

master odells 271

Chapter 271

He had been watching her from the dark and did not show up earlier because he wanted to stop her from running. Besides, it had been two days since he last saw her, and he had started to miss her uncontrollably.

That was why he hid in the dark and watched her every move.

Sylvia wished she had a tray to block her face, but she had nothing. She bit the bullet and lowered her head in awkwardness.

The dining table went quiet for a moment.

Madam Carter sharply noticed something was not right. She switched her gaze between Sylvia and Odell, trying to find out what was up with them. Even Isabel and Liam looked at the two of them in confusion. Then, Isabel said, "Big meanie, why are you looking at my Mommy?" Odell put a piece of fish on her plate. "Eat your dinner." Isabel grunted. "Don't look at my Mommy!" Madam Carter knew something was out of the ordinary, but she could not pinpoint exactly what. She turned to Isabel and said with an awkward smile, "Isabel, eat your dinner. Liam, you too."

Dinner went on in a tense and awkward atmosphere.

The moment she finished the last bit of food on her plate, Sylvia got up and tried to leave. Isabel held her back. "Mommy, where are you going?"

Liam also widened his eyes at her.

They looked like they would sulk or even cry if Sylvia said she was going home. Sylvia pursed her lips and said, "I'm going to wash my hands." The two little rascals' eyes gleamed. "Me too!" Isabel jumped out from the chair, and Liam did the same. Sylvia had to bring the two of them to the bathroom, leaving Odell alone at the table. He wiped his hands with the napkin as he watched the mother and children go off to the bathroom. There was a strange and discreet grin on his face.

He did not even do anything, but the two little rascals held her back for him.

"That's all you've got, yet you try to escape from my grasp? You've overestimated yourself."

Sylvia accompanied Isabel and Liam until 9 p.m.

After sending them to bed, she snuck out of their room but bumped into Odell in the corridor.

He leaned on the wall with his hands crossed in front of his chest, looking like a lazy lion. His deep gaze sized her up from top to bottom when she came out. "Are they asleep?" Sylvia hummed a reply and wanted to walk away. "They are going back to school tomorrow," he said. "I know."

He raised his brows and asked, "Do you want to see them whenever you want?"

His question caught Sylvia off guard. She could not help but look at him with a baffled look. His deep eyes, slightly narrowed, were looking at her with a hint of scheming. A quick hesitation later, Sylvia asked, "Sure, I'd want that, but would you agree to it?" Odell grinned. "Come closer and I'll tell you how." Sylvia froze on the spot, her eyes filled with caution. Odell waited, but she did not approach him, so he took the initiative to move closer to her face. Sylvia wanted to avoid him, but his hastened pace allowed him to reach her in just two big steps. He reached out to her wrist and pulled her closer to his chest. His hand curled around her waist like a snake constricting its prey. She put her hands between herself and his chest, attempting to draw distance. She frowned and looked at him.

"Odell, let me go!" she said in a small voice because she did not want to startle Madam Carter.

However, Odell tightened his hug around her waist and even lifted her up. As Sylvia's body was lifted up, her forehead almost touched the tip of his nose. Any higher and he would be able to force his lips on hers. She said with gnashing teeth, "Odell, stop it!" He grinned. His deep voice whispered into her ears, "As long as you listen to me and not avoid me, I will agree for you to see the kids whenever you want. You can even have a sleepover with them."

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The terms he offered were tempting, but his intention was clear as well: he wanted her to be his mistress again.

An indescribable irritation gushed up to her chest, causing her to suffocate. She pursed her lips tightly. Odell noticed her silence. He pinched her chin and asked, "Why aren't you saying anything?" Sylvia looked into his eyes with tearful eyes that held a hint of frostiness. She said, "Odell, I will never agree to that." Odell's anticipation behind his deep gaze faded right away. "You've always wanted to be with Isabel and Liam, and I will give you the right to be with them for as long as you want. What else do you want?" he said in a grumpy tone. Sylvia took a deep breath to calm herself down before she said, "Odell, have you ever considered Isabel and Liam's feelings? Are you trying to set an example for Liam to be like you when he grows up? Should he have a mistress after he gets a girlfriend or a wife? Or are you trying to tell Isabel that there are no good men in this world? It might convey the wrong message to her, making her believe that a man having more than one woman outside his family is something normal."

Odell frowned.

A long silence later, he said, "Liam will have his own thoughts in the future. Isabel is my daughter, and if her man dares to betray her, I will not spare him." Sylvia could not help but scoff at his claims. "Odell, you are really good at shifting your responsibility. Then, what about me? Have you ever considered my feelings? I'm their mother, but I have to become a mistress to my ex-husband and their father?! If I say yes, how will they perceive me in the future? How will I face them?"

She sighed heavily and continued, "You are shameless, but I'm not." Odell's expression turned grim. This time, Sylvia boldly stared back into his eyes. Another long pause later, Odell tightened his thin lips and explained, "I'm not asking you to be my mistress."

"Then, what do you mean? Do you want to remarry me? Or are you asking me to be your girlfriend? What about Tara? Are you going to abandon her?" Sylvia scoffed. Odell furrowed his brows tightly. The irritation and restlessness on his face gradually emerged.

Moments later, he finally released her.

Sylvia took a few steps to the side to draw distance.

She expected this. She knew his possessive side was taking control, at most having a little reignited interest in her, but it was never his true feelings. He would also never abandon Tara

because of her. After all, Tara was his true love. After drawing distance from the man, Sylvia strode outside. "Hold up!" he bellowed. Sylvia froze. She turned around with furrowed brows and asked, "What?"

"Do not see Edmund anymore," he warned her with a frosty gaze and sounded dominant as always. "If I find out that you are meeting him again, don't think of seeing the kids anymore."

Sylvia was forced to swallow her grievance. Again, he was using the kids against her. She glared at him and forced a reluctant reply out of her mouth. "Fine." She then strode out of the house as fast as she could, leaving Odell stunned on the spot. He watched her walk out of the door, and when her figure finally left his sight, his brows furrowed in frustration again. Like what Sylvia said, he could not abandon Tara, but he wanted Sylvia more.

Some time after Sylvia returned home, she received a text from Edmund. The text began with a funny sticker, followed by a question. "Syl, I miss you. When are we going to meet?" Odell's threats remained loud in her ears, so Sylvia was forced to reply, "I've been quite busy lately." "What are you working on? Do you need my help?" "It's okay. It's just my own work." "Okay. But I just bought several paintings recently. Can you take a look for me?" "Sure. Take some pictures for me." Soon, the pictures were sent over to her.

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The pictures of the artwork Edmund sent over were from veteran artists who were supposedly having an exhibition in Westchester soon.

After going through them individually, Sylvia said, "The ones you picked are really good." Edmund sent her a voice message. "Really? It seems like I have excellent taste." Sylvia giggled and replied the same. "Yeah." "I think they are quite fancy, but I don't know how to put them in words. Can you explain them to me? So that I can act cool in front of the others." "Sure," said Sylvia with a smile

She then voice-messaged him her explanation of the paintings. She offered him a detailed explanation of her own thoughts for each and every painting. On the other end of the chat, Edmund was on the couch listening to her voice as if it was some classical music piece. He softly closed his eyes, enjoying the angelic tune in his ears. That was until Harry came over. "Master Price?"

Edmund glared at him. "Shut up." Harry awkwardly zipped his mouth. A while later, after Edmund listened to all Sylvia's voice messages, he asked, "What is it?" Harry answered, "Lloyd found out that Sylvia has recently been spending most of her time with her kids at home, and after she sends them back to the Carters', she goes home. She was not with Odell at all."

Edmund narrowed his eyes. Harry scratched his head awkwardly and said, "Master Price, is it possible that Sylvia doesn't want to see you?" Edmund looked askance at his man. "Impossible. If Syl doesn't want to see me, she wouldn't have replied to my texts or voice messages." She replied to every inquiry

of his, and if she really refused to see him, she would never answer him at all. Just like now, whereby she offered a detailed explanation of every painting that he sent over.

Harry was baffled. "Then, why is she not coming out to see you?" Edmund hummed. "I bet it's that prick threatening her with something and stopping her from seeing me." "Doesn't sound right. Odell is her ex-husband. What right does he have to stop her from seeing you?" "Odell even brought his men to ruin our date and took her away before my eyes."

The insulting scene replayed in Edmund's head and caused him to clench his teeth tightly. Harry remained confused. "Yeah, but why? Does he like Sylvia? I thought he already has a girlfriend." The more Harry tried to understand it, the more confused he got.

Edmund scoffed. "Syl trumps Tara in terms of looks and capabilities, and if I have my eyes on her, I'm sure that bastard Odell Carter isn't blind as well."

Although he was curious why Odell would have divorced Sylvia because of Tara a few years ago, he was now certain that Odell liked Sylvia.

Harry asked, "Master Price, so what are we going to do now?" Edmund frowned in frustration. "Tell Lloyd to keep an eye on Syl. I'll try to come up with something." "Okay."

Isabel and Liam returned to school.

Therefore, Sylvia could only see them at night after they came back. Although she made it clear to Odell that she refused to comply with his perverted terms, she was still afraid to see him in person. Therefore, right after the kids came back from school, she arrived at the Carters'.

The bodyguards did not stop her either. She played with the two little rascals and only left when it was time for them to have dinner.

The kids usually finished dinner around 8 p.m. which was around the same time Odell came home.

His sports car rolled to a halt in front of the gate. After the bodyguard opened the door for him, he got out and had a glance inside the house. "Is Sylvia here?"

The bodyguard said, "Ms. Ross came, but she has already left." Odell frowned and pursed his lips. Surprisingly, he simply went inside the house without saying anything.

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Two days went by.

On this particular day, Sylvia arrived at the art academy early in the morning.

She went because Christopher invited her over for a demo for the students. Other than being the president of the Westchester Art Association, Christopher was also the deputy dean of the art academy.

The new semester started just yesterday, and the academy was hosting this welcome event, especially for the upcoming graduates.

They invited several well-known artists over for a live demonstration. Other than Sylvia, two other veteran artists were also present.

Sylvia was honored by the invitation, so there was no reason for her to reject it. She drove to the art academy and parked her car in the parking lot.

Right after she got out of her car, an event coordinator came over and guided her to the venue.

The live demonstration was held in a spacious lecture studio which was already crowded with students and artists alike.

When Sylvia arrived, she saw Christopher and the other two veteran artists surrounded by the students who were asking them for advice and tips. Christopher excused himself from the student right after he noticed Sylvia's arrival.

"I'm sorry I'm late, President Dendro," Sylvia said. The traffic had been terrible.

Christopher said with a smile, "It's okay. The demo starts at 9 a.m., so you're not late."

Then, he brought Sylvia to the group and introduced her to the veteran artists.

One of them was the senior professor of the art academy, Salvadore Horns while the other was a well-known artist from Glanchester, Pablo Domino. Both of them were friendly and easy going

After a brief introduction, Christopher introduced Sylvia to the students before they started the live demonstration session.

The paintbrushes, paints, artboard, and easels were all prepared at their respective seats. The three artists then went to their seats, and after a brief speech from Christopher, they started painting.

The purpose of this demonstration was to show the students how professional artists created their work. The students would be able to watch the process and pick up tips and details from here and there, henceforth strengthening their own knowledge.

Sylvia thought of painting a sunflower since last night.

Unlike the sunflower that launched her into stardom, this sunflower that she wanted to paint was one that grew under the bright sun, symbolizing a bright and hopeful future.

She got into her little trance as soon as she picked up the brush. She concentrated on laying the strokes on the artboard, mixing the proper colors, and making sure her thoughts were conveyed properly. She was so focused that she did not realize the growing crowd behind her.

Sunflower Bloom was the loudest name in the art world at the moment, and as the students of the art academy, they had heard of her and seen her work through various platforms.

However, watching Sunflower Bloom paint live was a first, let alone watching her create a masterpiece. On top of all that, she chose to paint a sunflower, the subject that made her famous. A lot of students started to record the process with their smartphones. The way she laid her strokes on the artboard was beautiful and skilled. Every stroke was precise and impactful, and no paint was wasted in the process. The students behind her were awestruck. It even started to attract the other students who were watching the other two artists paint. Other than the students, a number of teachers also freed up their timetable to witness the incredible painting session. Even Tara was dragged over to the lecture studio by

two of the teachers. They stood outside the window and peeked inside. One of the teachers was awestruck when she saw Sylvia. "Sunflower Bloom is a young woman?"

The other teacher exclaimed, "Don't you know? I heard she was a woman, but I just didn't expect her to be this beautiful and young." "She looks very elegant as well." "Sigh. We are all around the same age, but she's a lot better than us."

"That's what happens when heaven favors you. You just can't ignore your talent."

The two teachers were unable to control their mouths and were so carried away by their jealousy of Sylvia to the point that they forgot about Tara. Tara reacted sourly. She heard that there would be some famous artists coming to the academy a few days ago, so she wanted to have a look as well.

She simply did not expect Sylvia to be regarded as one of the famous artists. On top of all that, Sylvia was treated as equal to the other veteran artists, Salvadore and Pablo.

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Sylvia obviously garnered more attention than the other two veteran artists.

Tara reacted poorly to what she saw, but the two teachers beside her were still gushing about Sylvia. "Ms. Sunflower is so young and skilled. I bet she has a lot of admirers."

"I wonder how many there are."

The two of them then had a glance at Tara. One of them asked politely, "Ms. Avery, I heard you are from the art association as well. Do you know her?"

Tara forced a vague smile. "Yeah." "Does she have a boyfriend then?" "What does her boyfriend do?" The two of them looked at Tara with the highest anticipation. Tara maintained her smile and said, "I've never heard of that before, and I don't think she's dating anyone."

"No way. She's as beautiful as those celebrities and she's talented. How is that possible?"

"Yeah. Even you have a boyfriend like Odell Carter, Ms. Avery, so how could someone like her have no one at all?"

Tara's expression turned frosty. The two teachers immediately noticed the reaction and realized that they overstepped the line. "Ms. Avery, we're just saying. Please don't misunderstand."

"Yeah. We are just surprised why Sunflower Bloom isn't dating anyone. Someone as good as you should have a man like Master Carter, so it only makes sense for her to assume the same for Sunflower Bloom."

Tara answered, "It's fine. I'm okay with it."

She had a smile on her face, but her fists were tightly clenched under her sleeves.

The two teachers then stopped gossiping and went into the lecture studio to join the students to watch Sylvia paint.

Tara was left alone on the spot with a frosty expression and there was a murderous glint in her eyes.

Sylvia completed her painting in the afternoon.

The moment she put down her brush, she noticed that she was surrounded by the students.

She got up and gave them space to see her painting at a closer range. Salvadore and Pablo also completed their paintings around the same time. Salvadore painted a grand scenery of mountains and rivers whereas Pablo painted a portrait of someone. Their skills were self-explanatory as every stroke they landed on the canvas could be considered art in itself.

The students surrounded all three paintings like bees to honey and started taking pictures of the masterpieces. Suddenly, a familiar-looking girl approached Sylvia and enthusiastically asked her, "Ms. Ross, my friends and I love your sunflower painting. Can we get a picture of you together with your work?"

Sylvia recognized her almost immediately. The girl's name was Harley and they had once shared the same room back at an event in Glanchester. Harley and her friends looked at Sylvia in expectation. She simply smiled and said, "Of course."

Then, they moved closer to the sunflower painting and took a group photo. Their little request attracted the other students to do the same.

Soon, everyone started asking for pictures. The event only ended after the sky turned dark when most of the students had already left. Only Harley and some of the student representatives remained. Christopher said, "I've booked us a table at a restaurant. Let's go have dinner."

Sylvia looked at the time. It was almost 7 p.m. Isabel and Liam must have gone home by now and would be having dinner. She pulled herself away from the group to call Isabel and told them she would visit later at night.

Then, she went to dinner with Christopher and the other artists. Little did she know, a pair of grudgeful eyes were watching her from the dark.<

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Edmund searched the second floor of the restaurant twice but did not see Sylvia anywhere.

Feeling anxious, she called Tara right away. "Where's Syl? I can't find her anywhere!"

Tara had not expected his swift arrival. She said with a smile, "She should be in the first room on the second floor."

Edmund was annoyed by her tone. "I just went in there and I didn't see her!"

Tara was taken aback. "Hold on, let me ask my friend."

Then, she quickly texted the 'waiter' that she had bribed. "Where is Sylvia Ross?"

The waiter had just come out from the men's room when he saw the text. He glanced at the lady's room and replied, "I saw her walk into the lady's room and I think she's still in there." "Keep an eye on her. If she comes out, text me right away!" Tara then quickly got out of the car and took a shortcut to the restaurant. While those two were searching for Sylvia, Odell had already taken her to the parking lot.

He had parked his car at the furthest spot.

When he finally brought Sylvia close enough, intending on tossing her into the car, she clung to him like an octopus.

Not only did she cling to him, she even nuzzled against every part of his body in a strange way, as if she was a purring cat.

The ticklish sensation got to him and he tapped her on the forehead.

“Stop it!”

Sylvia grunted in pain as she was shoved into the passenger seat.

Odell quickly shut the door and ran over to the driver’s seat.

The car roared to life and sprinted out of the parking lot.

Meanwhile back at the restaurant, Tara arrived at the lady’s room on the second floor with Edmund.

Tara put on a smile and said, “Master Price, hold on. I’ll go have a look inside.”

Edmund impatiently said, “Hurry up!”

Tara also wanted him to take Sylvia away.

She opened the door but only found Harley washing her hands inside.

Tara felt a sense of familiarity but was unable to recall who Harley was. She smiled and asked, “Hi, did you see a drunken lady in here earlier?”

Harley reacted to the question with shifty eyes. She knew that ever since Glanchester, Tara and Sylvia did not get along and the one who had taken Sylvia away was Tara’s current boyfriend.

After a quick thought, she politely answered, “Ms. Avery, are you referring to Ms. Ross?”

Harley was a student and knowing the teacher’s name seemed normal, at least to Tara. Tara continued, “Yeah, where is she? Has she gone outside?” “Ms. Ross had a little too much to drink and was taken back by her friend.” Tara’s expression changed. “Which friend was it?” Harley feigned ignorance and said, “Oh, I don’t know. But I saw that Ms. Ross listed his contact name as Baddie...” Baddie? Who would Sylvia have named as Baddie on her phone?

Tara instinctively thought of Odell. Could it be him? No, it was impossible. How could he have arrived faster than Edmund? Tara pulled out her phone and called Odell but after two lonely beeps, the call ended abruptly. Her face gradually turned pale. Had Odell really taken Sylvia away? She tried calling Odell again but this time, she got a message from the autonomous voice instead.

“Sorry. The number you have dialed is not available.”

Tara froze.

It was then that Edmund barged into the lady’s room, after losing his patience. Harley had slipped away, so Tara was now alone in the lady’s room. Edmund did not see Sylvia anywhere, so he questioned her, “Where’s Syl?”. Tara’s face grew paler as she said, “She was taken away.” “By who?”

Tara did not want to answer.

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Edmund noticed the unease on Tara's pale face, which made him suspicious. After a quick thought flashed in his mind, he cursed out loud, "Don't f*cking tell me Odell Carter took her away again." Tara clenched her teeth tightly and went outside; Edmund immediately went after her. Something had been off from the moment he had arrived at the restaurant. Sylvia was not a drinker, so how had she gotten herself drunk? It was also uncannily coincidental that Tara's friend had happened to see her. He asked in a cold voice, "Is Syl really drunk? Or did you tell someone to drug her?" Tara's irritation robbed her of the mood to continue pretending. With a cold look on her face, she said, "If you really like Sylvia, then you'd better start looking for her!" Edmund glared at her fiercely before he darted out.

The weather turned warm but the night breeze remained chilly. However, not even a bit of the bone-chilling wind got into the sprinting sports car. Sylvia was squirming around in the passenger seat that she had been strapped into. It was getting hot. She tried to control her movements with her remaining sanity but she felt as if it was scorching her.

She then ripped her turtleneck sweater off. Thankfully, she still had a thin layer of clothing underneath that wrapped around her bust perfectly Odell frowned and bellowed, "Put your clothes on!" As his voice subsided, a sharp ripping noise sounded. Sylvia had impatiently torn the thin layer of clothing off her chest, revealing a large portion of her skin, although she was still complaining about the heat.

The ripped clothes were tossed to the rear seat.

Odell's brows furrowed even tighter. He then quickly wound down the window on her side, allowing the chilly breeze to come in.

As the chilly breeze whirled its way into the car and touched every part of Sylvia's exposed body, she quickly stuck her face to the half-lowered window and enjoyed the wind as if she was intoxicated by drugs.

Odell's lips lifted into a soft grin but he also breathed a sigh of relief because she had finally stopped taking her clothes off.

A while later, the car turned into a street and stopped in front of an empty mansion.

Odell got out of the car and went around to the passenger's side.

He opened the door and wrapped his arm around Sylvia's waist to carry her up.

Sylvia reacted like a clingy kitten as she actively curled her arms around his neck. He barely even needed to use any of his strength to lift her up.

At the same time, her phone in her purse rang. It was a call from Edmund.

Odell's eyes turned cold after a glance at the name. He rejected it without a second thought and switched the phone off.

Then, he carried her into the mansion.

This was the place that they used to live during the two years that they had been married. The place was regularly cleaned, so it was rather clean and organized. Even the sheets and the pillows in the bedroom were changed once every week, making them fresh and clean.

After placing Sylvia on the bed, he forced himself on her and started to ravage her lips. She was not just drunk and he had been holding himself back throughout the whole journey to this place. He had to do it with her tonight!

The night was as dark as ink, and even the moon shyly hid behind the trees. After a sensual night, the sky finally turned bright.

The land was blessed with light as the sun rose up from the horizon.

Inside the warm room, Sylvia was still fast asleep on the bed. The man beside her propped up his cheek with his hand as he stared deeply at her rosy pink face.

He seemed happy and the smile on his face was proof.

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The moment Sylvia opened her eyes and saw the half naked man lying down beside her, she froze and bolted up.

Then, she realized she did not have any clothes on.

Her mind went blank and she was as stunned as a rock.

‘What happened?’

‘How did I end up here with him?’ Sylvia tried her best to recall what happened. She remembered that she had drunk a little too much last night. She had escaped to the toilet and ran into Harley there.

Then, the next thing that she remembered was Odell carrying her away.

As she tried to sift through her fragmented memories, she vaguely remembered taking her clothes off in the car and brought into this room before the man had proceeded to have sex with her on this bed.

Her memories were fragmented and disjointed, so all she could recall were bits and pieces from here and there that barely painted the edge of the picture. However, the bits and pieces alone were enough to make her blush. She wished for a hole to bury herself in.

She collapsed back onto the pillow and covered herself with the blanket. The man’s deep charming voice sounded above her. “What’s the matter with you?” He even tapped her head through the blanket. Sylvia knew he was asking the obvious, so she shouted, “Go away!”

Her voice sounded heavy and hoarse.

Odell chuckled. “That was the exact opposite of what you said when you clung onto me and refused to let me go.”

Sylvia was even more embarrassed than before. “I was drunk, I don’t know what I did.”

“So, are you pretending that nothing happened?” He lowered his head and forced his dangerous voice into her ear.

Sylvia had goosebumps all over her body.

Some of the sensual scenes from the night before started to replay again in her mind.

She buried her face in the blanket and yelled out, “It was an accident!”

“Are you really going to pretend like nothing happened?” He lowered his voice to express his dissatisfaction.

Sylvia gasped. “Yes!” What else could she do? Ask him to take responsibility for it? At the next second, the blanket above her head was pulled off. He had pulled strongly so before she could react, his handsome face had already appeared within her sight.

He forced his strong body on top of her. Sylvia looked at him cautiously and shyly. “Odell, don’t you dare do it!” “What could I possibly do?” Odell grinned. His warm fingers caressed her face sensually. “Last night, we did just what a man and woman would do.” Sylvia’s body stiffened. She wanted to say it had been an accident but she dared not. The man’s glare was terrifying. Between their naked bodies lay only one layer of a blanket and nothing else. She was afraid that he would pull the blanket off and do it again with her. “C-Can you get away from me?” He raised his brow at her. “Tell me, what are you going to do about this?” What else? Pretend that it had not happened! After thinking about it a while, Sylvia said, “I don’t know.” “Great. If you don’t know, then I will make the decision.” –

“What are you going to do?” Odell caressed her face and stared into her eyes. “From today onwards, you’ll be my woman.” Slap!

Sylvia frustratedly slapped his hand off her face and said, “No!”

He then cupped her face and grinned. In a threatening tone, he said, “I am the one making the decision. You are to obey and comply, not voice your opinion.” Sylvia gulped nervously. “What about Tara? Are you going to leave her?”

Odell frowned. A few seconds of silence later, just as he was about to answer her, the doorbell at the front door rang.

Someone had come to the mansion.

Sylvia seized the chance to push him away. “Get up, someone is here!”

Odell’s expression changed.

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Odell grabbed his shirt that was hanging at the edge of the bed and put it on before he got out of bed.

Sylvia also got out of bed and tried to pick her clothes up off the floor. However, there was not a single intact piece of garment that she could find, even the pants that she had worn last night had a hole in it.

While Odell was out of the room, she quickly snuck off to the closet next door to search for some wearable clothes.

Fortunately, the closet still contained some of her old clothes.

She simply grabbed some of the thicker ones and put them on. After she had properly dressed herself and wanted to go out, she turned around to see Odell watching her from the entrance.

His arms were crossed in front of him as his towering figure leaned against the wall.

His eyes were slightly curved as a vague smile appeared on his face. Sylvia blushed. She asked in an annoyed tone, "I thought you went out?" "I'm waiting for you." Sylvia blinked blankly several times. "What for?" "You are my woman now, I can't just leave you alone."

The smile on his face started to show a hint of mischief. Sylvia gulped in silence. She did not want to go out with the man. She refused to be seen together with him in public.

The two of them had already divorced a few years back and the man even had an official girlfriend now, which was Tara.

Sylvia not only felt guilty but also embarrassed. A strong sense of shame overwhelmed her.

She strode past him in annoyance. Her bag was on the couch in front of the bed. Knowing that she had missed the meeting with Isabel and Liam last night, the two of them had to be worried sick. Since she had not gone home last night either, Aunt Tonya was sure to have questions as well.

She pulled her phone out of her bag. The moment she switched it on, she was bombarded by several missed calls and messages.

They were from Edmund, Isabel, Liam and even Aunt Tonya.

Just as Sylvia was about to reply to every one of them, she saw an unread message from Harley.

"Ms. Ross, are you alright? I have something to tell you. After Master Odell took you away, Ms.

Avery came into the toilet and asked me if I had seen a drunken woman. I was thinking that she had not joined the demo session and she had not even been there when we had dinner, so it baffles me how she knew that you were drunk. Maybe I'm overreacting." After reading the message, Sylvia's face turned cold. She had drunk three glasses of fruit punch last night, all of which had contained a low percentage of alcohol.

No matter how drunk she had become, it should not have made her feel aroused and made her lust for a man.

Something had felt off. After she read through Harley's message, she finally got her answer.

Tara had to have been behind all this.

However, Tara had not expected Odell to have called Sylvia, or that Harley would be waiting for her in the toilet. She also had not expected Odell to take Sylvia away from the restaurant.

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There was a cold grin on Sylvia's face. "What are you smiling at?" Suddenly, the man's deep charming voice came from behind. Sylvia turned around and saw Odell approaching her. She pursed her lips. Just

as she was hesitating whether to show Odell the message from Harley, the doorbell rang again. Odell shot her a quick glance before he went out the door. At the same time, Sylvia grabbed her bag and followed him outside. Through the gate, they were able to see the person outside the house. Sylvia followed Odell to the entrance and saw Tara standing outside. Tara also noticed the two of them at the entrance. Their eyes met halfway, which made Tara's face turn pale. Sylvia grinned. Odell, who was walking in front of her, frowned.<

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Odell opened the gate. "Odell!" Tara ran in with teary eyes. She tried to throw herself into his embrace but he stopped her by catching hold of her shoulders. He asked, "What are you doing here?" Feeling aggrieved, Tara said, "I called you but you didn't pick up. I got so worried that I came searching for you." Odell pursed his lips

Tara then looked at Sylvia in shock. She asked, "Odell, what are you doing here with her?" Before Odell could say a word, Sylvia scoffed and said, "We came here to spend the night together." Tara's eyes widened and tears began to roll down her cheeks uncontrollably. "You... spent the night together?" She turned to Odell, looking hurt and disbelieving. Odell glared at Sylvia to signal her to shut up, but she refused to comply. Earlier, she had felt embarrassed and insulted, but now that Sylvia had learned what had happened, she decided to use the situation to her advantage.

After all, she was the one who had been set up and she was clearly the victim in this whole situation.

Laughing coldly, Sylvia said, "Tara, why are you crying? Isn't this result all due to your actions?" Tara's expression changed. She sobbed and cried out, "What are you talking about? You are the one who seduced Odell! You shamelessly ruined your reputation to sleep with Odell in the past and forced him to marry you! And now, you're using the same trick again to ruin our relationship?! You are such a b*tch!" Her ability to twist the facts to make herself seem like the victim was undeniably good. Sylvia knew it would be impossible to force Tara to admit what she had done, so she played along and said, "Yeah, I slept with him in the past but last night, he was the one who brought me here. We did a lot of intimate things together. Would you like me to elaborate?"

Tara choked up with her own anger. The look in her eyes was filled with hate as she wished she could strangle Sylvia to death on the spot. However, she chose to cover her face and cry, which veiled her viciousness. "Hmph," Sylvia scoffed. Odell glared at her. "Shut your mouth!"

"Hehe," Sylvia giggled again. Odell sent another glare in Sylvia's direction before he turned to Tara. "It's not her fault this time, I was the one who brought her here."

Tara's sobs paused for a moment before she cried even louder. It was heart-wrenching to hear.

Odell frowned harder. He turned to Sylvia and said, "Go back first. I'll come to find you later." There was a frosty look on Sylvia's face. She had never had any intention of being here in the first place, so she simply walked out without giving Odell an answer.

As she walked past Tara, she paused and said in a lowered tone of voice, "Tara, I'm curious as to how you managed to find this place. This place has been left idle for so long. So if you had really been looking for Odell, you should have gone to the Carter Residence or his office, or even any other places that he might be at instead of this place, which is where he and I used to

live.

“Did you already know that he had taken me away last night so you came here to look for him? Or did you already know that I would get drunk?”

Sylvia emphasized the word ‘drunk’.

Tara’s eyes shifted for a bit before she continued to cry. “Sylvia, you’ve already won! Why are you still talking like that? Why are you trying to make me the bad person here?”

Odell shot his cold gaze at Sylvia. He bellowed, “Go!”

Sylvia responded with a cold look. She glared at him before she stomped away.