

Master Odells 31

## Chapter 31

Odell squinted and hugged her tightly in his arms.

Tara sobbed. "Odell, can we have another baby?"

Odell furrowed his brows. "Your body is not ready now. Let's talk about it when you get better."

She simply sobbed in silence as a reply.

He tapped her back and said, "Tara, once Grandmother gives me the green light, I'll marry you right away."

"Mm-hmm." Tara hummed a reply. She lay in his arms and stared in the direction where Sylvia walked off. There was a hint of anxiety and anger in her eyes.

Sylvia must be using her children to get close to Odell.

"That bitch! I should have made sure that she stayed dead back then!"

After Sylvia reached home, she received a call from Isabel.

She blurted out everything she heard from Tara after Sylvia left. It seemed like Tara was badmouthing Sylvia in front of Odell.

Sylvia simply scoffed. She expected all this. She said to Isabel, "Isabel, you don't need to care about all that."

Annoyed, Isabel pouted and said, "She's talking bad about you, and you know it's not true!"

Sylvia smiled. She put on a warm voice and said, "Isabel, I don't care about all that. I just want you and Liam to be happy, so just forget about that, okay?"

Isabel's lips remained pouting, "Fine, I understand."

Sylvia chatted with Isabel for a little longer just to cheer her up before the call ended.

Afterward, she received a message from Odell.

"If I find out that you picked on Tara again, don't think of seeing the children again."

Even through the screen, Sylvia could already picture the disgust on the man's face.

Feeling helpless, she texted back. "I got it."

She accepted it, given that Tara would stay away from her and the children, or else, she would make the woman pay back twice as much.

The next morning, Sylvia arrived at the studio like usual.

Everyone in the studio worked a flexible schedule, so she was usually the first to arrive. However, when she arrived today, she noticed the others were already there, and they were well-dressed.

She was surprised at her colleagues, and so were they at her.

Betty, who she was rather close to, came to her and said, "Sylvia, why didn't you dress up for the occasion?"

Curious, Sylvia asked, "What occasion?"

"Didn't you see the message from the chat group last night? The boss is back, and he's visiting the studio today."

Sylvia was slightly stunned before she hummed a reply. She thought it was an important event, but it was just the boss returning.

Noticing her nonchalance, Betty moved closer to her and whispered, "I heard our boss is still a bachelor. Even James and the guys dressed up, so why the frumpish look?"

Sylvia smiled and answered, "I have two kids, Betty."

Aside from having no intention of finding another man, even if there was an eligible bachelor attracted to her, he would probably leave after knowing she had two kids.

Betty obviously did not remember her children. The surprise on her face lasted for a moment before she switched the topic to the boss's personality and so on. She told Sylvia to present herself before the boss when she got the chance

Everyone in the studio was interviewed by the boss himself as part of the recruitment process, except for Sylvia who had been interviewed by the veterans instead.

## Chapter 32

Sylvia listened to Betty's blabbering for quite a while.

The other colleagues also came with their two cents, telling her to be careful with her words and actions and not make the boss unhappy.

As everyone expected, a limited edition white supercar stopped in front of the studio entrance.

Two elderly butlers went over to welcome the guest while Sylvia and her colleagues lined up in an organized manner at the entrance.

The door opened and a tall figure emerged.

The young man had a loose white shirt coupled with black pants. His bangs draped fashionably over his forehead while his skin was fair and his facial features were pronounced and welcoming. There was a noble presence to his demeanor.

Betty and the other girls fawned over the man.

Even Sylvia widened her eyes in surprise, not because of how handsome the man was, but because she knew him.

Tristan also noticed Sylvia when he came in.

“Sylvia?” Tristan was surprised. He went up to her for a closer look.

Sylvia smiled at him and said, “Mr. Ledger, it’s been a while.”

She sounded a little distant, which slightly disappointed Tristan. He then wore a smile and said, “There’s no need for formality between us. Just call me by my name, Tristan.”

Sylvia thought about it for a moment and answered, “Okay.”

Things changed. Now that she was no longer Mrs. Carter and had been expelled by her own family, she could no longer address him with a nonchalant tone like she used to.

Tristan then looked at the others and said, “You guys can go do your own things.”

Everyone else put away their surprise and returned to their desks.

Tristan then said to Sylvia, “Sylvia, let’s have a chat somewhere else.”

“Um, I still have work to do,” she said.

Tristan noticed her reluctance. His eyes slightly squinted and he said with a smile, “Then, come to my office. I have to evaluate your professional skills.”

He was the boss, after all, so Sylvia had no choice but to say yes.

Sylvia brought a piece of log and a carving knife into his office.

There was a long table in the office that was equipped with carving tools as well.

She had a seat at the table and Tristan settled down opposite her.

“What do you want me to carve?” she asked.

Tristan smiled at her and said, “How about a sunflower?”

Sylvia started carving. Her slender fingers looked fragile, but they were swift and nimble. Her hands had never been free of mundane chores, but they were not covered in calluses.

Sylvia, as a person, had become a lot stronger but colder as well.

Moments later, Tristan asked, “Where have you been all these years?”

Sylvia expected the question, so she answered with nonchalance, “A couple of cities.”

“How have you been?”

“I’m doing okay.”

Tristan fought his thoughts for a while as he stared at her face. He ultimately decided to say, “I’m sorry. I was not here back then, so I didn’t know about your divorce.”

If he had known, he would have come back for her and taken her away from that man. He would not have allowed her to be chased out of Westchester City like a dog.

Sylvia smiled. “It’s okay. I’m doing great. I’ve already moved on.”

Tristan slightly clutched his hand to suppress his rising emotions, and then he asked, "Where are you living now? Still alone?"

"I'm living with Aunt Tonya in the Old District."

"You're living in the house your grandparents gave you?"

"Yeah."

"It's quite a distance from here. I have an empty house around this place. Why don't you move in with Aunt Tonya?" rrowed his browns.

Sylvia casually answered, "I have two kids. They are three years old this year, and they are living with Madam Carter in the Old District as well. They are attending kindergarten in this area, so it's closer for me to pick them up from

"Thanks but no thanks. I work here because it's convenient for me to fetch my kids from school."

"Kids? What kids?" Tristan fu there."

### Chapter 33

Tristan's face froze for a while. "Are they yours and Odell's kids?"

"Yes."

Then, Sylvia passed him the sunflower that she finished carving. "I'm done, Mr. Ledger."

Tristan stared at the carved sunflower. It was minimalistic yet blooming with life, and his eyes glimmered with interest when he saw it. He took it and smiled at her. "Nicely done."

Sylvia got up. "If there's nothing else, I'll go back to work."

Tristan's smile remained. "Okay."

While she exited the room, Tristan's eyes never left her. He even clutched the carved sunflower in his hands tightly.

"Sylvia, I'll never let you go again."

Right after Sylvia came out from the office, Betty sashayed up to her. As though she was a paparazzi, she sniffed for any kinds of gossip revolving the boss and Sylvia.

"Our grandfathers were friends, so I knew him since we were young," Sylvia said.

Indeed, they knew each other when they were young. Even though he lived with his parents in the wealthy district, he would visit her at the Old District every weekend, where they would play together.

However, after his grandfather passed away, his parents became stricter and forbade him from visiting, hence the distance in their friendship.

After they both grew up, he confessed his love to her which shocked her for days. He even had to apologize to her and claim that it was a prank to calm her down.

A while after that, she married Odell, and to avoid gossip, she kept her distance from him.

Who would have thought that the carving studio that she worked in belonged to him?

Surprised, Betty asked, "So, you guys are like childhood friends?"

Sylvia answered with a hint of nervousness, "No, just normal friends."

Betty remembered that Sylvia had two kids, and if they were really childhood friends, they would have been together. It was fairly impossible for Sylvia to have been pregnant with some other man's kids.

However, Betty's instinct told her that Tristan viewed Sylvia as more than just a friend.

Maybe she was over thinking... :

Sylvia noticed Betty's persistence, so she urged, "Betty, go back to work. We still have a deadline to meet tomorrow."

After Betty regained her composure and returned to work, Sylvia also returned to her desk and continued carving.

After a day's work, it was time for the kids to get off school.

Sylvia tidied her desk and was about to leave, but she ran into Tristan at the entrance.

He leaned against the wall with a warm smile on his face as he asked, "Going to fetch your kids?"

Sylvia hummed a reply and wanted to walk past him.

"I'm free. Why don't I drive you over?"

She smiled. "It's okay. I'm driving."

She then pulled out her keys from her bag,

Tristan pouted, "Okay."

Her car was parked beside the entrance; it was a black SUV.

Sylvia waved at Tristan before she got in and drove off.

A few minutes later, she arrived at her children's kindergarten. Similar to the other parents, she waited for her children at the entrance.

The bell rung just on time, and the teachers brought the kids out.

Isabel came out with a yellow cap and a red dress while Liam was dressed in a simple shirt and denim overalls. The two of them held hands as they came out.

"Mommy!" They called the moment they saw Sylvia. Sylvia was all smiles when she bent over to hug them.

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Sylvia then strapped the brother and sister to the rear seat of the car, which was equipped with children's car seats.

She then drove the car towards the Old District.

Little did she know, there was a white supercar parked beside the kindergarten. It was Tristan, and he watched as Sylvia drove off towards the Old District.

He saw the children as well. Their meticulous facial features made it seem like they had been carved by masterful hands, and they were a lot cuter and more beautiful than the other kids.

They really resembled Sylvia and...Odell.

He did not mind though. As long as she was back, he was okay with it.

After Sylvia's car left his sight, he smiled and turned the car away.

Similar to yesterday, Sylvia brought the kids back to her place. She spent some quality time with them before sending them back to the Carters'.

The Carters' mansion was within walking distance, so she held their hands and walked them back instead.

It was then that Odell came home. He got out of the car and saw the mother and children coming toward him while basking in the sunset's glory.

Liam was on Sylvia's left, looking obedient and quiet. Meanwhile, Isabel was on her right, giggling and hopping forward like a cheerful elf.

In the middle, Sylvia wore a plain dress with her hair tucked behind her ear. Her face was free of any makeup, and the smile on her face looked warm. She seemed to be telling the children a joke or talking about something funny.

The scene of the mother and children looked harmonious, and it surprised Odell for a moment.

Until Sylvia came closer with the kids, the expression on his face turned cold.

He lifted his watch and said coldly, "It has been three hours since they finished school. Why are you only sending them home at this hour?"

Before Sylvia could answer, Isabel blurted out, "We are Mommy's precious kids! She can send us back whenever she wants to without your permission!"

"Isabel is right," Liam echoed.

Odell was silenced, and it forced a grim look on him.

Sylvia had to hold her laughter back at Odell's speechlessness. She said, "Don't worry, Master Carter. I just took them to my place and spent some quality time with them."

Odell's hard stare softened. He took the kids and said, "Go in first."

The kids were unwilling to part with Sylvia, so she squatted down and kissed the both of them, leaving a faint kiss mark on their respective cheeks. ,

The brother and sister were over the moon, and their eyes curved happily like crescents.

Odell merely tightened his lips and swallowed quietly.

The mother and children finally separated after some intimate exchange.

After the two of them went inside, Sylvia looked at Odell and said, "Is there anything, Master Carter?"

Odell stared at her and the lips that she had kissed the kids with. It somehow agitated him.

"Send them home before it gets dark next time."

"Noted on that."

Since she was unable to fight him, she might as well play along.

"Don't kiss them as well," he said.

Sylvia frowned and stared at him in confusion. "Odell Carter, give me a good reason why I can't kiss them?"

Odell stared at her lips. "Because I said so."

"Are you out?"

A cold glare came from Odell, shutting Sylvia up. She had to swallow her words before they left her mouth,

The annoyance left a bitter taste on her tongue.

She regained her composure and said with a grin, "Odell, don't tell me you are jealous because the kids are closer to me than they are to you."

Chapter 35

Odell tightened his lips in silence.

Sylvia simply stared at him in confusion.

He looked rather cold, but he was not exactly unhappy about it.

Was it because of jealousy?

Confused, Sylvia asked, "I don't have any lipstick on, so why can't I kiss them?"

Odell stared at her. "Leave."

Sylvia was silenced and deeply annoyed.

'Crazy bastard!

Frustrated, she pouted and left. Due to her suppressed annoyance, she hastened her pace, which caused her slender figure to wiggle more than usual. Even her dress fluttered as she strode away.

Odell had a few glances before he looked away with a bitter look.

'This woman... how dare she seduce me?!'

The next morning, when Sylvia arrived at the studio, Betty and the other colleagues shot her ridiculing gazes.

Curious, she stared back, but her colleagues quickly switched their gazes to her desk.

Sylvia followed their gaze to her desk and saw a bouquet of sunflowers. Beside the sunflowers was a card with a message written in bold handwriting.

"Good morning. Hope you have a good day ahead-Tris."

It was obviously from Tristan!

Sylvia did not know how to react to the gift.

Envious, Betty said, "Sylvia, Mr. Ledger sent the flowers over by himself."

Sylvia sighed and put the sunflowers into a vase.

Betty and the others surrounded her, watching her put away the flowers like they were watching some romantic comedy on television.

"We are really just normal friends," Sylvia helplessly said.

The girls grinned with obvious disbelief on their faces, as if they were saying they did not believe her.

It was then that Tristan came back from outside, and the girls scattered back to their workstations.

Tristan smiled as he came over to Sylvia. "Morning."

She returned a polite smile. "Morning. Thank you for the sunflowers."

"You're welcome." He took a step closer to her and said, "Let's have lunch today."

Sylvia nervously took a step back to draw distance and said, "I'm busy in the afternoon."

Nevertheless, Tristan expected the rejection. He smiled as he added, "Sylvia, come on. We've known each other for twenty over years. Saying no will only make me sad."

Sylvia barely reacted to his pleas. "I'm really busy."

He chuckled. "Then, I'll order takeaway, and we can have lunch here."

She tightened her lips and then said, "Why don't we go out instead? I'll buy you lunch."

Consider it paying him back for the sunflowers.



“Great. I’ll see you later,” Tristain said. He smiled as he went back to attend to his own matters.

Sylvia returned to her seat and continued working.

At lunchtime, Tristan appeared before. Sylvia just on time. Since she had already promised him, she was going to keep it. She put her work aside and went out for lunch with him.

She asked, “What do you want to eat?”

“I’m okay with anything. You choose.”

Without hesitation, Sylvia brought him to a local restaurant at the commercial square near their office. The restaurant promised affordable prices and also decent food.

It was not that she did not want to bring him to an expensive place, but given her salary from the studio, her expenditure was limited, so this affordable one would do.

There was no surprise or disgust on Tristan’s face. All he did was smile as he followed her inside.

Sylvia asked for a room for the two of them.

The waiter then came in with the menu and gave them a warm welcome. Sylvia pushed the menu to Tristan and generously said, “Order what you like.”

## Chapter 36

Tristan simply ordered something on the menu.

Sylvia noticed that everything he ordered was on the cheaper side of the scale, which caused a helpless twitch on her face. While she was not exactly rich, she was not living in poverty either.

She took the menu over and ordered all the signature dishes.

“We can’t finish all of that,” Tristan said.

“We’ll just pack them up if we can’t finish them.”

Tristan simply smiled in silence.

A while later, the dishes were served.

Sylvia chatted with him over lunch.

He asked her about the cities she had gone to in the past few years and how she brought Isabel up alone.

Sylvia answered all his questions.

Then, he asked, “Sylvia, it has been three years since your divorce from Odell. Have you ever thought about finding another partner?”

He stared straight into her eyes when he asked the question.

Sylvia boldly looked into his eyes and said, “No.”

The glimmer in Tristan's eyes dimmed a little, but he maintained the smile on his face, "Why not?"

"Nothing in particular, I just don't want to."

The things that happened three years ago still felt like they had happened yesterday, and she would never fall for another man again just to keep herself safe.

Her cold gaze had a strong sense of resolution in it.

Tristan forcefully swallowed his following question after noticing her look. He simply put some food onto her plate and said, "Here, I remember you like this a lot. Have more."

"Thank you."

Tristan then looked at her and said with a serious gaze, "Sylvia, there's really no need for courtesy between us."

Sylvia did not answer. Maybe she was overthinking, but she felt like Tristan paid a little too much attention to her. She disliked it because it would do no good to both of them.

Lunch ended after a while.

Just when Tristan was about to pay, Sylvia beat him to it.

The two of them then headed back to the studio.

Unfortunately, the sky started to drizzle after a few steps.

Tristan took his jacket off and put it over Sylvia.

She was a little surprised. She took it off and wanted to give it back. "I'm okay. You don't have to."

Tristan took the jacket back and then put it over her head again. He said, "I'm fine. You take it. Don't get wet."

Sylvia did not want to linger on the topic, so they quickly strode forward. It was a working day, but the commercial square was actually less crowded.

When they were almost out of the place, Tara's voice came from the side.

"Mr. Ledger?"

Tristan stopped when he heard the voice call him. Sylvia turned around as well.

Other than Tara, they also saw Odell holding an umbrella beside her.

Sylvia was caught off guard by the sudden encounter.

Odell reacted with a wry expression when he had a good look at her.

Tara asked in surprise, "Sylvia? Why are you here with Mr. Ledger?"

Sylvia did not answer because she did not want to talk to her at all.

Tristan noticed Tara and Odell's intimacy. He scoffed and said, "Sylvia is working at my studio, and we had lunch together."

Tara had a glance at him and then saw his jacket on Sylvia. She reacted like she caught the couple having an affair. Then, she said with a smile, "I see. Why didn't you bring an umbrella? We have an extra umbrella in our car. Do you want it?"

"We're good. Our studio is just a few minutes away."

Tara grinned. "Okay."

Tristan then looked at Odell and said, "Mr. Carter, please excuse us."

Odell did not answer as he was looking at Sylvia.

Tristan did not care either. He said to Sylvia, "Let's go." Sylvia nodded and went off with him without looking back.

### Chapter 37

Tristan followed Sylvia closely as they strode back to the studio.

From the back, the two of them appeared to be really close.

Tara grinned. She turned around to Odell and exclaimed, "I didn't expect Sylvia to work at Tristan's studio."

Odell wore a stony look in silence and simply walked away.

Tara quickly curled her arms around his and added, "Though I have a feeling that there is more than meets the eye between them. Tristan has always liked to be around Sylvia since he was young. It seems like some things never change.

"Besides, I heard the Ledgers are interested in having a union with the Rosses, but Tristan's parents are fond of Sylvia's sister, Sonia, not her. Wouldn't it be inappropriate for them to be this close?"

A layer of resentment was added to Odell's cold demeanor. It was the bitterness he had for Sylvia

Back then, she had forced herself into his room and made him marry her, and now, she was seducing her sister's man.

What a whore!

"I don't want to talk about her anymore," he dismissed coldly.

Tara noticed the irritation on his face and said softly, "Okay. I'll zip my mouth, Don't be so upset, Odell."

She knew that Odell's reaction was because of his resentment for Sylvia, which put a soft grin on her face,

In the afternoon, Sylvia got ready to send her kids from kindergarten to the Old District, but it was still raining outside. The sky seemed to be forever cloudy.

Sylvia did not make them wait because she had to send them back to the Carters' before dark. Like always, she hugged both of them before parting.

Isabel pouted and said, "Mommy, you haven't kissed us goodbye."

Liam also stared at his mother quietly.

Sylvia sneakily looked around. When there was no one around, she bent over and kissed her adorable kids on the cheeks in farewell. The brother and sister also kissed her on both sides of the cheek before they went inside the house.

Sylvia watched the two of them go inside. After they disappeared from her sight, she turned around and bumped into Odell.

He was dressed in a black shirt that complemented his stylish figure. He had actually seen everything from a meter away. His sharp gaze sized her up from top to bottom.

Sylvia did not notice his presence at all, and his sudden appearance frightened her, causing her to falter.

"Do you not remember what I said?" he said with a glower, referring to the kissing.

Sylvia was unhappy with his tone and his ridiculous mandate. They were her children, so why couldn't she kiss her own children?

Nevertheless, she suppressed her anger and said, "I couldn't hold myself back just now."

Odell glared at her. "No more next time, or you can kiss them goodbye for good."

Sylvia's anger exploded. She stared right into his cold eyes and questioned him, "They are my children. Why can't I kiss them?"

"It's because you're filthy."

Sylvia was both annoyed and confused. She showered every day, washed her hands constantly, and never wore lipstick when she was with the kids. Which part of her was filthy?

Just when she wanted to argue, Odell glared at her in disgust and said, "Don't kiss them with the lips that you used to kiss other men."

Sylvia was speechless. The annoyance was stuck in her chest, suffocating her.

Who had she kissed?

Did he misunderstand something after seeing her and Tristan together earlier?

Sylvia gasped and said, "Odell, there's nothing between Tristan and me. I didn't -"

Before she could finish, he strode away and entered the house. He did not believe her and refused to hear any explanation.

Furious, Sylvia blurted out loud, "Are you out of your mind or something?"

Odell froze before he completely entered the house. He turned around to her.

Sylvia was taken over by rage and was not scared of him at all. In the end, she simply grunted and left.

## Chapter 38

At night, Sylvia received a message from Odell.

“Starting from tomorrow onwards, you don’t have to fetch the kids from school anymore.”

Apathy overflowed from the lines between the words.

“What? Odell, don’t be ridiculous!”

Odell did not text back.

Sylvia texted furiously. “Is it because of what I said earlier? I’ll apologize!”

Odell still did not text back.

“I’m sorry, Master Carter. Master Carter, please forgive me. I promise I won’t talk bad about you anymore.”

There was still no reply.

Sylvia then bombarded Odell with a barrage of texts.

“I only found out yesterday that my boss is Tristan. It’s not what you think!”

“If there’s anything going on between us, I’ll get hit by a truck!”

“If you still don’t believe me, you can go ask Tristan yourself!”

Back at the Carters’ mansion, Odell was lying down on the couch lazily. He had a glass of red wine in one hand and was scrolling through his phone with the other, reading the texts from Sylvia.

Apologies, explanations, and all the things she said were just to ask for his mercy to spare her

His thin lips curled into a soft grin. His fingers moved along the screen as he typed, “I’ll let you off this time for the sake of the kids, but no more next time.”

Just before he could send the message, he received more texts from Sylvia.

“Odell Carter, you crazy bastard!”

“You don’t believe what I said! Yeah, I’m seeing him, and not just him. I’m seeing a hundred men outside!”

“Oh, I also have your disgusting pictures with me. If you don’t let me fetch the kids from kindergarten, I’ll spread your pictures online!”

While the handsome face twisted in annoyance after reading through the messages, the comfortable room temperature suddenly suffered a drastic temperature drop.

Half a minute later, he deleted the messages he typed and decided to send a voice message instead.

Back at Sylvia's place, she was losing her patience because she did not get a reply from Odell, hence the frustrated texts. It was getting annoying because she had explained herself and had even begged for his forgiveness but did not get any reply from the arrogant man.

After venting her emotions through the texts, she felt a lot more relieved.

Before she could savor the fresh air without being suffocated by her annoyance, she received a voice message from Odell.

Curious, she tapped on it.

"Sylvia, I will give you ten minutes to come here and apologize to me, or I will tie you up and throw you out of Westchester tonight."

His foreboding tone sent chills down her spine, causing her to quiver.

Ten minutes later at the Carters' mansion, Sylvia appeared with an umbrella, waiting for the owner outside the entrance.

It was raining heavily. The splashes of rainwater even wet her shoes.

She held the umbrella with one hand while holding her phone with the other, waiting for Odell's reply.

She texted him that she had arrived at the entrance two minutes ago, but Odell did not reply. She had no idea if he did not see it or decided to ignore it after seeing it.

It was cold at night, especially on such a rainy day. The wind was strong as well, and it gave her chills whenever it blew.

She hunched her body slightly as she continued to wait.

On the balcony on the second floor, Odell was actually watching her from the dark.

Time passed rather slowly while Sylvia waited.

Half an hour later, she squatted down because of the cold. While clutching her umbrella, her shaking fingers moved across the screen of her phone as she dialed Odell's number.

## Chapter 39

She might freeze to death if he kept her waiting outside.

Two dial tones later, the call ended abruptly.

Sylvia stared at the number on her screen with gnashing teeth.

'Is he coming out or not? Is he trying to leave me to freeze to death?'

Sylvia had the urge to leave, but whenever she closed her eyes, she saw Isabel and Liam's adorable faces smiling at her. She could not afford to lose them.

She continued squatting while staring at the ground.

There was already a puddle of water beneath her feet, and every drop of rain that fell caused it to ripple.

She started to shiver uncontrollably due to the cold.

Just when her consciousness started to fade, she heard footsteps coming closer. It was the noise of a pair of leather shoes stepping on the concrete ground.

Sylvia looked up to see a tall figure in a well-manicured suit coming toward her in the heavy rain.

However, her consciousness grew weak, and she thought she was hallucinating, so she shut her eyes for a moment.

When she opened her eyes again, Odell was already beside her, peering down on her from a condescending position.

Sylvia wanted to stand up but her legs had grown numb. The sudden movement left her off balance and caused her to fall forward.

Thud.

She fell into his chest.

The wind from her cold body assaulted his nose, causing him to frown,

Before he could push her away, Sylvia rapidly retracted herself from him. She explained, "I'm sorry. My legs are numb. I didn't mean to bump into you."

Odell's look grew surly.

Sylvia thought he was still mad, so she explained, "I'm telling the truth. I didn't mean to bump into you."

He glared at her. "I know."

The dissatisfaction in his voice was obvious. He sounded like she had done it on purpose and then apologized.

Confused by his reaction, Sylvia decided to cut to the chase. She regained her composure and put on a serious expression. "Odell, the texts I sent you earlier were just me talking nonsense. What I said before that are all true. There's nothing between me and Tristan."

Odell tightened his lips. He still had the arrogant look on his face, but she could feel that he was less angry at her.

She added, "Yes, I know I shouldn't vent my emotions on you. I'm sorry. Just scold me if you're unhappy. I promise I won't talk back."

She even smiled at him, and despite being pale from the cold, she looked rather beautiful.

With furrowed brows, Odell said, "Delete all the pictures you have of me."

"Okay. I'll delete them right away."

Sylvia turned on her phone and then tapped on the gallery. She deleted all the pictures of him with a tortoise face edited on them.

Her hands were shivering so much when she deleted the pictures that she almost lost her grip on the phone a few times. After deleting all his pictures, she gave him the phone. "Here, I've deleted all the pictures. You can check if you don't believe me."

"No need for that. That's it. No more next time." Odell stared at her coldly.

"Thank you. Thank you for your mercy. It's getting late. You should go back in and rest. Good night," Sylvia said as she put on a big smile on her face:

After that, she turned around and left.

Odell remained on his spot and frowned at her as she left his sight.

He was holding the umbrella with one hand, but his other hand was actually touching the collar of his jacket.

When Sylvia finally vanished from his sight, he regained his composure and strode back into the house.

He must have lost his mind for having the thought of giving her his jacket.

After all, three years ago, sixty blows failed to slap her face off, so the chill of some rain could never freeze her feelings for her children.

#### Chapter 40

After Sylvia returned home, she got a fever that night.

Fortunately, it was a Friday night, so she did not have to work the next day or fetch the kids.

She took some medicine and lay down for most of the day for the fever to fade before she got up and packed for the Carters' again.

Odell was not home today.

The butler went in with the announcement of her arrival, and Isabel and Liam came out running.

Isabel jumped into her arms whereas Liam quietly held her hand:

The butler came back out with a smile and said, "Ms. Ross, Madam Carter said you can just come in to visit the kids next time. You don't need to ask for her permission."

Sylvia simply smiled. "Okay."

She carried Isabel and held Liam's hand into the house.

Inside the living room, Madam Carter welcomed her with a warm smile and waved at her. "Syl, come over here and let me have a good look at you."

Sylvia carried her kids to the couch and sat down beside Madam Carter who sized her up from head to toe.



“A little thinner than before, looking a little worn down... Are you doing okay?” Madam Carter asked with furrowed brows.

Sylvia answered immediately, “Grandmother, I’m actually doing well. I look a little tired maybe because I had a fever yesterday due to the rain, but I’m better now.”

Madam Carter sighed a breath of relief. “That’s good to know.”

Then, Isabel asked, “Mommy, weren’t you at home last night. How did you catch a cold?”

“Did you go out after sending me and sister home?” Liam also asked.

Sylvia blinked awkwardly and said, “Yeah, I had something to do.”

Liam furrowed his adorable brows. “Remember to wear a jacket next time when you go out.”

Sylvia felt warmth in her heart. “Okay, I’ll remember.”

Isabel crawled into her arms and nuzzled her forehead against her mother’s. After making sure there was no more fever, she sat back down.

Sylvia caressed her head with a smile.

Madam Carter suddenly felt sentimental watching the scene. She said to Sylvia, “Syl, tell me how you have been for the past three years.”

Sylvia smiled. “Okay.”

She picked some interesting topics and chatted with Madam Carter.

It might have been three years, but Madam Carter remained the kind old lady that treated her with care and warmth.

Meanwhile, Isabel and Lim listened to her stories like two little curious kittens.

It was already dark before they knew it. The butler came in. He took a glance at Sylvia before he said, “Madam, Master Carter just called and said that he will be missing dinner tonight.”

Madam Carter wore a stony look as she said in annoyance, “Yeah, yeah.”

He must have gone on a date with Tara.

The thought alone annoyed Madam Carter more than it should. She knew that Tara was a woman full of schemes, and she had no idea why Odell insisted on being with her.

Fortunately, Sylvia’s presence made her happier. She held Sylvia’s hands and said, “Syl, don’t leave just yet, Stay for dinner.”

Sylvia wanted to spend more time with her kids, and more importantly, Odell was not in, so she answered without delay, “Of course, Grandmother.”

During dinner, Sylvia received a message from the studio chat group.

The admin of the group had tagged everyone and notified them to attend a team building session the next morning