

master odells 431

Chapter 431

A while later, Violet came in.

She picked up the wood block and looked at Sylvia with a concerned look. "Madam, what happened with Master Carter?"

Sylvia did not want to vent her anger on the poor girl. She took a deep breath and said, "I'm fine. Just leave."

Violet stood still and stared at her in hesitation.

Sylvia noticed the stare. She asked, "Is there anything else?"

Violet had a glance at the desk in front of her and said, "Before Master Carter left, he ordered me to take away all your carving materials."

Sylvia choked on her anger.

She clenched her teeth to swallow the grievance and then sat down on the couch beside the desk using her crutches. The desk was free for Violet to clean up.

Violet wore an apologetic look and then took her carving tools plus the wood blocks away.

Even the rose that Odell stomped was swept away.

The room returned to silence.

Sylvia was robbed of her hobby, so she simply sat in front of the ceiling-to-floor window and stared outside blankly.

The scar on the back of her right hand got itchy while she was gazing out. She scratched a few times and stopped.

She got the scar and the one on her right index finger a few days ago and it was because of the frustration she had over the pain in her legs. She accidentally cut herself using the knife while carving.

The cut was deep and she bled quite a lot.

Thankfully, she was done carving the rose, so she painted the rose red with her blood.

Since the cut was nothing serious, she asked Violet for some medicine and patched herself up. The wound started to scab after a night.

The man somehow lost his mind and stomped on the rose that she carved. He even forbade her from carving.

He must be crazy!

After leaving Carter residence, Odell drove to the boxing gym.

Odell had been a regular at the boxing gym recently and the staff already recognized him. Upon his arrival, the staff immediately opened the door and welcomed him.

Several coaches were in the gym when he arrived but neither of them had the audacity to even look at him. Some even turned a blind eye and walked away.

Odell looked at them and said, "Who's up today?"

The coaches exchanged a baffled look and no one dared to answer Odell's challenge.

Irritated, Odell furrowed his brows. "A million an hour!"

The coaches were intrigued and their eyes gleamed.

A million an hour was a massive sum but as they recalled how Odell beat the previous coach to the ground, several of them hesitated even before the large sum of reward.

Fortunately, a brave coach finally answered the challenge.

"I'll have a go with you, Master Carter."

Odell changed into his boxing attire and got into the ring.

The coach stood opposite him, staring at him like a predator.

Odell replied with a glance. "Bring it on."

The coach threw himself forward.

Odell easily dodged the forward punch and countered with a jab.

Bang!

The coach screamed in pain.

"Again!" Odell bellowed.

Thinking about the million-dollar reward, the coach threw himself forward again.

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Half an hour later, the coach finally collapsed to the ground with his face swollen.

He mustered his remaining strength and looked at the man who had just knocked him out. He tried lifting his swollen face and begged in pain, "Master Carter, I'm done. Please stop."

Odell frowned hard. "Get off the ring and bring two more men up here! "

"R-Right away!"

The coach immediately crawled off the ring.

A few moments later, two more coaches got into the ring.

One of them asked in a small voice, "Master Carter, who do you want to spar with first?"

Odell had a glance at them and said, "Both of you together."

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It had been an hour since the sparring started but the man showed no signs of stopping.

Sweat rolled down the edge of his face and highlighted the contour of his pronounced features. It even wet his rigid collarbone and shirt.

He nimbly dodged the coaches' attack and landed a punch on each of their faces.

While punching his opponent to the ground, his mind was replaying the scene of that bloody wooden rose.

'That woman painted the wooden rose with her own blood?! Has she gotten out of her mind? Is she trying to kill herself just to make me mad?'

Suddenly, a powerful punch approached his face.

Odell narrowed his deep eyes and countered with a jab.

Bang!

He punched a coach in the face and sent the man to the ground.

As the fallen coach squealed in pain, the other coach faltered out of fear.

Odell glared at the two of them.

Due to their responsibility and the promised reward, the two coaches regained their composure and continued sparring with Odell.

Outside the ring, all five coaches, who had sparred with Odell earlier and got beaten up, sat together and panted heavily.

They sympathized with their colleagues who were crying in pain in the ring and were grateful that they survived Odell's thrashing.

"What has gotten into Master Carter today? He's really angry."

"Sigh. I think the two of them are at their limit."

"But Master Carter doesn't seem tired at all. All of us had sparred with him. Are we going for a second round?"

The five of them got nervous.

"No. I'll die if I get into the ring again."

"Me too. I can't even get on my feet."

"What are we going to do now?"

They found themselves in a quandary.

Suddenly, one of them suggested, "I know. Do you guys remember Ms. Avery that Master Carter brought over here the other day? I heard they're close. Why don't we call her and ask her to talk him out of his thrashing frenzy?"

The suggestion intrigued the others. "Great idea! Hurry up and contact Ms. Avery!"

Half an hour later, the last two coaches of the boxing gym collapsed to the ground.

One of them feigned death and the other begged for his life.

"Master Carter, we're not your match even if we teamed up against you. We surrender. Please let us go."

Odell had a glance at the two of them and said, "Get out."

The two coaches immediately got out of the ring as if they were granted a second life.

Odell received a bottle of water and a towel from a staff member. He sipped some water before he stared at the five other coaches sitting beneath the ring.

The five coaches averted his gaze hurriedly. They either looked down or looked elsewhere. No one dared to exchange a look with him.

Odell frowned. Just when he was about to call either two of them, he saw Tara running in.

"Odell!"

Tara wore a slim waist white dress and she ran to the ring. She looked up at him with a concerned look and said, "I heard you're boxing here all day now. Did something happen?"

Odell frowned at her. "Why are you here?"

Tara stared at his wet but handsome face and said in a small voice, "I heard you were in a bad mood. I was worried, so I came."

She was already thinking about seeing him earlier and after the coaches called her, she immediately came over to check on him.

"I'm fine. Go home," Odell said.

Tara wore a worried look. "You're drenched. Are you still going to continue?"

Odell's patience wore thin.

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Fortunately, the woman before his eyes was someone he knew. He suppressed his irritation and said, "Wait for me outside. I'll come find you after I get changed."

Tara obediently hummed a reply.

Odell got out of the ring and went to the changing room.

After he had a quick shower, he changed into his own clothes and went out.

Tara was waiting for him outside the changing room.

She sat on the bench quietly and her slender figure screamed of elegance and softness.

She curled her lips when she saw him. With a soft voice, she said, " Odell."

Odell immediately thought of the woman back home.

The woman would either bite him, scold him, or even stare at him blankly as if she lost her soul. She even mutilated herself just to make him angry.

If she was half as obedient and caring as Tara, he would not have gotten so angry that he stomped the wooden rose.

He sat opposite Tara and the staff came serving him a glass of water.

He had a sip from the glass.

It was then his other arm constricted by Tara's arms.

He tightened his brows and withdrew his arm from her embrace.

Tara said, "Odell, I just want to see if your hand is swollen."

"I'm fine," he said.

"But you don't look like you're fine." Tara looked at him with a soft look and said in a small voice, "Did you argue with Sylvia again?"

Odell's expression turned grim as soon as he heard the name.

Tara saw the change of expression on his face. She immediately said, "Odell, I know how you feel about her but I don't want to see you like this. Why don't you just divorce her?"

Odell frowned and said coldly, "I'll never divorce her. Don't you mention this again."

'Divorce? So that she could go to Edmund? Never!' he thought.

Tara secretly clenched her fists. She then said, "I don't mean anything else. I just don't want to see you like this."

Odell had another sip of water but it did not wash away the gloom on his face.

Tara saw everything. She said, "Odell, if you don't want to divorce her, then try to understand her and make things work between you two. Or else it's just torture for the both of you and it will become a problem sooner or later."

Odell's expression softened as he turned to her.

Tara wore the kindest and warmest look on her face.

Odell pursed his lips. "If she's half as understanding as you..."

Tara smiled. "I think it's because you broke her legs and imprisoned her. It blocked her off from the outside world. That's why she's throwing a tantrum. Besides..."

“Besides?”

Tara continued in a smaller voice, “I think there’s something wrong with her up here.”

She pointed at her own head.

Her gesture immediately reminded Odell of Sylvia’s cut on her hand and the bloody rose that she carved.

If it was not a mental issue, why would she mutilate herself?

Tara continued to observe his expression. “I heard that a person’s mind will go crazy if he or she is locked up for a long time and is denied all kinds of contact with the outside world. I’ve met Sylvia twice and she struck me as mentally ill. Odell, why don’t you release her and stop imprisoning her?”

Odell frowned.

‘Release her? That would mean giving her the freedom to go wherever she wants...’

Tara continued, “Odell, I don’t think Sylvia will run away again. She cares about Isabel and Liam and she won’t leave them behind.”

Odell’s gaze shifted.

‘Indeed, the woman cared about the children...’

Some careful considerations later, he said, “I’ll think about it.”

Tara then wore a smile and said, “Odell, no matter your decision, I’ll support you.”

Chapter 434

It was midnight at Carter residence. Sylvia had been drawing for the entire day inside her room.

She barely had any inspiration on what to draw and her carving tools were confiscated, so other than sketching, she had nothing to do.

She sat on the floor and scribbled whatever was in her mind.

It was until the door opened and the man’s uniformed footsteps sounded.

Sylvia frowned but did not look at him. She continued scribbling on the floor.

Odell walked closer to her and asked, “What are you doing?”

Sylvia chose to remain quiet.

Odell approached her side and saw her scribbling a dark drawing.

The entire drawing was dark, drawn only with different shades of black.

The dark sky, the black forests, and the crows on the branches, the entire drawing screamed of depression.

She was scribbling with charcoal, so her hands were also tainted black.

Odell frowned and said in a heavy tone, "Stop drawing."

Sylvia ignored him and continued moving her charcoal across the canvas.

Odell's expression turned frosty. He grabbed the canvas and tossed it away.

Sylvia immediately looked at him and it allowed Odell to finally have a clear look at her face.

Her petite face was dirty because of the charcoal. Her forehead, her cheeks, her nose, and even the edge of her mouth were all black and dirty.

In addition to her messy hair and clothes, she looked like an insane woman who had gotten fed up with life.

A strong feeling choked Odell's chest. He bellowed, "Who told you to make yourself like this?"

Sylvia furrowed her brows. Her gaze went blank as she stared at him as if she could not understand his words.

Her countenance in addition to her dirty attire really made her look like a crazy woman.

Odell was even more frustrated at her blank response.

He wished he could toss her into the bathtub and cleanse her of not only her body but also her thoughts.

Unfortunately, her left calf remained in a cast and he worried that strong methods might further stimulate her in the wrong way. So he resolved by raising his voice, "Go get yourself clean immediately or don't ever think of drawing again."

The frostiness on his face was terrifying.

Sylvia believed the man must have lost his mind. She clenched her teeth as she got on her feet and limped toward the bathroom.

After she got in, she locked the door and looked into the mirror.

Her face was dirty, her hair was messy, and she was covered in charcoal stains.

The eerie look surprised even herself.

No wonder the man was mad at her. He must be disgusted at her disheveled look.

Though she did not care.

After she cleaned herself, she changed into some fresh new pajamas and went out.

Odell was still in the room and he was sitting on the couch.

Maybe because of the dim environment, Sylvia felt like the man was covered in a layer of frost and his gaze at her felt cold and unpredictable.

Sylvia had a glance at where she was drawing earlier.

The charcoal and paint remained but the canvas was gone.

Confused, she asked, "Where's my drawing?"

"I've thrown it out."

Sylvia widened her eyes in disbelief. "Odel Carter, are you out of your mind?"

Odell's expression remained frosty as always as if her raising her voice did not anger him at all.

He said, "You should rest."

Sylvia limped toward the exit with her crutches. She wanted to retrieve her drawing.

Odell bolted up and stopped her from leaving.

"Move aside," she said.

Odell shot a cold gaze at her and emphasized, "You should rest."

"I don't need you to tell me what to do!" Sylvia tried to push him away using one of her hands.

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However, her little push did not even budge Odell's towering figure.

Sylvia was forced to muster all the strength in her.

Unfortunately, not only did she fail to move him, but due to her excessive exertion of strength, the crutches under her arm slipped off and she lost her balance.

Odell caught her from falling and carried her in his arms.

Sylvia froze for a moment before she started struggling.

"Let go of me!"

She struggled with all her strength. It was an obvious sign that she resisted his touch.

Odell's expression fell. He then strode to the bed and tossed her on it.

Sylvia got up and wanted to get out of bed but Odell held her by the neck and pushed her back.

He shot a frosty glare at her and said, "If you don't do what I say, I'll throw away all your drawing tools."

Sylvia was flustered. She glared at him for a few seconds before she lay down begrudgingly. She took a deep breath and no longer tried to resist him.

Odell withdrew his hand when Sylvia finally complied.

Sylvia immediately turned her back on him.

Odell had one last glance at her before he moved over her and left the room.

Bang!

The door was shut.

After a while, Sylvia got out of bed and got on her crutches. She believed it was almost time for Odell to leave, so she wanted to look for the drawing that he threw away.

The moment she opened the door, a frosty and towering figure entered her sight.

Odell was standing opposite the door. He leaned against the wall and had his arms crossed in front of his chest.

His eyes turned cold the moment he caught her coming out of the room.

Sylvia's gaze shrunk. She instinctively wanted to retreat into the room but the man was faster.

The moment she shrunk into the room, the man approached her.

Before she could close the door, he lifted her by the waist and carried her to the bed again.

After tossing her back onto the bed, he opened the window and tossed all her drawing tools and paints out of the window.

Everything splat outside the yard.

Sylvia was petrified as if her blood froze.

Maybe because her anger reached its boiling point, her mind went blank for a moment as she stared at his emotionless face. She

cackled in laughter and said using a frighteningly calm tone, "Odell, why don't you throw me out of the window as well? You can avenge Grandma and vent your anger once and for all."

Odell's expression turned grim. He strode to her and grabbed her face strongly.

He wore the most terrifying look on his face as he approached her. He then said in a crisp but scary tone, "Do you think I don't dare to throw you out of the window? If it's not for Isabel and Liam, I'd have made you pay for what you did to Grandma the day she fell down the hill!"

Sylvia's frosty gaze softened upon hearing Isabel and Liam's names. She bit her lips tightly.

Her obedience and compliance calmed his raging anger.

He grunted and pushed her face away.

Sylvia covered herself with the sheets and turned her back on him before she shut her eyes closed.

Odell also left the room without pause.

The depressing room returned to silence.

Sylvia's eyes were tightly shut but she was void of any intent to sleep. Not only that, but her shut eyes also failed to contain her tears.

Odell strode out of the house and got into his car.

He wound down all the windows and started smoking a cigarette.

'The woman must be suffering from mental illness. But I just imprisoned her and broke one of her legs. She has access to food and even servants to take care of her. I didn't torture her or whatsoever...'

He imprisoned her and broke her leg because she and Edmund hurt Grandma.

However, her losing her mind was her fault!

The thought of her tainting her face black and the two scars on her hand choked him. He could barely breathe properly as if there was an invisible hammer pounding his chest, suffocating him.

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Ding.

Odell's phone suddenly rang.

He took out his phone and looked at it.

Tara sent him a message.

She asked, "Odell, is Sylvia in a better mood today?"

He gently breathed out smoke.

She sent another message. "There'll be an event in Westchester City in a few days, and there'll be a very nice fireworks show in the evening. Why don't you take Sylvia out for a day and let her get some air?"

Odell was silent for a moment before his long fingers tapped on the screen. "What event?"

Tara immediately sent the name of the event. "Cloudy Heart Lake Night Tour."

In addition, she also sent over the location and time of the event.

Odell frowned when he looked at the time.

'I'll be going on a business trip tomorrow for a very important project and will take at least three or four days before coming back

'However, the Cloudy Heart Lake Night Tour will be held in the evening the day after tomorrow.

'I don't think I'll be able to make it back¹

At that moment, Tara sent another message. "Odell, this event is perfect for relaxation."

Odell replied, "Yeah."

Tara asked, "Then, will you accompany Sylvia there?"

He typed, "We'll see."

He put away his phone, took out another cigarette, and placed it between his lips.

Before long, another message popped up on his phone.

It was from the bodyguard he arranged to take care of and monitor Tara in Lake Victoria Villa.

The bodyguard would report to him Tara's behavior every week. This time, the bodyguard reported on what she did for the past week as usual.

She only stayed at home, went to the Art Academy, or participated in the activities of the Art Association. She also visited the Carter residence twice and went to the boxing gym to find him this morning, which he knew of.

It was the same as before. There was no unusual behavior.

Odell replied, "You don't have to follow her from tomorrow onward."

'She's still as gentle and kind as before, and even persuaded me to take Sylvia out for some fun. How could she possibly do something that would destroy Sylvia and me?'

At the same time, in Tara's residence at Lake Victoria Villa.

She stared at the message Odell sent to her.

She already told Melanie to ask around. Odell would be going on a business trip tomorrow morning and would not be back for several days.

This event was in two nights, but he definitely would not be able to make it back, so there was no way he could accompany Sylvia.

'According to my understanding of him, he already suspects that Sylvia has a psychological problem, so he won't keep her locked up anymore.

'He'll get someone else to accompany her instead.'

At that thought, Tara smiled coldly as a calculating light flashed in her eyes.

'As long as that b*tch goes out, I'll make her disappear forever!'

In the morning, the sun rose as usual.

In the Carter residence.

Sylvia's carving tools were gone, and her painting tools were thrown away too. She sat in bed in a daze after breakfast, not knowing what else to do.

Suddenly, the door was pushed open.

The tall figure of a man appeared in her sight.

Sylvia looked at him with an unfocused gaze. Her face was cold and pale.

Odell looked at her. "I'm going out and won't be back for a few days. Be good and stay at home these days."

Sylvia did not say anything.

He frowned. "Did you hear me?"

"Mm."

He gave her another look, turned around, and walked out of the room.

Silence swiftly returned to the room.

Sylvia lay back on the bed in boredom.

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Odell was probably really on a business trip since Sylvia did not see him the entire day.

However, perhaps because she did not see him, her mood was much better than it was in the morning.

She went out of the room and wheeled herself to Madam Carter's room.

At this time, it was still Violet who was taking care of Madam Carter.

Violet smiled when she saw Sylvia coming. "Mrs. Carter, do you want to spend some time alone with Madam?"

"No, I'll just sit here for a while."

"Sure."

Sylvia pondered and asked, "How's Grandma's health lately?"

Violet replied, "The doctor comes to check on her every day and says there's no problem with her health. She just has no signs of awakening yet. He doesn't know if she'll wake up again either."

Sylvia nodded.

The air was quiet for a while, and Violet said to her with a smile, "Mrs. Carter, are you bored? Let's chat."

Sylvia also smiled. "Sure."

"What do you want to hear?"

"Tell me about what's going on outside."

"Oh, there's a movie that just started showing recently. It's really popular. I'll tell you about some of the gossip about the movie's lead actor."

"Okay."

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As they chatted away, before they knew it, it was already midnight

Another maid in charge of the night shift came over to take over Violet's shift.

Sylvia told Violet to go back to rest, but stayed there for a while longer. When she was sleepy, she went back to the bedroom to rest.

Perhaps it was because she slept late at night, but it was already 10 a.m. when she opened her eyes again.

After washing up, she went to the living room and ate, then went to Violet and listened to her continue to talk about gossip outside.

Unknowingly, another day passed.

That evening, Sylvia was sitting in her room in a daze when Violet suddenly pushed the door open excitedly. She rushed in and said, "Mrs. Carter, hurry up and change your clothes. Let's go out to attend the Cloudy Heart Lake Night Festival!"

Sylvia thought she had heard wrong. "What?"

Violet said happily, "Edward told me to call you. He said that the car is ready and asked if you want to go."

Edward was the head of the bodyguards working here.

'If he said that, it means that he has Odell's permission.

'However, why did Odell suddenly allow me to go out? He's letting me go to the Cloudy Heart Lake Night Festival?'

"Mrs. Carter, I heard from Edward that Master Carter wants you to go out for some fresh air," Violet chattered while looking at

Sylvia's expression. "Although he told you to come back before 10 p.m., I think he still cares about you."

The corners of Sylvia's mouth pulled down coldly.

'If he cared about me, he'd trust me. If he cared about me, he wouldn't have broken my leg.'

Violet looked at her cold and indifferent face, and asked, "Mrs. Carter, do you want to go?"

"Yes. Wait for me. I'll change my clothes and come out."

'If I can go out, of course I want to go out.

'I heard of the Cloudy Heart Lake Night Festival before. It's held once a year and is always lively.

'If only I could go with the little ones.'

Sylvia looked at her leg and instantly dismissed the idea of going to the children. She turned and went into the cloakroom.

Cloudy Heart Lake was the largest lake in Westchester City.

When Sylvia arrived by car, pedestrians were all around the shore. In addition to food and snacks, many vendors were selling small objects like wishing lamps and lanterns.

She sat in a wheelchair after getting out of the car.

Violet pushed the wheelchair, and Edward and another bodyguard flanked them.

Sylvia was only able to shop for a while before she attracted the attention of many passers-by, perhaps because of the number of people following her and the fact that she was in a wheelchair.

She was a bit uncomfortable at the stares and said to Violet, "Let's go to a less crowded place for a walk."

"Sure."

Violet responded and pushed her back.

At the same time, two groups of people suddenly appeared on the side of the road. There seemed to be a dispute, and they threw punches and kicked at each other. Some even overturned a few roadside food stalls and grabbed the benches to smash on the other people.

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The surrounding pedestrians immediately screamed and scattered.

Violet also exclaimed and quickly pushed Sylvia past the two groups.

After a while, when they were far away from the commotion, Violet finally stopped in relief.

Sylvia let out a breath on the wheelchair and asked, "Violet, are you okay?"

Violet replied, "I'm fine, but we seem to have been separated from Edward and the others. They didn't follow us."

Sylvia glanced back.

The two groups of people were still fighting, but there seemed to be uniformed security guards who went over to stop them. Edward and the others were professional bodyguards, so they would not be hurt.

Sylvia said, "They'll find us. Let's go over there."

She looked to the front.

Violet responded and pushed her forward.

Soon they arrived at the other side of Cloudy Heart Lake.

This area was connected to two small hills several dozen of meters high. The hills blocked out a lot of light, so there were very few people here.

Violet said, "Mrs. Carter, there's no one ahead. Let's not go there and wait for Edward and the others to come instead."

Sylvia hummed in agreement.

At that moment, the fragrance of snacks came from not far away.

There were several stalls set up with local specialties that Sylvia loved to eat.

She did not eat dinner, so her appetite was instantly whetted.

Violet saw her expression and laughed. "Mrs. Carter, I'll push you over to buy some."

Although there were not many pedestrians here, there were quite a lot of people lined up over there to buy snacks.

Sylvia said, "You don't need to push me over. I'll wait for you here. Buy some more so we can eat together."

They were in an elevated area, and the food stalls were on the bottom. It would be a waste of effort to wheel Sylvia down and push her up again later.

"Okay, then wait for me here. I'll be right back."

"Mm."

Violet immediately ran over to the snack stand.

Sylvia turned her wheelchair to face Cloudy Heart Lake. She watched the crowd walking below while feeling the fresh breeze blowing over the lake.

Then, her wheelchair suddenly moved backward.

Sylvia was shocked and turned her head to look.

She saw a man wearing all black as well as a baseball hat and mask.

The brim of the hat was so low that she could not even see his eyes. It was like he was a professional killer.

Sylvia was frightened and immediately opened her mouth to call for help.

At that moment, a dagger was placed against her neck.

She stiffened and asked in a small voice, "Who are you? What do you want? Do you want money?"

The dagger suddenly pressed down on her neck.

The sharp and cold blade would slit her throat at any moment.

It was clear that he did not want her to speak.

Sylvia's body was covered in a layer of cold sweat. She quickly shut her mouth.

At the same time, an expensive MPV raced out of the airport and drove in the direction of Cloudy Heart Lake.

In the car, a man in a suit sat straight in the backseat.

However, there was a frown on his face as he glanced at his watch from time to time. He looked somewhat anxious.

In the passenger seat, Cliff looked at the man's face through the rearview mirror and said, "Master Carter, the fireworks show at Cloudy Heart Lake will only start in about twenty minutes. We're not far from there now, so we should be able to make it in time."

The man in the back seat was none other than Odell Carter.

He had just rushed back from another state and had to go back to the field early tomorrow morning to continue hosting the project.

He came back at this time to see if the woman regained some of her normalcy. He also bought some gifts for her and planned to watch the fireworks with her.

He opened the box at his side and looked at it.

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The limited-edition crystal Rubix Cube and a diamond crown lay quietly in the box.

Next to it was a red diamond ring in the shape of a rose.

After a moment, he said, "Go faster."

Cloudy Heart Lake was a scenic area in the daytime, but its hills were closed at night.

It was currently night now, and there were no lights at all.

Sylvia was pushed into the elevator which led to the top of the hill.

After entering, her hand was gripped by the thug's gloved leather hand, who used her fingers to press a button.

Sylvia did not know what he wanted to do, but there was still a dagger on her neck, so she could only do as he pleased.

The elevator went straight up to the top of the hill.

The moment the door opened, she saw a slim figure.

The figure wore a baseball cap and a dark sweatshirt. It looked like a woman.

It also looked somewhat familiar.

Just as Sylvia was wondering, the wheelchair was pushed out of the elevator, and she arrived at the top of the hill.

The cold night wind suddenly blew from all around.

The woman in front of her raised her head to look at her.

Sylvia was shocked. "Tara? Why did you bring me here?!"

"Take a guess." Tara smiled back at her, but her eyes were full of coldness and malice that could not be hidden.

Sylvia immediately turned the wheelchair to leave.

The sharp dagger pressed against her neck again.

She froze.

Tara snorted coldly and looked at the thug she hired. "Quickly feed her the drug."

The thug immediately stuffed a pill into Sylvia's mouth.

She clenched her teeth together, but he pried them apart.

Not only that, but he also lifted her face and covered her mouth, forcing her to swallow the pill.

Her body soon began to feel weak and soft.

She could not even lift her hands, let alone turn the wheelchair.

The thug watched as the drug took effect before releasing her.

Sylvia flopped to the side, leaning helplessly against the wheelchair.

Tara smiled in satisfaction when she saw Sylvia like that, and said to the thug, "Go down and keep watch. I'll go down after I have a few words with her."

The thug immediately walked down the side of the gentle slope and went down the hill.

Tara walked behind Sylvia and pushed her to the edge of the cliff.

In front of her was a height of a few dozen meters, and then the boundless Cloudy Heart Lake.

Sylvia broke out in cold sweat.

She wanted to run away, but she simply did not have the strength to do so.

She could only stiffly look at Tara and ask, "What you're doing is illegal, Tara."

Tara laughed as if she just heard a funny joke. She giggled and said, "Don't try to scare me. That damned old hag has been a vegetable for so long, but the police still haven't found anything."

Sylvia's eyes turned cold. "It really was you who harmed Grandma."

"Hah, it's that damned hag's fault for being unlucky. Also, if you hadn't stolen away Odell like the b*tch you were, I wouldn't think of using this kind of method to deal with you either."

Sylvia could not help but say, "I never wanted to have anything with Odell after I divorced him, and I never wanted to come in between you either. He was the one who insisted on remarrying me. If you hadn't tried to harm me time and time again, I wouldn't have agreed to remarry him either!"

Tara's expression instantly turned icy, and her eyes were sinister as she glared at Sylvia. "Stop being pedantic. If you hadn't seduced him like a sl*t, how could he have wanted to remarry you? Besides, if it weren't for you climbing into his bed and forcing him to marry you, he and I would've gotten married a long time ago! The title of Mrs. Carter should belong to me! You're just a wretched b*tch!"

With a yell, she raised her hand and swung it at Sylvia's face with a smack.

Sylvia's face was struck to the side, and her cheeks stung.

Tara seemed to find an outlet for her anger and immediately raised her hand to slap Sylvia's face again.

Chapter 440

Smack, smack, smack.

It was only after an unknown amount of slaps until both sides of Sylvia's face were red and swollen before Tara stopped with satisfaction.

At that moment, Sylvia was still slumped in her wheelchair.

She did not even have the strength to dodge, let alone raise her hand to fight back.

Her cheeks began to swell and hurt.

She gnashed her teeth and endured it.

When Tara saw how angry Sylvia was yet could not do anything to fight back, she burst out laughing. "Sylvia, are you angry? Do you want to hit me back? Haha, it's a shame that you're a cripple now!"

Sylvia looked at her coldly. "Tara Avery, you'd better let me go. Odell knows that I'm here, and he arranged for several bodyguards to follow me. They'll find me here soon!"

Tara immediately showed an exaggerated frightened expression. "Really? I'm so scared."

Sylvia froze.

Tara continued to say, "Oh, didn't you know? I was the one who persuaded Odell to let you come here tonight. I asked him a few days ago and told him that there would be an event here at Cloudy Heart Lake."

Sylvia instantly frowned. "So, you planned this in advance?"

Tara smiled. "That's right."

Sylvia thought of something and asked, "Two groups of people suddenly got into a fight below and caused the bodyguards to scatter. Was that part of your plan too?"

"Yep." Tara grinned. "Even the food stalls down below were arranged by me."

Sylvia could not help but laugh. "Tara, you took great pains to get rid of me."

"Of course. I have to pay more attention when I'm dealing with a sly b*tch like you."

The cold wind blew from all directions from time to time.

Sylvia felt cold all over. Only her swollen cheeks felt hot and feverish.

She leaned feebly against her wheelchair and looked at Tara.

'She even dared to harm Madam Carter, and set up such a big trap for me. Even if I kneel in front of her and beg her, there's no way she'll let me go.'

A cold laugh left Sylvia's lips.

When Tara saw her suddenly laugh, she glared and asked, "What are you laughing at?"

"I'm laughing at how pathetic you are." Sylvia sighed and said, "Do you think that Odell will fall in love with you again if you kill me?"

Tara's expression darkened. "What are you trying to say?"

“If he really loved you, he wouldn’t even think of remarrying me. You made him think that I harmed Grandma, but he didn’t divorce me, let alone want to get back together with you. That means he doesn’t love you at all. Even if I die, and even if he gets back together with you, he’ll fall in love with another woman sooner or later!”

Smack!

Tara threw a vicious slap at Sylvia. “B*tch! He was only seduced by you. The one he loves is me!”

Sylvia merely curled her lips and sneered.

Tara instantly wanted to tear her mouth off.

At that moment, she suddenly thought of something and looked at Sylvia’s left calf which was in a cast.

Sylvia’s expression changed.

Tara smiled sinisterly, raised her foot toward Sylvia’s left calf, and forcefully stomped on it.

Crack!

The plaster was instantly crushed.

She stomped her foot again and again.

After stepping on Sylvia’s fracture several times, she finally stopped.

Sylvia instantly wrinkled her face.

The sharp stabbing pain felt like it was going to kill her!

She could not help but scream in pain as she curled to one side of the wheelchair.

Tara laughed happily. “Hehe... Sylvia, you look so ugly and disgusting now.”

Sylvia gnashed her teeth. “Even if you beat me to death, it won’t change the fact that Odell doesn’t love you!”

When Tara looked at her pained expression, she did not get angry but smiled instead. “Even if he doesn’t love me, the person he cares about the most is me.”

Sylvia choked for a moment.

She thought of Odell’s attitude toward Tara.

Whether it was when Tara pretended to be a kind person, or when the bad things she did were revealed to him, the most he would do was to send someone to watch her. He never treated her harshly before.