

master odells 211

Chapter **211** Sylvia was just about to head towards their room. “Stop,” he commanded. Sylvia looked at him again. “Do you need anything else?”

He shot a cross look at her. “It’s only half–past five. Who let you come here at this time?”

Sylvia formed a line with her lips and was about to say something when Madam Carter’s sharp voice came from inside the house, “I did!” Immediately after that, she appeared at the bend around the corridor. Odell grimaced.

Sylvia’s eyes lit up, and she immediately went to the madam’s side. Madam Carter smiled and said to her, “Syl, Isabel and Liam are changing in the room. Go check up on them.” “Alright, Grandmother,” Sylvia answered and head up the stairs swiftly.

Madam Carter then shot a displeased look at Odell. “Didn’t I tell you this afternoon that Syl is coming for dinner? Why are you talking to her like this? She’s just here to spend time with the kids and it shouldn’t bother you. If it bothers you so much, you can feel free to leave!”

Sylvia, who had just climbed up the stairs, frowned when she overheard this and cast a look behind her shoulders.

Obviously, Madam Carter was furious. Odell stopped drinking his tea and wore a wilted expression on his face. Sylvia muttered a silent curse at him before entering the children’s room. Liam was wearing a small suit with a red bow tied around the neckline. He was standing behind Isabel, helping Isabel zip up the back of her dress. With the fabric wrapped around her chubby frame, it was a rather adorable sight to see. Sylvia waited for him to zip up the dress before calling out to them, “Liam, Isabel, I’m here.” “Mommy!”

The children turned to look at her in unison.

Isabel was the first to pounce on her, her white dress fluttering in the air.

Sylvia kissed them one after the other, then went to the living room with them.

Madam Carter was chatting with the old housekeeper, and Odell was still there. Upon seeing that Sylvia and the kids were down, they all turned in their direction.

Madam Carter exclaimed with pride, “Oh, who is this darling? How is she so cute?”

Isabel ran to her and threw herself into Madam Carter’s arms.

The butler followed up with a compliment, “Young master and young miss look wonderful today.” Isabel answered cheerfully, “Thank you, Uncle Maxworth! You look young and springy today too!”

The butler was greatly entertained by this compliment.

Madam Carter chuckled heartily before turning to Odell. “Odell, why don’t you say something?”

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Isabel turned ceremoniously to Odell as if to say that she would never let him hear the end of it if he did not compliment her. Odell announced dryly, "Yes, very pretty indeed." Isabel turned her nose up at him, "You do have taste after all." Madam Carter burst out laughing in response to this. The housekeeper and the other housemaids laughed as well. The room was filled with a cheery air that even Sylvia began laughing along. That was until Odell's cold and harsh gaze suddenly fell on her. Sylvia grimaced and held back her smile. She immediately became uneasy. She was just laughing along; it was the others who had started it to begin with. It was clear as day that this man did not have the guts to confront Madam Carter, which was why he targeted her! Sylvia turned away from him with stark contempt and faced him with her back as she continued to chuckle with the others.

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Odell's expression darkened. He rose and approached Sylvia in just a few large steps. Sylvia was taken aback by this sudden move and stumbled backward.

Chapter **212** Odell swept a glance at Sylvia and proceeded to take Isabel into his arms while turning to the housekeeper, "Maxworth, prep dinner." The butler proceeded to the kitchen.

Madam Carter finally quieted down and turned to Sylvia. "Syl, bring Liam here to join us for dinner." "Alright, Grandmother." Sylvia quickly carried Liam and sat with the madam herself. Meanwhile, Odell took Isabel and sat across from Sylvia. The dinner was rather lively and everything was progressing civilly. After dinner, Sylvia spent time playing with Isabel and Liam as she always did before she took them to their bedroom and put them to bed. She only came out after they fell asleep.

Madam Carter and the housekeeper had gone to rest some time ago, so only Odell remained in the living room. She pretended to not notice him and walked quickly outside. "Stop," he suddenly called after her. She pretended not to hear and continued advancing. Just when she seemed like she was about to step out of the living room, the faint glimmer of a large shadow cast over her from behind. She felt her neck tightening. Odell grabbed her by the back of her collar and hissed grimly, "Are you deaf? Didn't you hear

*me?"*

Sylvia jerked her neck and asked in a discontent manner, "Do you need something?"

"Turn around." He released his grip on her collar.

Sylvia knew that she could not outrun him. She took a few steps forward before turning around and regarded him with a pointed look from roughly two meters away.

Odell was silent for a while, then he started solemnly, "Come here."

Sylvia stood still. "If you have something to say, now's your time. I have to go home."

He looked at her severely. "I'll count to three. You decide for yourself." His idle face was thinly veiled with hostility. Sylvia thought of Isabel and Liam and proceeded to take two steps toward him.

Odell beckoned again. "Right in front of me." Sylvia took some liberty with her wording. "Odell, isn't it inappropriate for us to be meeting in private like this?"

Odell ignored her pleas and cast a dark look at her.

She added, "Don't I annoy you to no end? What the hell happened to you?"

She looked puzzled and deeply troubled.

Odell ignored everything she said and continued frowning deeply.

Sylvia's eyes beamed as she smiled coyly. "Odell, don't tell me you've fallen for me?" His expression suddenly became fierce. "Get out." It was precisely what Sylvia was waiting for. The moment he uttered those words, she had already run a couple of meters away from him.

She was out of the door in the blink of an eye.

A thickset, gloomy cloud appeared over his face.

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Since it was the school holidays, Liam and Isabel no longer had to go to kindergarten during the day.

Shortly after Sylvia woke up the next day, their tiny figures dashed toward her from the door.

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"Mommy, Brother and I are here to visit you!" Isabel ran like a duckling with her feet waddling hastily in front of her.

Liam was calmer in contrast. He strutted with composure behind his sister.

Aunt Tonya was in the yard at the time, and when she saw them, she immediately dropped what she was doing and ran to them excitedly, "Liam, Isabel, you kids are here!"

"Aunt Tonya, I missed you so much!" Isabel ran towards her and flung herself into her arms.

Aunt Tonya smiled and hugged her before leading her and Liam into the living room. Soon, Sylvia joined them in the living room, where she spent her time showering them with hugs and kisses.

This was the start of a joyful day. Sylvia played with them all day and only sent them back to the Carters' after the sky had almost turned dark.

The next day, they showed up at her place again.

It seemed clear enough that their holiday plan was to spend time with her.

Sylvia began planning the activities for each day. They would either stay at home together all day or she would take them somewhere nice.

Chapter **213** Their days were productive and full of joy. Soon, five days had gone by.

On this particular day, Sylvia took them to the fun fair and spent longer than usual at the fair. By the time she took them home, it was already dark.

She parked her car in front of the entrance of the Carters' residence.

Sylvia took Isabel and Liam out of the car in turn while the children looked at her with a lingering look. She patted their heads, smiled, and said, "Go back and get some early rest. We can meet again tomorrow morning." This seemed to do the job of comforting them. Sylvia bent over and inched her face forward until she was right between them. As if synchronized, Isabel and Liam pecked a kiss on her cheeks on each side. Liam bade her farewell. "Bye, Mommy." Isabel yelled loudly, "Mommy, I'll see you tomorrow!" Sylvia smiled and assured them, "Yeap, I'll see you two tomorrow. Hurry up and go inside." The two walked inside hand in hand.

She only drew her gaze away after ensuring the two had gone inside.

It was also at this time that she noticed something peculiar and glanced in the direction of the second floor of the house. There was what seemed to be a balcony there, but there was no light inside. It was pitch-black and nothing could be seen.

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Sylvia glanced at it for several seconds and walked back to her car. She drove back to her place. Meanwhile, on that balcony, there was a tall figure hiding in the darkness. It was Odell leaning against the wall with his arms crossed his chest. His eyes followed Sylvia's car as she drove away. He did not turn away until the car vanished out of sight at the intersection. He grimaced faintly. Five days, five full days. Ever since the start of the school holidays when she got to spend time with the children during the day, she had never come to the house at night.

Did she truly have no feelings for him, or was this her way of teasing him and building suspense?

With the new year approaching, the general mood was more jovial than usual.

Sylvia received invitations to various events, including ones from the Westchester Art Association or other woodworking associations.

Even Emmanuel, of all people, called her and invited her to return home to celebrate the new year, speaking to her with an air of forgiveness for what happened between them.

Sylvia refused and quickly hang up. Instead, she accepted the invitation to a party hosted by the Westchester Art Association.

Simon and the others would also be participating. They were all well-acquainted friends, and she expected to have a good time at the party. Two days later, in the evening, after she sent home Isabel and Liam who had been playing at her place all day, she went straight to the venue.

It was hosted in a five-star hotel.

Sylvia ran into Christopher and Simon on the way to the hotel. They accompanied her to the **venue**.

As soon as she stepped inside, she was instantly captivated by the large hall and the bright lights illuminating the hall.

It was certainly a huge venue, and there were already many people present. In addition to the people from the Art Association, she also noticed a good portion of industry leaders that she had met on certain occasions while working in the woodworking studio. The party was not only an event reserved for those of the Arts Association but people from other industries as well. Christopher told them, "Sylvia, Simon, feel free to look around. I'm heading outside for a bit." Sylvia and Simon nodded pleasantly before Christopher quickly walked out. They got a glass of wine each and walked to a less crowded section of the venue in unison. They were not very fond of socializing. However, it did not take long before people began noticing them. First, it was members of the Art Association who came over to them to exchange pleasantries. Soon, people who heard about the arrival of the renowned Mr. Amos and Ms. Sunflower began flocking to them as well.

Chapter **214** They were very polite and very eager to meet the artists. Sylvia and Christopher were as receptive as they could be. After some time passed, the crowd finally dispersed. That was when a familiar figure emerged from the departing crowd and appeared before Sylvia. Sylvia was taken aback.

It was Tristan in a slightly oversized white shirt. He wore a gentle smile and looked charming as usual. "It's been a while, Sylvia."

Sylvia smiled politely. "It sure has." He asked, "How have you been?" "Pretty good," she answered. He made a look and suddenly said, "I need to tell you something." "Go ahead." He cast a look at Simon who was next to Sylvia. Simon received the message and stepped away without needing further prompts. Then, Tristan began telling Sylvia, "My parents have spoken to your parents. My engagement to Sonia has been called off." She answered with an unflinching expression, "That's your private affair. You don't need to tell me."

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His expression darkened, but he continued to wear the same smile on his face. "I know, I just wanted you to know that Sonia probably won't be causing trouble for you because of me anymore and that I'm sorry for what happened." She had a wavering look and answered, "It's alright. It's all in the past now." "Do you think we could still be friends moving forward?" He looked at her with an expectant gaze.

Sylvia frowned subtly.

That was when there was a sudden commotion at the entrance of the venue.

Someone in the crowd cried out, "It's Master Carter and Ms. Tara!"

The crowd immediately flocked towards that direction and soon opened up a path.

Soon, Sylvia saw Odell and Tara zipping through the crowd.

Odell was wearing a fitted black suit that complimented his stately figure. As soon as he stepped in, he drained the air out of the venue with his sheer presence.

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Tara was wearing a luxurious, fine dress, and she hugged Odell's arm tenderly with a satisfied smile that hung on her lips. The spot where Sylvia and Tristan stood was less crowded, to begin with, and now that

everyone had gone to the entrance, it became entirely vacant. When Odell and Tara approached, they immediately caught sight of them. Tristan flashed a polite smile while Sylvia pretended not to see them and turned to get something to eat. Christopher and the others came to know of the nature of the relationship between Sylvia, Odell, and Tara back when they were in Glanchester City. Knowing that nearly all the members of the Art Association were present tonight, Sylvia did not want to make a fool of herself publicly.

Odell's face became twisted the moment he saw her walking away. He shot a hostile look at Tristan and Sylvia before taking Tara inside.

When Tara noticed them, a look appeared in her eyes and she turned to Odell to whisper, "Odell, I think that's Sylvia and Tristan. They seem to be getting along pretty well." Odell frowned and looked at her sharply. "They're standing more than a meter apart. Where are you getting that impression from?" Tara averted the gaze in her eyes and quickly added, "I noticed Tristan smiling quite happily. Looks to me that they're quite happy together." Smiling happily? How was it that he noticed no such thing? He glanced at Sylvia and Tristan again. The crowd followed them like a lapdog and cut off his view. He could faintly see Tristan facing Sylvia, still more than a meter away from her, but he could not see the expression he wore or make out what he was saying: Had this man not given up on Sylvia yet? He grimaced with an unpleasant scowl. Tara saw the look on his face and asked anxiously, "Odell, what's the matter?" Odell sheathed the hostile look in his eyes and answered, "It's nothing." He stopped looking at the pair and sat on a chair. Something gleamed in Tara's eyes, then she sat beside him. Meanwhile, Tristan, who still had not received an answer from Sylvia, told her, "You don't have to trouble yourself over how to answer me. I understand now." Sylvia turned to him. He curled his lips into a soft, gentle smile, the same smile he always wore.

Chapter **215** Only this time, there was a shade of red in his eyes.

"Tristan, I..."

"You don't have to say anything. I was the now who caused you so much hurt back then." He smiled and continued, "But I will always treat you as my friend. If you run into any trouble in the future and believe that I can be of help, just come to me without hesitation."

Sylvia responded briskly, "Okay."

Tristan turned and left.

He walked straight towards the exit of the venue and vanished into the outside world.

Sylvia compressed her lips into a line and sighed deeply.

Not far away, Simon, who noticed Tristan leaving, walked back to Sylvia's side again. "Sylvia, the party is going to start soon. Let's go over and get something to eat." "Alright."

They walked to the section where the seating was arranged for the guests. Name cards could be seen on every seat.

Coincidentally, Sylvia was placed at the same table as Odell and Tara. She was seated right opposite Odell and met his gaze the moment she arrived.

She turned to a mutual acquaintance from the Art Association seated at the table next to them and asked, "May I exchange seats with you?"

The man was startled.

The guests at Sylvia's table were all the most influential members of the industry. Who would ever turn down such an honor to dine with them? Although the man could not comprehend why, Sylvia would possibly want to change tables, he readily agreed.

Sylvia took a seat at the next table. It just so happened that it was the only seat that would allow her to sit with her back facing Odell.

A dark look appeared in Odell's eyes upon noticing this. Tara was seated next to him and also noticed Sylvia's presence. She noted the change in Odell's expression. Since he disdained Sylvia so much, shouldn't he be delighted that Sylvia removed herself? Why was it that he seemed even more upset?

Tara was very puzzled by this reaction and sensed a deep unease in her heart.

It was a very posh, late Victorian-themed party:

**After everyone was** seated for dinner, the organizers invited bands to play on stage, so the atmosphere was rather lively.

Most of the people with whom Sylvia shared the table were members of the Art Association, and there were a few familiar faces she recognized from her time in Glanchester.

Sylvia had very pleasant conversations with them. The party progressed smoothly and soon, they were nearing its end.

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Sylvia had a lot to drink and needed to relieve herself, so she got up and went to the bathroom. After she was finished with her business, she washed her hands and planned to return to her seat. That was when she saw Odell standing in the dimly lit corridor. He leaned against one side of the wall with his arms crossed in front of him, casting an icy look at her the entire while.

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She jumped when she saw him. "Odell? Why are you here?"

"Where's Tristan?" he asked sullenly.

She answered bluntly, "He left." Odell's eyes flickered and asked, "Why did he leave?"

Sylvia wondered what did Tristan leaving have anything to do with her. She replied, "I don't know. If you want to know, you might as well ask him yourself." With that, she took a step forward and tpooped on. She was going to move past him and head back to her table. As soon as she walked past him, he suddenly shifted across the corridor. She felt something tugging at her wrist. Almost by instinct, she violently shrugged his hands away from her. He stubbornly held onto her wrist, and in one rough motion, swung her against the wall. His

statue-like figure pinned her against the wall and sealed off her path of escape.

Chapter 216 Sylvia hurriedly raised a hand to brace herself in front of him while glaring at him in shock. "What are you doing? Let go!" Odell's tall figure did not move, and his eyes looked at her coldly. "What are you in a rush for? Am I going to eat you?" She frowned and said, "I'm not in a rush. I just want to go back to eat."

His expression showed contempt. "I've been watching you. You started eating as soon as you sat down and only stopped to come to the washroom. What, haven't you eaten enough?"

Sylvia did not expect him to watch her eat. A strange feeling enveloped her body. She continued to press her hands against his chest and snapped, "Yes, I haven't eaten enough. Let go of me!"

Odell sneered. "Are you a pig?"

She ate more than twice his usual meals. Did she not have enough yet?

Sylvia was speechless. Her throat got choked up, and her cheeks reddened. However, no one knew if it was because of anger or from their ambiguous distance. She was so angry that she punched him. "Odell Carter, if you don't let me go, don't blame me for being rude to you!" Odell raised his brows. "How exactly are you going to be rude to me?" The look in his eyes was contemptuous and mocking as he glared at her like she was a dog with all bark and no bite. Sylvia could not stand it, so she lifted her foot and stomped heavily on the top of his shoe.

The 'bam' that rang out was very loud.

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However, his tall figure remained motionless in front of her.

She looked up at him. Odell was looking at her, the corners of his lips pursed coldly, and his gaze frigid. Sylvia shrunk slightly and asked in a soft voice, "Doesn't it hurt?" He smiled. "What do you think?"

Sylvia was speechless. Their eyes locked for a while, and Sylvia shoved him again. He stood still.

She could not help but say, "Odell, I'm serious. If you don't let go, I'll really be rude to you."



He raised his brows. "Try me."

Sylvia instantly raised her knee and was just about to hit his groin.

However, at that moment, his tall figure suddenly took a step forward. He pushed back the leg that she had not lifted, and her back also instantly hit the wall. His handsome and cold face closed in and pressed against her face. Immediately, her lips were firmly sealed by his. Sylvia thought, 'This son of a—!'

Her arms trapped between his chest were about to be deformed! At the same time, around the corner of the corridor, Tara had been standing there for a while. When she saw this scene, her face turned white, and her hands clenched fiercely.

The long corridor was silent. After an unknown amount of time, Odell finally let go of Sylvia. Sylvia's face was red, and she was just about to raise her hand to slap him. However, he caught her hand in mid-air.

His hand was very strong, and his palm was hot. She frowned and glared at him. "Odell Carter, are you insane?!" His thin lips curled up, and his dark eyes locked on her scarlet face. After a moment, he said in a low and husky voice, "Don't hide from me when you see me in the future. Otherwise, I'll teach you a lesson." Then, he dropped her hand and turned to leave. Sylvia was instantly relieved, but her brows were still tightly furrowed. Looking at his distant back, she could not help but curse in her heart, 'There must be a few screws loose in his brain!' She quickly ran to the washroom, washed her hands, and rinsed her face with cold water. She only walked out after her brain cleared up.

Chapter **217** Odell was probably already back at the venue. Sylvia really did not want to see him.

She sent a message to Simon saying that she had to leave first, then took another exit to leave the hotel.

After leaving the hotel, she went back home.

When she returned, she took another shower and changed her clothes. The strange feeling that enveloped her body dissipated greatly.

'It's impossible for that man to have feelings for me. He's either tired of Tara, or he wants to take advantage of me because I'm not bad-looking.

'Either way, he's just a scumbag!'

Sylvia cursed him a few times in her heart and took out her phone to call Isabel and Liam,

When she heard their soft and childish voices, her restless mood soon regained its calm,

At the hotel, the evening party ended on pime.

Odell glanced at Sylvia's empty seat, and his face clouded with a cold expression.

"That woman didn't come back after I returned. She obviously ran away.'

He got up with a cold face and prepared to leave. Seeing this, Tara quickly followed and hurriedly took his arm. She pretended not to know anything and asked gently, "Odell, you don't look too good. Did something happen?" Odell restrained the cold look in his eyes and replied, "No."

Soon, they left the hotel.

A cold breeze blew, and Tara immediately shrank and pressed her body to him.

Odell frowned, then took off his coat and draped it over her body. Tara's eyes lit up, but she quickly said, "I'm not that cold, Odell. You can wear it yourself." "I'm fine," he said. Then, he wrapped an arm around her shoulder and walked forward.

The driver had already brought the car over and parked it right in front of the hotel. When he saw Tara and Odell coming over, he opened the car door for them, so they got in. Half an hour later, the car stopped outside Tara's residence in Lake Victoria Villa.

She reached out to hug one of his arms and looked at him gently. "Odell, it's very late now. Why don't you stay here tonight?"

"No, I still have work to do." Odell was just about to pull her hand away. Tara's eyes darkened, and she lowered her head, saying in a soft voice, "You haven't been with me for a long time. Are you tired of me?" Odell frowned. After a moment of silence, he raised his hand to touch her head and said in a warm voice, "Don't be ridiculous. I won't get tired of you." She looked up at him with reddened eyes. "Then, can you stay with me?" ,

Her sad and aggrieved appearance instantly made him feel a bit guilty. Indeed, he had not accompanied her for a long time. After a few more seconds of silence, he said, "Okay, I'll tell Cliff to bring the documents here later."

Tara immediately jumped into his arms, but she cried, "I'm sorry, I don't want to disturb your work. I just want to spend every moment with you. If you're busy, you should go back to the office. I'll be fine."

Odell raised his hand and hugged her. "You're not disturbing me. I'm the one who has neglected you." "But you still have things to take care of." He coaxed her patiently, "The office isn't far from here. It won't take long for Cliff to deliver the documents to me."

Tara's lips curled up in his embrace. The uneasiness that had been bottled up in her heart for a long time also went away. However, when she thought of Sylvia and the scene of Odell kissing her, a touch of sinister jealousy suddenly surfaced in Tara's eyes. 'I have to find a way to stop that b\*tch Sylvia from approaching and seducing Odell!'

Chapter **218** The next few days, Isabel and Liam came to find her every morning. It was New Year's Eve. Sylvia had just finished her breakfast and was about to wait for them to come over when she received a call from Isabel.

The little girl grumbled over the phone, "Mom, that baddie won't let Liam and me go to you."

Her girlish voice was tinged with a sob. She probably had a fight with Odell.

Sylvia quickly coaxed her. "It's okay. It's New Year's Eve today. You and Liam can stay at home."

Isabel pouted. "But we want to see you." Sylvia wanted to see them more than anything, but she could not deal with Odell at all. After thinking about it, she said, "Be a good girl. It's only for today. It'll be over soon." Isabel did not say anything. She was probably pouting unhappily. Sylvia said, "Listen to Mommy, okay, Isabel?" Isabel let out a hum.

Then, Liam's voice rang out from the phone. "Don't worry, Mom. Isabel and I will be good." Sylvia smiled. "Good boy, Liam." Soon, she hung up the phone. She put on her down jacket and walked toward the old Carter residence.

She wanted to see if she could go in and meet the two little ones. She had not said that she was going to look for them on the phone because she did not want to give them hope. They would be very sad and disappointed if she could not enter. Not long after, she arrived at the mansion on foot. Coincidentally, a white luxury car drove over and stopped in front of her, so Sylvia had no choice but to halt.

Tara stepped out from inside the car, wearing a limited edition cashmere coat. She raised her chin and looked

at her with a cold and arrogant smile. "V

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She acted as if she was already the mistress of this place. Sylvia ignored her and walked around to go to the gate. She looked at the guard and said, "I'm here to see the children. Please open the gate."

The guard hesitated and looked at Tara.

Tara said coldly, "If I remember correctly, Odell only allows you to see the children for an hour at night. You're not allowed to come here during the day, right?" She frowned and continued to look at the guard. She often came here, so she was familiar with the guard.

However, the guard seemed to be afraid of offending Tara, so he turned his head away and pretended not to see Sylvia. Tara immediately smiled. "Sylvia, hurry up and leave. Odell will definitely be unhappy if he sees you when he comes out to pick me up." Sylvia did not listen to her finish speaking and simply left. Tara's expression froze for a moment. She looked at Sylvia's back and cursed in a low voice, "B\*tch."

It did not take long for Sylvia to reach the intersection where she had to turn. As she waited for the light to turn green, she turned around inadvertently and saw two figures outside the mansion.

Odell had already come out. He held her in his arms, perhaps afraid that she was cold. The two figures were very intimate.

Sylvia felt it was an eyesore and instantly turned her head. As soon as the light turned green, she quickly walked toward the opposite side of the road. At this time, outside the mansion, Tara turned her head and saw that Sylvia's figure was gone, and she finally left Odell's arms. Then, she opened the trunk and carried out several exquisite gift boxes. "Odell, I carefully selected some gifts for Grandmother. Help me take them to her." Odell smiled. "You didn't have to." "Of course, I did. I just want Grandmother to be healthy and happy." Tara curled the corners of her mouth in a gentle and considerate smile. Odell thought of Madam Carter's disgust and rejection of Tara, but Tara remained so polite and kind-hearted.

His eyes could not help but warm. He raised his hand and touched her head. "You go back first. I'll come to find you in the evening."

Chapter **219** Tara happily replied, "Okay, I'll wait for you to have New Year's Eve dinner together."

Odell hummed. Tara soon drove the car away and left. Odell glanced toward the intersection leading to Sylvia's place.

'Why hasn't that woman come over yet? Doesn't she want to see the children?' He stood there for a while longer. There was only the occasional vehicle passing by the intersection, but no one came. His expression sank, and he turned around and went into the gate.

Sylvia helped Aunt Tonya with work at home all day. After the house was cleaned, they put up decorations for the New Year. In the afternoon, she went to the kitchen to make some snacks.

After eating lunch with Aunt Tonya, she brought the snacks and went to the old Carters' residence.

It was almost 8 p.m. by now.

The guard at the gate opened the door for her directly. Soon, Sylvia arrived in the living room.

In the warm living room, Isabel and Liam were both wearing cute home clothes and sitting beside Madam Carter, watching TV with her. Next to them was an old butler.

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Sylvia was instantly relieved when she did not see Odell.

The moment the two little ones saw her, their eyes immediately lit up. "Mommy!" Isabel jumped off the sofa and pounced on Sylvia like a gust of wind. Liam followed her closely. Sylvia bent down and hugged and kissed them. Then, she gave them the snacks she brought. She went over to the sofa and handed a box of still-warm pastries to Madam Carter. "Grandmother, I've made some peach pastries for you. Try them."

Madam Carter took her by the wrist and pulled her to sit beside her. She pretended to be annoyed and said, "Why are you cooking for the New Year? I'm already happy enough that you **came to see an old woman like me.**"

Sylvia smiled and opened the box. The fragrant smell of the pastries instantly wafted out. Although Madam Carter said she did not want to eat, her hand was already holding a piece of pastry. She took a bite and happily praised, "It's delicious."

"Mm-hmm! Mommy makes the best pastries," Isabel echoed beside her while eating. Although Liam did not say anything, he also picked up the snacks and kept eating them.

Sylvia was sincerely happy.

Odell did not come back. He was probably spending New Year's Eve with Tara. Sylvia stayed there until almost 10 p.m. and waited for the two little ones to fall asleep before she left.

It was only when she got home that she saw Sherry's car. Sherry got out of her car. "Syl, why are you back so late? Come on, let's spend the countdown together!"

She walked up to Sylvia, hugged her hand, and dragged her toward the car. Sylvia quickly said, "Wait, let me tell Aunt Tonya first." Sherry immediately followed her into the mansion. Aunt Tonya had already washed up and was sitting on the sofa in her pajamas, taking a nap. She was obviously waiting for Sylvia to return. Sylvia woke her up and told her to go back to her room to sleep. Then, Sherry and she went to Lush Heaven where the New Year celebration was in full swing. When Sylvia arrived, the atmosphere was already very lively. A group of people swayed to the booming music while the host was holding a mic and preparing for the countdown. Sherry was the owner, so she brought Sylvia straight to the best viewing position on the second floor

Chapter **220** The waiter came up to them.

Sherry boldly slapped the wine list in front of Sylvia. "Syl, order whatever you want. Don't hold back on my account. Sylvia laughed. "Okay." Then, she ordered two drinks with the lowest alcohol content, which were cheaper by comparison. Sherry looked at her in disappointment and said to the waiter, "Bring up our best wine." Sylvia hurriedly said, "No, you know that I can't drink well." Sherry smiled. "You can't drink, but I can. We're not leaving sober tonight." Sylvia hummed helplessly. "Fine."

This was Sherry's territory anyway. Besides, it was New Year's Eve. The most important thing was to have a good time. Soon, the waiter came up with a trolley of drinks.

Sherry opened one bottle directly and said, "Let's have a toast, Syl."

Sylvia raised her glass and clinked it with her bottle.

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Sherry laughed. "Cheers to us two homeless people on New Year's!" Then, she drank straight from the bottle. Sylvia took a sip and saw that Sherry was still chugging, and immediately said, "Hey, slow down."

"Phew, that hit the spot." After downing half the bottle in one breath, Sherry put down the bottle and said to Sylvia, "Don't worry, it's not like you don't know my alcohol tolerance." Sylvia knew that Sherry would not get drunk no matter what, so she stopped bothering to nag her.

The lively scene below continued. Sherry drank a few bottles and soon got inebriated. Before Sylvia could react, she jumped straight down to the stage below. As soon as she appeared, all of Lush Heaven seemed to bubble with excitement, and the crowd clamored for her to dance. Sherry did not hold back and performed a seductive pole dance with the pole on the stage. Sylvia became a little dizzy when she finished two glasses of wine. She lay on the table and watched as Sherry continued to gyrate.

The clock struck midnight on time. At Lake Victoria Villa, Tara lay in Odell's arms, pleading with a face full of reluctance, "Odell, can you not leave?"

Odell touched her head. "I'll come to see you tomorrow." Tara held him and did not let go. He frowned, suppressing a trace of impatience in his heart. "Be good, Tara." He should have stayed at home to spend New Year's Eve with his two children and grandmother. He had already spoiled Tara enough by staying

with her until now. Tara had been with him for many years and knew what he was thinking through his body language. When he said that, she immediately released him. However, her eyes were red, and she had an aggrieved expression.

Odell frowned. He thought of her life experience.

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Her mother had died early, and her father had married her stepmother when she was very young, leaving her with her grandparents and never caring about her again. Her grandparents had also died many years ago, so she had no one close to her now besides him. "I'll come to see you as soon as possible tomorrow night. Go shopping with some friends if you're bored during the day." He took out a black card from his wallet and placed it in his hands.

Tara pursed her lips. "Thank you, but I have my own money." "Rest early.". Odell patted her shoulder again and stepped out. She watched him leave. Although she was disappointed at his departure, the black card he gave her seemed to have no spending limit. It was a limited edition black card.

She immediately put the card in her pocket.

At the same time, her phone rang. It was a message from the person she told to spy on Sylvia. "Ms. Avery, Sylvia went to Lush Heaven with her friend."

Lush Heaven? Tara suddenly thought of something, and her expression went pale for a moment.