

master odells 171

Chapter **171** Liam said, "Mommy, let's just continue chatting. Ignore him." Isabel nodded along. "Yeah, he's invisible." | Sylvia could not help but curled her lips into a smile although Odell fired a cold glance at them.

Sylvia turned a blind eye at him and said to the two of them, "Liam, Isabel, you guys can continue. What happened after you know the new transfer student?" Isabel pouted with puffy cheeks and said, "I told him to call me boss. Liam and I will take care of him from now on."

Sylvia was rendered speechless. There was a twitch at the edge of her mouth when she secretly glanced at Liam.

Liam grinned. His googly eyes were filled with love for his sister. He had no objections to Isabel being their boss. Sylvia chuckled awkwardly. "Then, did he?"

"Of course." Isabel continued her heroic achievements back at school.

The whole living room was filled with waves of laughter from the mother and children. The man on the couch was treated as an invisible person. He looked grim for a while before he eventually turned his attention to Sylvia.

She should have dressed for the occasion. She looked a lot more beautiful than when she had been in her bare face when she had persistently lingered in his office earlier in the day. She was also wearing a dress.

There was a white fluffy shawl around her shoulder that complemented her snowy white neck, making her face look extra charming. It even granted her an extraordinary sense of elegance.

However, the more he looked at the shawl, the more familiar it seemed.

He soon thought of Tara. Tara had a shawl today as well, and both of them obviously had the same pattern. However, Tara's one was coupled with a crimson red tight dress, which made her look coquettish. The shawl did not appeal to him at first look but now, when it was on Sylvia, it looked decent.

He narrowed his eyes.

Sylvia enjoyed talking to Isabel and Liam, but she could not help but notice his gaze, and it made her uncomfortable. A while later, she turned to him and said, "Odell, can you stop staring at me?"

She was just chatting with the children, not badmouthing him, so why would he stare at her? The moment her words subsided, Isabel grumbled, "Big' meanie, I know my Mommy is

beautiful today, but she's mine, and Liam's. You cannot look at her!" Liam echoed, "Isabel is right."

Sylvia was stunned. "What?"

Odell was speechless. The air froze for a moment, and so was the look on Odell's face. It was obviously defeat. It was rare to see Odell in defeat. Sylvia could not help but giggle. Odell glared at her. "Don't overthink it. I'm just reminding you that you have ten minutes

**left.”**

Sylvia looked at the time. It was already 8:50 p.m. She turned to her kids and said, “Isabel, Liam. I have to go back soon. Let’s go to your room and I’ll tell you a bedtime story.”

Isabel shook her mother’s arm. “Mommy, I want to sleep with you.” Liam shared the same anticipation.

Sylvia then turned to Odell for instruction, but she saw only coldness on his face as if he was saying, “Don’t push it.”

Sylvia bit the bullet and said, “We’ll talk about that when Mommy’s leg gets better, okay?”

Isabel and Liam were no idiots. They knew she rejected them because of Odell. Isabel grunted at Odell before she obediently nodded and said to her mother, “Okay.” Liam protruded his lips in silence.

Chapter **172** Sylvia brought the two little rascals to their bedroom and started telling them a bedtime story.

Only after the two of them fall asleep did she leave their room.

Madam Carter’s words rung in her head, so she went to Madam Carter’s room. Madam Carter was still awake, obviously waiting for her.

Sylvia walked in and asked, “Grandmother, what do you want to talk about?”

Madam Carter waved, signaling her to come closer. “Syl, come ‘ere.”

Sylvia wheeled herself closer. Madam Carter held Sylvia’s hand and said, “Tell me, how did you hurt your leg?” “I fell down when I was walking.” Madam Carter refused to believe her excuse. She stared at Sylvia and continued, “Does it have anything to do with Odell?” Sylvia anxiously answered, “No, nothing. He’s not involved.” He was the one who had brought her to the hospital in spite of that unhappy journey. Madam Carter sighed a breath of relief. She said to Sylvia, “If Odell is mean to you, just tell me. I’ll do you justice.” Sylvia returned a comforting smile. “Thank you, Grandmother.”

As long as she could continue to see the kids, there would not be any unhappy conflicts between her and Odell.

Sylvia thought Madam Carter just wanted to talk to her about her injuries, and since it was getting late, she said, “Grandmother, you should get some rest now. I’ll visit again tomorrow.”

“Hold on.”

Sylvia looked at her. “What’s wrong, Grandmother? Is there anything else?” Madam Carter curved her eyes and smiled. She pulled out a little notebook and a pen from beside her pillow. The notebook seemed to be her diary. She opened a blank page and gave it to Sylvia together with the pen. “Sylvia, can you give me your signature?” Sylvia was at a loss for words.

Madam Carter reminded her, “Sunflower Bloom.”

Sylvia instantly knew what she was referring to. She smiled and said, “Sure.”

She took the pen and notebook and wrote 'Sunflower Bloom' in her calligraphy. The smile on Madam Carter's face grew wider. She continued, "Syl, I really like your artistic

side and your painting, but you are running a little slow on producing work. Can you draw a little more?" Sylvia did not expect Madam Carter to be such a fan. She smiled and said, "I'll do my best, Grandmother."

"Okay, okay. Go now, you should go back and rest. Don't let Isabel and Liam worry about you. I'll look after them."

"Thank you, Grandmother." After the heart-warming chat, Sylvia left the room. She wheeled herself across the corridor and returned to the living room. To her surprise, Odell was still on the couch, and a servant was there making tea for him. Sylvia did not want to interrupt, so she wheeled herself towards the exit. "Stop right there." The man's cold voice suddenly echoed. Sylvia turned to him in confusion. Odell stared at her coldly. "I gave you a time limit. You are supposed to leave before nine, but it's almost ten now." Despite being irritated by his temper, Sylvia maintained her politeness and explained, "Grandmother wanted to talk to me. It's just a little delay." "No more next time," Odell said with a frosty gaze.

Sylvia turned a blind eye and wheeled herself out of the living room.

Odell watched her wheeled out of the exit without pause and together with the nonchalant response earlier, it vexed him.

Smack!

He slammed the cup of tea on the table.

The servant was shocked. "Master, is it too hot?"

Odell pursed his lips and swallowed the rising grievance. "Just go." "Yes, sir." The servant quickly strode out of the living room. Odell frustratedly put the book down and got up to the balcony outside his bedroom.

Chapter 173 A while later, Sylvia was already on the bridge back to her house. Aunt Tonya was pushing the wheelchair, and there was a strong young man following behind the two of them, seemingly one of the bodyguards. Odell watched her quietly. The frustration in his eyes was carried away by the night breeze. When Sylvia finally returned home, he went back into his room.

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Shortly after Sylvia returned to her place, she received a message from Christopher, the president of the Westchester Art Association.

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She was invited to attend an art exhibition tomorrow afternoon, hosted and curated by the art association. The exhibition was mainly a display to show off the excellent work selected from the competition. Exhibitions were held for commercial purposes. If Sylvia attended, her name and reputation would garner more attention, and it would attract many potential buyers. Since Sylvia was

already a part of the art association, she agreed without a second thought. The next afternoon, Sylvia arrived at the venue in Tom's company. Tom helped her get out of the car.

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The people from the art association were already there, and the president, Christopher, decided to welcome her himself. What followed were the people from the art association and tourists alike.

Sylvia greeted them with a warm smile before she followed them inside. It was then that someone from the art association announced, “Ms. Tara Avery is here.”

Her arrival attracted the attention of some of the people from the art association who were rather close with her, and they went up to her attentively.

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Sylvia had a glance. Tara arrived in a flashy outfit, looking stunning as ever. The moment she set foot outside the car, she was already surrounded by a group of admirers. She lifted her chin with a smile and greeted them before she came over. When she saw Sylvia, the smile on her face faded. Sylvia crossed her arms in the wheelchair and stared at Tara coldly. Tara's expression changed multiple times before it turned into a forced smile. She said, “Hello, Sylvia.”

Sylvia displayed her disgust for Tara brazenly. She ignored Tara and said to Tom, “Push me inside.”

Tom quickly pushed her into the exhibition venue.

Tara froze. The others around her were not idiots either, everyone clearly felt the tension between Sylvia and Tara. Christopher and the others feigned ignorance and greeted Tara before they followed Sylvia in. The other tourists came because of Sylvia, so when she went inside, they followed. Only the few who went over to Tara earlier stayed. When the bigger crowd went inside, the people around Tara grumbled. “Ms. Sunflower is really rude.” “Yeah. Tara greeted her but she simply turned away. How rude.” Tara's stiff look softened a bit upon hearing them.

Soon, she put on a more natural smile and said, “Maybe it's because she's gained fame as an artist, and artists have a temper. I'm fine, don't worry about it.” The few of them were surprised when they heard her. Someone asked, “Tara, you knew her from before, right?” “You guys were friends, so why isn't she talking to you?” Tara sighed. “She used to like Odell as well.” The revelation surprised them, causing them to widen their eyes. “She's jealous of you!” “She's a famous artist now, but she chose to be rude because of some trivial matter. It goes to show how childish she is.”

Chapter **174** The few of them started to mock Sylvia.

Right when their gossip reached the climax, Tara stopped them and said, “It's been years since I contacted her, so maybe the misunderstanding still stands. Stop it, you guys.”

“Tara, you’re too kind. If I were you, I would have flipped.”

“Yeah, I would teach her a lesson.”

Tara simply smiled it off. “I’m fine. Come on, let’s go in.”

The exhibition attracted quite a number of tourists.

Tara was still the bronze prize winner in the art competition, and the paintings that she brought would surely sell for a decent price. The others agreed and entered the venue with her.

Meanwhile, inside the exhibition hall, Sylvia and Christopher were strolling around the art pieces. Other than the winning artworks from the art competition, the winners of the respective artworks also brought their additional work out for display.

Most of the artwork on display was not named, so it allowed everyone to enjoy and appreciate the artwork with an unbiased opinion.

It also allowed the tourists to voice their constructive remarks without burden so that they could be more rational when making the purchase.

Christopher and company looked at quite a number of artworks along the way and the comments he gave were mostly praises, with a few exceptions of constructive criticism.

Some of the artworks on display were lackluster compared to others. It was then one of the tourists said to Sylvia, “Ms. Sunflower, I think this piece of sunset painting is quite eye-catching. Can you give me some advice or comment?” Another tourist echoed and said, “Yeah, I’ve noticed this painting for quite some time now.” Christopher and the others turned to Sylvia with anticipation. The group looked at a lot of artworks along the way, and only Sylvia remained quiet throughout the process. “Okay.” She looked at the painting the tourist pointed to. The painting was of a sunset. It was huge, as tall as a grown man, and although it might look stunning, its flaws were obvious as well.

Sylvia frowned after some careful scrutiny. She believed the painter of the artwork was close by, so she euphemistically said, “The colors

**used** are too childish. There are no stunning skills involved. I can’t tell what the painter is trying to convey, so I wouldn’t suggest buying it at a high price.” Christopher nodded in agreement and in silence. The painting was one of the poorer ones, but he knew who the painter was, so he conserved his words and stayed quiet.

The two tourists who inquired Sylvia to give her judgment were conflicted.

Moments ago, they really wanted to buy the painting, but after her comments, their interest faded. It did not look as good as before. At the same time, Tara strode in with a grim look. She was obviously unhappy, but she remained polite as she stared at Sylvia. “Sylvia, I know there’s some misunderstanding between us in the past, but do you really have to intentionally criticize my work in front of so many people?” Her work? Intentionally criticized?

Sylvia raised her brows and asked, “Tara, I think you’re mistaken about your work.” Tara furrowed her brows. “What do you mean?”

Sylvia grinned and said, “What I mean is your painting is garbage. I wouldn’t want it even if it were free.” Since she found out that it was Tara’s work, she did not have to hold back anymore. Tara responded with a bitter look. Christopher and the others were stunned by the unexpected bold comments. The two tourists also lost the impulsive urge to buy the painting and subtly stepped back. Awkwardness filled the air for a moment. Sylvia’s delightful smile fueled Tara’s anger. She really wished she could start a catfight with Sylvia. Her expression went through multiple changes. She had a difficult time trying to suppress the urge to start an argument, but they were surrounded by people and she could not afford to lose control in public. After some struggle with her thoughts, Tara strode away.

Chapter **175** From other people’s perspectives, Tara left out of anger and embarrassment because of Sylvia’s comments. The exhibition hall went quiet for another few seconds.

Christopher and company looked at Sylvia with both admiration and concern.

Those who were invited to Westchester Art Association were all rather well-known artists, and they, too, shared the same thought as Sylvia. Tara’s work was nothing close to decent, but she was Odell’s woman, thus no one dared to voice their criticism of her work.

However, Sylvia had blatantly called her work garbage in public. It was a suicidal act.

Christopher signaled two of his men with a glance. “Go after her.”

The two men went out to look for Tara.

Christopher then said to Sylvia, “Sylvia, did something happen between you and Tara in the past?”

Sylvia simply hummed a reply. The conflict between them started three years ago, and until now, the conflicts had only **worsened**.

Christopher awkwardly touched his nose and said in a small voice, “But her boyfriend is Master Carter. I believe you’ll need to” “I know. Thank you for your concern,” Sylvia interrupted him. She would never apologize to Tara, not for the rest of her life. Christopher simply sighed at Sylvia’s fierce attitude and decided to stay out of it.

Sylvia continued looking at the artwork. She voiced her truthful thoughts about each of the works. She was not stingy with praises when it came to a great art piece and would subtly offer a piece of advice for those lackluster **ones**.

After a few rounds in the venue, other than Tara's work that failed to gather interest after what happened, the other artworks of the winners were more or less sold.

A lot of the tourists bought either one or two paintings and left with a great harvest.

Sylvia also left the exhibition.

Tom pushed her to the carpark.

Just when Sylvia was about to get into the car, Tara came out from the shadows. She glared at Sylvia viciously and said, "Sylvia, I bet you are happy now." Sylvia crossed her arms and replied with a grin, "It's quite nice."

Tara grunted coldly. "Those tourists who did not buy my work because of you are idiots. I don't care." Sylvia raised a curious brow and asked, "Then, why are you here stopping me from leaving?" Tara gulped nervously and said, "I'm here to tell you Alister told Odell what I did before, but Odell wasn't even mad at me. He didn't even blame me for anything." Sylvia frowned. 'I thought that man hated people who tricked others.' Tara noticed the change of expression on Sylvia's face and laughed. "Odell only loves me. Even if he knows what I did, you still won't succeed! Don't you dare try to ruin our relationship!" Sylvia wore a disdainful grin. 'She's right. I almost forgot that Odell has always loved her.'

It was true love after all. Even if Tara went on a killing spree and become a nefarious murderer, he would protect her at all costs. Why would he be mad at her just because she tricked and framed his ex-wife?

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Tara noticed the silence. She continued with a cold grin, "Sylvia, you won't win. If you are wise, get out of Westchester, or I'll make sure you die a horrible death."

A horrible death? Sylvia could not help but cackle with laughter. "With that lousy painting of yours?" Tara was in distress. She choked for a few seconds before she said, "I might not be as famous as you, but I have Odell. And you, you are nothing besides being Sunflower Bloom!" Sylvia chuckled in a profound manner. She did not care what Tara said. She turned to Tom and said, "Help me in." Tom opened the door and helped her into the car. Tara strode over after she got the cold shoulder. She bellowed at Sylvia, "What's wrong now? Leaving already? Did the truth hurt you?"<

**Chapter 176**

Slam!

The reply that Tara got was Tom slamming the door close.

She was left alone on the spot as the car drove away. Her fists clenched tightly and she said with a cold grin, "You... I bet it must suck for you."

A while later, the distress on her face faded. She kept replaying the scene where the influential figures of the art association had surrounded Sylvia and how the tourists had admired her.

What fueled her anger was that the tourists ignored all her paintings just because of some comments from Sylvia.

Those who simply got a recognition award from the competition even got a few of their works sold, and yet Tara, the bronze prize winner, did not even sell a single piece.

It was the biggest insult she received since she stepped into the art world.

She was deeply irritated.

A while later, where her irritation faded a little, she called Odell.

The moment the call got through, her eyes turned red. With a sobbing tone, she said in a grievance, "Odell, where are you? Can I go to you now?"

On the other end of the call, Odell was working on some documents in his office. Hearing

Tara's sobbing tone, he furrowed his brows. He asked, "What happened?"

Tara sobbed. "The art association hosted an exhibition for the winners of the competition, and everyone but me sold at least one piece of artwork. I feel really bad."

Odell pursed his lips.

Her paintings were nothing decent, but she was still the bronze prize winner, and it should not have turned out as bad as it did with her not selling a single piece of artwork.

He asked, "What happened?"

"I don't know. There were some tourists who were interested in my work, but after Sylvia talked to them, they did not even look at my work anymore."

Odell was slightly surprised. "Sylvia was there?" "Yeah. She was invited by the president." Tara continued sobbing, "I already apologized to her for trying to matchmake her with Tristan, but she did not accept it at all. Does she hate me now?"

Odell went silent for a few seconds before he continued, "Go home first. I have something urgent to do and I'll go find you when I'm done."

Tara immediately said, "Okay, I'll wait for you at home." The call ended.

Tara wiped her fake tears away and grinned coldly. There was an obvious scene of coldness in between Odell's words from the call, so he must be

angry.

'I'll just cry like a baby when he comes later, and he will definitely help me teach that bitch a lesson!"

It was still early when Sylvia came home, so she helped Aunt Tonya prepare some snacks before she went over to the Carter residence around 7 o'clock. She had arrived early for two days now, and Madam

Carter even talked to the guard at the gates to grant her entrance. However, Sylvia arrived at a tightly shut gate today. She saw the guard, Todd, beside the gate and smiled at him. "Todd, can you open the gate? I'm here to see the kids."

Todd had a glance before he retracted his gaze and stood still like a rock. He did not move or talk to her.

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While Sylvia was baffled by his reaction, a powerful voice came from behind her. "Who told you to come over at this hour?"

Surprised, she turned around and saw the man who managed to sneak up on her. His arms were crossed and his towering figure blocked the lights. Despite his shadowed features, his eyes were glaring at her coldly.

Sylvia reacted with a shifting gaze. He was not home yet when she came over for the past two days, so what made him return home earlier today? A quick thought later, she decided to play dumb and said, "It's not 8 o'clock yet? It's already dark, so I thought it was 8 o'clock already."

Odell had no comeback for that. She really believed that he did not know she came earlier for the past two days. He glared at her and said, "I heard you went to an art exhibition today."

Chapter **177** Sylvia's expression changed and she thought of Tara right away. If she was correct, after she left the exhibition venue earlier, Tara must have called Odell and orchestrated this.

No wonder Odell came home early today; it was to stop her. Sylvia smiled at him. "Yeah. The art association held an exhibition for the prize winners, and I went to look at paintings with the president. I also went to give some advice to other interested tourists."

Odell grunted at her curved eyes. "Is that so?!"

(Yeah."

"I heard almost all the prize winners' paintings were sold."

"They were." Odell shot his blade-like gaze at her. "Then, why did Tara fail to sell any?" Sylvia looked up at him calmly and said, "I believe you will have to ask her why her paintings are so bad."

Odell tightened his narrow lips and continued his cold gaze at her. If his gaze was any sharper, it would have punctured two holes in Sylvia's head. Sylvia awkwardly chuckled and waved the bag of snacks in her hand. "Odell, these are freshly made. Please let me in now. They won't be nice if they get cold." Odell ignored her and moved his legs inside. The bodyguard immediately opened the gate for him. Sylvia narrowed her eyes and quickly controlled her wheelchair forward. . As she was using an electronic wheelchair, the moment the gate opened, she sprinted inside like a car. Just when she was about to wheel past Odell and enter the mansion, her wheelchair was held back by a strong force all of a sudden, pinning her on the spot. The sudden stop almost threw her off the wheelchair. She turned around and saw Odell's big hand holding the handle of her wheelchair.

She shouted, "Let me go!" Odell's towered over her with his enormous figure. No matter how hard she struggled, she could not break free from his hand. She tried to pry his fingers away but failed to do so.

Flushed, she looked at him and said, “ Odell, you should know Tara’s level after being with her for so many years.” Odell frowned and continued his cold gaze at her.

Sylvia boldly continued, “I’ll admit that I picked on her intentionally, but I said the truth to the tourists. Her painting was garbage!” Odell wore a grim look. “Roll yourself back or I’ll throw you out.” As his words subsided, he lifted his hand for a moment. Sylvia rocked along with her wheelchair for a bit. Then, she held the wheelchair tightly before she turned around to bite the hand on the handle. Her sharp teeth sank into the back of Odell’s hand. Odell grimly retracted his hand. Sylvia then swiftly wheeled herself forward. In less than a second, the wheelchair slipped past him and sprinted towards the entrance like the wind.

Odell’s towering figure was stunned on the spot as Sylvia reached the door in a hurry. When the wheelchair stopped, she turned around and showed a provocative raise of her brow. Her petite face looked brighter under the lights and her provocative grin was enticing. Odell was awestruck. She was afraid that he would call the bodyguards to throw her out, so she wheeled herself into the living room quickly.

Chapter **178** Soon, Odell heard Isabel’s adorable voice welcoming her mother came from inside the living room. He tightened his lips and glanced at the bodyguard at the gate. The bodyguard explained, “Master, she was too fast just now. I didn’t even realize.” He also did not expect Sylvia to break free from Odell’s grip and charge inside like a chariot. Odell had one last glare at him before he strode into the living room. Inside the living room, Isabel and Liam clung to Sylvia tightly and were munching on the snacks she brought. Even Madam Carter also enjoyed the pastries that Sylvia had prepared. When Odell came in, the living room turned quiet. Isabel and Liam cautiously looked at him. Madam Carter said, “Odell, I told Sylvia to come earlier.” In other words, if he was unhappy with the decision, he could take it up to her instead of holding Sylvia responsible. Odell glanced at Sylvia before he sat down on the couch and started reading. Madam Carter sighed a breath of relief. Isabel and Liam also lowered their caution and continued enjoying their snacks. Sylvia raised a brow with a smile. As before, she played with the kids for a little while, and when they finally got tired, she sent them back to their room, told them a bedtime story, and accompanied them until they fell **asleep**. Only then did Sylvia leave their room and return to the living room. The spacious living room was quiet and only had one warm light on. The warm light shed its glow on the man’s rigid figure as he read elegantly on the couch. He had a book in his hand and a glass of wine on the table in front of him. Sylvia did not expect him to stay up this late. She quickly wheeled herself to the exit. Odell shot his stern gaze at Sylvia leaving in a hurry and said coldly, “If I find out that you pick on Tara again, don’t think of seeing the kids again.” Sylvia froze. She turned around and said, “Odell, this is between me and her. Can you stay out of this?”

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Odell glared at her coldly. “She’s my woman.” Sylvia got choked up for a bit. Again, she almost forgot that Tara was the love of his life. Without saying anything else, she wore a cold look and turned away as she wheeled herself out. She soon disappeared into the dark night. Odell furrowed his brows and frustratedly tossed the book on the table. He did not choose to argue with her although she picked on Tara. Even allowing her to see the kids was an act of mercy, a blessing and gift to her, and yet she did not even try to please him and gave him the cold shoulder.

'She's really getting ahead of herself.'

At Lake Victoria Villa, Tara sulked as she recalled how Sylvia had criticized her earlier at the art exhibition, causing her to fail to sell any of her paintings.

It had been more than three hours since Odell left, and he was really angry when he walked out of the door. She believed he would punish Sylvia for her. He should have finished meting out his punishment by now. A quick thought later, she pulled her phone out and called Odell. The call got through quickly and the look on her face softened. "Odell, what are you doing?"

Chapter **179** "I'm reading." A quick thought later, Odell continued with a question, "Have you eaten?" Sylvia said in a small voice, "Not yet." | "It's already late. Why haven't you eaten anything yet?" Tara was waiting for this. She protruded her lips and said, "I'm feeling unwell. I don't have any appetite." Odell's voice grew heavy as he said, "I've already warned Sylvia to not pick on your again. Hurry and get something to eat. Don't worry about it anymore." Tara frowned. Just a warning? She eased her furrowed brows and said with a disheartened tone, "Okay, Odell. But I think Sylvia really hates me. She's a famous artist now. Even the president of the Art Association tries to flatter her. I'm afraid that she might resort to some shady schemes secretly." "She wouldn't." "But..." Odell stopped her. "If she picks on you again, I'll make Sunflower Bloom disappear from the art world, forever." Tara's eyes shone. He still cared about her the most. However, her thoughts and her words did not align as she said, "Odell, are you sure about that?" Odell's brows tightly furrowed, and his face screamed annoyance. However, Tara was the one he acknowledged, so he suppressed his annoyance and said rather calmly, "I will never spare anyone who picks on you. Just go and have some rest. Don't worry about it."

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Sylvia answered immediately, "Okay. You get some rest too." Odell hummed a reply and hunged up the phone. He then tossed the phone aside. He was sitting on the balcony at the back of his room and looking in the direction of Sylvia's house. The lights over there were still on, she was still awake. The woman might be audacious, but the kids were obviously her weakness. He had already warned her to stay away from Tara if she wanted to keep seeing the kids.

If she was not an idiot, she would do as she was told.

Sylvia turned on her phone when she got home and saw the messages that the production crew of the movie 'Flowers Blossom' sent her an hour ago. The staff told her to get Isabel ready as they would bring the girl in for a shoot the day after

**tomorrow.**

Isabel loved to act and was gifted at it. Before they came back to Westchester, Sylvia had signed a contract with the production crew as Isabel's guardian.

The movie had started shooting a month ago, but Isabel's scenes were not ready yet. The staff would update her on the progress from time to time and tell her to prepare the girl for her segment.

However, Isabel lived under Odell's roof now, and in order to bring the girl to the shoot, Sylvia must first get Odell's permission.

She recalled the ugly expression on his face before she left earlier and it made her frown. The man obviously hated her, and if she told him that Isabel would be away for two weeks for a shoot, there would be a high chance that he would disagree. After some meticulous deliberation, Sylvia replied 'okay' to the staff before she prepared for **bed**.

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The next morning, Sylvia called Madam Carter. She had told Madam Carter about Isabel's movie before. The great-grandmother knew the little girl loved to act and had been her avid supporter since. When Sylvia revealed that Isabel had a movie to shoot, Madam Carter happily answered, "Great. Isabel was just complaining a few days ago that she missed acting. But what's the condition of the production crew? What are the terms they are offering?" Sylvia answered, "Don't worry, Grandmother. I will be with her the whole time and make sure that she won't be exhausted."

"Great. But you have to be careful as well. Don't overwork yourself." "I understand, Grandmother." Sylvia paused for a moment before she continued, "Grandmother, can you tell Odell about this?". Madam Carter was surprised. "Syl, you can just tell him yourself." How? The talk would probably end up ugly. Sylvia was embarrassed to say that Odell was unhappy with her because of Tara, so she said to Madam Carter, "Maybe he doesn't want Isabel to enter showbiz this early, so I think you'd better talk to him about it."

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"Okay, I'll call him later," Madam Carter said. Sylvia sighed a breath of relief. If it was Madam Carter who broke the news to him, Odell would probably agree.

Chapter **180** At Carter Tower, Odell was working in his office when the phone on the desk rang.

He put the document down and answered it after a glance at the screen.

"Grandmother, what's the matter?"

Madam Carter told him about Isabel's movie shoot that would start tomorrow. She also said, "Isabel has always wanted to shoot a movie, and she really loves to act. Why don't you let her go have a try? Syl will be with her all the time to take care of her." Odell reacted rather coldly. A moment of silence later, he said, "I understand." Madam Carter hung up the phone with a smile. Odell's face remained frosty.

alk to me and went straight to Grandmother instead? Does

The woman doesn't even want she think I won't agree?'

He just did not want his children's lives to be overly enlarged under the public's eye, but he did not want to kill his children's interest just because of his disinterest.

As he mulled over it, his finger slid across his screen and dialed Sylvia's number.

Sylvia was mixing paint to paint when her phone rang. When she saw Odell's name on the caller ID, she was stunned for a slight moment before she answered it.

The man's cold voice entered her ears. "Give me the address of Isabel's shoot and print out all the details about the production crew. I want them delivered to my office."

Sylvia frowned. He could have asked for a soft copy to be sent over via smartphone, but he requested a hard copy instead.

Before she could voice her grumble, Odell added, "I'll be going on a business trip in an hour, so if it's not here within the hour, you don't need to accompany Isabel to her shoot anymore." The phone hung up right after his words subsided. "Crazy fool!"

Sylvia was heart-stricken. She put her paint down and prepared to go out.

Sylvia prepared as fast as she could but it still took her a full hour to reach his office.

Fortunately, when she got out of the car, she saw Odell striding out from his group of followers, led by Cliff.

"Odell!" she shouted.

Odell stopped and stared at her while Cliff and the others wisely stepped aside.

Sylvia was still in the wheelchair, and it was Tom who pushed her over. She passed him the documents she prepared when she was close enough.

1/2

"These are the information you wanted on the production crew," she said.

Odell glanced at her face.

It was the beginning of winter, and the weather was getting cold, but her face was flushed and there were beads of sweat on her forehead. She came here in a hurry.

Odell looked at the papers she had in her hand. With narrowed eyes, he said, "I don't have time now. Take them back."

Sylvia furrowed her brows.

Before she could say a word, he added, "Take them back, rearrange them and send them to me."

Sylvia was speechless. Frustration rose up to her head. She glared at him.

Odell noticed her widened eyes, so he curved his lips into a grin and said, "If you don't send me the details, you are not going with Isabel." Sylvia responded with gnashing teeth, "Fine. I'll send them to you right away." Odell smiled and went straight into the MPV parked beside them. Cliff and the others quickly followed, and the car joined the stream of traffic on the road. Sylvia crumpled the papers frustratedly. The man was obviously toying with her.