

master odells 181

Chapter **181** As long as Sylvia could accompany Isabel to her shoot, she would be willing to tolerate any offense from Odell. She returned to the car with Tom's help. Sylvia had already sorted out the information on the production crew before printing it out. As soon as she settled into the car, she took out her phone to send the file to Odell.

In the message, she typed, "Here's all the information on the production crew, do take a look when you can."

Odell replied, "Sure."

Sylvia tsked at Odell's profile picture before keeping her phone away.

Night soon fell.

At the Carters' residence, Sylvia had already coaxed Liam and Isabel to sleep, but Odell still had not replied to her message. She thought that he had probably seen her message, and his lack of a reply meant that she was allowed to bring Isabel to the shoot. Sylvia gently kissed her children on the cheeks before she left for home to pack. The filming location was in the suburbs to the north of Westchester City. It was about forty minutes away by car, so it was not all that far. Although the production crew had rented a hotel nearby, Sylvia wanted Isabel to return home every day instead.

When Sylvia had requested for Isabel to get half a month's leave from the kindergarten, Liam had requested the same for himself as well. It was obviously because he wanted to accompany Sylvia and Isabel.

Sylvia liked the arrangement. After all, it meant that for the upcoming days, though she could not sleep beside her children, she could still spend the day with them. With Aunt Tonya's help, Sylvia packed well into the night. Early morning the following day, she headed over to the Carters' residence.

Isabel and Liam were already prepared.

Liam was dressed in a blue down jacket that went to his knees. Isabel was also dressed in a similar down jacket but in pink. With their scarves wrapped tight around their necks, the pair of children ran towards Sylvia while holding hands as soon as they saw her. Sylvia carried them in her arms as she spoke to Madam Carter briefly before they promptly departed to the shoot location for "Flowers Blossom".

"Flowers Blossom" was a movie about the an orphan girl who still grew up to achieve redemption and success despite experiencing many ups and downs in her life.

Isabel would be acting as young Daisy, the main character during her childhood. She would have quite a lot of scenes, and the filming of her parts was expected to take around half a month.

The car stopped right outside the filming location. Since Sylvia had injured legs, Isabel and Liam disembarked first. As soon as they got out of the car, a crowd immediately gathered around them. Before Sylvia could get out of the car, she could already hear the endless praises showered on her children from the large crowd. "Oh my, they're such adorable children!" "Oh wow, they're both so cute!"

Liam stood as still as a statue as he studied the people surrounding him.

On the other hand, Isabel was not as calm. She immediately exclaimed, “Hi, everyone, my name is Isabel Ross, and this is my brother. He’s here to keep me company.” Somebody immediately asked, “Isabel Ross? Are you the little actress playing young Daisy?” Isabel nodded her head a few times as she replied, “Yes, I’ll be under your care from now on.” The person instantly said, “Of course! We’ll definitely take good care of you!” Everybody else chimed in as well. “Me too, me too! I’ll take good care of your brother too.” “Count me in!” “Gosh, they’re both so cute. How is it possible for such cute children to exist?!” And so, Sylvia exited the car to see Isabel and Liam surrounded by a large group of people cooing and fawning over them. They seemed to only have eyes for the pair of kids. Some even stuffed snacks into Isabel’s pockets and Liam’s hood. It was like the children would soon be swallowed whole by their ardent fans. Sylvia waited by the side for quite a while, yet it seemed as if the large group had no plans of dispersing. Only when the director shouted at them did they finally move away.

Chapter **182** The director of “Flowers Blossom” was a middle-aged woman referred to as Director Capshaw. She had a stern countenance, but as soon as she laid eyes on Isabel and Liam, her **expression** eased into one of warmth. With a smile, Director Capshaw greeted Isabel and Liam, “Hello, Isabel. It’s nice to meet you and your brother.” Isabel replied sweetly, “Hello, Director Capshaw. It’s nice to meet you too.” “May I carry you?”

(Yeah.”

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Director Capshaw immediately bent over to carry Isabel in her arms before she kissed her lightly on the cheek. Then, she looked toward Liam and asked, “Hey, little man, can I carry you too?” Liam furrowed his eyebrows in response. At this, Isabel quipped, “You can’t do that. My brother isn’t used to being too close to people.” Director Capshaw smiled and replied, “Very well then.” She cooed at Isabel for a moment more before turning to look at Sylvia, greeting her with a smile as she did so. “Hello, you must be Isabel’s mother.”

Sylvia pushed her wheelchair forward so that she was right beside her children before returning Director Capshaw’s smile. “Nice to meet you, Director Capshaw. I’m Sylvia.”

Director Capshaw then said, “We’ll be shootin Isabel’s scenes in the afternoon, so we’ll need her to memorize her script and get into character soon.”

“Okay,” Sylvia answered before she moved to the side with Isabel and Liam so that Isabel could get ready. Sylvia received her daughter’s script after signing Isabel on to the movie. Isabel knew how to read most of the words, and had even rehearsed with Sylvia a few times, so she was extremely familiar with her lines.

However, they would be shooting her scenes soon, so Isabel needed to memorize everything.

Before Sylvia could open her mouth to ask Isabel to practice, the little girl was already running off with her brother to practice by themselves.

Sylvia chuckled softly at the sight and opted to watch them instead.

Suddenly, Director Capshaw walked over to Sylvia after shooting some other scene. Her eyes were on Liam as she asked softly, “Sylvia, may I know your son’s name?”

Sylvia replied with a smile, "His name is Liam."

"What a nice name." Director Capshaw then asked, "Have you considered letting Liam become a child actor as well?"

She had a bright smile on her face as she asked this question.

Sylvia knew her intentions behind the question, but Liam had no interest in acting whatsoever.

Isabel had asked Liam about it many times before, and the young boy had always expressed a dislike for acting. "He doesn't like acting, so no."

"Don't say that. With a face like that, not letting him become an actor would just be a complete waste."

Sylvia added, "His father would never approve anyway." Director Capshaw had no intention of giving up and said, "You should discuss the matter with Liam's father properly." Sylvia could only reply, "His father and I have been divorced for many years and we aren't on the best terms." Director Capshaw's eyes went wide with shock. A moment later, she heaved a sigh. "Okay then."

She spared Liam one last lingering look before walking away.

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Isabel was a natural actress. When it was time to shoot her first scene, she finished with only one NG

The shooting of Isabel's next two scenes went extremely well too, and this prompted Director Capshaw to give Isabel two thumbs-up. Before evening could fall, Isabel was already done with her first day of shooting.

However, her face was pink from the cold as she had been shooting outdoors all this while.

Sylvia quickly tucked Isabel into her embrace so that she could warm the young girl up. Then, with Liam in tow as well, they left the location.

The car went all the way back to the Carters' residence.

Since Sylvia could not easily disembark from the car, she kissed and hugged her children for as long as she could before she watched them enter the house.

Once she was sure they were safely in the living room, then she gave Tom a nod to drive away.

Sylvia traveled with her children like this daily, and in the blink of an eye, four days had passed.

This evening, after the shoot had ended for the day, Sylvia took her children back to the Carters' residence as usual. The children stuck around their mother for as long as they could before running into the **house**.

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Sylvia then drove back to her own residence. She could walk now, though not too quickly or too forcefully, but it was still good progress.

Chapter 183 As soon as Sylvia got home, she immediately headed toward the kitchen to prepare snacks for her children so that they could eat at the filming location.

At the same time, a black sports car pulled to a stop in front of the Carters' residence.

A man got out of the car, his tall and slender form moving quickly into the house. Soon, he arrived in the living room. A maid quickly came forward to take his coat and the box he was carrying. Odell walked further into the house.

On the sofa were Isabel and Liam, who were tucked into Madam Carter's sides.

Liam was messing around with a Rubik's cube.

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At the same time, Isabel was munching away at a large packet of potato chips while she and Madam Carter watched TV.

Upon seeing Odell's arrival, Isabel pouted at him instinctively.

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On the other hand, Liam was so engrossed in playing with his Rubik's cube that he did not even bother to lift his head.

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Madam Carter smiled at Odell in greeting. "Welcome back, Odell. Have you eaten your dinner?" Odell replied, "I ate before coming home." He settled into an empty spot on the sofa before directing his gaze at Isabel and Liam. Isabel made a face at Odell before squeezing herself further into Madam Carter's arms.

Madam Carter chuckled at the sight of this before turning slightly to speak to Liam, "Liam, your father's back from his business trip." Liam furrowed his eyebrows before looking up to call to Odell, "Hi, Daddy." With that said, his attention returned to the Rubik's cube once more.

Madam Carter heaved a heavy sigh but said nothing else to the children. Instead, she asked Odell, "Well, did your business trip go well?"

"Yes, I would say so." As he spoke, he lifted his hand to check the time on his watch.

It was currently ten minutes past eight. Why was that woman not keeping her own children company? A thought occurred to him, prompting him to ask, "Grandmother, did Isabel begin her shoot already?" Madam Carter replied, "She's been going out for filming for a few days now. They leave early in the morning and return home in the evening." Odell pursed his lips in response.

The following morning, Sylvia arrived at the Carters' residence with containers of snacks for her children. After putting on a thick down jacket, she got out of the car and walked toward the front door. Then, she called into the house, "Isabel, Liam, we've got to go now." "Mommy!" In an instant, the pair of children dashed toward her like rabbits. Sylvia took both their hands in her own. Just as she was about to bid Madam Carter goodbye, she lifted her gaze to instead meet a pair of dark eyes. Odell, who was dressed in a gray sweater and trousers, sat leisurely on the sofa with his arms crossed in front of him. His cold gaze was currently fixated on her. Sylvia's eyes fluttered. She thought that Odell was furious at her presence because it was not her usual eight-to-nine slot at night.

She gave up on the plan to speak to Madam Carter and turned around to walk out with her children instead.

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Back in the living room, Odell wrinkled his brows at her behavior, his face going completely frigid.

How dare Sylvia walk away from him without saying anything?!

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He quickly pushed himself off the sofa in anger, only for his phone to start ringing. It was Tara calling. Odell's gaze shifted before he sat back down and answered the call. Through the phone, Tara's gentle voice could be heard. "Odell, have you returned from your business trip?"

He looked out of the window. "Yes."

"Are you available today? I'll be heading to Glanchester City soon for a still-life painting event, so I want to see you before I leave."

Outside the gate, Sylvia and the two children were just about to enter the car. Sylvia's legs seemed to be fine as she could walk with no problem.

Odell's eyes softened as he replied, "It's getting cold. Don't come looking for me. I'll go to you instead." Tara replied happily, "Great, I'll be waiting."

Chapter **184** Isabel filmed her last scenes for the movie that evening. As soon as she was done, Sylvia quickly brought her and Liam into the car.

The weather report predicted that it would snow soon, and that meant Sylvia could not take her time to go back to the Carters' residence.

The car began its steady return journey.

Sylvia sat in the back, in between Isabel and Liam. The two children had fallen asleep against her sides.

Around the time the car drove into the Old District, snow began falling from the sky. Soon, the car pulled to a stop outside the Carters' residence. "Isabel, Liam, we're home," Sylvia called softly. Liam furrowed his eyebrows whereas Isabel snuggled closer to her mother. It was obvious that the children did not want to get out of the car. With a smile on her face, Sylvia placated, "Be good now. It's already snowing

outside, so you should both go in and have dinner.” At this, Liam sat upright to stare out the car window. Isabel grew excited at the mention of snowfall. She tugged at Sylvia and said, “Mommy, have dinner with us. Then, we’ll build snowmen after, okay?!!” Sylvia wished she could say yes. However, Odell was back from his business trip, so entering the house now would only anger him. Besides, she had been by their side during the day. She caressed Isabel’s face and lightly said, “I can’t do that, my dear. I have to eat dinner with Aunt Tonya.” Isabel pouted and grumbled, “Okay then.” Liam pursed his lips in defeat as well. Sylvia hugged her children one last time before letting them disembark the car. She did not get out of the vehicle and watched her children walk into the house while holding hands instead. Then, she turned to Tom. “Tom, let’s go.” Tom immediately turned the car around.

At the same time, in the warm living room, as soon as Isabel and Liam entered the room, she called out, “Great-grandma, Liam and I are home!”

Madam Carter instantly replied, “Oh, my darlings, come here!” Isabel pulled Liam along as she dashed further into the house. However, as soon as they spotted Odell on the sofa, they immediately stopped running.

Odell’s eyebrows furrowed, dissatisfaction clear on his face. Isabel made a sound of displeasure before she pulled Liam to sit on the other side of Madam Carter. Odell turned to look out the window solemnly. Besides the falling snow, nothing else could be seen outside in the courtyard. He thought, ‘I thought that woman would take any chance she can get to spend time with the kids. Why didn’t she follow them into the house then?’

At this moment, Madam Carter asked the pair of children, “Isabel, Liam, where is your mother? It’s snowing outside, but she didn’t follow you both in?”

Odell squinted. Isabel answered, “Mommy went home. She said she needed to eat dinner with Aunt Tonya.” Madam Carter heaved a sigh. Sylvia had obviously not followed them into the house because she was scared of Odell. To the side, Odell’s gaze darkened. A moment later, he stood up and said, “I’ll be going upstairs to handle a few things. You can start dinner without me.” Without waiting for Madam Carter to respond, he walked toward the stairs. Soon, he entered his room and made a beeline for the balcony. The binoculars Isabel and Liam were using were still on the table. He took one of them and turned to look in the direction of Sylvia’s home.

At the same time, Sylvia’s car had just arrived at the door. Once she got out of the car, she headed toward the living room.

Chapter **185** As Sylvia’s legs weren’t in the best condition, she took a while to reach the living room.

As soon as Sylvia’s silhouette disappeared, Odell furrowed his eyebrows and threw the binoculars to the ground angrily.

Did this woman not follow the children into the house because she knew it would make me angry?’ he thought.

Odell tsked.

'Then, it's best if she keeps out of my sight for good. She'd better not appear before me with the reason of wanting to see our children in the future. Otherwise, I'll have her kicked out of Westchester City!' Odell kicked a chair to the side before walking out of the balcony.

As Isabel's filming went extremely well with barely any NGs, her original half-month filming schedule was cut down to ten days. That afternoon, Isabel wrapped up her scenes for good. Director Capshaw personally gifted her a bouquet of red flowers. Everybody else in the production team was extremely fond of Isabel, and they all rushed to take photos with her. Sylvia and her children could originally leave in the afternoon, but night had long fallen once they finally left the filming location. When they arrived at the Carters' residence, it was completely dark outside. Sylvia quickly woke her children up. "Isabel, Liam, you have to get down from the car now. You're home." As per usual, the two children refused to leave their mother's side.

Isabel mumbled, "Mommy, I don't need to go to the shoot anymore from tomorrow onwards. Does that mean you won't be keeping me and Liam company?" Liam said nothing, his eyes peering unblinkingly at Sylvia. Sylvia patted both children on the head. "You both have to go back to kindergarten tomorrow. I'll come to see you at night." Isabel pouted. "Okay then." Sylvia gave both children a kiss on the cheek. "Okay, you both have to get down now. Great grandma must be waiting for you both for dinner." Only then did both children disembark, this time with Liam leading Isabel.: Like before, Sylvia watched their retreating backs as she stood by the car.

As soon as the children entered the living room, she turned to enter the car.

However, just as Sylvia was about to ask Tom to send her home, a tall silhouette appeared in the corner of her eye.

A cold voice spoke, "Why are they only getting back at this late hour?"

Sylvia was taken aback and immediately turned to look at Odell.

He had his back to the light so all she could see was his imposing form. She could not see his face at all.

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She knew he did not have a kind expression on anyway. Sylvia immediately replied, "Isabel wrapped up filming today, so a lot of people wanted to take photos with her as a goodbye. That's why we left later than usual." Odell hummed a reply.

Neither did Sylvia want to hear his icy tone, nor did she want to be lectured or threatened by him, so she slammed the car door with a loud bang. Then, she said to Tom, "Tom, let's go." "Yes, Ms. Ross."

Tom immediately started the car and drove out of this section of the road in the blink of an **eye**.

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Outside the gate of the Carters' residence, Odell's tall figure stood unmoving. In the dark of the night, his expression was stern and his eyes were even colder than the winter night. A moment passed and his eyes did not seem to warm up.

How dare Sylvia slam the door on him?! She actually dared to drive off before he could finish!

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He then turned around to walk back into the house. Just as he was about to enter, he stopped and turned to look at the bodyguard by the gate. With a cold voice, he ordered, "Tomorrow night, that woman is not to enter the house without my permission!"

Sylvia soon arrived at her residence.

Aunt Tonya was already done preparing for dinner and she had made all of Sylvia's favorites. She quickly took off her down jacket and sat down to eat with Aunt Tonya. After a while, her phone started ringing. It was Christopher Dendro, the President of Westchester City's Art Association, calling.

Sylvia quickly answered the call before asking politely, "President Dendro, is there anything I can help you with?"

"Here's the thing. We're currently holding a still-life painting event in Glanchester City, and many students and artists are participating in it. We'll be wrapping it up in the next couple of

days, and we want to invite you so that you can take a look at their works and give them guidance and advice."

Chapter **186** Glanchester City and Westchester City were next to each other, and while they were not far from each other, traveling between them would take about two to three hours.

From the way Christopher Dendro put it, it seemed that he wanted Sylvia to stay in Glanchester City for a couple of days. Sylvia pondered it for a moment before replying, "President Dendro, may I let you know my answer by tomorrow morning?" Christopher replied immediately, "Of course." They continued their conversation for a minute or so before ending the call. Sylvia then quickly called Isabel.

However, it seemed that the child did not have her phone with her as she did not answer, so

Sylvia decided to have dinner first. As soon as she finished her food, Isabel called back.

The young girl's sweet voice sounded through the phone, "Mommy, why did you call me?"

Sylvia laughed lightly before saying, "Isabel, is your brother with you?" "Yeap, he's nearby." "Get him to listen in on the call too." "Okay." Isabel then called for Liam, "Liam, come quickly!" Soon, Isabel said, "Mommy, Liam is here. You can talk now." Sylvia then said, "Here's the thing. Mommy joined an art association previously, and they just invited me to an event in Glanchester City. I'll probably be back in around two to three days. If I go, I won't be able to see you both for the next few days. Do you want me to go?" It was not like Sylvia had no choice but to head to Glanchester City; she still wanted to hear their opinions. If her children did not want her to go, she wouldn't. However, as soon as she finished speaking, Liam replied, "You should go, Mommy. You have fun. I'll take care of Isabel."

Sylvia's eyes instantly went soft with adoration and she spoke to Isabel, "Isabel? Why didn't you answer?"

Only then did Isabel speak softly, "Mommy, you must come back soon. As soon as you're back, you have to come to see Liam and me."

Sylvia chuckled and replied, "Of course, I promise." She spoke with the kids a little more before ending the call. Then, she started packing so that she could leave first thing the next morning.

The following day, Sylvia left in the morning. In exactly three hours, she arrived at the venue where the Westchester Art Association was organizing their still-life painting event. It was a homestay located in an area with natural beauty. As soon as Sylvia arrived, Christopher and the members of the Westchester Art Association came rushing out to greet her. Sylvia returned everyone's greetings before heading to her room to drop her luggage off. Then, she followed them to the still-life sketching site.

They promptly arrived at the foot of a mountain.

It was blessed with a stunning view. Right next to where they were set up was a winding stream with bamboo rafts drifting on it, and on the other side was a dense jungle and a mountain range. The blue sky above them seemed to stretch on forever. It was truly the perfect place for still-life painting. At this moment, every participant in the event was present.

Most of the faces were young and unfamiliar, which probably meant that they were students from the Art Academy. Some were busy painting while some were grouped on the other side.

At first glance, Sylvia immediately noticed that the group was surrounding Tara Avery. She was wearing an expensive dress, her long hair flowing down her back as she sat with grace on her chair.

Many students were holding out their paintings to her and sincerely asking for her evaluation of their works. She maintained a lofty attitude, only willing to glance at their work when they brought it right in front of her.

Sylvia followed Christopher as he walked over to Tara, only to hear Tara say to a female student, "This painting is so-so. Next.

The female student was devastated at Tara's words, yet she still asked, "Ms. Avery, can you give me some advice then?" Tara took a look at the girl.

The girl was wearing a low ponytail, and her loose jeans seemed like they were from a thrift store. Tara immediately furrowed her eyebrows in displeasure. "I'm busy right now." The girl did not dare say more and quickly walked away with her painting.

Chapter **187** After the female student left, more students rushed forward to have Tara look at their work.

That was until Christopher cleared his throat.

Once the students saw him, they politely stepped aside. When Tara immediately noticed Sylvia standing beside Christopher, shock dawned on her face. Sylvia crossed her arms, a smirk pulling at her lips. Tara

could not help but think back to when Sylvia had called her trash in front of everyone at the art exhibition, and her expression turned cold. However, in the blink of an eye, her expression shifted into a smile and she asked, "Sylvia, what are you doing here?"

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Christopher explained, "I invited Sylvia to provide guidance to the participants. We have many participants this time, not just students but also artists from other places. I was worried that you, Nesta, and everyone else might have your plates too full." The implication was obvious; Christopher needed somebody really skilled to keep watch over them.

Tara's face stiffened. Then, he exclaimed, "Everyone, if I may interrupt you, I have somebody I would like to introduce." The students surrounding Tara immediately came running over while the people still painting shifted their attention to Christopher. Christopher smiled at Sylvia. She immediately walked forward before greeting the people watching her with a polite smile. He then said, "This is Sunflower. She will be joining us for the next two days, so feel free to seek her guidance if you have any questions, everyone." As soon as they heard the name "Sunflower", the group of students buzzed with excitement. Even the artists that were painting stood up and walked over.

Sylvia quickly added, "Well, I can't provide any guidance. I only know a little about the areas that I'm familiar with. I'm open to discussion with anyone, at any time."

Everyone began sizing her up, and some were even discussing her among themselves. "Wow, I never thought I would be able to meet Sunflower. Joining this event really was worth it!"

"I agree! But I never expected Sunflower to be a young woman."

"And a beautiful young woman at that too."

Sylvia was standing close by, so it was difficult not to overhear their discussion, which made her chuckle.

Tara, who was standing to the side, turned red with jealousy. A moment later, Christopher said to Sylvia, "Sylvia, I'll have to trouble you for the next few days. I have an urgent matter to attend to in Westchester City, so I'll be returning now." Sylvia replied, "Sure, President Dendro, and it is my honor to be invited here anyway." Christopher spoke to some other people before promptly leaving. In an instant, a large group of people surrounded Sylvia. A student even brought a chair over so that she could take a seat. Sylvia was taken aback at the sudden enthusiasm, so as soon as she greeted everyone properly, she quickly sat down. Then, she started evaluating their work. Her surroundings were completely packed with people. Sylvia quickly said, "Everyone, please don't worry. Continue your painting if you're not done. I can take a look once you've finished."

As soon as her words fell, she took a painting that was held out to her. She could tell that it was a student's work at first glance. Though there was an inexperienced sense to the painting, it also had its own unique style. Without hesitation, Sylvia commented, "The brushwork in some places seems a bit rushed and green, but you have your own style, which I think is a good thing." The student happily took her painting back.

Compared to the previous painting, the next one Sylvia looked at was much more inferior. She pointed out a few problems with the work and politely told the student to work harder. The student understood her immediately and thanked her before walking away with their painting. And so, Sylvia evaluated painting after painting. She looked at each painting meticulously and explained her thoughts in detail too. Although their progress was much slower, everyone was very patient. Each time she evaluated a painting, everybody else would share their opinions as well, thus opening things up into a discussion

The scene was even livelier now. On the other hand, Tara had been pushed aside by everyone.

Chapter **188** At this point, not only were the students that were surrounding Tara now surrounding Sylvia, but even the people who were busy painting before had gathered around her.

Their enthusiasm was at an all-time high as they eagerly huddled around Sylvia.

As for Tara, there was nobody else next to her besides Nesta.

Tara balled her hands into tight fists, a look of pure jealousy on her face.

Nesta was a member of the Westchester Art Association too, and she was around the same grade as Tara. She was also the one Tara was closest to in the Westchester Art Association.

Nesta had been present at the art exhibition where Sylvia called Tara's work trash in front of everyone, so she knew that Tara and Sylvia were not on good terms at all. When she saw the present situation as well as the look on Tara's face, Nesta quickly grumbled, "Tara, why do I feel like she's doing this on purpose? She could have shown up at some other time, so why did she have to show up while you were guiding the students? She even lured everyone to her! She's completely kicking you around!"

Tara inwardly called Sylvia the vilest insults she could think of.

However, on the surface, her expression shifted slightly as she said with a sigh, "There's no helping it. She's Sunflower, and I'm not as famous as her."

Nesta let out a dry laugh. "I think she's just jealous of you because Master Carter chose you.

That's why she's always acting out against you." "Forget it, I can't help that my reputation is inferior to hers. If she wants to act out against me, she has free reign. Let's go back to our rooms." At Tara's self-deprecation, Nesta grew even angrier on her behalf. "Tara, even if you aren't as famous as her, you're still the current bronze winner of our art competition. Besides, you're also our art academy's guest professor and Master Carter's girlfriend. You shouldn't let her bully you like this!" Tara chuckled. "Thank you, Nesta. I'm really fine with this. Let's just go back to our rooms." Nesta immediately felt like slapping Sylvia on Tara's behalf. However, Sylvia was completely surrounded by people. From where Nesta was standing, she could not even see her.

She harrumphed in anger. "Okay, let's go back to our rooms. If she likes stealing another person's spotlight so much, she should just freeze to death in this cold weather."

With that said, Nesta hooked her arm in Tara's.

Although Tara had a smile on her face, there was a displeased and calculative look in her eyes.

Sylvia only managed to almost finish looking at everyone's paintings after night had fallen.

However, it was obvious that everyone was still in a heated discussion. Only when somebody came over to let them know that dinner was ready did the participants finally stop.

They led Sylvia into the restaurant near the homestay. Even at dinner, they did not stop their discussions of art, hence dinner started at five o'clock and only ended at eight o'clock.

Everyone happily returned to the homestay.

Sylvia could also finally return to her room. She was in no rush to get changed as she wanted to give Isabel and Liam a call first.

Her phone call was answered almost instantly.

Isabel's sweet voice sounded first. "Mommy, have you eaten your dinner?"

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Sylvia felt all her fatigue disappear instantly at Isabel's voice. With a smile, she replied, "I just finished my dinner. Have you and Liam eaten?"

"We've eaten too," came Liam's reply. Isabel hummed in agreement.

Their conversation continued for quite a while.

When Isabel and Liam started to sound sleepy, Sylvia finally ended the call to wash up for bed.

At the same time, at the Carters' residence, Odell had just arrived home after a long day of **work**

His car pulled to a stop outside the gate. The bodyguard posted at the gate immediately went forward to open the door for him. Odell got out of the car and peered into the house. Then, he asked, "Was the woman here today?" The bodyguard quickly replied, "Ms. Ross did not show up tonight." Odell glanced down at his watch to check the time. It was currently 8:40, making it 20 minutes away from nine o'clock. Whenever that woman wanted to see the kids, she would always arrive early and leave late, so why had she not shown up today? Odell looked at the bodyguard doubtfully. "Was she here during the day?" The bodyguard replied, "Ms. Ross did not show up even when Young Miss and Young Master left for kindergarten."

Something was up. Odell furrowed his eyebrows and walked into the house.

>Chapter 189 The living room was empty with Madam Carter and the two kids nowhere to be seen. He walked further into the house, all the way to the door of the children's bedroom. It was completely quiet inside.

After a moment of hesitation, he pressed down on the door handle and pushed the door open.

Liam was reading a comic book while seated at the head of the bed whereas Isabel was dressed in a panda onesie, sleeping soundly in Liam's arms. Besides them, there was nobody else in the room. At this time, Liam looked at Odell. He asked, "Daddy, is something wrong?" Odell pursed his lips before replying with a question of his own, "What did you both do after coming home from school today?" Liam replied, "We ate, got on a phone call with Mommy, and now we're reading and sleeping." A phone call? Odell then said, "Why didn't your mother come and keep you both company today?" "Mommy went to

participate in an event.” Odell’s eyes shifted inexplicably. No wonder she did not show up today. However, what event needed her participation at night? Suddenly, Liam said, “Daddy, I want to continue reading. If there’s nothing else you want to talk about, please leave.” Odell furrowed his eyebrows, his eyes turning cold. “Don’t stay up too late.” With that, he left the room.

Liam frowned and looked toward the door in confusion for a long moment. Then, he went back to reading his comic book.

Back in his own bedroom, Odell’s eyebrows were knitted tightly together, a displeased look evident on his face.

At this moment, his phone rang.

It was Tara calling. Odell calmed himself down before answering the call. Tara’s gentle voice quickly asked, “Odell, have you gotten off work?” “Hmm.”

Tara continued, “Odell, I miss you.” She sounded unhappy.

Odell asked, “Did something happen to you there?” “Nothing big, but I met Sylvia Ross today.” Odell’s gaze changed. “Sylvia? She’s in Glanchester City?” “Yeah, President Dendro invited her.” Tara sighed and continued, “As soon as she arrived, everyone rushed to gather around her. Even my students no longer wanted to discuss their work with me.”

“She’s Sunflower, so everyone rushing to meet her is a normal reaction.” On the other end of the call, Tara furrowed her eyebrows. She said, “During dinner, everyone followed Sylvia too. Nobody said goodbye to me at all. Did you think Sylvia told them anything?”

Odell questioned in return, “You think that Sylvia badmouthed about you to them?” Tara quickly said, “That’s not what I mean. I just find it a little fishy.” Odell was quiet for a moment before he said, “If the same thing happens tomorrow, let me know.” “Of course.” “You should sleep soon. I need to go wash up.” “Okay. Good night, Odell.” Odell then ended the call. His eyebrows were relaxed now. He grabbed his pajamas and headed for the bathroom. In Glanchester City, Tara frowned at her silent phone. Odell obviously did not detest Sylvia as much as he used to. Her identity as “Sunflower” being revealed previously must have whitewashed his impression of her.

Chapter **190** The more Tara thought about it, the more annoyed she became. She even regretted not making a complete fool of Sylvia before kicking her out of Westchester City that year.

Fortunately, Odell only loved her now. As long as he did not know the truth, Sylvia could not snatch him away from her.

However, she definitely could not lose to Sylvia!

She thought about it for a moment before calling Nesta.

The moment Nesta answered the phone, Tara said, “Nesta, are you busy right now? I don’t want to be alone, so I’d like to stay with you.”

The next morning, after waking up, Sylvia headed out for breakfast. While walking there, she met a few familiar faces and greeted them with smiles and waves. Some returned her smiles with their own, but many half-heartedly greeted her before rushing off, as if they were actively trying to distance

themselves from her like she was infected with a contagious disease. Many of these people had chatted happily with her yesterday, so she furrowed her eyebrows in confusion.

Soon, she arrived at the breakfast hall.

She saw many people sitting beside Tara and Nesta, and they greeted Tara enthusiastically before chatting happily with her.

Tara, on the other hand, sat gracefully, only replying to them occasionally. This was until Sylvia walked in. In an instant, Tara turned to look at Sylvia. Everybody else followed suit, their faces cold and expressionless. Some even looked disdainful. Tara smiled and said, "Good morning, Sylvia."

Sylvia knew in an instant that Tara must have made up lies to them. After shooting her a cold stare, Sylvia ignored her and sat down at a table.

At this moment, Nesta, who was seated opposite Tara, spoke up, "Tara, why are you talking to her? Even seeing her pisses me off. What's the big deal about being slightly famous internationally?"

It was quiet in the breakfast hall, and Nesta was not a quiet person, so Sylvia heard every word she said.

Sylvia immediately shot her an icy glare. Nesta never expected Sylvia to look so vicious. Her eyes trembled at Sylvia's reaction. With a

harrumph, she turned and looked the other way. Tara studied Sylvia's cold face and a smirk pulled at her lips. Then, she said, "Everyone, don't **stand** around. Enjoy your breakfast. We still have to continue our still-life painting later."

At this juncture, the crowd around Tara dispersed.

However, before they left, a few people said, "Tara, although some people have talent and **fame**, they have no personal virtue. You must not be angry with such people." "That's right. Besides, you're Master Carter's girlfriend. He has been with you for so many **years** and treats only you well. It shows that your character and charm are much stronger than **some** other people." "Let's not talk anymore. We still have to eat our breakfast." As Tara spoke, her lips pulled into a wide smile and her face glowed with mirth. Sylvia, who was sitting alone to the side, knitted her eyebrows tightly together. What were they talking about? Why could she not understand a word they were saying? Nevertheless, she ignored them and continued eating her food. Suddenly, a girl sat down opposite her with a breakfast of her own. The girl's hair was tied into a low ponytail and she was dressed plainly. However, her fair face was bright with youth, and she looked pure and lovely.

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Sylvia remembered this girl. Her name was Harley Anderson. Sylvia had examined her painting **yesterday** and given her some comments.

It must have taken her quite a lot of courage to sit down opposite Sylvia as Harley's cheeks were dusted with pink. Soon, Harley spoke up, "Ms. Ross, don't you worry about them. I think you're a great person, and you're definitely not the person they're making you out to be." When Harley showed Tara her painting yesterday, Tara had been indifferent and had merely said that her painting was so-so, which

made Harley doubt herself. However, when Sylvia looked at her painting, she had pointed out areas that needed improvement but also praised her talent and told her to continue working hard.