

master odells 401

Chapter 401

Sylvia knew that she was no match for Odell and had already accepted this fact a few days ago. Still, she could no longer bear to keep silent and burst out with tears in her eyes. "Odell, why are you doing this to me? I'm just another regular person. I'm not some kind of object for you to vent your anger at!" Odell grabbed her by her jaw and looked into her eyes that were soaking with tears. He answered grimly, "Because you betrayed me and you hurt Grandma!"

"I didn't!" Sylvia could no longer hold herself back. She cried out in a tearful voice, "I didn't hurt Grandma. And there was never anything going on between me and Edmund. Why do you just refuse to believe me?! Why?!"

Odell frowned deeply. After a moment of silence, he answered, "Because you don't deserve my trust at all."

She fell silent. She stared at his stoic expression, her vision had long turned blurry due to the tears in her eyes. She stared blankly for a second before she began to chuckle madly, "Heh... hehe..." It was true. He already proved that he did not trust her when he had her slapped sixty times years ago. How could she forget? Why did she agree to remarry him? What would it take for her to learn her lesson? She did this to herself! She could not stop her laughing fit which only grew louder and more hysterical as time went on.

Odell seemed repulsed by this display and immediately got out of bed. He grabbed a set of clothes and exited the room.

He did not return for a couple of days.

She did not know if he came back during the day when she was sleeping. All she knew was that she had never seen even a glimpse of his shadow during the hours when she was awake.

Until the day she was to see the children.

She woke up and did her makeup, then put on a simple dress before heading to the Carter's old residence with the bodyguards escorting her. Isabel and Liam had been waiting for her.

She saw them as soon as she stepped out of the car.

She ran to them immediately and took them into her arms.

"Mommy, I miss you so much."

"Mommy, I miss you too."

Isabel and Liam said in unison.

Sylvia fought back her tears and forced herself to smile. "Mommy missed both of you too."

After they hugged for a while, Sylvia took them back into their room.

She sat with them and began asking what they got up to recently. Isabel happily obliged and rambled about the interesting things that happened at school.

Liam chimed in from time to time with his own stories as well.

Sylvia listened to them.

After they finished, it was Liam's turn to ask her, "Mommy, how have you been?"

Sylvia answered without thinking, "Mommy is doing well."

"What about Great-grandma?" Sylvia paused for a second and thought about it before answering, "Grandma contracted this disease that makes her sleep all the time, but she's doing very well."

This time, Isabel asked, "Mommy, when will you be back with Great-grandma?" Sylvia answered with a soft smile, "I'm not sure yet, but we'll come back as soon as we can." "Okay." Isabel noted with a slight twitch in her voice.

Sylvia smiled tenderly and patted her head.

Shortly after that, the butler informed them from outside, "Miss, time's up. I'm afraid you'll have to go back." The color in Sylvia's eyes dimmed ever so slightly as she replied, "Got it." Isabel jumped into her arms and hugged her endearingly. Sylvia smiled gladly and helped Isabel up. Then she took Liam's hand with her free hand and walked out of the room with them.

They went to the gate.

She kissed and hugged them in turn, then she turned back to the car. The children stood at the door and stared at her.

Forcing herself to turn her head away from them, Sylvia ordered the driver, "Drive."

Half an hour later, the car stopped at the gates of Odell's place.

Sylvia got out of the car and saw a white car parked outside the house. Sylvia recognized the car. It was Tara's.

She stepped into the house with an indifferent look.

She saw Tara sitting on the sofa like she owned the place. She was chewing on some snacks

while chatting with Violet, "Take good care of Grandma. She's Odell's most cherished family member. Don't let anything happen to her, do you understand?"

Violet answered dutifully, "I understand, Miss Tara, no worries."

Tara seemed like she had something more to say and was just about to speak when she suddenly saw Sylvia enter.

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Sylvia looked at her with an indifferent look in her eyes.

Tara smirked and said in a smug voice, "Sylvia, it was Odell who asked me to visit Grandma. I'm sure you won't mind." Sylvia smiled a crooked smile and replied crossly, "I do mind. Would you mind getting out of here?"

The smirk on Tara's face was wiped away instantly.

Sylvia continued staring at her with hostility. Before long, Tara formed a smile again. "Sylvia, Odell did ask me to come. He also requested that I visit Grandma more often in the future so if you're not happy with me being here, why don't you talk to Odell about it? If he wants me to leave, I'll leave."

Sylvia scoffed. "Then what's the point of asking me if I mind?"

Tara's eyes gleamed. "It's just that... we used to be friends. I just wanted to talk to you." "You sure you're not just intentionally saying that to irritate me so I'd suspect you got together with Odell again?"

Tara's face turned visibly pale.

She never expected Sylvia to expose her scheme in such a calm and straightforward manner. This woman should be fuming with jealousy and rage any second now. Sylvia could not be bothered to play this foolish game of exchanging witty insults back and forth. She grunted and walked past Tara, heading upstairs. She was not expecting Tara to immediately trail after her.

Sylvia had just entered the bedroom when Tara pushed the door open.

Tara seemed like she had transformed into another person now that she had come upstairs. She stood at the doorway and observed Sylvia's room with a look of disgust.

"This room is so dark. Why do you live in some kind of ruin like this?" Sylvia snapped crossly, "Close the door." Tara snorted. "Sylvia, do me a favor and drop the act. Stop acting all high and mighty and accept the fact that no matter how hard you try to seduce Odell, he's still going to use you as a device to vent his anger."

Sylvia felt a tightness in her chest and glared at her adversary. "Tara, you'd better get out of here right now!"

Tara laughed at this threat. "Wait, was I right? It's strange to me that you'd do something like pushing Grandma down the cliff with Edmund helping you when you finally succeed in remarrying Odell. You've ruined Grandma's life. How could you be so evil?"

Sylvia glared at her murderously "You want to repeat that?"

Tara turned up her nose at Sylvia and taunted, "I'm saying that you're a shameless b*tch!"

Almost instantly, Sylvia lunged at her and delivered a blow to her face.

The smack was as loud as thunder.

Tara's eyes widened with shock. "How dare you hit me?!" Sylvia slapped her on the other cheek with her backhand. Tara stumbled several steps backward, writhing with pain. She covered her swollen face and gave Sylvia a sinister look. Sylvia was expecting her to strike back, but that was when she suddenly

collapsed and sat on the floor, covering her face and whimpering weakly, "It hurts..." Sylvia frowned. It did not take long for her to understand why Tara reacted this way.

While she was crying her heart out, Odell's tall and distinctive body suddenly appeared.

He approached Tara and helped her up, immediately noticing her reddening and swollen cheeks.

His expression darkened. "What happened to your face?"

"It's just... Sylvia wasn't happy when she saw me coming to see Grandma. I only came up to explain to her I was only here to visit Grandma and nothing else, but she refused to believe me

Odell glanced at Sylvia. There was a storm inside his eyes. Sylvia grimaced. Tara probably saw Odell approaching before she came upstairs. This would explain how she timed it so well. She intentionally riled Sylvia up so she would hit her, then Odell would stumble into the scene. With such supreme acting skills, it would seem like time had done nothing to blunt her skills.

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Tara flung herself into Odell's arm and voiced her sorrows, "Odell, it's all my fault. I shouldn't have come to see Grandma at this time. I should've known that Sylvia wouldn't like seeing me here. I hope I don't cause you any trouble..."

Odell gently patted her on her back and assured her, "It's not your fault."

Then, he turned to Sylvia and asked with sharp hostility, "Did you hit her?"

"Yes, I hit her..." Sylvia met his gaze boldly and motioned with her hands. "Not just once but twice. My hand is still shaking from how hard I hit her. "

Odell, "..."

Sylvia crossed her arms and continued, "Are you going to slap me to make things right for her? What's it gonna be, twenty or two hundred slaps? Hurry up and get on with it if you're going to do it. I need to rest after."

His face darkened.

The cries of Tara who was still clinging onto him had turned into soft whimpers by this point.

Tara slowly turned to Sylvia and noticed the bold and arrogant expression she wore. She clasped her hands firmly and turned back to Odell, sobbing a little as she said, "Odell, forget it. I'll be fine. I'm just going to go home and rub some ointment on it and it will recover in a few days. I hope I don't cause any problems between you and Sylvia."

Odell frowned sternly.

How "Harry Potter" Cast Looked 20 Years Ago & Where They Are Now

Tara looked at him with tears in her eyes and looked fully like a damsel in distress.

The air became terribly still for a moment, until Odell broke the silence. "Alright, you just go home and take care of yourself."

Tara was astonished by this response.

“Pfft.” Sylvia chuckled.

Odell turned up and shot her a look.

Sylvia pursed her lips and held back her laughter.

To think that she initially expected Odell to punish her with twenty slaps at least.

Tara seemed to be fighting back tears at this point and she spoke with a nasally voice, “Alright, then I’ll leave first. Please don’t quarrel with her because of me, especially since you two finally remarried.”

Odell’s eyes turned dark for a split second. “Don’t worry, be careful on the way home.”

He let her go.

Tara was infuriated and clenched her teeth silently. She continued putting on a wounded look as she went downstairs.

Sylvia closed the door as she was going to rest.

Before she could close the door, a large hand pressed against the surface of the door and shoved it in the other direction.

Bang!

The door slammed hard against the wall.

Odell stepped toward Sylvia with a grim expression like the devil himself.

Sylvia instinctively grabbed at the collar of her shirt while slowly pacing backward. “Odell, I... I’m going to rest.”

Odell smirked coldly. “You seem very energetic to me.”

Sylvia felt the words caught in her throat. She prepared to dash past him and make a run for it.

Just when it seemed like she could get away, she felt a large hand grabbing her from behind.

He effortlessly pulled her into his body with only one arm, then wrapped another arm firmly around her waist.

Sylvia immediately tried to push him away.

He snorted as if amused. Then, he cupped her face with his palm and silenced her with his lips.

Sylvia could not possibly resist his domineering strength.

Within seconds, she was thrown onto the bed.

Odell seemed like he was going to rip her limbs apart as if this was his way of indirectly avenging Tara for the two slaps she received.

Silence finally descended on the room around evening when Sylvia finally passed out.

She curled into a ball like a cat would, exhaustion spread across every cell of her body.

Odell lay beside her and noticed something was wrong. He raised his hand and gently caressed her. "Sylvia."

Sylvia closed her eyes tightly. Her chapped lips quivered, "No... don't..."

She was trembling all over.

Chapter 404

Odell looked at her face which was glowing beet red. After a brief silence, he stroked her forehead again.

It was burning.

Odell immediately reached for his phone and made a call. "Tell Mr. Forger to come here immediately."

Shortly after, the family doctor arrived with a medicine box in tow.

Odell stood beside the bed and looked at Sylvia who was still passed out from sleep on the bed. He enquired with a stern frown, "What's wrong with her? 11

"Master Carter, the madam has a fever and is very weak at the moment. She needs a good rest more than anything else." After a brief hesitation, he added in a low voice, "I think you two should abstain from making love for the next few days."

Odell answered with a queer look, "Got it."

The doctor turned around and left.

Sylvia was still curled up like a ball and in a deep sleep.

Odell stared at her silently.

After a long time, he walked out with a sullen expression.

It was almost 9 p.m. when Sylvia woke up.

How "Harry Potter" Cast Looked 20 Years Ago & Where They Are Now

She quickly rolled herself out of bed.

She was still feeling terribly exhausted and could hardly muster the strength to move.

She reached the living room on the first floor with her legs trembling the entire time she walked.

She drank three glasses of water in one go and found something to eat. Only then did she feel slightly better.

Then, she went to Madam Carter's room.

Violet was watching the madam by the bed and when she saw Sylvia appear, she got up and informed, "Miss, Master Carter says that you should focus on resting tonight. Please get some rest, I'll watch over the madam."

“No, you should get some rest as well,” Sylvia said and sat down beside the bed.

Since Sylvia insisted, Violet had no choice but to leave the room.

Sylvia did not bring any painting supplies this time around.

She was still feeling utterly exhausted and wanted nothing more than to just sit and watch Madam Carter.

After a long silence, she began to feel some of her vitality returning to her. She began talking to Madam Carter, “Grandma, I went back to see Liam and Isabel today. They are doing very well and they both miss you very much...”

She retold some of the stories the children told her as if she was making small talk with the bedridden patient.

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Meanwhile, in a car parked just outside the gate.

Odell was by himself in the backseat with a phone in his hand. The display showed live surveillance footage of Madam Carter’s room.

Every word Sylvia uttered could be heard clearly.

It was not hard to hear the tint of exhaustion in her voice.

Still, she managed to speak gently and with clarity.

She told Madam Carter all sorts of stories about Isabel and Liam, making sure to pick the most interesting little tales.

Soon, Odell’s jet-black eyebrows twitched.

Ever since he moved Madam Carter here, Sylvia had been watching over her every night. Similarly, he watched over them every night as well.

Even now, he could not figure out how was it that the same person who hurt Madam Carter could speak to her with such affection.

How was she not haunted by guilt? Why did she never oppose the idea of living with Madam Carter?

Unless...

No, impossible.

She had to be the one who hurt Madam Carter.

The only reason that she could carry herself as if she had never done wrong was that she did not have to push Madam Carter off the cliff herself. It was Edmund who did the dirty work for her!

Three days passed in the blink of an eye.

In these three days, Odell never showed up once when Sylvia was awake.

Sylvia had the luxury of freedom. She slept during the day and watched over Madam Carter at night. In her free time, she would make conversations with Violet.

She managed to extract some information from Violet.

For instance, she found out that Violet worked in the house during the day but had to spend the night in a separate house.

The moment she stepped into the house for her shift, she had to hand over her phone to the bodyguard posted by the door.

Even the doctor who came to examine Madam Carter was no exception to this rule.

This meant that there was no way for Sylvia to get her hands on a phone to contact the outside world.

Chapter 405

Over time, Sylvia and Violet became more comfortable with each other and eventually, Violet broached the subject. "Miss, I think Master Carter seems kind of distant toward you. Did you two fight?"

Sylvia was taken aback by this question and asked Violet, "Don't you know about what happened?"

"What happened?" Violet asked with a blank look.

Sylvia seemed surprised by this and proceeded to explain, "He thinks I'm the one responsible for putting Madam Carter in this state."

"Huh?!" Violet asked with widened eyes.

Sylvia became curious. "Haven't you heard anyone talk about this?"

Violet explained, "Everyone said that Madam Carter became like this because she accidentally fell. Besides, I don't think you're that kind of bad person who would do something like that."

Sylvia smiled and said nothing.

She suddenly remembered what Tara said to her on purpose to provoke her the last time they met.

Since even Violet was not informed of the details, how was it that Tara came to know how she was the one who pushed Madam Carter down the hill? How was she so confident in accusing her of working with Edmund?

It seemed to Sylvia that Violet knew about what happened at the resort on that day.

Was it Odell who told her, or did she get the information from someone else?

Where Is Taylor Momsen? It's A Mystery Why She's Been Hiding

Come to think of it, Ramona and the others knew about what happened to Madam Carter as well. Even though Ramona and Tara were not acquainted, Ramona was an avid collector of paintings and must have connections to many famous artists. It was rather likely that their social circle intersected at one point or another and that was how Tara came to know of the details.

The next morning.

Sylvia was just swapping shifts to take care of Madam Carter. As soon as she stepped out of Madam Carter's room, she ran into Odell.

He was wearing a black shirt with an uninterested look on his face. His aura was as imposing as usual.

She shrank subconsciously.

Odell glanced at her before walking past her to enter Madam Carter's room.

She heaved a sigh of relief, then went upstairs to the bedroom.

She took a shower, put on comfortable pajamas, and planned to catch some rest.

As soon as she emerged from the shower, she saw a man inside her room.

He was leaning back against the wall with his arms crossed in front of him. His dark eyes fixed intently on her.

She felt the strength drain out of her legs against her will.

That was when a thought suddenly occurred to her.

She recollected herself and went to him without being prompted to.

He gave her a narrow look.

She put her arms around his neck, then stood on tiptoe to kiss him on his lips.

A queer sort of silence descended on the room for several seconds.

He wrapped his large, muscular arms around her waist.

In an instant, she found herself on the bed.

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After a series of hectic actions, a wave of silence reigned over the room again.

Sylvia was lying in his arms. Upon noticing that he was about to leave, she pinned him down with her weight and spoke in a soft voice, "Odell, could you stay here?"

Odell paused and regarded her with an odd look.

She suddenly explained, "I know you hate me, but I want to be more than a tool for you to release your frustration on. I want you to sleep with me even if just for a while."

With that, she fixed him with an expectant look.

He remained silent for a moment with a furtive look. Then, he lay down and shared a pillow with her.

He did not utter a single word, but he silently put his arms around her.

It would appear that he agreed to her request.

She rested her head on his chest.

After some time, she could feel Odell's breathing turn into a slow and regular rhythm. That was when she carefully pried herself away from his arms.

She gently rolled past him and got out of bed. Then she dug his phone out of the shirt thrown on the floor.

She found the phone.

She had seen him unlock it with a fingerprint.

She picked up his right thumb and pressed it onto the fingerprint sensor. Immediately, the phone was unlocked.

She stealthily took the phone to the balcony and entered the familiar phone number of Sherry. She drew a deep breath and made the call.

It only rang twice before someone picked up.

The first thing Sherry asked was, "Who's this?" Sylvia whispered, "Sherry, it's me."

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Sherry cried out excitedly the moment she heard Sylvia's voice, "Sylvia! Where are you? Why is your phone turned off? I've been trying to find you for days and I even went to Odell but he couldn't even be bothered to give me the time of the day. Did something happen to you?"

Sylvia lowered her voice to a hushed whisper, "Something did happen to me, but you don't have to worry."

"How am I supposed to not worry? I haven't heard from you for so many days." She suddenly added when another thought came to her, "By the way, I heard that Madam Carter had an accident, but I couldn't find any more details when I began asking around."

Sylvia's eyes shifted when she heard this. "Grandma fell off a cliff and is now in a vegetative state."

"What?!" Sherry exclaimed.

Sylvia quickly asked, "Don't you know anything about this accident?"

"Of course, I don't. All I heard is that there's been an accident involving Madam Carter, but no one knows what happened and of course, nobody knows that she's now in a vegetative state."

Sylvia frowned.

Sherry was very well-connected in Westchester City. She knew all kinds of people and knew everything that happened day in and day out.

Unless Odell had purposely kept what happened to Grandma a secret.

If he kept it a secret, how did Tara find out?

Where Is Taylor Momsen? It's A Mystery Why She's Been Hiding

Sylvia vividly remembered how Tara accused her and Edmund of being the ones responsible for what happened to Grandma the last time they met.

Did Odell tell her?

Sherry enquired on the phone, "Sylvia, say something. Where are you now?"

Sylvia answered, "I'm in Odell's house. He's keeping me imprisoned here."

"What's his problem?"

"When Grandma fell, I just happened to be having a chat with Edmund. The moment he saw me with Edmund, his immediate reaction was to suspect that I was having an affair with Edmund and that we pushed Grandma off the cliff to silence her because she stumbled into us being together."

"What, what's wrong with this line of reasoning?!" Sherry piped furiously. "Sylvia, just sit tight. I'll send someone to rescue you."

Sylvia hurriedly persuaded her, "Sherry, let's calm down first. There are eyes on me everywhere and you can't break me out even if you send someone."

"Then how am I supposed to save you?"

"Don't worry." Sylvia glanced into the bedroom to make sure that Odell was still asleep. She continued, "I'm calling you with Odell's phone right now. When I manage to think of something, I'll take his phone again and contact you. Just don't call this phone yourself no matter what."

"Okay, I understand."

"Until next time."

"Alright."

Odell was a very vigilant man with instincts sharp like an eagle. Sylvia was deathly afraid of him catching her so she quickly wrapped up the call with Sherry and made sure to delete the record of the call.

Then, she put the phone back in his pocket and climbed back onto the bed.

She lay beside him, thinking about what Sherry had just told her.

Soon, she heard rustling from beside her.

She immediately closed her eyes.

Odell's long arms wrapped themselves around her waist and pulled her into an embrace.

Sylvia drowsily opened her eyes to look at him, acting as if she had just woken up.

His dark eyes were also staring straight at hers.

She smiled gently. "Thank you for keeping me company."

He ignored her and withdrew his arms.

The look in Sylvia's eyes shifted as he crawled on him and wrapped her arms tightly around his waist while speaking softly to him, "I understand that I was in the wrong. I promise to dedicate myself to you and only you from now on. I'll also take good care of Grandma to make up for my wrongs. I don't ask for forgiveness, but I hope that you won't stop venting your anger on me in the future."

She said this all in one breath and silently breathed a sigh of relief.

It turned out that giving this sort of false confession was not as difficult as she anticipated.

Odell still did not respond.

She looked up at him and met his dark, sharp eyes.

He gently held her by her chin. "You're acting very strange today. What are you up to?"

She chuckled sarcastically. "What can I possibly get up to? You're keeping me prisoner in this place, remember?"

He narrowed the look in his eyes and cast a severe look at her.

She sighed and added, "It's just that I suddenly had an epiphany. Instead of continuing my stubborn resistance, it's easier to just admit my mistakes so I can live without a guilty conscience from here on." He chuckled softly. "Wise decision."

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Sylvia smiled and maintained a perfectly obedient behavior.

Odell seemed greatly relieved to hear this. He pinched her cheeks and kissed her on the lips a few times, then he spoke, "Get some rest. Remember to watch Grandma at night."

With that, he rolled over and got out of bed.

Seeing his figure departing, Sylvia suddenly called out to him, "Odell."

He stopped and turned back at her.

Sylvia asked in a low voice, "Did you tell anyone about what I did to Grandma with Edmund?"

His face darkened. "Do you think I'll let people know about me being cuckolded?"

Sylvia smiled apologetically and said, "Don't be upset. I just want to know if it's still possible for me to right my wrongs."

Odell gave her an unpleasant look and walked out.

Sylvia's expression dropped in an instant.

Where Is Taylor Momsen? It's A Mystery Why She's Been Hiding

She remembered that Odell immediately brought her here after what happened to Grandma. The information she gathered suggested that he immediately cleaned up the scene so nobody could tell what happened. This seemed like a rather curious point to her.

Since she knew it was not her nor Edmund who pushed Grandma, what evidence was there to clear from the scene?

Once again, she placed her suspicions on Tara.

Even Sherry was not aware of what happened to Grandma, and Odell could not possibly tell her either. How did she find out?

Was she there when it happened?

She must have been responsible for what happened!

A few days later.

Sylvia woke up around noon and immediately heard Tara's voice downstairs.

She was talking to Violet. She had come to see Madam Carter again.

Sylvia's eyes flickered, and she proceeded to head downstairs.

By this point, Tara had already entered Madam Carter's room.

Violet had gone out to prepare food for them, leaving Tara by herself.

She stared at the elderly woman sleeping soundly on the bed. It seemed like she would wake up when people least expected it. Something flashed in her eyes, but she did not dare draw closer to the bedridden old lady.

'Damned old fart, hurry up and die already.'

She cursed silently, but still made sure to wear the same compassionate expression.

The first time she came in, she immediately noticed the camera perched on the ceiling. She knew that even if nobody else was present in the room, she could not show any disrespect to the sleeping Madam Carter.

She continued looking ahead with a thousand-yard stare. She suddenly heard a noise from behind her.

She nearly jumped when she detected the presence of another person in the room with her.

"Heh." Sylvia, who was standing by the door, chuckled.

Tara turned and noticed that it was Sylvia. She immediately glared at her and said with unconcealed anger, "Sylvia, don't you know to knock on the door when entering?"

Sylvia leaned against the door frame and regarded her with a queer look before mentioning, "Tara, this is my house."

Tara retorted, "This is Madam Carter's room."

"Your point being?" Sylvia asked sardonically.

Madam Carter's room was still part of the house, was it not?

Tara clenched her hands and said, "I know this is your house, but it's rude to spook me like this."

“Spook you? When did I do that? Did I suddenly shout to scare you?” Sylvia narrowed her eyes. “Or perhaps it’s because you’re feeling guilty?”

The look in Tara’s eyes transformed. She instinctively drew herself away from Sylvia and suddenly exclaimed, “What am I guilty of? Enough nonsense! I didn’t do anything.”

Sylvia laughed heartily. “What are you getting so defensive about? I never said that you did anything that you should feel guilty about.”

“It seems that you still don’t welcome me so I’ll leave,” she said and immediately strutted out of the room.

She vanished in the blink of an eye as if wary of being exposed.

Sylvia’s expression darkened.

If she was unsure before, she was now certainly convinced that Tara was in one way or another involved in Grandma’s accident.

Chapter 408

Tara went straight to Lake Victoria Villa after leaving Odell’s place.

She went back to her room and after making sure that the housemaids and bodyguards were still in the yard and not following her, she immediately called her mother.

As soon as the call connected, she immediately asked, “Mom, you didn’t let anyone know that you pushed Madam Carter, did you?”

Melanie answered, “Do you think I’m an idiot? Why would I tell anyone that?”

Tara was still rather skeptical. “Are you sure? Did you tell your informant?”

“Of course, not. I don’t even dare to let anyone know that I’m your mother.”

Tara sighed weakly. “Alright, you just stay where you are and don’t come back to Westchester City no matter what and especially don’t approach me.”

“Okay, I got it.” Melanie reassured Tara, then she suddenly asked, “Speaking of which, why are you asking me this all of a sudden? Did something happen?”

Tara frowned and confessed, “I think Sylvia is suspecting me.”

“What? How’s that possible? You weren’t even present when it happened. Of all the people she should suspect, you should be the last on the list.”

Tara suddenly connected the dots.

Where Is Taylor Momsen? It’s A Mystery Why She’s Been Hiding
It was true. She should be the last person Sylvia should suspect.

Besides, it was not her who pushed Madam Carter, it was her mother.

Sylvia must have been intentionally messing with her!

Just the thought of it infuriated her to no end. To think that she had fallen into Sylvia's trap and panicked like a fool.

That b*tch must be even more suspicious of her now.

Furthermore, she seemed to be getting along well with Odell.

Recently, Tara always made sure to badmouth Sylvia whenever she had the chance to talk to Odell on the phone. The problem was that Odell seemed to not take her words seriously and at times would even cut her off irritably. On several occasions, he even went as far as to hang up on her.

The more she thought about it, the more uneasy she became.

She could not afford to have Sylvia continue whispering her spells in Odell's ears. She could not risk having Odell suspect her!

A day later, in Odell's house.

It was afternoon and Sylvia had just woken up. She opened her eyes to see Odell sitting on the couch nearby.

He was dressed elegantly in a tailored suit.

Sylvia got out of bed and walked to the couch to sit next to him. She wrapped her arms around his arm.

"Odell, you're here," she greeted him in a raspy, still not fully awake voice as she burrowed her neck into his shoulders.

In a split second, she felt a pair of arms tugging around her waist and before she realized what was happening, she was thrown on her side and landed on his muscular thighs.

He looked at her with his profoundly deep eyes, a ray of scarlet glimmering within them as they shone with primitive lust.

Like a hunter that finally found wild game.

Sylvia's eyes quivered. She craned her neck toward him without being prompted to.

Odell lowered his head and hungrily devoured her lips.

Everything spiraled out of control after that.

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Two hours later, the room was quiet again.

Sylvia was laying in his arms with her eyes closed.

She waited until his breathing turned into a slow and regular rhythm. Then, she opened her eyes.

She gave him a gentle shove.

He barely reacted at all. He was asleep.

Sylvia immediately took out the phone from his pocket and slipped off to the balcony.

She called Sherry.

Sherry picked up at the first ring, and Sylvia hurriedly asked, "Hey Sherry, any news?"

Sylvia had contacted Sherry two days ago and asked her to find out if Tara had been to Northpeak Holiday Resort on the day that the fateful accident happened to Madam Carter.

Since the holiday resort was highly exclusive, only members were allowed to enter.

If Tara had been there, her name must be on the membership list.

Unfortunately, Sherry answered with a distinct note of dejection, "I went through the membership list and I couldn't find Tara Avery on any of their lists."

Chapter 409

Sylvia knitted her eyebrows into a frown. "What about the surveillance footage? Did you see her?"

"I checked but it just so happened that many surveillance cameras in the resort were being repaired at the time. I couldn't find any angles near the hillside where Madam Carter fell. I also checked the surveillance cameras positioned on the roads and by the gates but I couldn't see any signs of Tara either."

Sherry asked, "Sylvia, do you have any other ideas?"

Sylvia answered bluntly, "No."

Her mind was blank.

Her intuition told her that Tara had something to do with what happened with Grandma, but the fact was that she was not present at the resort on that day.

If she was not even present, how could she possibly be the one that pushed Grandma?

Sherry said, "Don't stress yourself trying to find another solution. I've already contacted all the people I know and we've been at this for some time already so it's time to wrap it up. Find an opportune time and I'll bust you out of there."

"Not yet." Sylvia thought for a while and insisted. "By the way, how's Edmund doing?"

Sherry sighed. "He's in custody. I went to see him yesterday and he said he's fine and that there's no need to worry about him."

Sylvia frowned weakly and muttered, "Okay."

Where Is Taylor Momsen? It's A Mystery Why She's Been Hiding

She promptly hung up after that.

As usual, she erased the record and shoved the phone back in Odell's pocket. Then, she went back to the bed and lay next to Odell.

She stared at his sleeping face that somehow retained the same dashing look as when he was awake. She had to hold back the urge to punch him in the face, then she settled with turning to face the other way and get some shuteye.

Meanwhile, Tara had been stewing at home for two days and was still feeling incredibly restless.

Sylvia must have discovered something. That was the only explanation for her suspicions.

She could not let Sylvia continue to pry deeper into the matter.

She had to figure out something to keep her away from Odell.

The sun had only just risen and she was already headed to Odell's place.

Her plan was to instigate another argument and get Sylvia to attack her again. Only this time she would get Sylvia to hit her harder to a point where even Odell would be angered by her actions.

The car was only one turn away from reaching Odell's house when she suddenly spotted something.

"Stop!" She immediately prompted.

The driver pulled the car to the side of the road.

Tara squinted and looked across the road.

There was a park across the road and at the entrance of the park was none other than Sherry. She was standing on a very large boulder and she was facing

Odell's house with a pair of binoculars in her hands.

Her behavior was highly suspicious.

Tara immediately took out her phone and snuck several pictures in.

After a while, she turned to the driver and ordered with a note of satisfaction in her voice, "Turn around and go back."

No need to recycle her old tricks this time around.

The driver heeded and turned the car around.

Tara then sent Odell the pictures of Sherry standing on the boulder with binoculars in hand, facing toward his house.

This was the message she attached to the picture. "Odell, I was just visiting Grandma when I happened to spot Sherry here. I know that she's very close with Sylvia so why is she acting so suspicious in this picture? Surely she's not up to anything, right?"

The Carter Tower.

Odell was reviewing documents in his office.

When his phone vibrated, he picked it up and peeked at the message.

After he read the messages he received from Tara, his face instantly turned cold.

He was sure he had seen the woman in the picture Tara had sent her at one point.

She had come to him not just once but twice. It was a while ago and both times she came looking for Sylvia but was chased away empty-handed.

Now she was seen standing at the park near his house with binoculars in hand. What else could she be up to other than scheming to save Sylvia?

The question was, how did she know that Sylvia was locked up in his house to begin with?

Did she somehow gather the information herself?

Or did someone tell her?

Odell's eyes became black as night. He immediately called the bodyguards stationed at his house.

>Chapter 410

Meanwhile, at Odell's house.

Sylvia had just exchanged shifts with Violet.

She went back to her bedroom upstairs but was not in a hurry to rest. Instead, she went straight for the balcony and turned toward a small park in the southwest direction.

She managed to call Sherry yesterday afternoon.

She was still suspicious of Tara's involvement with Grandma's accident. Even if Tara did not go to the resort that day, that did not eliminate the possibility that she had an accomplice who went in her place.

She asked Sherry to look up all the people who went to the resort that day.

There were no more than fifty people present on that day, and this was including three newly registered members.

The person she was looking for must be among them. Maybe Sylvia knew this person too.

However, the resort greatly emphasized protecting the sensitive information of its esteemed members. Although Sherry knew one of the managers of the resort, the manager only allowed her to review the information of the guests in person. That was, she had to go to the resort to look up the information she needed. She was not allowed to take pictures of said sensitive information or else her membership privileges would be revoked effective immediately.

Since Sherry could not send Sylvia the information they needed, she could only take her to the resort to see them in person.

Sylvia wanted to find a chance to slip away sometime within the next two days so she could head to the resort to have a look.

The most ideal avenue out of this place was the park located to the southwest.

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There was a blind spot to the west that allowed her coverage from the bodyguards. If she managed to

scale the wall, she would find herself on a river at which Sherry would be waiting for her in a boat. Then, they could sail to the opposite park.

Sherry should be scouting the location by now.

Sylvia opened the window on the balcony and stuck her head out.

After standing outside for a while, she turned back to the room.

As usual, she climbed into the bed and wrapped herself in the quilt, promptly falling asleep.

She slept through the afternoon.

When she opened her eyes, she saw Odell who had arrived at some point.

The black tailored suit he wore perfectly complemented his figure.

He sat with elegance on the couch, observing her with his jet-black eyes.

Sylvia froze for a second. Then she expressed a smile with her eyes. "Odell, you're here."

"Hmm." He grunted.

Sylvia rolled over and got out of bed. She was barefoot and wore nothing but a skimpy nightdress as she approached him.

She was going to sit down beside him when he wrapped his arms around her waist.

She landed on top of his lap.

She felt his hot, steamy breath on her soft skin.

She slowly, seductively inched her cheeks toward him.

He bowed his head and kissed her.

They went at it again.

After some time, silence again.

Sylvia lay next to Odell, both of them had their eyes closed.

When his breathing calmed to a regular rhythm, she opened her eyes.

She slipped out of bed gently, sneakily took his phone out of his pocket, and snuck to the balcony to call Sherry.

Sherry answered almost instantly.

She immediately relayed, "Sylvia, I saw you this morning. Everything is progressing as planned and the boat is ready. There's nothing to worry about. So, when are you planning to leave?"

Sylvia considered for a moment and announced, "9 a.m. tomorrow."

That was usually the time she slept.

Violet would not make an unannounced visit and the bodyguards would have their guard down around that time. Odell would be none the wiser as well.

“Alright, I’ll wait for you here at 9 a.m. sharp.”

“Got it.”

Just like that, Sylvia hung up.

She carefully erased the call record as usual and turned back to the bedroom.

She shoved Odell’s phone back in his pocket to make it seem as if it was untouched. Then, she went back to bed and ducked into the covers next to him.

His eyes were shut and he was sleeping soundly.

The sheer thought of how obedient and submissive she had been these past few days to appease him made her snigger.

‘Just you wait!’