

master odells 261

Chapter 261

Sylvia's studio was designed to face the south. There was a huge ceiling-to-floor window that was not veiled by the curtain. Therefore, he was able to have a clear look at her painting with the kids.

By simply staring at the heart-warming scene, the frosty expression on his face softened.

The day went by in the blink of an eye, and the sky was already dark.

Isabel was already snoring on the ground, but Liam had a sudden urge to draw longer.

Sylvia did not want them to leave either, so she texted Edmund to tell him not to wait for her.

"I have some free time on my hand anyway. Just text me when you are done," Edmund replied.

She accompanied them until a little past 8 p.m. After Liam was done painting, Sylvia drove them back to the Carter residence. While they were at the mansion gate, Liam noticed the dress his mother wore and asked, "Mommy, are you still going out later?" Sylvia smiled. "Liam, I promised to meet a friend, so I have to keep my promise. Hurry up and bring your sister inside." Isabel could barely keep her sleepy eyes open while she rubbed her eyes. Liam pouted. "Okay." He held Isabel's hand and went inside. After watching her kids go inside, Sylvia drove towards Cloudy Heart Lake. Meanwhile, in the living room of the Carters', Odell was having a cup of tea when Liam came in with Isabel. Liam announced, "Daddy, we're home." Odell had a glance behind them before he asked, "It's just you two? Where's Mommy?" "Mommy is meeting a friend," Liam answered. Odell scowled. He bolted up and went out of the house while pulling his phone out of his pocket. Liam watched his father leave the house with slightly furrowed brows. Isabel yawned as she grumbled, "Bro, what's wrong with the meanie?" "I don't know."

Liam had no idea. He really wanted to ask why his father had purposely opened the backdoor this morning and allowed him and Isabel to go to their mother, and why he had tried his best to keep their mother at home for as long as possible.

The boy had questions but was unable to meet them with answers.

Odell strode out of the door as he dialed Cliff's number.

He said coldly, "Bring everyone you can and tell them to go straight to Cloudy Heart Lake!"

The call ended, and his towering figure climbed into his sports car. As the engine roared to life, he stepped on the pedal and sprinted off onto the freeway.

The scenery outside the window flashed over ceaselessly. His dark and keen brows were tightly furrowed and his eyes were gleaming in a gloom. Sp.m. It was the curfew that he gave Sylvia to see the kids every day, and now, it was only a little past eight.

Knowing Sylvia, she would want to spend every second with her kids, yet she had sent them home punctually today just so she could go out to meet Edmund. Has she fallen for Edmund? How dare she fall for another man?

Ring! His phone rang all of a sudden. He had a glance at the phone that he placed on the passenger seat. It was Tara. He slid his slender finger to the left side to decline the call. The black sports car sped off into the night like the wind. Meanwhile, on another rather road, Sylvia was waiting for the traffic light to turn green. She had stood Edmund up several times now, and today, she had even dragged the meeting until late at night.

Feeling embarrassed, she sent Edmund a voice message. "Edmund, you guys go ahead and have something to eat first. I'm on my way and will take a little longer. Don't wait for me."

Edmund replied almost instantly, "Don't worry. We are not hungry yet. Be careful and don't rush."

The traffic light turned green. Sylvia simply drove the car out of the street without answering Edmund. Little did she know, another black sports car took a shortcut to Cloudy Heart Lake, beating her arrival time.

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It was windy at Cloudy Heart Lake, yet there was a brightly lit yacht parked at the side.

Due to the cold weather, only a few souls would pass this place.

Edmund and several of his men were among the few.

Ned, Harry, and Lloyd had thick puffer jackets on with their hands pocketed as they clumped together due to the cold.

Edmund stood further away from them, wearing only a handsome suit coupled with a giant coat and a pair of sparkly leather shoes. His towering figure stood straight as a rock as he gazed further away. Several black MPVs drove in from the freeway and stopped before him. The lights from the car shone directly on his face.

A group of more than twenty well-trained bodyguards came down from the cars.

Edmund narrowed his eyes due to the brightness and also the sudden appearance of these people. Ned, Harry, and Lloyd, who were squatting down further away, also got up and went over.

It was then that a black sports car roared in from further away. It shuttled through the MPVs and stopped in front of the fleet with a screech.

Cliff ran over and opened the door respectfully.

Odell's towering figure emerged from within. His frosty eyes were locked on Edmund.

Surprised, Edmund tightened his lips into a grin and said, "Master Carter, what brings you here? I mean if you want to enjoy the night breeze, just come alone. Why the army?". Odell strode up to the side of the lake and saw the well-lit yacht. He asked, "Is Sylvia onboard?"

Edmund's frivolous expression changed and said, "Syl is not here yet. What do you, the ex husband, want with her?"

Odell furrowed his brows and shot his frosty glare at Edmund. In return, Edmund wore an evil grin as he locked eyes with him.

“Master Carter, I’m going to confess to Syl, so please bring your men away. If there’s anything urgent, you can tell me and I’ll make sure to convey the message when she’s here.”

Odell grunted heavily. “If you still want to make a living in Westchester, steer your broken yacht away and take your men with you.” The evil grin on Edmund turned into a icy stare.

Ned, Harry, and Lloyd came over.

At the same time, the twenty-odd bodyguards behind Odell marched forward with an intimidating presence. Things started to get tense. Edmund raised his hand to stop his men from acting rashly.

Then, he grinned at Odell and said, “Master Carter, Syl is your ex-wife and you’ve got a girlfriend now. I heard you divorced her because of your current girl, right? I mean, if you can get a woman for yourself, why can’t you allow your ex-wife to get a man for her own?”

Odell curled his lips into a cold grin. “Edmund, my patience is running low. You have ten minutes to take the yacht away.” “Odell Carter, do you still have feelings for Syl?” Edmund scoffed. “Hmph. You call yourself the elite of the upper class, but you act like those f*ckboys who f*ck around with all the women.”

Odell’s already sullen expression got grimmer.

At the next moment, with his lifted lips, he gave an order to Cliff behind him. “Wreck the yacht.”

Cliff nodded and signaled the bodyguards behind him. The army of men marched forward fiercely. Ned, Harry, and Lloyd went up to Edmund. Ned asked in a small voice, “Master Price, what are we going to do?” Edmund reacted with seething resentment and grievance as he glared at Odell. Odell’s grin remained as he looked down on Edmund with a scornful expression.

It was then a clear woman’s voice sounded.

“Odell? Why are you here? What is this about?”

Sylvia tiptoed from the surrounding crowd and saw the baffling scene. She was shocked. She was just here to treat Edmund to dinner, so why did Odell show up with his army of men?

The surrounding crowd opened up a way for Sylvia. Her arrival attracted Odell’s gaze, and when she met his eyes, she quivered. Edmund went up to her with a smile. “Syl, let’s go. I’ll bring you somewhere else for dinner.”

Before Sylvia could answer, several bodyguards came and stopped him.

Odell then strode over to her, looking at her with frosty eyes. Sylvia instinctively faltered as he approached in an intimidating manner.

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Confused and baffled, Sylvia blurted, “Odell, what are you doing?”

She wanted to draw distance from him as she voiced her question, but Odell curled his hand around her waist before she could.

Before she knew it, she was lifted up over his shoulder like a sack of grain.

Sylvia screamed, "Odell, what the hell is wrong with you? Put me down!" He simply carried her away without giving her an answer.

Edmund and the bodyguards fought. He was able to take down a few but was badly outnumbered.

A few moments of struggling later, he was kicked in the shin and forced onto his knees. While kneeling on the ground, he saw through the bodyguards' shifting legs that Odell had taken Sylvia away. He furiously punched the ground and shouted, "You motherf*cker! Odell Carter, this is not the end! I will get you!"

Sylvia was thrown into the car. Before she knew it, Odell was already in the driver's seat, starting the car. The door was locked from the driver's side, so she was unable to break out.

Odell was driving rather fast on the freeway, and for the sake of her dear life, she dared not hit him or disrupt his driving. She simply glared at him with daggers.

"Odell Carter, what is the meaning of this? I didn't do anything wrong." Odell looked forward blankly. His face was frosty and his mouth was zipped. A while later, the car drove out of the district, but it was not heading back to either the Carters' residence or her own place. She asked, "Where are you taking me?" He remained silent. Then, he suddenly slowed down the car abruptly, causing the unprepared Sylvia to ram her head on the windshield.

Before she could recover, the car sped up again.

He did it on purpose!

Sylvia sulked and protruded her lips as she turned her face to the window.

A while later, the scenery outside the window started to look familiar. He had brought her to the Carters' residence. It was not the mansion that Madam Carter was living in now but the mansion they used to live in while they were married for the two short years.

Despite being rather aged, it was frequently cleaned, so the exterior and interior both looked clean. The forgotten memories about their marriage gushed into her head uncontrollably.

All the scenes of her trying to win his affection but was given the cold shoulder, the nights she spent waiting for him to come home to her pregnant self and yet did not see a soul at the door, the scene where she caught Odell having an affair with Tara, and the scene where she was slapped sixty times after giving birth and was thrown out of the house, everything gushed into her head at once.

The scenes that were replayed in her head hurt her like blades.

Sylvia frowned Screech! The car screeched to a stop in front of the gate. Sylvia seized the chance and got out of the car. She did not go into the mansion. Instead, she headed the other way, back to the freeway.

She refused to go in. She wanted to go home to her current place. Before she could walk further away, the man's towering figure shadowed her from behind. Sylvia wanted to run, but before she could take the first step, his hand curled around her waist, and she was lifted over his shoulder again. Sylvia angrily hit his back. "Put me down! You bastard, I don't want to go inside!" He strode at a steady pace towards the door and opened the fingerprint lock with his thumb. They went into a dark room. He put Sylvia down when they got inside, but she wanted to run as soon as her feet touched the ground. Unfortunately, before she could run out the door, she was pinned to the wall. His tall figure approached her. He lowered himself and pressed his lips against hers tightly.

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His intimidating pressure enveloped her whole. Sylvia was pinned to her wall. Her hands were sandwiched between her chest, and no matter how she tried, she failed to gain enough strength to break free.

She was forced to obey and could not resist him at all. A while had passed, and only then did he free her lips. Sylvia gasped strongly for a mouthful of air. She then pushed him away and shouted, "Why did you bring me here?! Let me go!" She gave her fullest in pushing him away, but his mountain-like figure did not budge at all. Sylvia almost ran out of options. The last resort was to sneak out under his arm, but he grabbed her waist and hugged her tightly to his chest, so her face was pressed against his broad chest.

Things started to get steamy. She looked up at him, but due to the dark surroundings, she was denied a clear look at his face. Odell finally spoke, "Can't remember what I said?"

The threat between the lines gave her chills.

Sylvia shrunk a little and asked out of confusion, "What? What did you say?"

He did not answer. Instead, he said, "Then, I will make you remember." He lowered his head again and pressed his lips precisely on hers. Sylvia could not breathe properly due to the force and difference in their strength. Just when she was about to suffocate, he released her.

Sylvia gasped a few mouthfuls of air and asked, "Odell, what did you say? What are you trying to make me remember? Can you speak properly?!" He reached out to her face and pinched her lower lip, caressing it softly.

Sylvia started to feel numb, and he started to free her movements.

Then, he said, "I said you are not allowed to meet Edmund."

Sylvia frowned. It was because of this that he brought an army of men to where she and Edmund were supposed to have dinner and abduct her to this godforsaken place. Sylvia sulked in confusion. "Edmund and I are friends. I know he has a poor reputation, but I listened to you and kept Liam and Isabel from him. It is my business that I've befriended him. I don't think it's related

She tried to reason with him as politely as possible.

However, even after her sincere explanation, the frostiness in his gaze did not warm up. He even looked angrier than before.

Sylvia gasped and said, "Can you let me go first? Let's talk this through." Odell bound her to his chest and said coldly, "No." It fueled Sylvia's annoyance. She grumbled, "Odell, you are my ex-husband. What right do you have to stop me from seeing someone?!" She emphasized and raised her voice on the word 'ex-husband'. Then, he exerted more strength around her waist, seemingly trying to snap her body in half. Even in the dark environment, his eyes reeked of antagonism. Sylvia struggled out of pain and tried to push him away. "Odell, stop!" He refused to comply and did not even conserve his strength. The more she struggled, the tighter he hugged her.

Sylvia felt her body was breaking in half. The pain, the annoyance, and the grievance drove her to shout her lungs at him. "Odell, can you be reasonable? I didn't say anything wrong. Why are you doing this to me?" Her shout echoed in his ears, but he simply grunted coldly. "If you don't listen to me, I'll do whatever I want to you." What kind of twisted reason was that? Why would the ex-wife listen to what the ex-husband said? What right did he have to stop her from seeing someone? As her anxiety rose, Sylvia chuckled all of a sudden and said, "Odell Carter, are you really in love with me?" The air went silent. Sylvia suddenly felt the force around her waist soften a little. She somehow recalled that he would tell her to leave whenever she asked whether he loved her. This time should be no different.

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Sylvia sighed a breath of relief as she pursed her lips. She waited for him to release her before she would tell him to get out. However, in the next second, Odell tightened his grip. Sylvia bumped into his chest, and her forehead even hit his chin.

Then, his deep voice clearly entered her ears saying, "Yes, I have fallen for you."

Awestruck, Sylvia widened her eyes in disbelief. Her mind went black and her body froze. She looked up to him with an inconceivable look and vaguely saw him curl his thin lips.

He was also looking down into her eyes with the deepest gaze. Her suffocating chest suddenly grew restless, and her heartbeat rose. She tried her best to fight the discomfort and asked, "Odell, what are you talking about? Is this a joke?" Odell lifted her chin with his strong hand and said in his deep voice, "I never joke."

His rigid expression was right in front of her face. She could even feel his coolness when he spoke. Sylvia was stunned for a few seconds before she wore an icy grin and asked, "What about Tara? Have you forgotten about her?" "She's someone that I will protect for the rest of my life. I won't abandon her. But you, you are not allowed to see or date other men." Each of his words was spoken with clarity and crispiness, and they all sounded unreasonable. Sylvia spat on his words and scolded him, "You shameless bastard!" In the next second, her back was pushed onto the cold hard concrete wall. His towering figure shadowed her and he locked lips with her again. The pressure and suffocation rose strongly. No matter how hard Sylvia struggled, she just could not gather enough strength to push him away.

The bastard was obviously being possessive; it was not love or affection. Irritated, Sylvia widened her mouth and bit him. The pungent smell of blood gushed into their noses, and before she knew it, Odell released her.

He raised his hand to wipe the blood off his lower lips and narrowed his eyes coldly. In addition to the dim environment, the blood on his lips made him look like a vampire.

Sylvia was slightly shocked but mostly irritated and vexed. She widened her eyes and shouted at him, "Odell Carter, if you dare kiss me again, I'll bite your lips off!"

"Hmph," he scoffed. It sounded rather cold and heavy. "With that mouth of yours?"

He reached out to the back of her dress and clutched the zipper. He said in a deep voice, "Believe me when I say I will ravage you right here, right now."

His threat sent chills down Sylvia's spine.

As the grievance built up, her tears rolled down her cheeks. He was not just picking on her. He was insulting her.

She looked into her eyes and asked, "Odell, is it that fun to pick on me?"

They were in the dark room for quite some time now, and their eyes had already adapted to the low-light environment. Adapting to the dark environment allowed Odell to see her tearful eyes.

His eyes narrowed and his lips pursed. Sylvia continued, "If it makes you happy, just do it." She was no match for him in terms of physical strength as well. Then, she moved her hands away from her chest and placed them idle on both sides of her hips. She even withdrew her strength from her legs and simply lay on top of his chest, allowing him to do whatever he wanted to her. Odell stared at her quietly. A while later, he grunted coldly and lifted her chin up. "If you were this obedient from the start, you wouldn't have to go through all that suffering." Sylvia pursed her lip and clenched her teeth. Odell pinched her chin tighter. "Say something." Sylvia simply hummed reluctantly as a reply. He also grunted deeply and then picked her up in his arms. Instead of going deeper into the mansion, they went out of the door.

The chilly night breeze assaulted them from every possible direction as soon as they stepped out. Sylvia curled up in his chest but did not feel a sliver of warmth.

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Half an hour later, the sports car screeched to a stop in front of Sylvia's house.

Sylvia reached out to the handle and tried to get off, but the door remained locked, so she could not open it. Odell's deep voice then sounded in her ears. "Mark my words. If I find you seeing Edmund again, you will comprehend the consequences." As his voice subsided, the door was unlocked. Sylvia simply ran out of the car without giving him a reply.

Then, she saw her own car parked in front of the yard. She had driven it to Cloudy Heart Lake earlier, and it seemed like after Odell abducted her, his men had driven it back.

She only had one glance at the car before she ran into the house and locked the door tightly. Back in the sports car, Odell finally averted his gaze after Sylvia slammed the door shut. He had a glance at the rearview mirror. He spotted some blood stains on his lower lips, where Sylvia had bitten him earlier. 'That woman's teeth are really sharp.' He curled his thin lips into a grin before he turned the car around and left.

At Lake Victoria Villa, Tara was staring at her phone with a pale look.

Ever since her first call to Odell was hung up one-sidedly, she had been trying to reach him, but all she got was the cold monotonous voice, telling her the number she dialed was not available. She had a glance at Edmund who was sitting on the couch further away. Then, she gave it another try and dialed Odell's number. This time, the call finally got through after a few seconds. Tara's eyes gleamed in delight. She asked, "Odell, what are you doing? Why didn't you answer the phone?"

On the other end of the call, Odell had just come out from the shower. He was rubbing his hair dry as he said, "I had something to do just now, so I turned off my phone. What is it?"

He sounded normal as usual.

Tara also feigned ignorance and said with a smile, "Oh, it's nothing. I just miss you." "Mm-hmm. Go rest." Odell wanted to hang up, but Tara spoke before he could tap the red button.

"Odell, are you still busy?"

"Not now."

"Where are you now? At home? Or at the office?"

"At home."

Tara's eyes showed signs of relief. With her smile still on her face, she continued, "Odell, can you have dinner with me tomorrow? We haven't seen each other in two days."

A quick thought later, Odell said, "Of course."

The call then ended. Tara's face fell as she put her phone away.

Further away, Edmund took a puff from his cigarette and spat a cloud of smoke from his mouth. He asked her, "Has Odell gone home?"

"He's home now." Tara held back her disgust for him and forced a smile on her face. "Master Price, it's late now. I want to rest. May I ask you to leave?"

Edmund grinned at her. "Don't be such a killjoy. I still have something to say."

Tara looked at the man's gangster-like demeanor and mustered up whatever patience she had left.

"What else do you want to talk about?"

"You introduce Syl to me because you are afraid that she might get back together with Odell and ruin your relationship, am I right?" Tara wore an evasive look. She maintained her vague smile and said, "I thought that Sylvia is your type, so I just wanted to connect the dots. You are thinking too much." "Fine. You don't need to explain anymore. I'm not Odell Carter. You won't fool me with your lousy tricks."

Edmund flicked the cigarette bud and bolted up.

Staring at Tara's restless face, he said with a cold grin, "Don't worry. I simply wanted to remind you of the situation. If you don't want Odell to find out what you have done in the past, keep an eye on him, and don't let him go back to Syl." Tara secretly clutched her fists. She answered, "Don't worry. Odell only loves me. Even if he took Sylvia away, I'm sure he's just bewitched by her spell. He will never

abandon me because of that woman.” “Well, that’s great if it’s true.” Edmund scornfully grinned before he went out. Ned, Harry, and Lloyd also followed him out of the house.

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Tara tossed a tumbler at where Edmund sat earlier.

You’re just some low-life gangster. What gives you the right to order me around?!

What irritated her more was that despite Edmund being a gangster, he did not rape Sylvia after the first meeting. Instead, he went through all the effort of preparing the yacht to confess to that woman.

It would have been fine if it was just a simple confession, but Odell was involved. Tara believed Sylvia must have set this up. ‘It’s been a few years since then, and this bitch has gotten better at toying with men.’ The thought of Odell taking Sylvia away from Edmund upset Tara. Her chest started to hurt. She tossed everything on the table and shouted, “You bitch, I won’t let you succeed! You couldn’t beat me before and you will never beat me now!”

Sylvia came home to take a bath. She had to wash her face with cold water a few times to calm herself down before she headed to bed.

It was already midnight when she finally lay down. She stared at the ceiling blankly and was far from sleepy.

It was until her phone beeped that she retracted her blank thoughts.

It was a message from Edmund. “Syl, are you home yet? Did Odell do anything to you?” “I’m fine. I’m already home. You don’t need to worry.” She clearly remembered when Odell abducted her, Edmund was fighting Odell’s men. She asked, “Are you okay?” “I’m as fit as a tiger. Of course, I’m okay.”

Sylvia sighed a breath of relief. She said, “I’m sorry that I dragged you into this.”

If she did not promise to treat him to dinner, Odell would not have stormed the place with his army of bodyguards.

What baffled Sylvia the most was why Odell would have brought an army to the lake. She was just treating Edmund to dinner.

The scene of the army of intimidating men in black suits still gave her the chills now that she thought of it.

Could it be that he really liked her?

No, she refused to believe it. She knew how a person would behave if he or she was in love. If he really liked her, he would not have picked on her and insulted her like that.

Maybe it was because she was his ex-wife, and he did not want to see her being too close with other men. It was a sign of being over-possessive.

Her phone beeped again. Edmund texted, “Sigh. I just want to have dinner with you. Why is that so hard?” Sylvia sighed helplessly as well. She texted back, “I’ll definitely make up for what happened tonight but not in the next few days.”

Edmund did not reply.

Sylvia felt embarrassed. A quick thought later, she texted him about the inside news she got on several events that would be hosted by the art association.

Two veteran artists, whose paintings were valuable and highly sought-after, would be holding their exhibition soon, so the art association did not advertise the event just yet, just to maintain the exclusivity.

Since Edmund loved to collect art, she thought of making it up to him by providing him the time and location of the exhibitions. She even added, "I've told my friend to keep an eye out for me. If you decide to go, just mention my name and they will let you in." "Oh, really? I thank you first." "You're welcome."

It was then, she received a text from Odell.

"Are you asleep?"

Sylvia wore a cold look and did not want to reply to him. However, on second thought, if she ignored him, he would probably call her later and ask her why she ignored her. For the sake of the kids, she replied, "What?"

"You're still not asleep at this hour? Are you chatting with Edmund?" Sylvia was speechless.

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Sylvia was speechless for a while.

Annoyed, she argued, "You are also still awake."

"I just finished my work."

Sylvia pursed her lips as she did not want to know what he did. "Say something." "Mm-hmm..."

"Go to sleep." Just when Sylvia wanted to put her phone away, another text came in. "Reply."

Sylvia gasped frustratedly and simply typed the same reply as before. The chat finally went quiet.

With the phone away, Sylvia rolled around her bed out of frustration but still could not doze

off. She rolled around for an hour or so until she finally fell asleep. When she opened her eyes again, her room was already basking in the sunlight. Isabel and Liam were tiny balls of cotton jackets as they sat on both sides of the bed, staring at her sleepy face.

Isabel threw herself into Sylvia's arms. "Mommy, you're awake!"

Her adorable voice was the best wake-up call. It even eased the lingering frustration she had from last night. She sat herself up and hugged Liam in her arms.

"When did you guys come over?"

Isabel blurted, "Brother and I came over early in the morning."

Sylvia had a glance at the watch. It was already 10 in the morning. She patted their heads and said with a small voice, "Sorry, I overslept."

"It's okay. But you must sleep earlier next time and not stay up so late," Isabel chided.

"Isabel is right," Liam said. Looking at their puffy cheeks, Sylvia unconsciously wore a sweet smile. The last bit of annoyance that suffocated her chest since last night faded instantly.

"Okay," she said with a smile.

The two little rascals stayed at her house for the entire day, and she only sent them back to the Carters' when it was almost dark.

She did not go in with them though. She simply watched the kids go in at the gate and left. She wished she could stay a little longer with them, but she was afraid to run into Odell after what happened last night.

To her surprise, before she even stepped out of the pathway, Odell's sports car drove in.

Sylvia saw him through the windshield of the car and quickly averted her gaze. She feigned ignorance and strode even faster.

Odell's sports car screeched to a spot beside her. The window was wound down as he shot his sharp gaze at her. "Sylvia."

Sylvia ran. She dashed as if a wolf was chasing her. In the blink of an eye, she disappeared beyond the entrance.

Odell frowned and his look turned frosty. He just wanted to talk, not eat her alive.

He pulled out his phone and called her. Sylvia was already at the entrance of her house when her phone rang. She hesitated for a while before she reluctantly answered it.

The man's deep and cold voice sounded. "Why did you run?" "What?"

"I said why did you run?" Sylvia feigned ignorance and said, "How did you know I ran? Did you see me? I didn't see you anywhere." Odell was silenced. Sylvia seized the moment of silence and added, "If there's nothing else, I'll hang up now. I still have things to do." "What? Are you going out again?" His deep voice was screaming threats.

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Sylvia held her frustration back and said, "No. I still have paintings to finish."

Odell went quiet.

"If there's nothing else, I'm hanging up." "Mm-hmm."

His voice sounded a lot softer, but it did not stop Sylvia from hanging up. Right when Odell wanted to put his phone away, his screen lit up.

It was a call from Tara.

His brows furrowed a little before he answered the call.

Tara's soft voice echoed in his ears. "Odell, are you here yet? I'm ready."

Odell immediately remembered that he had promised to go out with her tonight,

“I’m on my way.” “Okay.”

Late at night, when the shops and malls were closed, the streets were lit up only by the street lamps.

A black sports car sprinted out of the wealthy district and headed towards Lake Victoria Villa.

Tara looked at him with a heavy heart. “Odell, aren’t you going to stay tonight?”

“No. I have something to do back in the office.”

“Okay.” Her face fell.

Odell raised his arms around her for a hug. He whispered softly, “Go have some rest.”

“You too.” Then, Tara tiptoed and gave him a kiss on his lips.

To her surprise, Odell froze for a millisecond. A strong sense of rejection gushed into his mind, forcing him to tighten his lips.

Fortunately, he was able to suppress the unusual feeling and turned around to his car.

The black sports car drove off quickly.

Tara was left alone at the entrance as she watched the sports car disappear beyond her sight, The expression on her face changed.

He was still the same man that she knew. He spent a lot of money on her and accompanied her shopping. They even ran into several acquaintances earlier, and when they saw how loving and caring he was to her, their eyes almost popped out in shock and jealousy.

She could not allow Sylvia to snatch such a great man from her.

Back at home, Sylvia had just come out from the bathroom after cleaning herself up.

Just when she was about to go to bed, her phone rang.

It was a message from one of the chat groups of the Westchester Art Association. She thought it was some kind of event notification, so she tapped on it. However, she found out that there were several members flattering and praising Tara. “This is my first time seeing Master Carter himself. I did not expect him to be so handsome in real life. He’s even better looking than the celebrities. Tara, you’re such a lucky girl.” “Master Carter is really generous as well. He even paid for our bills.” “It’s all because of Tara. We have to thank her.” A bunch of messages was expressing their gratitude for Tara. Tara then answered the compliments and replied, “We are friends. You guys don’t need to be so courteous.” “Tara, you’re such a kind person. No wonder Master Carter loves you so much.” “I have to say Tara is born lucky, and we can only be jealous of her.” After being bombarded by a ton of aggrandizing praises, Tara replied, “Haha, you guys will meet your Mr. Right as well.” “I’ve given up already. My ex cheated on me even though he’s not rich.” “My ex ran away with another girl.” Tara replied, “You guys, don’t be like this. It’s just that you haven’t met the perfect man. If you do, no matter how many temptations or seduction out there, your man won’t give up on

you.”

Her statement attracted a question. “Tara, given how perfect Master Carter is, I’m sure there’re a lot of women after him.”

“I’m sure there is. He is a reputable person after all. There was an evil woman who tried to separate us before with all kinds of ill schemes.” “What happened then? Did she do it?”

“Of course not. If that woman succeeded, Tara wouldn’t be with Master Carter now.”

Tara explained, “Yeah. No matter how hard that woman tried, Odell did not fall for her. I even pity her at times.”

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Tara’s friends echoed in agreement. “That woman is really a shameless whore.” “Yeah, but I really am jealous of you. Master Carter is rich and handsome, and he’s good to you. If I can meet someone like him, I’ll become a vegan for the rest of my life.”

“I’ll be one for the rest of my life and my next life.”

As the flattery slowly built up to the climax, Tara answered, “Okay, guys, this is the main chat group. We shouldn’t be chatting here.”

The farce finally ended as they moved on to another topic.

Sylvia read through the whole conversation.

Tara had always presented herself as the ice queen who was cold and elegant. Unless someone tried to flatter her, she would merely answer a word or two. It was almost impossible for her to join the gossip, let alone discuss it in the main chat group.

She did this on purpose. She started the topic and pointed out that some woman had tried to seduce Odell.

The phrase she used to describe the woman was an eyesore to Sylvia. No matter how she looked at it, it was a direct mock of herself.

Tara must have sensed something wrong with Odell recently. That was why she set up this farce for Sylvia to see. Sylvia scoffed and tossed her phone aside. She wished Odell would just die and leave her in peace!

Odell no longer limited Isabel and Liam’s freedom because, in the next two days, the two of them arrived at Sylvia’s house earlier than usual.

Sylvia accompanied them for the whole day and sent them back when it was dark. However, she still refused to go into the Carters’ residence.

Therefore, she successfully avoided Odell for the past two days.

Odell did not bug her as well. Maybe the man was busy or maybe Tara shackled him at her place.

Regardless, Sylvia did not care. As long as she could see her kids every day without the man bugging her, it was all good and comfortable.

Soon, Isabel and Liam's holiday came to an end.

As usual, she spent the whole day with the two of them and sent them back when it was dark. Right before the two kids cross the gate to the Carters' residence, Isabel clutched her mother's

hand. She said, "Mommy, Brother and I are going back to school tomorrow. Can you play with us a little longer tonight?" Liam stared at his mother in anticipation. Sylvia could never say no to them, so she agreed. "Okay." The two little rascals grinned happily. Sylvia then went into the Carters' residence with them. Odell was still not home. Only Madam Carter and the butler were chatting in the living room. While Sylvia sat beside Madam Carter and chatted with her, Isabel and Liam stuck to their mother like bees to honey.

It was lively in the house until dinner time.

Sylvia got up and wanted to head back, but Madam Carter held her back. "Stay for dinner."

Both Isabel and Liam showed their googly eyes, begging their mother to stay. Sylvia had a glance outside. She spotted no signs of Odell's return, so probably the man was out dating Tara until late at night. After some hesitation, she agreed. "Okay."

To her surprise, when she got to the table with Madam Carter and the two rascals, Madam Carter said to one of the servants, "Tell Odell to come down and have dinner."

"Yes, madam," the servant answered with a nod before she went up.

Sylvia's expression froze. She bolted up in shock. Madam Carter was startled as well. "Syl, what's wrong?" she asked. Sylvia anxiously said, "Grandmother, I suddenly remember I have something to do at home

"What thing?" The man's deep and cold voice interrupted her. Sylvia looked up and saw Odell coming down the stairs. The man was in a black shirt, and his bangs were left dangling in front of his forehead. His movements reeked of nonchalance, but it somehow bore a sense of frostiness as well.

Sylvia averted his gaze and said, "N-Nothing."

She sat back down.

Odell secretly curved his lips and sat down opposite her. He had been watching her from the moment she brought the kids home.<