, "You don't have to explain it to us anymore, Sylvia. We misunderstood you. We were at fault here. I already called Michael earlier. He should have already told his people to send Aunt Tonya back to you."

Sylvia did not expect them to understand so quickly.

Tristan had probably explained it to them as well.

Her gaze softened, and she said to Sherry, "Okay, let's go."

Sherry immediately pushed the wheelchair. "Sylvia!" Tristan suddenly called out to her.

Sylvia turned back and looked at him with cold eyes. "Tristan, you don't need to explain anything to me. I know you want to help me, and I appreciate you rushing back from abroad, but in the future, you shouldn't approach me anymore. Don't contact me again in the future either, lest it causes unnecessary misunderstandings to others."

After Sylvia finished speaking, Sherry swiftly pushed the wheelchair away. They did not give Tristan a chance to say anything else.

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Tristan's expression darkened.

After Sylvia walked away, he bowed his head in despair.

Tristan did not move.

After a while, he looked up at Bruce and Catherine. His usually warm and clear eyes were now tinged with a red light. He said, "Are you satisfied now? She'll never accept me again."

Bruce and Catherine froze.

After a while, Catherine said softly, "We were wrong, Tristan. Let's go home first. We'll talk about it when we get back."

Tristan ignored her, turned around, and walked toward the road. His head was bowed, and his back looked very forlorn in the setting sun. Bruce and Catherine were worried and immediately chased after him.

At that moment, in a luxury sports car in a parking lot not far away, Odell sat in the driver's seat with a cigarette in his hand.

The window was wound halfway down. His deep gaze looked at Tristan's distant figure, then at the direction in which Sylvia left. He took a drag of the cigarette. White smoke spilled out from his lips and rose up to mingle in the air, obscuring his face. The car was quiet for a long time.

Tara sat in the passenger seat. When she looked in the direction he was watching, her gaze turned panicked.

After a long time, when Bruce and Catherine took Tristan away, and Sylvia and Sherry's car also left, she finally said, "Let's go back, Odell."

Odell withdrew his gaze, put out the cigarette, threw it away, and started the car.

The car quickly drove into the traffic, headed in the direction of Lake Victoria Villa.

Not long after, he said, "I still have some matters to attend to in the evening. I won't accompany you for dinner later."

His voice was cold.

Tara's face paled. After being with him for so many years, she more or less understood him.

'He only says he has something to do because he doesn't want to accompany me. Is it because I humiliated him by falling off the stage in public today? Or was it because that b*tch, Sylvia, was too eye-catching? 'Or, did he think of something else? Mr. and Mrs. Ledger obviously already believe that Sylvia

Tara did not dare to ask and could only reply softly, "Okay."

Sherry soon took Sylvia back to her own home.

Not long after she came back, Aunt Tonya was sent back in a car. Sylvia waited for her at the door and was instantly relieved to see her in one piece. Aunt Tonya also ran up to her. When she saw Sylvia sitting in a wheelchair, her eyes reddened and she asked in tears, "Syl, what happened to your leg?" Sylvia replied with a smile, "I'm fine. I just accidentally injured my legs two days ago. It's just a slight fracture. The doctor said it'll heal after a while." "Really? Was it really just a fracture?"

Sylvia smiled. "Yes, really. Why would I lie to you?"

Aunt Tonya sighed in relief, then asked her anxiously, “Syl, did they force you to do anything in the few days that they took me away?” Aunt Tonya would not believe her if she said no, so she confessed, “They wanted to force me to marry someone, but they didn’t succeed.” “That’s good.” Aunt Tonya sighed again. “It’s all my fault. I’m old and useless. I must have made you anxious these few days.” Sylvia immediately frowned. “Aunt Tonya, this isn’t your fault. Don’t blame yourself.”

‘If it weren’t for me, Aunt Tonya wouldn’t have been kidnapped. However, the real people to blame should be the ones who plotted to kidnap her: Emmanuel, Dona, Sonia, Bruce, Catherine, Michael, and Tara. I’ll remember all of these people!’

When Aunt Tonya saw her expression grow colder and colder, she hurriedly said, “Okay, okay, I won’t blame myself. Don’t get angry. It’s bad for your health.” Sylvia pulled herself from her thoughts and asked, “Aunt Tonya, did they do anything to you these past few days?” “No. I was locked up in a basement one day, then I was taken to a house. They never laid a hand on me and also brought me food regularly. They just locked the doors and windows tightly so that I couldn’t escape.” Aunt Tonya pushed Sylvia into the house as she spoke and began to question Sylvia if she had encountered anything in the past few days.

Sylvia chose her words carefully as she answered.

Aunt Tonya was a person who could not stay idle. When she saw that the house was covered with dust, she finished speaking with Sylvia and insisted on cleaning it. Sylvia could not stop her, so she chatted with Sherry in the living room.

bodyguard?”

She could not let Aunt Tonya be kidnapped again.

Sherry immediately said, “No problem. Leave it to me.”

At night, after eating dinner, Sherry left.

Aunt Tonya was tidying up in the living room. Sylvia could not help, so she took the binoculars and pushed her wheelchair outside to the courtyard.

She had not been at home these two days, so the two little ones must have been anxious. She wondered if they would be waiting for her on the large terrace tonight. After coming to the courtyard, she raised the binoculars and looked in the direction of the old Carter mansion.

Sylvia saw the scene on the large terrace at once, and her gaze was startled.

Odell’s tall figure sat on the sofa on the terrace. He held Isabel’s head in an armlock and played with the pink binoculars that Liam usually used in one hand. Meanwhile, his other hand pressed Liam’s small head down beside him.

He seemed to sense that Sylvia was looking over.

He quickly put the binoculars in front of his eyes.

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Sylvia and his line of sight suddenly locked in mid-air. Her gaze flashed, and she subconsciously wanted to avoid his eyes, but the two little ones were right next to him. She could not bear to look away. She continued to stare at Isabel and Liam, who were under his control. The distance was too far, and he covered them very well, so she could not see the little ones' faces clearly even with the binoculars. Then, she saw Isabel struggling in his armlock."

Liam also used his hands to smack Odell's hand, trying to push his palm away.

However, Odell did not move. It was as if he was completely unaffected by their little movements. The two little ones were obviously no match for him. Sylvia frowned.

At that moment, on the large terrace, Isabel stared fixedly at the binoculars above her. Her two chubby arms kept struggling in Odell's grip, and she kicked out her legs. She struggled with all her might but was unable to break free at all.

She grew anxious and shouted, "Baddie, I want to see Mommy too!"

Odell ignored her.

Isabel's eyes flickered, and she changed her tone to a pleasant one. "I just want to see Mommy for one second, okay?"<

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Isabel rarely spoke nicely to Odell. He immediately lowered his eyes to look at her. – The little girl craned her neck, her chubby little face pressing on his chin. Her bright eyes stared at him, full of expectation. Odell smiled. "Sure, but you have to call me Daddu first."

Isabel's expression instantly changed as she snorted at him.

Liam, who was standing on the other side, instantly cried, "Daddy." Odell was speechless.

Liam looked at him expectantly. "There, I called you. Can you let me see Mommy now?"

The corners of Odell's mouth twitched. This kid is really an opportunist.' After a moment, he said, "Say it two more times." Liam immediately said, "Daddy, Daddy."

Odell smiled and let go of his head to give him the binoculars.

Liam immediately climbed onto the sofa, stepped on it, took the binoculars, and looked toward Sylvia.

Odell carried Isabel into his arms, looking at her watery eyes when she looked at her brother. He smiled and touched her fleshy face, saying, "If you call me Daddy, I'll let you see your Mommy too."

Isabel puffed up her face, her mouth pursing in indignation.

Odell was not in a hurry and asked Liam, "Liam, did you see Mommy?" Liam was holding the binoculars and looking at Sylvia when he heard those words. He immediately said, "Yeah."

Odell asked, "What's she doing?"

Isabel immediately perked up her ears. Liam responded, "She's sitting in the yard and watching us with binoculars." Isabel could not hold back any longer. She was just about to crawl toward Liam. Her chubby hands reached out toward her.

However, before she could touch him, Odell picked her back up again.

He wrapped his long arms around her and said with a smile, "Call me Daddy, and I'll let you see Mommy."

Isabel pouted.

Liam wanted to give her the binoculars, but Odell was right beside them, so he could not give it to her. He told her what he saw. "Isabel, Mommy must have seen us too. She's smiling at us." When Isabel heard this, she instantly wanted to see her mother even more. She peered at Odell with her big eyes.

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Odell patiently reminded her, "Call me Daddy." Isabel clenched her chubby hand, scoffed loudly, and said very reluctantly, "Daddy."

Odell smiled and let go of her. Then, he took another pair of binoculars hidden under the sofa and gave it to her.

Isabel immediately stood up and stepped on his lap with her two little feet. She held up the binoculars with both hands to look at Sylvia's place.

A moment later, her little mouth curled up, and she shouted happily, "Liam, I can see Mommy too!"

Liam smiled.

When Odell looked at the siblings' happy appearances, he silently pursed his lips.

In her yard, Sylvia never lowered the binoculars.

Although she did not know how they got binoculars from Odell, the moment she looked at the children, she could not help but be overjoyed. The gloom that had been piling up in her heart over the past few days suddenly disappeared. She raised one hand again and waved at them. Isabel and Liam immediately raised their small hands and waved back. It was only when she lowered her hand that they dropped theirs. Not long after, the wind picked up. Sylvia tugged on her skirt, not letting the wind lift it. She did not want to let them see the splints on her legs.

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However, not long after, Odell picked them up and carried them away.

The large terrace was suddenly empty, and Sylvia's chest also suddenly felt bereft.

However, it was only for a moment. She put away the binoculars and turned her wheelchair back into the house.

The reason why Odell did not let her see the children was that he thought that she had something to do with Tristan and that she wanted to be the young madam of the Ledger family. He thought that she needed to hook up with a man to live a good

However, after the awards ceremony this afternoon, Bruce and Catherine already figured out that someone as powerful as her did not need to live off a man at all.

bribed her.

Then, he should finally believe that she and Tristan were innocent. He would let her meet the children. came back out.

He returned to the large terrace and sat down on the sofa. He casually picked up the binoculars and brought it in front of his eyes. The telescope magnified Sylvia's residence clearly in front of his eyes.

However, the yard was empty. She was not there anymore.

Odell frowned and tossed the binoculars aside.

The night breeze was cold.

He sat in silence for a while. Then, he took out his phone and called Cliff. "Go check if anyone among Sylvia's former colleagues had any monetary transactions with Tara." He hung up the phone and looked over in the direction of Sylvia's residence again with a deep gaze. Even now, he still had some difficulty believing that she was a famous painter.

With her status, there was indeed no need for her to hook up with men. There was also no need for Tristan to go on a hunger strike against his parents in order to be with her.

Furthermore, if she really had nothing to do with Tristan, then what she said earlier about Tara urging Tristan and her together could be true.

The next morning, after having breakfast, Sylvia and Aunt Tonya arrived at Alister's place. Unfortunately, the door was locked. She was clearly not at home.

Sylvia found Alister's contact in the work group that she had not left yet and sent her a message. "Alister, where are you now? Can we meet?"

After sending the message, Sylvia stared at the screen.

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However, half an hour passed without a reply. 'Could Tara have called her away?' Sylvia frowned and said to Tom, who was driving, "Turn around and go to Carter Tower." Tom was the bodyguard that Sherry found for her. He started work early this morning. He was a strong-looking man who spoke little, but his actions were very nimble. As soon as Sylvia finished speaking, he steadily turned around at the intersection.

She looked out of the car window and frowned.

Alister was missing. In order to prevent Tara from causing trouble again, she had to meet Odell quickly and talk to him face to face.

At the same time, in Carter Tower, in the office on the top floor, the man's upright figure elegantly sat on a leather chair.

Alister was shocked when she was brought to this building. When she came in and saw this man who had such a terrifying aura, she quickly lowered her head and did not dare to raise it again. Odell asked her directly, "What's your relationship with Tara Avery?" Alister stammered, "I-I don't know her." "Then, why did she transfer money to your bank account three times?" Alister suddenly panicked. "I....." Odell looked at her coldly. "I won't do anything to you, but if you don't tell me the truth, the consequences will be severe."

The man in front of her was Odell Carter. Alister did not dare to provoke someone of his

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Odell frowned coldly and asked, "What did she ask you to do?"

"She asked me to help her spy on Sylvia secretly, and tell her as soon as Sylvia does anything, especially if I see Mr. Ledger coming to her. She told me to take as many photos as possible, preferably photos of Sylvia and Mr. Ledger flirting..." Alister panicked and confessed to all the tasks that Tara told her to do. She said anxiously, "Master Carter, that's all I did for her. I didn't do anything else."

Odell's face was cold and silent for a moment before he asked her, "Did you also take that photo of Tristan hugging Sylvia?"

Alister searched her memory and said, "Yes. I saw Mr. Ledger rushing to Sylvia, so I took it secretly. However, I deliberately chose that angle. Mr. Ledger let Sylvia go very quickly. She was obviously unhappy at the time, but he was elated for some reason. He asked whether she rejected him because his mother approached her, but she said no. He did not seem to believe her but left quickly."

After saying that, she raised her head cautiously.

emotionless, but he had a scary aura.

He asked, "What else?"

Alister did not dare to hesitate. She recalled and said, "Later, Mr. Ledger came to find Sylvia again. They went to a romantic restaurant for dinner, and I followed them there. Sylvia said something to him, and he looked very disappointed and asked the people to remove all the candles. Then, Sylvia seemed to have found out that I spied on her. Tara also told me to take time off work. It was only the other day that Sylvia came to find me..."

She told him about Sylvia coming to her place to find her. Odell pursed his lips in silence, his brows subconsciously furrowing. When he remained silent after she finished speaking, she could not help but add, "Master Carter, that's all I know. I don't know why Tara asked me to do this, but I've never done anything bad except spying on Sylvia, let alone anything to you." Odell glanced at Cliff. "Send her out and inform the others that the meeting later will be postponed."

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He needed some time alone. Cliff quickly said, "Understood."

At the same time, Sylvia's car arrived at Carter Tower.

Tom parked the car at the roadside and helped Sylvia out of the car with Aunt Tonya.

Sylvia got into the wheelchair. She did not let Aunt Tonya follow her and pushed the wheelchair into the lobby by herself.

Coincidentally, when she entered the lobby, she saw Alister and Cliff coming out of the elevator. She could not help but be stunned. She asked in confusion, "Alister? What are you doing here?"

Alister also looked at her in shock. Then, she looked at Cliff.

Cliff smiled and said to Sylvia, "Ms. Ross, she was summoned by Master Carter." Sylvia immediately asked, "What did Odell want from her?" Cliff said, "He just asked some questions." Asked some questions? Sylvia's eyes flickered. "Was it related to Tara?" Cliff smiled and replied, "I'm not quite sure." Sylvia ignored him and looked at Alister again. Alister immediately avoided her eyes, as if she was afraid that she would offend Odell by talking more. She made an excuse about having something to do before running out in a panic. Sylvia looked at Cliff again.

Cliff maintained his smile and said, "If you want to know, why don't you ask Master Carter directly?"

Sylvia instantly wheeled herself forward. "I have to ask if Master Carter is available to see you." He took out his phone after saying that. Sylvia frowned and said nothing.