

master odells 421

Chapter 421

Sylvia's pale lips stayed tightly closed, her eyes utterly devoid of feelings.

It was clear that she planned to ignore Odell entirely.

He shouted, "Answer me!"

Sylvia's mouth remained closed.

Odell lowered his head so that their gazes met and he was so close that the tips of their noses were touching. With a low voice, he spat, "So you plan to never talk to me again?"

Sylvia kept silent.

Odell was so infuriated that his veins were about to pop.

However, Sylvia seemed calm and completely unbothered.

It was as if whatever Odell had said just went in one ear and out the other.

Odell was at his wit's end but his hands were tied.

He let go of Sylvia and walked toward Madam Carter's room.

The same as what he had been doing the past few days.

Sylvia did not stay either. She turned her wheelchair around and returned to the bedroom.

In the afternoon, on the same day.

Sylvia was making a wood carving in the yard when Tara walked in through the gate.

As soon as Tara entered, she immediately noticed Sylvia in her wheelchair and the cast around her left calf.

She quickly walked toward Sylvia and asked in a faux-friendly manner, "Sylvia, what happened to your leg?"

Sylvia's hand paused, her carving knife frozen in mid-air.

However, that was all that happened. She then continued carving and completely ignored Tara.

Noticing that there was nobody else around them, a smirk pulled on Tara's lips before she taunted, "Did Odell break your leg?"

Sylvia lifted her head, her eyes cold and emotionless as she stared at Tara. "Yes, Odell Carter hired somebody to break my leg."

Tara had never expected such an answer from Sylvia, and for the latter to answer so nonchalantly too.

She was instantly taken aback, unsure of what to say.

Sylvia stared at her and asked, "Are you happy now? If you are, then please kindly disappear from my view."

Tara immediately grew angry at Sylvia's words. She did not walk away. Instead, she circled Sylvia. She observed Sylvia's carvings for a while before asking, "Sylvia, what are all these things that you're making?"

Sylvia ignored her and continued meticulously chipping away at her wood block.

She had no expression on her face and was obviously treating Tara like air.

Tara grew even angrier.

How dare this b*tch ignore her!

Then, she reached out to grab a decorative Rubik's cube that Sylvia had carved before sneering, "What is this ugly thing?"

Sylvia's face instantly changed. "Put that down!"

Instead of putting it down, Tara threw the cube to the ground instead.

"Ah, my hand slipped." Then, she acted as if she was going to pick it up, only to step on it instead.

Crack.

A corner of the cube had been chipped away.

Tara retracted her foot and smiled at Sylvia condescendingly. "I'm sorry, Sylvia. It was an accident."

Sylvia's face was stone-cold as her hands, which were holding the wood block and carving knife, trembled with rage.

She had just finished carving the Rubik's cube after working on it for days. It was meant to be a present for Liam!

Seeing Sylvia trembling with anger, Tara laughed gleefully.

"Sylvia, don't be like that. I didn't do that on purpose." As she spoke, she picked up the Rubik's cube before putting it back on the table in front of Sylvia. Then, she grabbed a wooden crown that was also on the table. "What is this?"

Sylvia immediately grabbed hold of Tara's wrist. "Put it down."

Sylvia was also holding onto her carving knife with the same hand as she had not managed to put it down.

With a glint in her eye, Tara forcefully pulled her hand out of Sylvia's grip.

As she did so, the back of her hand slid across the blade of the carving knife.

"Ah!" screamed Tara the next moment.

Fresh blood began spilling from Tara's hand.

Sylvia frowned.

At the same time, Odell's car had just pulled to a stop right outside the gate.

As soon as Tara noticed the car's arrival, she cradled her bleeding hand and started crying, "Sylvia, I really didn't mean to break your carving.

I apologize if I upset you but why did you have to threaten me with a knife..."

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Sylvia had also spotted Odell's car just outside the gate.

Usually, Sylvia would have gotten angry at the baseless accusation. She might have even done something to prove her innocence.

However, at the moment, not only did she seem calm on the outside, she was calm on the inside as well.

She could not even be bothered to continue watching Tara's act.

Instead, Sylvia put the crown and Rubik's cube behind her before she put the rest of her things away. She then planned to go back into the house.

At this moment, Odell was already walking quickly towards them.

He immediately noticed Tara's bleeding hand.

With furrowed eyebrows, he asked Tara, "What happened to your hand?"

Tara choked back a sob, as if she was unwilling to speak, but her eyes shot over to Sylvia.

Odell looked askance at Sylvia. "Sylvia, stop right there!"

Sylvia did not feel like giving him any attention nor did she want to explain herself. She threw the carving knife that was stained with Tara's blood onto the floor before levelling Odell with a cold stare.

The look in her eyes clearly said, 'This was what I used to hurt her.'

Odell's face darkened.

Things had come down to this yet she still refused to open her mouth to speak to him!

Was she that stubborn?!

Suddenly, Tara cried out, "Odell, this was all my fault. I noticed that she had made a few carvings that looked really nice, so I picked them up to properly admire them. However, I accidentally dropped one and caused it to chip slightly. Sylvia then accidentally cut me in her anger."

Odell asked, "What was it that you dropped?"

Tara glanced behind Sylvia and answered, "I wasn't sure what it was exactly."

Odell looked behind Sylvia too.

Sylvia hurriedly hid her hands behind her back as she clutched the crown and Rubik's cube tightly.

Odell reached over behind Sylvia.

His big hand pulled open her hands easily, and he soon retrieved the Rubik's cube with a chipped corner and the small crown.

Both items were not even as big as the palm of his hand. The Rubik's cube no longer seemed like a cube and the small crown had a simple design.

Both were completely ordinary wood carvings.

He glared at Sylvia. "You cut Tara's hand because of these two pieces of crap?"

Sylvia pursed her lips tightly.

She obviously did not want to answer him or explain herself.

Odell scoffed. Then, he dropped both items onto the floor and stepped on them.

Crack!

The Rubik's cube broke apart entirely, and the small crown split into several pieces.

Sylvia's face went pale and she glared at Odell.

If it were not for her broken leg and for the sake of being able to see her children, she would have lunged at him immediately. She did not care if she was physically weaker, she would never go down without a fight!

Sylvia's face had gone red with anger, yet her mouth stayed tightly sealed. Odell was beside himself with fury at her unwillingness to even lash out at him.

"Apologize to Tara this instant!" he shouted.

Sylvia shot him another icy glare but paid no attention to Tara. Instead, she turned her wheelchair around and began moving toward the house.

Odell's face went frigid. He walked over to her and grabbed her wheelchair. Then, he forcefully wheeled her toward Tara.

Sylvia could not resist. She quickly neared Tara, meeting the latter face-to-face.

Tara held back a smile and weakly said, "It's okay, Odell. It's just a small cut. I'll be fine."

As she spoke, she cradled her hand gingerly.

The wound was long, and fresh blood seeped through it continuously.

Odell shouted at a nearby bodyguard, "Get me Dr. Forger immediately!"

The bodyguard rushed off instantly.

Tara then said, "Odell, let Sylvia go in to rest. She doesn't seem to be feeling well."

Tara's eyebrows were knit tightly together and the rims of her eyes were red, obviously trying to endure the pain on her hand.

“Don’t worry about her, she’s more than fine.” Odell replied before he said to Sylvia, “If you don’t apologize to Tara right now, don’t even think about going into the house!”

Sylvia kept her mouth closed.

Time ticked by.

Dr. Forger soon emerged with a first-aid kit.

Sylvia sat unmoving in her wheelchair, her mouth still tightly shut.

Dr. Forger opened the first-aid kit and said, “Ms. Avery, please give me your hand. I need to clean and dress your wound.”

Tara warily stretched her hand out.

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Odell glowered at Sylvia before he ordered the bodyguard, “Watch her and do not let her into the house.”

The bodyguard immediately tailed after Sylvia.

Odell rushed to Tara and watched as Dr. Forger dressed her wound.

The doctor was quick and efficient.

He disinfected the wound, stopped the blood, and dressed it up. Once he was done, Tara’s hand was wrapped up in a clean bandage.

The doctor then instructed, “Ms. Avery, you must rest more. Before the wound scabs, you mustn’t let it touch water.”

Tara obediently answered, “Understood. Thank you, Dr. Forger.”

“It’s my pleasure.”

The doctor bid goodbye to Odell before leaving.

Tara gazed at Odell. “Odell, I’m fine. Please stop worrying.”

Odell hummed a reply before looking toward Sylvia.

Tara did the same.

However, all they saw was Sylvia leaning back against her wheelchair with her eyes closed.

It seemed as if she had fallen asleep.

Odell and Tara were at a loss of words.

The atmosphere was dreadfully awkward for a few seconds.

A few moments later, Odell ordered through gritted teeth with each word enunciated clearly, “Wake her up now.”

The bodyguard immediately did as ordered.

Sylvia opened her eyes almost instantly.

She took one glance at Odell's dark expression and Tara's angry one, before leaning back into her wheelchair again and closing her eyes.

She truly did not want to see them or pay them any attention.

The atmosphere turned awkward once more.

The bodyguard asked softly, "Master Carter, do you want me to wake Mrs. Carter again?"

Odell closed his eyes for a moment and tried to suppress his fury. "Everyone, leave."

The bodyguard left immediately.

Tara timidly said, "Odell..."

"You too."

His voice was as cold as ice.

Tara shot Sylvia a defiant look before turning around and walking off.

Suddenly, Odell lifted Sylvia off her wheelchair and over his shoulder.

He strode into the house and headed directly to the bedroom, before promptly dropping her onto the bed.

Sylvia took a moment to find her bearings.

As soon as she did so, the first thing she saw was Odell's dark expression.

Odell suddenly bent down to hover over her, effectively trapping her underneath him.

Before Sylvia could push him away, he pulled her face toward himself and kissed her.

Odell was strong and his actions were not gentle in the slightest.

Sylvia kept her lips pursed tightly together.

Even when she felt like she was going to suffocate, she did not make a sound.

That was until she felt Odell begin to unzip her skirt.

Her gaze turned sharp and she bit down on his lips. Odell ignored her biting and continued to unzip the garment.

Sylvia could bear it no longer and finally shouted, "Odell Carter, stop this right now!"

In an instant, he stopped moving completely.

However, he remained hovering over her. At the sight of her face which was red with anger, he smirked. "What did you say?"

Sylvia glared at him ferociously.

Noticing that she had gone mute again, Odell narrowed his eyes and his hand went back to the zipper of her skirt. As his hand travelled up her leg, his warm fingertips caressed her skin.

Through gritted teeth, Sylvia spat, "Stop it!"

Odell withdrew his hand at her outburst before patting her lightly on the cheek. "So you can speak. For a while there, I thought you had become a mute."

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Sylvia immediately turned her face away to avoid his touch and his stare.

Odell patted her on the cheek again before he growled, "If you ignore me again when I'm talking to you, I'll sew your mouth shut."

Sylvia pursed her lips.

Odell's voice was cold as he asked, "Did you hear me?"

Sylvia resisted the urge to bite him and replied, " Loud and clear."

Only then did Odell push himself off the bed.

Suddenly, as if a thought had just occurred to him, he said, "I'll turn a blind eye to you hurting Tara today, but you won't get off so easily if it happens again."

With that said, Odell strode away.

Sylvia slowly got up from the bed.

Using crutches to support her, she made her way to the bathroom and started to wash her face.

Sylvia washed her face several times and brushed her teeth twice before returning to the bedroom.

A moment later, Violet walked in with her wheelchair.

Noticing that Sylvia was sitting alone by the window in a daze, Violet asked softly, "Mrs. Carter, are you alright?"

She had been in Madam Carter's bedroom all this while. However, she had heard the commotion outside and seen Odell carry Sylvia into the bedroom.

Sylvia replied, "I'm fine."

"Then I'll take my leave. Please call for me if you need anything."

"Hmm."

Violet then left the room.

Sylvia pulled the wheelchair closer before retrieving the smashed wooden Rubik's cube and wooden crown.

She had wanted to give the Rubik's cube to Liam and the crown to Isabel.

However, both were completely destroyed and beyond repair now.

Sylvia's gaze turned cold before she threw both wooden carvings into the trash. Then, she retrieved a new wood block from her bag and began to carve a new piece again.

The next afternoon, Sylvia was carving wood in the yard when Tara arrived again.

She was in a form-fitting dress, with a branded cashmere shawl draped around her, and high heels.

As soon as she entered the residence, she walked over to Sylvia.

"Sylvia Ross, are you still making wood carvings? Don't you have anything better to do with your time? Odell gave me five million dollars last night so I went shopping. Many boutiques had displayed some new items. I saw so many limited edition handbags and accessories. Do you want to know what I bought?" Tara asked with a smile.

Her tone dripped with ridicule.

Sylvia ignored her, not even bothering to lift her head to look at Tara as she meticulously worked away at the wood block.

Seeing that Sylvia was ignoring her, Tara felt insulted. She stretched out a hand to try and grab the wood block from Sylvia's work desk.

Sylvia immediately put her hand on the desk, her carving knife facing upwards as she levelled a cold stare at Tara.

Tara quickly withdrew her hand and chuckled dryly. "Sylvia, what do you think you're doing? I just wanted to see what you're carving."

Sylvia scoffed. "You're here today because you want to see if Odell tortured me after you left yesterday, right?"

Tara's eyes trembled slightly.

Sylvia had hit the nail on its head.

She then added, "After you left yesterday, Odell carried me into the bedroom. He only kissed me forcefully a few times before leaving."

An ugly expression pulled at Tara's face.

Sylvia could not help laughing at her reaction. "I'm sorry for disappointing you, but he didn't torture me."

Tara forced a smirk. "Hmph. Your leg is broken and you're trapped here like a dog on a leash.

What is there for me to be disappointed about?"

“Of course, I did have my leg broken, but he also got a doctor to put it in a cast so I think I’ll be completely recovered soon. And yes, I am trapped here and I can’t leave, but what about it? Odell still refuses to divorce me, let alone want to be with you.”

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Looking at Tara’s sour expression, Sylvia added, “Tara Avery, you’ve done so many things yet Odell still refuses to divorce me. Even if you’re not upset, I’m upset for you.”

The fake smile on Tara’s face disappeared instantly. She glared venomously at Sylvia and spat, “Odell’s just thinks of you as entertainment. Once he grows bored of you, he’ll definitely divorce you and make your life a living hell!”

“You’re right.” Sylvia laughed lightly. “But he’s unwilling to divorce me now, so he won’t be with you officially.”

“You... You b*tch!” Tara was trembling with rage.

She wanted nothing more than to beat Sylvia up, but there were bodyguards everywhere so she could only resist her violent urges.

Sylvia chuckled. “Tara, if you’re really that capable, you’d better convince Odell to divorce me soon. Otherwise,” Sylvia paused, a cold smile on her face, before continuing, “as long as I’m alive, as long as I can breathe, I’ll repay what you did to me tenfold.”

Sylvia’s tone was gentle and her voice was weak, barely above a whisper.

However, her words drained all the color from Tara’s face as the latter backed away slowly.

By the time Tara realized she was actually scared of Sylvia, she had already put quite a distance between herself and Sylvia.

Soon, Tara came back to her senses. In a fit of guilt and annoyance, she shouted, “You don’t scare me at all! Odell will definitely grow bored of you soon because you’re nothing more than a pretty b*tch. However, you’re no match for me!”

With that said, Tara spun around and walked toward the gate.

She was quick and soon disappeared from Sylvia’s view.

Sylvia laughed dryly before continuing to carve her wood block.

Not long after Tara’s departure, Odell’s car pulled to a stop outside the gate.

Sylvia was completely focused on her carving so she did not notice the sound of his car’s engine.

Only when his tall figure stood directly in front of her, effectively blocking her light source, did she realize Odell had arrived.

Sylvia furrowed her eyebrows and continued to carve her wood block.

Odell studied the wood block in her hand before asking, “What are you carving?”

Sylvia ignored him and acted as if she had not heard him speak.

At her lack of a reply, Odell's face grew cold. "Have you forgotten what I told you yesterday?" He was referring to his threat of sewing Sylvia's mouth shut if she ignored him.

Sylvia swallowed her pride and replied, "I'm making a Rubik's cube."

"A Rubik's cube?" Odell was stunned for a moment. "Are you talking about the cube that Liam often plays with?"

"Yes."

Odell looked closer at the cube Sylvia was holding before he suddenly thought back to the cube he had stepped on the day before.

He had been angry that he had not realized it, but it had definitely been a finished carving of a Rubik's cube that had been meant as a gift to Liam.

The other carving that had resembled a crown must have also been meant for the children.

At the realization, his chest grew tight. Then, he said, "It'll be lunch time soon, continue carving after you've rested a little."

Sylvia ignored him.

Odell lowered his voice in a warning and said, "I'm asking you to take a break. Did you not hear me?"

"I'm not hungry and I don't want to rest," came Sylvia's reply.

Her tone was calm and collected.

Odell stretched out his hand, wanting to take away the things in Sylvia's hands.

However, Sylvia's reflexes were quick. She quickly hid the carving knife and the half-finished carving behind her back before she stared at him watchfully.

It was as if she was afraid he would step on her carvings again.

Odell felt a knot in his throat and did his best to suppress his emotions. "Just put your things down and go have lunch."

"I'm not hungry."

"You'll eat even if you're not hungry!" Odell suddenly shouted.

Sylvia frowned before putting her carving knife and the half-finished carving into a small bag that was hanging off the side of the wheelchair.

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Sylvia followed Odell into the dining room.

The dining table had already been laid out with a sumptuous meal.

Odell did not sit down immediately. Instead, he walked over to Sylvia as if to help her sit on the dining chair.

At this, Sylvia quickly pulled herself up by her right leg.

She did not want his help, much less have him touch her.

However, in the next moment, a strong arm wrapped itself around her waist.

Odell immediately carried her onto the chair at the table.

Sylvia furrowed her eyebrows before lowering her head to eat.

Odell sat directly opposite her.

As usual, he picked up his utensils and started eating slowly and gracefully.

Before he was even half done with his food, Sylvia had already set down her utensils.

She then pulled her wheelchair to her side. Using her right leg as support, she shifted herself back onto the wheelchair.

Sylvia then pushed herself back to the bedroom.

She did everything without saying a word or sparing so much as a glance at Odell.

Odell set cutlery down with a cold expression on his face.

At Lake Victoria Villa.

Tara felt extremely uneasy ever since she had come home.

Sylvia's words repeated themselves in her head like a mantra.

Suddenly, there was a knock on her bedroom door. The maid's voice said, "Ms. Avery, lunch is ready. Please come and have something to eat."

Tara was shaken out of her reverie by the knocking sound. She swung open the door and slapped the maid across the face.

The maid put her hand over her face before stepping backwards.

Tara angrily screamed, "Did I ask you to step away?"

The maid walked forward timidly before softly saying, "Ms. Avery, I just came to let you know that lunch is ready. If you do not wish to eat, I'll go and remove the food."

Ignoring the maid, Tara slapped her across the face again.

Unshed tears began pooling in the maid's eyes but she did not dare to cry or step backwards. All she could do was purse her lips to hold back her pain.

Tara spat venomously, "Useless b*tch, just get lost right now!"

The maid quickly turned and ran off.

Just then, Tara's phone suddenly rang.

Once she saw who was calling, she quickly closed her bedroom door before answering the call.

Through the phone, Melanie's voice could be heard asking, "Tara, so many days have passed now. Has Master Carter divorced Sylvia Ross yet?"

Tara was immediately reminded of what had happened that morning.

That b*tch, Sylvia, had already had one of her legs broken because of Odell, yet she still dared to taunt and threaten her!

Tara answered in annoyance, "Odell broke one of her legs but they're still together."

"She's quite a cunning fox." Melanie then continued, "Tara, you must break the two of them apart now. Otherwise, if she gives birth to another of Master Carter's children, breaking them up will be even harder."

Tara suddenly thought back to the hickeys she had noticed on Sylvia's neck and a jealous expression appeared on her face.

Then, she thought of Isabel and Liam and her expression turned even uglier. "You're right, I must not let her leech off

Odell anymore."

Melanie asked, "Then do you have a plan in mind?"

Tara narrowed her eyes menacingly. "I'll make her disappear from Westchester City." 'And from the face of this Earth,' she thought.

Melanie thought that Tara's plan was to have Sylvia kidnapped and taken out of Westchester City, so she immediately warned, "Tara, don't act too rashly. She's currently under house arrest in Master Carter's house so I'm sure many people are looking after her. It'll be difficult for you to do anything."

"I know that, but I'll think of something," Tara said sinisterly.

As long as Sylvia disappeared, she would not be able to take revenge on Tara. Not only that, the title of Mrs. Carter would also be hers and Odell will never find out about that matter!

At the Carters' old residence.

Sylvia stayed in her bedroom the whole afternoon. She only appeared in the living room once more when Violet called her for dinner.

However, what Sylvia never expected was to see that Odell was here again.

As soon as she went to sit down at the dining table, he sat down opposite her. Then, he asked, "What were you doing in your room the entire afternoon?"

Sylvia replied brusquely, in a cold tone of voice, "Carving."

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Odell glanced at her before picking up his cutlery to eat.

Sylvia started eating as well, taking big bites as she went along.

While she was not exactly crude, she was not exactly eating elegantly either.

Sylvia quickly finished her food. She then set down her spoon and turned around to begin moving back into her wheelchair.

Odell furrowed his eyebrows at her. "You're done eating?"

"Yes."

He pursed his lips at her short reply.

Sylvia then wheeled herself back into her bedroom.

Odell instantly lost all his appetite so he stood up and went to Madam Carter's room.

He sat down on the chair by her bed and looked at Madam Carter. Then, he asked Violet, "What has she been doing recently?"

Odell was obviously referring to Sylvia.

Violet replied, "Mrs. Carter has been making wood carvings recently."

"Nothing else?"

Violet answered, "Besides making wood carvings, Mrs. Carter only eats and sleeps."

Odell's eyebrows knit tightly together.

After spending a bit more time with Madam Carter, he stood up.

However, instead of leaving immediately as he would usually do, he instead went to Sylvia's bedroom.

Odell pushed open the door to see Sylvia seated at the table, the carving knife in her hand moving continuously against a wood block.

Only the sounds of wood being chipped away could be heard in the bedroom.

Odell walked toward Sylvia and took a look at her carving.

From the shape of it, it seemed to be the crown he had stepped on previously.

Odell's eyes shifted inexplicably as he asked, "What are you making a carving of?"

Sylvia replied, "A crown."

"What kind of crown?"

"A wooden crown."

Odell pursed his lips tightly before saying, "It's getting late, you should sleep soon."

Sylvia did not say anything but continued with her carving.

A few moments later, Odell's face darkened and he asked in a low voice, "Did you hear what I just said?"

"I did."

"Then why aren't you preparing to sleep?"

"Because I don't want to."

As Sylvia spoke, she carved away at the wood block and her gaze was also focused entirely on it. Her tone when answering Odell was cool and calm, not bearing the slightest emotion.

It was as if she was talking to a stranger.

Odell felt an unexplained sense of annoyance.

He snatched away Sylvia's carving knife and spat coldly, "Go to bed now!"

Sylvia's body stiffened.

A moment later, she answered "Okay." Then, with the support of a cane, she went to wash up in the bathroom.

Her face did not shift in the slightest and was completely devoid of emotions. It was as if she was a marionette.

Odell angrily shouted, "Stand there!"

Sylvia immediately stopped walking.

Odell stared at her back and ordered, "Turn around and look at me."

Sylvia did as she was told, her cold gaze meeting his fiery one.

Odell walked right up to her and grabbed her chin. Then, he snarled, "Do you plan on acting like this around me from now on?"

Sylvia replied, "If you're unhappy about it, then divorce me."

Odell's expression turned cold and his grip around her chin tightened. "Are you still thinking about Edmund Price?"

"If you want to think that way, I can't stop you."

"Then don't even think that you'll be able to see him again." He stared at her coldly. "As long as you're still breathing, I won't ever divorce you!"

Sylvia's eyes stayed blank and emotionless. It was as if even if he dislocated her jaw right now, she would still feel no pain.

So with this threat, she felt nothing at all.

Chapter 428

At Sylvia's emotionless reaction, Odell grew even angrier. He tried his best to suppress his rage and asked coldly, "Did you hear me?"

Sylvia replied, "Loud and clear."

Her answer was instantaneous but there was still no emotion on her face.

Odell's expression grew dark and he felt as if the raging fire in his body could burn the whole house down.

He asked, "Sylvia Ross, have I not been kind to you?"

Sylvia did not answer nor did she show any emotion.

Odell released her chin and turned around to flip her desk to the floor.

Crash!

Everything on the desk, from her wood blocks and carving tools to the finished carvings, fell to the floor.

The two new carvings she had made for Isabel and Liam were also completely crushed by the table.

Sylvia was shocked and began bending forward to pick up her things.

Just as she did so, Odell's hand gripped her shoulder.

His hand pressed down into her shoulder, not at all wanting to give her the chance to pick up her things.

She glared at him venomously. "Let go of me!"

Odell did not budge and his lips pulled into a smirk. "So you haven't turned into an idiot, I see."

Sylvia did not want to argue with him so she pushed him away with all her might.

Odell used her force to pull Sylvia into his embrace, effectively trapping her against him.

Sylvia was immediately rendered helpless.

She looked up and sent Odell another venomous glare.

Odell looked down to meet her angry eyes with his mirthful ones that also seemed to flash with ridicule.

It was like he was a superior being looking down on someone that fought back despite not having the ability to do so.

Sylvia was using all the strength she could muster yet she still could not push him away.

At his mocking expression, she felt blind rage and immediately bit down on his chest.

Her sharp teeth broke through his shirt easily.

Even when she could taste blood in her mouth, Odell held on tightly. Therefore, Sylvia could not resist sending him another glare.

Odell smirked, "Are you done?"

Sylvia sent him a piercing glare, her eyes rimmed red from anger. "Odell Carter, you are absolutely disgusting!"

Odell chuckled. "You made me angry first."

"I've been doing everything that you told me to, what else do you want from me?!"

Odell pinched at her cheeks. "What I want is not for you to act as if you would rather be dead than be here, I want you to be like how you used to act."

Sylvia scoffed. "Odell Carter, you broke my leg. Do you think we can go back to how we were before?"

"That was because you kept playing me for a fool."

Sylvia pursed her lips.

She had long explained herself.

She did not want to repeat anything nor did she want to give Odell any more attention.

Odell threatened, "You better act properly from now on. If you want to continue acting like a mindless idiot, I'll make it so that you can't carve anything!"

Sylvia turned her face away, not wanting to look at Odell anymore.

Odell instantly turned her face back to face him so that their eyes were meeting once more. At that moment, his phone started to ring.

He immediately released Sylvia to check who was calling

It was Cliff Bogard.

Cliff would never call so late in the day unless there was something important to report.

Odell quickly answered the call.

Through the phone, Odell hastily said, "Master Carter, Second Master Carter is coming back. He'll be on a flight tonight and is probably boarding the plane right now. He'll be arriving in Westchester City in the morning."

Odell's eyes turned completely cold. "Why is he coming back?"

Cliff answered, "The person in charge of supervising him said that he didn't bring anything with him and is on the flight alone. He must have found out about Madam Carter's condition and is coming back to see her."

"Understood." Odell relaxed slightly and continued, "Send a few people to the airport to watch for him. As soon as he gets off the plane, I want a tight surveillance to be kept on him." "Yes, Master Carter. I'll have it arranged at once."

Chapter 429

Odell ended the call and put his phone back into his pocket. Then, he looked at Sylvia.

At this moment, Sylvia was on the floor picking up her wood carvings.

The desk was still flipped over so Sylvia tried to lift it up with one hand while she tried to grab the wooden crown with the other.

However, as the desk was heavy, she could not hold it up for long. It crashed back down and landed on her hand with a thud.

Sylvia flinched in pain and quickly pulled her hand away.

Odell rushed to kneel by her side and moved to take her injured hand so that he could have a look.

As soon as he touched Sylvia, she withdrew her hand away from him.

Odell furrowed his eyebrows. "Let me see your hand."

"I don't need you to care," Sylvia spat before continuing to pick her things up from the floor.

There was a red mark running across the back of her hand from the impact.

However, it seemed normal so it was probably nothing to worry about.

Odell took one last look at Sylvia before standing up. "Go to bed once you're done picking everything up."

Sylvia ignored him.

Not expecting her to reply anyway, Odell turned around and walked out of her bedroom.

Not long after he walked out, Violet came rushing in.

She quickly lifted the desk into an upright position before picking up everything else that was still on the floor.

Sylvia thanked her.

Violet instantly replied, "Mrs. Carter, this is my responsibility so there's no need to be so polite with me. It's getting late so you should sleep soon."

"Okay."

At her answer, Violet then walked out.

Sylvia sat back down in front of her desk. She picked up her carving knife and began chipping away at the carving that had been chipped from the fall.

It was not that she did not want to rest, but all she could think about now was that b*stard Odell and how he had broken the carvings she had made for Isabel and Liam by flipping her desk.

If Sylvia did not shift her attention to something else immediately, she was afraid that she would not be able to stop herself from thinking of everything Odell had done to her all this while!

She was afraid that she would lose control and kill him!

Thus, Sylvia continued carving late into the night. Only when her hands started feeling sore and her eyes could no longer stay open did she finally stop. Then, she climbed onto her bed and fell into a deep slumber.

In the morning of the following day, Sylvia was eating her breakfast when Odell appeared again.

She quickly finished her breakfast and went back to her bedroom.

Odell merely glanced at her retreating back a couple of times but made no move to follow her.

Sylvia locked the door behind her as soon as she entered her bedroom. Then, she settled in by her desk and started carving again.

After some time, Violet came knocking on her door.

Sylvia quickly opened it.

Violet walked in to set down a plate of freshly-cut fruits.

At the gesture, Sylvia thanked Violet.

However, Violet was in no rush to leave. Instead, she dreamily said, "Mrs. Carter, Second Master Carter is here to see Madam Carter. Would you like to go down and take a look?"

Sylvia's eyes shifted slightly. "Who did you say was here?"

Violet replied, "I heard him address Master Carter as his older brother, so I presume that he is Second Master Carter."

"What does he look like?"

Ablush dotted Violet's cheeks as she replied, "He's very tall, almost as tall as Master Carter. His face looks like it was sculpted by the gods but he seems to be quite thin. Besides that, he also seems much colder than Master Carter, but definitely not as overwhelmingly intimidating as Master Carter."

A slender and tall figure suddenly appeared in Sylvia's mind.

She had last seen him four years ago and she wondered whether or not he had changed.

Sylvia wanted to see him again but once she realized that Odell was also downstairs, her urge quickly disappeared.

She went back to her desk and continued carving.

Violet asked, "Mrs. Carter, don't you want to take a look?"

Sylvia replied, "I need to finish my carvings, so I won't be joining them." "Okay." Violet then promptly left the room.

Chapter 430

Sylvia suddenly noticed that the light in her bedroom had been turned on and her curtains were closed.

She quickly turned the light off before opening the curtains.

Bright sunlight poured into the room, illuminating Sylvia and her desk.

She looked out the window to see the view and felt herself relax greatly.

Then, she lowered her head and continued with her carving.

Her desk had been placed directly in front of a window so she could see into the courtyard downstairs merely by lifting her head.

Soon, a slender figure that had entered the courtyard through the living room caught her attention through the corner of her eye.

She quickly lifted her head to look.

The man was wearing a loose gray shirt and long pants.

His figure was slender and lean, and he walked with a graceful air about him.

His appearance was like a prince of a romance novel, only that he seemed to emanate a melancholic aura.

Perhaps because he felt Sylvia's eyes on him, he suddenly stopped and lifted his head to look in Sylvia's direction.

His soft and slightly-curved fringe was lifted by a passing breeze, revealing his fair yet cold face.

His cold eyes were looking straight in Sylvia's direction.

However, he only spared her a single glance before he turned around and walked out the gate.

Sylvia guessed that he must not have seen her.

Sylvia's thoughts did not dwell on the man and she went back to her carving.

Then, her bedroom door opened and Odell walked in.

Although Sylvia had her back to the door and did not see him enter, she could immediately tell it was him through his footsteps.

She quickly put her carvings into the desk drawer.

Odell immediately noticed what she had done.

He frowned and his expression turned sour.

He had merely wanted to come and see her, yet it was obvious that she was being cautious around him.

Odell quickly walked to Sylvia's side. Acting as if he had not seen what she had just done, he asked, "What did you just put away?"

Sylvia coldly replied, "Nothing."

Odell grew even angrier at her emotionless reaction. He moved out of the way and subsequently opened the drawer.

In the drawer were Sylvia's completed wood carvings.

Besides a wooden Rubik's cube and a wooden crown, there were also a few other things.

However, what grabbed Odell's attention the most was a "red" rose.

Each petal on the rose was bright red in color and had obviously been stained with blood!

Odell's expression turned frigid. With the rose in his grip, he asked Sylvia, "Where did the blood on this come from?"

Sylvia knit her eyebrows tightly but did not answer.

He stared at her coldly. "I'll ask you again, where did the blood on this come from?"

Sylvia assumed that Odell thought she had done something wrong, so she replied, "It's my blood."

Odell immediately grabbed her hands to take a look.

On her hands which were full of calluses, he could see two freshly-healed wounds.

One was on the back of her right hand, and the other was on the fingertip of her left hand's index finger.

The wounds did not seem shallow at all.

His dark expression instantly grew darker.

The next moment, he threw the blood-stained rose onto the floor before stepping on it forcefully.

Crack!

The red rose was instantly smashed to pieces.

Sylvia's face went pale. She angrily shouted at him, "Odell Carter, are you out of your mind? I didn't even use your blood! Why are you so mad?"

Odell grabbed her by the chin and threatened coldly, "If I ever see you carve wood again, I'll destroy everything else too!"

With that said, he then turned around and left.

Sylvia was so outraged that she felt as if she could beat him to death. However, as soon as she stood up, a sharp pain pierced through her left calf, forcing her to sit back down in her wheelchair.

However, she could not resist throwing a wood block in the direction that he had just left in.

Bang!

Odell was long gone by now so the wood block fell heavily onto the floor.

Sylvia's eyes were rimmed red with anger. "Odell Carter, you b*stard!"