

Chapter 391

The bodyguard did not reveal any additional details. He simply said that Odell wanted her at Carter Residence and they had to depart right away. Sylvia's instinct told her it had to be related to Isabel or Liam. She grabbed her jacket and quickly got into the car with the bodyguard. In less than 20 minutes, the car arrived at Carter Residence. The main gate opened to reveal Sebastian waiting at the entrance. The moment Sylvia exited the car, Sebastian urged her, "Madam, please hurry up. Isabel is having a fever and she's been wanting to see you." Sylvia became anxious after learning what had happened. She immediately ran into the house and headed to Isabel and Liam's room.

The doctor and Aunt Tonya were standing to one side while Odell sat beside the bed with a grim look on his face.

On the bed, Isabel was hugging Liam, her face was flushed as she sobbed uncontrollably. It was heart-wrenching for Sylvia to see Isabel in such torment. She called the girl as soon as she walked in, "Isabel, Mommy's here." Isabel turned around and cried out with her pouty little mouth, "Mommy!" She extended both her chubby arms for a hug. Sylvia went over and took the little girl into her arms. The little girl's body was burning hot. Sylvia hugged and comforted her, "It's okay, Isabel. Mommy's here. You'll be fine soon." Isabel's tiny hands held her mother tightly as she buried her face into her mother's chest. She continued to weep and said, "Mommy, please don't leave." Sylvia hugged her tightly. "Mommy is not leaving, I'll be here with you." Isabel's weeping finally quieted down as her emotions gradually calmed down. Then, the doctor said, "Madam, it's time for Isabel to take her medicine."

"Okay."

Sylvia accepted the medicine and the glass of water from the doctor before feeding it to Isabel. Isabel obediently took the medicine and drank the glass of water before she buried herself in her mother's arms again. Sylvia simply hugged her and softly rocked her to sleep. The girl's breathing started to stabilize again. Sylvia looked down at the little girl in her arms again and saw that she was fast asleep.

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ice looked a lot more comfortable than before.

The doctor came closer to take the girl's temperature. With delight, the doctor announced, "Great, the temperature is going down." Sylvia breathed a sigh of relief. "However, it's better to keep her under observation first. At least, until she fully heals. Madam, I think you'd better stay by Isabel's side," the doctor said. Sylvia did not say a word, she turned to Odell instead.

Odell's expression remained grim.

"Doctor, you can leave now. I'll call you if there's anything else."

"Okay." The doctor nodded and then left with Aunt Tonya.

Sylvia noticed that Liam was still awake. She said, "Liam, you should go to sleep too." She carried Isabel to the bed and sat down beside Liam.

Liam tightened his lips before laying down beside his mother.

Sylvia sat quietly with Isabel in her arms and Liam by her side. She did not even spare a glance at Odell.

The room's atmosphere finally quieted down. Odell glanced at her a few more times before he walked out. With his absence, Sylvia finally shut her eyes to get some rest. The next day arrived without her knowing.

The doctor came by to take Isabel's temperature. Isabel woke up but her hands remained glued to her mother. The doctor then said with a smile, "Her temperature has returned to normal." Sylvia breathed a sigh of relief. With a smile, she said, "Thank you, Doctor." "You're welcome. It's my responsibility to take care of her." The doctor gave some extra pieces of advice before he left.

Odell's towering figure then came in and looked at Sylvia.

### Chapter 392

Sylvia instinctively hugged Isabel tighter. Isabel lifted her chubby face from her mother's chest and bawled at Odell, "You big Baddie, go away! Don't you stare at my mommy!" Her little kiddy voice was clear and strong already. Odell frowned. "I'll wait for you outside."

His words were meant for Sylvia. He then left the mother and daughter alone. The little girl then buried her face into Sylvia's chest again and hugged her tighter. "Mommy, don't leave!" Sylvia patted the girl's head. "Mommy isn't leaving. I'm just going to have a word with Daddy."

"Really?" The girl stared at her with longing eyes. Sylvia replied with a smile, "Of course. I'll be back soon."

Isabel pouted but she finally let go of her mother. Sylvia put Isabel beside Liam and said to the boy, "Liam, take good care of your sister while I'm away. I'll be right back." Liam held Isabel's hand and said, "Mommy, don't worry." "Okay. Thank you." Sylvia patted the boy's head and got out of bed.

Odell was alone in the living room.

Sylvia walked closer and stopped two meters away from him. She said, "Odell, I'm not going back."

Odell looked at her with frosty eyes. "You have no right to refuse me now." Sylvia furrowed her brows. "Isabel's health is still unstable now, I can't leave her."

Odell lifted his watch and had a glance at the time. "You will have until noon today to say your goodbyes. I'll allow you to see the kids once a week or you can choose to not see them at all."

"Fine."

Without any other options at the moment, she was forced to agree to his terms.

In the corridor to the two little ones' room, Isabel and Liam had come out of bed and were huddled together with their heads poking out towards the living room as they tried to listen to their parents' conversation in the living room.

Isabel tried listening for a while but was unable to hear them properly. She asked Liam, "Brother, can you hear what the Baddie is talking to Mommy about?"

Liam furrowed his brows. "I can't hear it clearly either."

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It was then that Sylvia came over.

The two of them immediately turned around and scurried back to their room like the wind.

By the time Sylvia returned to their room, the two of them were already back on their beds.

Isabel leaned on her brother's shoulder as she pouted and feigned grievance on her face.

Sylvia sat down beside them.

Isabel crawled into her mother's arms and said, "Mommy, what did the Baddie say to you?" Sylvia hugged the little girl. "We talked about your condition, nothing else." "Me? Why did you talk about me?" Isabel was unhappy with the answer. Sylvia smiled. "The two of you are not just my children, you're also his children. Of course he cares about you two."

She might hate Odell but she could tell Odell really did care about Isabel and Liam.

As a mother, of course she would not choose to badmouth the father in front of the kids because of her personal gains or feelings.

The towering figure was waiting outside the door.

The expression on his face shifted a little when he overheard the conversation inside. He showed no intention of leaving.

Isabel grunted in annoyance after hearing her mother. Sylvia simply smiled at the girl. Then, Liam asked, "Mommy, where have you been for the past week? And where's Great Grandma? We haven't seen her for a while now." His big clear eyes looked at his mother with curiosity as Isabel did the same.

With a troubled look on her face, Sylvia's gaze shifted for a bit. It seemed that Odell had not told them about Madam Carter or his suspicion that she and Edmund had pushed Madam Carter down the hill.

Chapter 393

She said, "Great-Grandma is unwell now and she's recovering. I've been by her side taking care of her."

If she told the kids that she was being imprisoned by Odell, they would probably be upset with Odell again.

Sylvia just wanted them to live a happy and healthy life. She did not want them to be troubled by the terrible problems of adult life. She would rather endure all of the problems herself than giving them a bad childhood. The two little ones believed her but they were also disheartened. Isabel asked, "Mommy, is Great-Grandma better now?" "Not yet, but I believe she will be soon." "Yeah, I believe it too."

Odell heard the conversation from outside the door and his expression turned grim.

"This shameless woman has the nerve to mention Grandmother and even pretended to be taking care of her in front of the kids. She even said that she believed that Grandmother would wake up.

If Grandmother really woke up, she would be able to testify against this shameless woman's filthy act. Surely this woman wanted Grandmother dead more than anyone else!

Sylvia chatted with the two kids for a while, helped them change and brought them down for breakfast.

Odell was not around.

While they were eating at the table, Sylvia looked around but did not see Sebastian or any of the bodyguards. She turned to Aunt Tonya and said, "Aunt Tonya, can I borrow your phone?"

She wanted to call Sherry. Then, she could just sit back and allow Odell to do whatever he wanted to her.

She also had to clear her name and save Edmund from the police.

Aunt Tonya's irritation showed on her face. "Sebastian took my phone on the day we returned from the resort. I tried borrowing a phone to contact you but no one would help. They even guarded me as if I was a thief these few days."

Sylvia frowned. She had to give up on the thought of contacting Sherry.

Maybe because of the rough night that they had, Isabel and Liam started to yawn after breakfast.

Sylvia sat beside their beds and watched them sleep.

It was then that Aunt Tonya came in.

She pulled Sylvia to the door and asked in a small voice, "Syl, tell me what happened that day? How did Madam Carter end up in a coma? What happened to you in the past week?"

Since the two little ones were already asleep, Sylvia told Aunt Tonya everything that had happened. From Madam Carter falling off the hill to Odell mistaking her and Edmund as the culprits behind the incident, she told Aunt Tonya all the details.

Aunt Tonya was furious after learning what had happened. "How could he think that you and Edmund were having an affair? This is unreasonable! Let me go and reason with him!" Sylvia pulled her back.

"Aunt Tonya, calm down. He's angry right now, so it's better if you don't provoke him for now. I'll think of a way to explain it to him. Just help me to watch the kids while I'm gone." "But you've been wronged. How could he suspect you without any evidence?" Aunt Tonya sighed helplessly. Sylvia had no idea as well. He was probably just as distrustful of her as he was a few years back. She talked to Aunt Tonya a little more before she returned to the kids. Two hours later, Isabel and Liam finally woke up from their morning nap. Liam was rather calm when he woke up. He simply leaned against Sylvia quietly. Isabel, however, became nervous the moment she opened her eyes. When she found her mother beside her, she buried herself in her mother's embrace.

Sylvia could feel the clingy girl in front of her chest. She held Isabel with one arm while she hugged Liam with the other. After chatting with them for a while, she noticed they were in a good mood. So, she said, "Isabel, Liam, Mommy has to tell you something." "What is it?" Isabel looked at her with her big eyes.

Liam also looked at her quietly. "Mommy has to go back to look after Great-Grandma later because she needs someone by her side. So Mommy won't see you two again until a week later."

Chapter 394

Sylvia pouted.

Liam said, "Mommy, you don't have to worry. When you go to look after Great-Grandma, we'll go and look for you there." Isabel immediately agreed. "Yeah, yeah, we'll look for you there every day." Sylvia's eyes shifted. She pondered the matter for a bit before she said, "Great-Grandma needs to rest. It wouldn't be good to disturb her. You two can stay at home and wait for me to visit."

Liam pouted but did not voice his disagreement.

Isabel also pouted, the annoyance clearly written all over her face.

Sylvia hugged the two of them tightly and said softly, "Come on, be a good girl and a good boy for Mommy, please?"

Isabel begrudgingly hummed in reply.

Sylvia then turned to the quiet Liam. "Liam?" Liam looked at her. "Mommy, is it because of Daddy? Is it because he doesn't want you to stay with us?"

Sylvia's expression changed. She quickly said, "Of course not. Mommy has to look after Great Grandma."

Liam pouted even more but said, "Okay."

Just then, there was a knock from the butler from outside the door.

"Madam, the car is ready," Sebastian said. "Alright. I'll be right out," Sylvia said.

She hugged the two little ones for a little while longer before she left.

It was the same car that she had arrived in the night before.

There was a driver and two bodyguards inside.

As Sylvia got into the rear seat, to her surprise, Isabel and Liam came running after her.

Sebastian closed the gate and stopped them from going into the car.

With tears in her eyes, Isabel cried out, "Mommy! Come back soon! I miss you!"

Liam was beside Isabel Even though he did not say anything, there was a strong sense of longing in his eyes as well.

Tears filled Sylvia's eyes and quickly rolled down her cheeks. She quickly wiped them away and said to the driver, "Drive quickly."

She was afraid that she would lose control and jump out of the car. The car drove off quickly. As the two of them slowly disappeared from her sight, Sylvia looked down and buried her face in her hands.

After a while, her tears eventually stopped. She knew tears could not solve her problem right now. She had to think of a way to clear her name and Edmund's reputation so that she could return to her kids.

After she returned to the old Carter Residence, Sylvia passed the time by carving on wood pieces.

However, after carving for a while, she started to feel sleepy. It was probably due to Isabel's condition last night that she had exhausted herself in the process. In the evening, she finally succumbed to her sleepiness and went to bed.

While she was fast asleep, she felt an immense pressure falling on top of her body, as if a giant rock had landed on top of her.

She grunted and opened her eyes. The man's handsome face appeared right in front of her eyes as he kissed her roughly. She instinctively tried to fight back but her hands were pinned above her head.

Similar to before, she was subdued easily and all she could do was submit to his lust. There was no chance for her to fight back at all.

Some time later, the sky fully turned dark and night arrived,

The room finally returned to peace and quiet.

Unlike before, he did not put on his clothes and leave. Instead, he laid down beside her and stared at her gloomily.

Sylvia could not stand seeing his face, so she turned away. Odell grabbed her face and forced her to look at him. He said, "I've discharged Grandmother and brought her here to recuperate." He paid close attention to her reaction as he broke the news to her. Sylvia was surprised. "Why did you bring Grandmother here?" He sneered, "What's wrong? Does this scare you?"

#### Chapter 395

She had not done anything wrong. Why would she be afraid? Sylvia said, "Grandmother should be recovering in a proper hospital with medical equipment." "You don't need to worry about that. I've hired the best medical team here." "Fine." Sylvia pursed her lips. Odell noticed the calmness on her face and the absence of guilt or nervousness. He gripped her face tighter and said coldly, "The medical team is short of manpower. I want you to take care of Grandmother every night from now on. If something happens to her, you can spend the rest of your life locked up here." Sylvia only felt the pain on her cheeks and nothing else. She furrowed her brows and said, "I understand." Odell freed her and continued, "You can get up now and go watch over Grandmother."

Sylvia stretched out her sore legs and got out of bed. She got dressed and left the room without sparing a glance at the man. Odell frowned. He was vexed by her reaction. He pulled out a packet of cigarettes from the drawer beside the bed.

Sylvia went downstairs and found a team of people discussing Madam Carter's diet. Judging by their professional medical attire, they had to be the medical team that Odell had hired to look after Madam Carter.

Other than the medical team, there was another young woman by their side. Sylvia had never seen the woman before despite the woman wearing the same maid uniform from the other Carter Residence.

When Sylvia noticed her, the young woman went up to her and introduced herself with a smile, “Madam, I’m Violet and I’ll be in charge of taking care of Madam Carter during the day”

“Hi,” Sylvia said.

Violet continued, “Please follow me to Madam Carter’s room. I’ll let you know about the things you need to be mindful of.”

“Okay ” Sylvia nodded and followed Violet to Madam Carter’s room.

The most spacious room on the first floor had been chosen to be Madam Carter’s temporary ward.

Madam Carter had a respirator over her face since she was bedridden and could not even move a finger  
Sylvia’s heart sank when she saw her.

Violet then took a small notebook out of her pocket and said, “Madam, I’ll make notes as I go over the things you need to be careful of. If you can’t remember it all, you can refer to this notebook.”

“Hand me the notebook, I’ll make the notes myself,” Sylvia said.

Violet was taken aback for a second before she handed Sylvia the notebook and a pen.

“Okay.”

Violet then talked about all the things that Sylvia needed to be mindful of while taking care of Madam Carter.

Sylvia took notes as Violet explained everything to her. Little did she know, on the upper right ceiling of the room was a tiny surveillance camera. It was capturing everything that was happening in the room and transmitting the scenes in real time to the guest terminal on the other end.

Odell was fully dressed and sitting before the floor-to-ceiling window with his phone in his hand. He was smoking as he watched the surveillance camera through his phone.

Violet left the room after explaining everything to Sylvia.

Sylvia then put the notebook down on the table beside the sickbed.

She pulled a chair over and sat down beside Madam Carter, her eyes never straying away from the unconscious lady on the bed.

The surveillance camera clearly captured the look on Sylvia’s face. She simply sat and watched Madam Carter quietly without any sense of fear or guilt anywhere on her face.

Odell frowned.

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How is she this calm? Has she noticed the camera or is she not feeling she has done?’

Back in Madam Carter’s room, Sylvia sat quietly for an hour or so before she started to doze off.

Odell had ravaged her the previous night and after what had happened to Isabel, she had barely gotten any rest. "Ahem."

All of a sudden, a voice came from the ceiling.

Shocked, Sylvia opened her eyes and looked around. "Who's there?!"

"It's me." The man's deep and magnetic voice sounded.

Sylvia looked up to the corner of the ceiling and spotted a camera.

Chapter 397

Melanie had her own plans as well. After she left Westchester City, she had been gathering information for Tara. It had been a week since the incident but all she got was Edmund confessing to the police and being apprehended.

Sylvia might have been placed under house arrest but Odell went to her more often than before. He even sent Madam Carter to the old Carter residence for recovery.

Tara did not expect any of this.

Anger got control of her actions and caused her to smash a bottle on the ground. While glaring at the broken glasses on the floor, she thought of something. She picked one of the shattered glass up and sliced her wrist.

She then started to cry on the floor. The servant heard the smashing of the bottle and then Tara's crying. She immediately brought the first aid box over and said, "Ms. Avery, please let me help you."

Tara hugged her hand and continued crying.

The servant was afraid of her after several beatings, and without her permission, the servant dared not touch her. She went off and summoned the bodyguard for help. The bodyguard said, "Ms. Avery, please stop crying. We must stop the bleeding." Tara continued to weep and she said, "I want to see Odell." The bodyguard was afraid that she would hurt herself again and since Odell had not visited for a long time so he decided to give Odell a call.

Meanwhile, inside a cruising black MPV, Odell was staring at his phone in the rear seat. He was watching the surveillance camera in Madam Carter's room.

Sylvia sat beside Madam Carter as soon as she got inside. She was afraid that Odell might catch her dozing off and since he forbade her from carving, she took some pencils and a sketchbook inside to kill some time. She was sketching something in the book. She used the pencil and her fingers together to create a shape on the paper.

While Odell was concentrating on his phone, he received a call.

It was from the bodyguard that he stationed at Tara's place.

He frowned but he answered the phone nonetheless.



“What?” His voice sounded heavy. The bodyguard said, “Sir, Ms. Avery accidentally cut her wrist with the bottle and she refused

to receive any treatment. She’s crying and she wants to see you.” “I got it.” Odell then hung up the phone with furrowed brows. A few quiet moments later, he turned off the surveillance footage on his phone and said to the driver, “Turn around. We’re going to Lake Victoria Villa.”

Half an hour later, Odell arrived at Tara’s place.

He went inside with a grim look.

The bodyguards and servants welcomed him as soon as he came in. One of the servants then informed Tara of his arrival. “Ms. Avery, Master Carter is here to see you.”

Tara’s eyes gleamed. She then squeezed the little cut on her wrist and stopped it from recovering. Odell’s towering figure came into the room. The moment Tara saw him, she feebly got on her feet. She stared at him with teary eyes, “Odell, I heard something happened to Grandmother. Is it true?”

Odell frowned. The look on his face turned serious. “Where did you hear it from?”

“I got it from a friend.” Tara then walked closer to him and hurriedly asked, “How’s Grandmother doing? Is she alright?”

It had been more than a week since Madam Carter’s incident. Although Odell used his influence to suppress the media from reporting the crucial part, concealing the truth would only delay the inevitable, so it was normal that Tara started to receive news about Madam Carter from her social network. Odell was not overly bothered. He had a glance at the bodyguard and the servant and sent them out.

He then held Tara’s bleeding wrist and said, “How did you hurt yourself?” “I was shocked when I learned something happened to Grandmother, so the bottle slipped.” A quick pause later, Tara added, “It’s just a small cut. I’ll be fine with some bandages. You don’t need to worry about me.”

She wore the warmest and kindest look.

Odell narrowed his eyes and stared at her for a few seconds. He led her to the couch, opened the first aid box on the table, and applied some iodine on the wound before he bandaged her wrist.

Tara’s heart raced as she stared at his handsome looks, but she managed to suppress her delight and excitement.

When Odell was done with the bandaging, he looked up and saw her teary eyes and heart warming expression.

Chapter 398

The look on her face reminded him of their past.

When he first met her during their younger days, she became his savior.

After they knew each other better, she had always been kind and understanding. Even after he married Sylvia, she never threw a tantrum before him and had been enduring the torment in the dark alone just because she did not want to give him any trouble.

If Sylvia was half as loyal as Tara or had even a sliver of her obedience, Madam Carter would not have ended up in a comatose state.

Odell frowned. He wiped the tears off her face and said softly, "Stop crying."

Tara threw herself into his arms and hugged him tightly. She continued to weep as she asked, "Odell, how are you lately? You must be devastated now that Grandmother is bedridden." Odell pursed his lips. "I'm fine. You don't need to worry about me." "I'm sorry for not being able to help you." "Just take care of yourself for me."

Odell tapped her back and wanted to remove her from his chest but Tara chose to cling on tightly

He felt sorry for her, so he allowed her to continue the hug and he even patted her back. Tara finally released him after a while.

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looked at him and said, "O

ell, I want to visit Grandmother. Is it

Her tea okay?"

"Sure. I'll bring you over there tomorrow morning."

"Thank you."

"Have some rest."

Odell got up and wanted to leave. Tara bolted up as well and said, "Odell, I'll see you out."

Odell did not reject her. He simply let her follow him to the entrance.

He got into the car and drove away from the villa.

Tara could no longer suppress her joy and her lips curled into a wide grin.

After a peaceful night at Carter residence, Violet punctually arrived and took the shift over from Sylvia

Like before, Sylvia simply had a few bites of breakfast and went to sleep on the couch in the living room

The sunlight came in through the ceiling-to-floor window and shed its light on her sleeping figure.

She was fast asleep. She could neither feel the wind blowing in from the door nor notice the arrival of Odell and Tara.

Odell frowned when he saw Sylvia curled up on the couch. Tara was also surprised to see Sylvia sleeping in the living room. She gasped in shock and said, "Why is Sylvia sleeping here?" Odell did not answer. He went straight over to the couch and kicked Sylvia on the bum.

He had to kick her a few times to completely wake her up.

The first thing Sylvia saw when she opened her blurry eyes was Odell's gloomy face. She instinctively clung to the sheets and sat herself up. Odell glared at her and said, "Get up."

Sylvia took a deep breath and got up.

Then, she saw Tara behind her dressed up decently in a slim-fitted white dress that complemented her long black hair.

Tara smiled at Sylvia and said, "Good morning, Sylvia."

Sylvia felt suffocated by Tara's presence. She gave Tara the cold shoulder and wanted to go upstairs. "Hold on," the man bellowed.

Sylvia looked at him with furrowed brows. "What?"

He wore a frosty look at her. "Tara said good morning, didn't you hear her?" "I heard." "If you heard her, reply."

Sylvia clenched her teeth and turned to Tara. Tara maintained her polite smile. Sylvia could tell behind that fake smile that Tara was delighted to see her like this. She gulped her grievance and simply hummed a reply at Tara.

Tara's expression turned grim.

Chapter 399

Sylvia then turned to Odell. "I've answered her. Can I go now?" Odell's expression fell. He pursed his thin lips for a few seconds and then said, "Get out of my face."

Sylvia went upstairs without sparing another glance at either of the two. Tara then said, "Odell, Sylvia doesn't seem welcoming at all."

She sounded gravelly. Odell looked in the direction Sylvia ran off in and said, "Just ignore her."

He then led Tara to Madam Carter's room.

Tara followed him into the room.

For some reason, her fists were tightly clenched. When she saw Sylvia sleeping wretchedly on the couch, she was delighted but the kiss marks around the neck were also obvious.

There was a combination of new and old kiss marks. The older ones already turned into bruises.

"That b\*tch!" Tara cursed in her heart as she followed Odell into Madam Carter's room. Violet immediately lowered her head and left the room when Odell came in.

Odell went closer to the bed.

Tara went up and saw Madam Carter unconscious on the sickbed with an oxygen mask over her face. While she happily cursed Madam Carter deep down in her heart, she feigned sadness and said with a weeping tone, "Odell, what happened to Grandmother?"

Odell remained silent.

Tara had a glance at his reaction and decided to switch the topic. "Odell, why is there only one maid here? Is there someone else in the house to take care of Grandmother?"

“There are doctors next door who would check on her from time to time.”

“Great. But isn’t one servant a little too less?” Tara thought for a moment before she said, “Why don’t I stay here and look after Grandmother?”

“The servant you saw just now was in charge of the morning shift and Sylvia was in charge of the night. You don’t have to come over.”

Tara was shocked.

No wonder Sylvia was sleeping on the couch earlier. She was looking after Madam Carter during the night

Tara grinned secretly. Odell must have put her on the night shift to punish her. “Okay. If you need anything at all, just tell me.” Tara then moved closer to Odell and curled her arms around his arm.

Odell frowned and removed her hands. “I’m a married man. You shouldn’t be holding me like that.”

Tara bit her lip. “I understand. I just don’t want you to be sad and try to comfort you. I won’t do it again.” Her expression fell and she also sounded disheartened. Odell tapped her shoulder. “Let’s go out. Grandmother needs to rest.” “Okay.” Tara did not want to spend another second seeing the old lady anyway, so she left with Odell. When they were outside, Tara asked again, “Odell, can I come to visit Grandmother frequently?” Odell knew his grandmother disliked Tara, so after some serious deliberation, he said, “If you want to come over, inform me first.”

“Okay.”

In the bedroom on the second floor, Sylvia was having a hard time sleeping back after being woken once.

She locked the door and headed to the bathroom to refresh herself. After she got changed into fresh clothes, she headed to the balcony.

It was then she saw Tara walking out of the living room and heading to the gate. After the woman got into the car, she even turned around for a long stare at the mansion.

Sylvia was able to sense grievance in her look.

It was after the car left that Sylvia realized that Odell did not leave with her.

Then, before she knew it, the doorknob started turning.

Sylvia immediately jumped into the bed and covered herself with the sheets.

The door was locked from the inside and the key was left in the keyhole, so even if he had the key, he could not open it from the outside. After he was denied entry, he stopped turning the doorknob and knocked on the door instead.

Knock, knock

Chapter 400

Sylvia shut her eyes and pretended to sleep. The man's gravelly voice sounded through the door. "Sylvia, open the door." Sylvia continued shutting her eyes and turned a deaf ear to the man's calling. "I'll count to three," he warned with a cold voice. Sylvia pursed her lips. Even if he counted to three hundred, she would not open the door. Odell counted to three outside the door and he was still denied entry. He then bellowed, "Knock the door down."

He was saying to the bodyguard outside the door. Sylvia's eyes shifted but before she could do anything, the bodyguard rammed the door open.

Bang!

The door finally opened.

Sylvia was startled. She popped her head out of the sheets and saw Odell's grim expression. He glared at Sylvia and said to the bodyguard, "You can leave now." The bodyguard immediately left the room. His towering figure then approached the woman on the bed.

Sylvia sat herself up and wrapped herself with the sheets. She wore a cautious look at him and said, "Odell, I'm trying to rest. Please go out." He grinned. "Are you going to take the sheets off or do you need me to lend you a hand?" Sylvia's already pale face turned bleach white. Even her legs under the sheets started to shake. The man was a psychopath! He ravaged her violently last night and now he wanted to touch her again. Not only yesterday night, but ever since she was imprisoned here, he would ravage her almost every day. Was he that strong?

She said, "I'm not feeling well today. If you can't hold back your lust, go ask Tara for help." Odell's expression turned grimmer than before. He moved his towering figure closer to her.

Sylvia responded by tightening the sheets around her. He grunted. He put his hand into the sheets and grabbed her bare ankle. At the next moment, she was dragged underneath his rigid body and the sheets were taken off. Sylvia punched him out of frustration. "Odell, if you're a man, you shouldn't be this rough to

me)

"You'll find out if I'm a man or not." He clutched her face tightly and kissed her.

"Ugh!"

She felt like a fish drowning in water. The room was spacious but she could barely catch a breath.

After another round of rough sex, it was already late in the afternoon. Odell went to the bathroom for a shower.

Sylvia remained on the bed as she tried to grasp for air. She did not want to remember it but her mind kept replaying the scenes where he forced himself on her. The b\*stard treated her like an animal to satisfy his lust. He was not a human.

Soon, the shower noise stopped and Odell came out in his robes. Sylvia tossed a pillow at him.

Odell flinched.

She glared at him and shouted, "Odell Carter, you're a freaking psycho!" Her face was as red as an apple and her eyes were covered in bloody veins. The tears that trickled down her cheeks wet her face.

Odell narrowed his eyes.

He went up to her and held her by the chin. He wanted to kiss her but Sylvia pushed him away. Her strength was nothing to him but he could tell she was trying her best. He grunted and then pulled her underneath himself again.