

master odells 51

Chapter 51

Odell suddenly said, "No way." Sylvia's expression changed.

Madam Carter was shocked by this decision as well. She asked with a tone of discontent, "Odell, Sylvia is their mother. Why can't she take them out to play?"

"I'll take them out tomorrow," Odell answered her crossly. Madam Carter twitched and pressed further, "Wouldn't it work if both you and Sylvia took them out to play then?"

Sylvia pursed her lips.

Odell shot a glance at Sylvia. "We've been divorced for some time, so it's inappropriate for us to go out together.

This troubled Madam Carter. "Both of you are the children's parents. What's so weird about that?"

Odell finally admitted, "I've already told Tara that we're bringing the kids out to play tomorrow."

Madam Carter's expression harshened and she scoffed unhappily.

Sylvia also furrowed her eyebrows. It was not so much that she could not tolerate the idea of her children spending time with Tara, but she was just rubbed off by how calculative Tara was.

Furthermore, there was not a chance in hell that Tara even liked her children.

Now, it was Sylvia's turn to object, "I won't allow it."

Odell frowned, thinking that his ears were fooling him. "Come again?" He had been generous enough to let her see the children every day, so how dare she object? Sylvia was intimidated by the cold look in his eyes and knowingly stayed quiet.

At the same time, the children could not take it anymore.

Isabel began shouting at Odell, "What are you being such a jerk for? I don't want to go out with you and that ugly lady!"

After her outburst, she turned to Liam beside her. "Brother, do you want to go?"

Liam replied almost without hesitation, "Nope, I don't want to." They were adamant about this decision. Both turned their cheeks at Odell with a displeased expression, refusing to yield to his dictating force.

Odell froze for a moment.

After a moment, the corner of his lips turned up into a smirk. "Sure, but both of you will not be allowed to see your mother again from here on."

Isabel and Liam immediately responded with shock.

Isabel gasped. "You jerk, what else can you do other than threaten us with this?!"

Liam pursed his lips with a contemptuous look.

Nonetheless, Odell did not seem bothered. He had long become immune, perhaps due to how often these brats had gotten on his nerves

He laughed audaciously and declared, "The choice is yours." Isabel snorted and turned to Madam Carter for help. "Grandma, do something about him!" Madam Carter chuckled dryly and went to Isabel. "Isabel, don't be angry. I'll take care of him later."

She wanted to give Odell a stern talking to, but her reproach did not have much effect, to begin with. Otherwise, Odell would not have divorced Sylvia three years ago. Isabel knew that Madam Carter was only saying this to pacify her. She turned around and went back to her room, puffing with rage the entire while.

Liam shot Odell a surly look before following his sister back to the room.

In the end, Madam Carter could only look at Odell helplessly.

Odell was casting a cold look at Sylvia with a faint, arrogant smile. Although he did not utter a word, his expression conveyed what words did not. They were saying, "You have no power here."

Sylvia clenched her teeth and swallowed her anger

"Grandma, I'm going to check on Isabel and Liam," she told Madam Carter before going to the children

Meanwhile, the children were fuming. When Sylvia entered, Isabel was in the middle of complaining to Liam about Odell. She was persuading Liam to release all the pictures they had taken of Odell previously

Chapter 52

Sylvia hurriedly stopped them. Doing so was only going to further upset Odell even more and push him to the point of no return. She consoled them patiently, "Isabel, Liam, Mommy will take you out to play the day after tomorrow."

"But I don't like the ugly lady," Isabel protested.

"I don't like her either," Liam said with a look of disdain.

Sylvia did not want them to be with Tara either. Still, there was nothing she could do that would change Odell's mind.

After some consideration, she said, "Be patient. If she tries to bully you two, call me immediately."

Isabel pouted and answered reluctantly, "Okay."

Liam was silent.

Sylvia stayed with them a while longer and only left after she managed to convince them to eat dinner.

After she went home, she sent a text to Tristan. She told him that she would go to the ball with him tomorrow evening.

Tristan replied with a smiling emoji followed by, "Okay, do you need an evening dress? I'll have someone deliver one to you."

Since it was just a networking event, Sylvia did not plan to dance at all. She replied, "It's alright, I'll prepare one myself."

The next day, Isabel and Liam were still sleeping soundly together.

It was noon by then. Odell entered their room and forcefully yanked them out of bed since the children refused to wake up.

After helping them get ready and change, Odell picked each of them up with one hand. There was a large black convertible waiting for them outside. Tara had been waiting inside for hours.

When she saw Odell emerging with the children, a flash of hatred flickered in her eyes. She silently muttered curses at the children before putting on a smile to greet them.

She said in a concerned voice, "Odell, why are you grabbing them like this? I'm sure they're not happy being carried like this."

"They will be fine," Odell said sternly before shoving them into the car. Tara promptly put a hand to them and asked affectionately, "Isabel, Liam, can I give you two a hug?"

Liam had a quiet and indifferent look as he ignored her.

Isabel snorted, "I've seen women like you on TV. Don't try to act all friendly with us."

Tara's expression stiffened. She cast a wounded look at Odell who entered the car with them. He forcefully grabbed Isabel and pulled her into his arms like she was a household pet.

Then, he turned to Tara and said, "Don't worry about them." Tara sighed morosely. "Okay." She took a deep breath and spewed a stream of curses at the children inside her mind.

After half an hour, they arrived at a fairytale theme park. The service in the theme park was top-of-the-line. There was an attendant accompanying every child guest.

After Isabel and Liam entered, they attached themselves to the staff. Not only did they neglect Tara the entire time they were there, but they even shut Odell out as well.

Tara looked aggrieved and apologized, "Odell, it's all my fault. I didn't expect them to hate me so much. I never should have come in the first place." Odell frowned. "It's not your problem. They're still young and ignorant." "But it seems that they will never take a liking to me no matter what I do." Tara's eyes reddened as she said, "It must be because I'm not their mother."

The look in Odell's eyes darkened.

It was true that Isabel and Liam were very repulsive toward Tara. He figured that it was because Sylvia had filled their ears with foul lies about Tara.

Sylvia needed to be taught a lesson!

Odell contained his irritability and told Tara, "They will come to accept you eventually after you spend some more time with them. And if they don't, then I will make them."

Chapter 53

Tara immediately fell into his arms and cried, "Thank you, Odell. I will do my best to get them to open up to me."

"Hmm." Odell glanced in the direction of the adults-only designated area. "Let's head over there and get some rest."

"Okay." Tara broke into a crooked smile when he was not looking.

Even Sylvia did not stand a chance against her. These two brats were not going to get the better of her.

Meanwhile, in the Old District where Sylvia resided. "Achoo!" Sylvia, who was painting in the yard, suddenly sneezed Aunt Tonya asked her, "Sylvia, did you catch a cold?" "Aunt Tonya, I'm fine."

Sylvia was thrown off by the sudden sneeze. She had been sitting in the sun the entire time to the point where her palms were sweating. There was no chance of her catching a cold like this.

Was someone speaking ill of her behind her back? Sylvia picked up her phone. Liam had messaged her a few minutes ago. He sent several pictures of him and his sister playing in a fairytale theme park. Isabel was completely focused on playing and was smiling from ear to ear.

She only saw the theme park staff around them while both Odell and Tara were missing from the picture.

Sylvia was especially curious about this.

Tara claimed that she wanted to play with the children, but chances were that she was still upset with the kids. It was not surprising that she ended up not spending time with the children at all.

Odell must have been keeping her company as usual.

Sylvia texted a reply to Liam. "Liam, both of you have fun, but make sure to be careful."

Liam replied promptly, "Alright, I'll keep an eye on Sister."

Sylvia was charmed by his sense of responsibility, but she also wanted him to have a good time the way children his age should. She replied, "You make sure you have fun too. Don't just focus on your sister."

"Ok, ok." With that, Sylvia put away her phone.

Several hours later, after the two had enough of games in the theme park, they wandered around the park, holding hands the entire time. Nearby, Tara noticed them. She swiped a look at Odell who was occupied on his phone. She decided to purchase two hot drinks and go up to Isabel and Liam. Both Liam and Isabel were visibly displeased at the sight of her. Tara greeted them with a warm smile nevertheless. "Isabel, Liam, you two must be thirsty. Here, have something to drink." She handed them the drinks she bought for them. Liam felt something was off and did not reciprocate. Isabel was very thirsty, and she could smell the wonderful aroma of fruit inside the cup Tara carried. She pondered for a moment and decided to reach for the cup. Something in Tara's eyes glinted. She suddenly angled her hand ever so slightly and poured the burning hot water inside the cup in Isabel's direction. The water caught the

fingers of the little girl who was just reaching for the cup. She winced in pain and failed to grab the cup, immediately sending it tumbling onto the ground.

The scalding liquid inside the cup splashed in every direction, splattering across both Isabel and Tara's feet.

Isabel was wearing a pair of sneakers and was not harmed in any way.

Meanwhile, Tara, who only wore a pair of sandals with her feet exposed, cried out in pain,

Ah!"

When Odell heard the cry, he hung up the phone and sprung to attention.

He saw liquid spilled on the ground and observed Tara's scalded feet. His first reaction was to shoot a vicious glare at Liam and Isabel and immediately began to interrogate them, "What did you two do this time? What's going on?"<

Chapter 54

Liam stepped up to shield Isabel with his body. He answered Odell, "She brought us something to drink. Isabel was not expecting it to be so hot and accidentally lost her grip and dropped the cup on the floor, spilling the juice inside everywhere." He transparently explained everything. Isabel backed her brother up. "He's telling the truth." Tara took a deep breath. Her eyes were turning red as she endured the pain and turned to Odell, "Odell, don't be angry. I don't think Isabel didn't do it on purpose. She probably dropped it because it was too hot for her to hold." Odell's expression darkened. Perhaps it would have been better if she had said nothing at all. "This cup comes with an insulated cover. How is it that she got herself burned?" He glared at Isabel angrily again. "Isabel, tell me the truth. Did you do it on purpose?"

Isabel looked at him in utter disbelief.

Of course, it was intentional. The ugly lady intentionally explained things in a way that would mislead him to believe that she had done it on purpose.

She might be young, but she was not stupid!

She immediately winced, and only mere seconds after that, she began to cry. She frowned and sobbed weakly, "Sniff... My hand hurts so much. I want to go home. I want Mommy."

Her bawling her eyes out started to cause a scene. She wrapped herself around her brother and sobbed into his shoulder. Liam hugged her and comforted her, "Let's go back and find Mommy."

Odell frowned.

Isabel's cheeks were red from crying, and she felt horrible. At the same time, Liam wore an exasperated look. He felt like he had let his sister down in some way.

Odell calmed himself down and asked, "Did you get burned too?"

Isabel twitched her lips to one side and showed him her right hand. The tips of her fingers seemed to have sharper contrast in color compared to her other hand.

Odell frowned subtly and reached out to hold her hand. Isabel scowled and immediately pulled her hand away. She snuggled into her brother's shoulders and cried, "I want my Mommy... Mommy wouldn't give me something so hot to drink. She would've taken better care of me..."

Odell was lost for words.

The staff nearby that heard Isabel's sorrowful cries interpreted the situation and realized that the child had been mistreated by her stepmother. Their eyes began to water at the scene.

She was such a cute child. Shame on the father who still took the side of the devilish stepmother. Shame on him!

Odell stiffened

The look in Tara's eyes transformed as well. She was not expecting Isabel to pull a trick like this!

Her feet were blistering from the heat while Isabel's hands were only slightly burned, and yet she managed to turn the situation around!

Tara was infuriated, but she quickly recomposed herself. She turned to Odell, "Odell, this was on me. I shouldn't have bought something so hot for her to drink. You shouldn't blame Isabel. She's just a child and wouldn't do something like this to me to hurt me."

Tara was indirectly giving Odell a way out of this.

He sheathed his dark expression and turned to Isabel. "Don't cry. I must have misunderstood you."

Isabel's cries had reduced to soft whimpers now, but still, she clung to her brother and refused to acknowledge Odell.

Odell felt distressed upon noting her attitude toward him. He was crushed to know that he was the reason that his daughter was feeling this way. As a father, he felt like he had failed his duty.

He stepped forward and pulled Isabel into a hug.

Isabel still refused to speak to him. She buried her face in his chest so he could not see her. Odell gently patted her head before turning to Tara. "Tara, there's a hospital nearby. I'll take you there so that we can take a look at your feet, then we will send them home."

Tara became very considerate and said gently, "It's alright, Odell. Why don't you take them home first? I can go to the hospital by myself. With my feet like this, I probably won't be able to attend the ball tonight. I'll just take a taxi home after I'm done at the hospital. This way, I won't cause trouble and you don't have to pick me up again."

Odell frowned when he heard this.

He had heard her talking about the ball for the past few days. There were going to be many reputable members in her social circle joining the ball, and she had been looking forward to it. "You go to the hospital first, and I'll come to pick you up after I send them home. We shall go to the ball together."

Tara's eyes glowed, but she refused, "It's alright. I'll only make a fool of myself if I go with my leg in this state." "If I'm with you, nobody will dare to make fun of you."

Chapter 55

Tara seemed very moved by the gesture. Odell urged her on, "Don't wait. Hurry up and go to the hospital." "Okay." Tara got into a car driven by one of the staff.

At the same time, Odell carried Isabel in his arms and led Liam to the exit.

Tara, who was going in the other direction, suddenly snapped around to glance at them. There was still a tint of disdain in her eyes, but it was overshadowed by general jubilation. Although she failed to drive a wedge between Odell and Isabel this time, she reaped some unexpected fruits as well.

There was not a soul in the city who did not know who Odell was. The problem was he was never fond of these social events and banquets. No matter how much she pleaded with him in the past, he always refused to humor her.

But today, he was the one who volunteered to go with her.

Most of the participants at the ball were the bigwigs of the art industry of the city.

Although she had also made a name for herself, she was still nothing compared to the top dogs. If Odell attended the event with her, she would be the star of the night!

The thought of people gazing at her with awe and admiration put her in a joyful mood as she looked forward to the night.

Shortly after that, Odell took the children back to the car.

However, the two were still upset with him and refused to appease him.

"Isabel." Odell tried to get through to Isabel. Isabel turned her head the other way, so he could only see the back of her head. Odell pursed his lips and told her, "I'm very sorry for misunderstanding you. It was my fault." Isabel was surprised.

The jerk was apologizing to her?

She looked back at him to see Odell smiling at her. He had always been handsome, especially when he smiled.

Isabel snorted, "I don't accept your apology."

"What can I do to make you forgive me?" Odell asked tenderly.

"Only if you break up with the ugly lady."

Odell said with a sunken look, "That's not gonna be possible."

"Then, there's nothing left to say." Isabel turned her head away again and folded her arms across her chest the way an adult would.

Odell sighed tiredly

At this moment, Liam suddenly spoke up, "She did it on purpose."

"Did what on purpose?" Odell asked with suspicion.

"She got us something hot on purpose because she knew that Isabel would drop the cup."

Odell was startled by this accusation.

Upon hearing this, Isabel thought of certain plot lines she saw on TV and noted the distinct similarity. She immediately cried out, "Yes, she must have done it on purpose. She did it because she wanted to hurt me, then she blamed me for burning her feet!"

Odell frowned.

He felt that the two of them were looking too much into it.

"She won't do something like that. You two have misunderstood her," he retorted.

Liam regarded him with a cold look and stayed quiet.

Isabel snorted grumpily and turned away again, leaving him to stare at the back of her head.

Odell pursed his lips and sighed. Their dislike of Tara was far greater than he initially expected. It was going to take some time to get them to open up.

Chapter 56

In the evening, upon seeing that it was almost time, Sylvia got dressed and was prepared to go to the ball.

Unexpectedly, Tristan turned up at her doorstep to pick her up.

Sylvia had just walked out of the door when she saw him. He was leaning suavely against his car in a slim-fit suit.

Sylvia was taken aback by the sight of him. Tristan was also similarly startled when he noticed her outfit. Although she was dressed a little more refined than usual, she was still rather underdressed for the occasion.

He quickly wiped the look off his face and asked, "Hey, Sylvia, are you ready?" Sylvia replied, "Yeap." "Then, let's go." Since he had taken the time to drive here, Sylvia was not going to turn him away, so she got into his car.

They drove to the venue of the ball, but not before stopping outside a private designer boutique. Sylvia was perplexed. "Tristan, what are you bringing me here for?" Tristan cast a look at her, sizing her up and down. Then, he said with a faint smile, "You're not going to the ball dressed like this, are you?"

Sylvia was a little offended. "Can't I dress like this?"

"Sure, you can dress like this on any other regular day, but we're going to a dance ball where many important people will be present. If you attend dressed like this, it's going to reflect poorly on me since you're my employee, and I'll get made fun of."

He was already opening the door as he said this.

Sylvia frowned. Left without a choice, she hesitantly stepped out of the car to follow him.

The boutique owner immediately stepped up to greet Tristan who was a distinguished guest here. Tristan asked the designer to choose a fitting dress for Sylvia.

The boss looked at Sylvia, then at Tristan again with a quizzical look. Shortly after that, he presented Sylvia with a light pink dress that cinched at the waist.

The dress had only one shoulder strap, which was adorned with beautiful blooming flowers. Layered with multiple folds streaming from top to bottom, it was a particularly artistic design choice, and though the color of the dress was on the brighter end, it was not to the point of flamboyance. After Sylvia put on the dress, they styled her hair for her and touched up her makeup. They had her long hair curled masterfully, so the end product was several beautiful layers of wavy hair resting at shoulder length. They touched up her makeup with a slightly pink hue which matched the color of her dress, giving her a vibrant and youthful look.

Tristan was visibly pleased with the finished work and looked at her with a satisfied smile.

Sylvia was only an employee to him, so she knew better than to protest. After everything was settled, they went to the ball.

The ball was held in a private manor.

By the time Sylvia arrived with Tristan, the parking lot was already packed full of cars.

Tristan stepped out of the car first and went to Sylvia's side to open the door for her, the way a gentleman would. On top of being a dashing man, he was also the heralded lord of the Ledgers. His presence immediately drew the attention of many people present.

When Sylvia stepped out of the car, she immediately felt countless scrutinizing gazes drawn to her, making her uncomfortable.

Before marrying Odell, her father had always treated her with much indifference. Her stepmother rarely took her to any places at all, much less a venue of such importance and scale. Even after marrying Odell, she was still treated like a stranger and had still never attended such events.

Sylvia subconsciously hid behind Tristan. Since he was her boss, there should be no problem with using him as her shield. Tristan frowned subtly and spun around to grab her by her arm, but Sylvia immediately tried to pull her hand away.

He looked at her and smiled. "Just take my hand. They're not going to think much of it."

Sylvia swiped a glance at the entrance and saw that most of the attendees entered in pairs. Most of the ladies attending were holding on to the arm of their respective male partners.

She did not hesitate any longer and politely took Tristan's arm.

He smirked with pleasure and walked into the venue with her.

Immediately after entering, a group of people flocked to him to greet him one after another. Tristan took the time to introduce Sylvia to them.

Since everyone came from similar fields, it was easy to strike up a conversation. Sylvia was very cordial and engaged in pleasant conversation with them.

Soon, the ball officially commenced.

The host took a microphone and proclaimed in an energetic voice, "Now, which wonderful couple would like to help us kick off the evening with the first dance?"

There was a commotion in the crowd as many people wanted to go first.

The host had a hard time deciding and finally concluded, "In that case, we shall let the spotlight decide for us. Whoever the spotlight lands on shall dance first. How about that?" "Alright, no problem!"

Chapter 57

The crowd was very lively, Sylvia turned away and went outside. She did not want to be chosen to step onto the dance floor and intended to avoid the spotlight.

Unexpectedly, Tristan trailed after her closely. He grabbed her and asked her, "Sylvia, where are you going?"

She answered, "I'm looking for something to eat."

He smiled coyly, seeming to sense that she was reluctant to get on the dance floor. "No need to rush. Let's see who gets chosen for the first dance."

Sylvia looked around them. They were relatively far from the dance floor now and should be outside the range of the spotlight, hence she nodded and stopped. Tristan gave her a deep look, and then glanced in the direction of the host. The host announced excitedly, "Let's begin!"

The spotlights swirled rapidly across the venue. After a few seconds, the spotlight suddenly landed at the edges of the crowd, shining atop where Sylvia and Tristan stood.

Everyone present followed the line of the spotlight and saw that it was Sylvia and Tristan. There was an initial wave of astonishment, followed by plenty of cheering. "It's Mr. Ledger and Ms. Ross!"

"They're a wonderful pair. They deserve to be the first pair on the dance floor."

"Come on, Mr. Ledger and Ms. Ross, hurry up!"

They cheered them on and paved a path open for them to step on the dance floor.

Sylvia frowned

Tristan held her hand and whispered to her, "Don't be afraid. Just follow my rhythm."

Sylvia was not scared. It was more so that she did not want to dance with him.

Unfortunately for her, the spotlight had chosen them. Furthermore, there was no chance she could refuse the crowd that was so eager to see them dance.

Oh well, dancing could not hurt.

She grunted and followed him onto the dance floor.

Someone was playing on a grand piano.

As soon as they stepped on the dance floor, the harmonious melody of the piano filled the venue.

Tristan bent down towards her elegantly with an outstretched hand, staring straight into her eyes with a dazzling smile. "Will the beautiful Ms. Ross share the dance floor with me?" Sylvia pursed her lips. She felt like he was being too dramatic. She did not elicit a verbal

response to his invitation and merely gave him her hand. Tristan stood up straight and took her hand in one hand as he put another hand on her waist. Sylvia followed suit and placed a hand on his shoulder, and they began to dance. They matched each other's tempo rather exceptionally. They twisted and turned to every note, twirling across the dance floor elegantly.

The dress Sylvia wore glided in the air with every movement she made.

The crowd surrounding the dance floor was mesmerized by the two dancers. They were captivated by the way they danced and also by how dazzling the two of them were. Tristan was the charming, charismatic baron of the castle while Sylvia was the elven princess dwelling deep within the forest. Both her beautiful features and her slender figure were something only seen in fairy tales. Someone in the crowd remarked, "This lady that Mr. Ledger brought with him is so pretty."

"Well, were you expecting Mr. Ledger of all people to bring just any ordinary woman?" "But isn't she just his employee?" "He has so many spectacular employees. Why did he choose to bring her specifically? Have you seen the way he looks at her? That's not the way you look at any other common employee!" The people in the crowd began to chatter amongst themselves.

Behind the crowd came Odell who had just arrived. He looked at the center of the dance floor to see what was garnering so much attention from everyone. On the spacious dance floor were two faint figures blistering about, one clad in pink and the other in white. Was that Tristan and Sylvia?

Chapter 58

His eyes darkened in a split instant

To think that this woman was not caring for her children at home but was all dressed up and dancing with another man out in public!

Tara appeared next to him and was visibly shocked by the sight of the two dancers on the dance floor. She could not believe her eyes when she recognized Tristan and Sylvia.

When she saw Sylvia's spectacular outfit, she took a deep breath to curb her resentment.

She looked at Odell again

He wore a stoic expression, showing disdain for Sylvia the way he usually did. However, there was also a visible mix of awe and surprise in his eyes as he was captivated by Sylvia's appearance.

Tara cursed the existence of the wretched woman that was Sylvia. Then, she composed herself and said to Odell, "Wow, I wasn't expecting Tristan and Sylvia to be here. They seem like a good match."

Odell pursed his lips and scoffed with a sour look

At last, the music was nearing its end

The first dance presented by Sylvia and Tristan had finally come to an end.

Tristan led his partner away from the dance floor.

As soon as they stepped off the dance floor, the two keen-eyed dancers noticed something in the crowd. They turned in a specific direction in unison.

They immediately noticed Odell standing with Tara,

Both of them were surrounded by several notable persons who were responsible for hosting the grand ball tonight, all courteously attending to them.

Tristan was appalled

When Sylvia met Odell's grim gaze, she shuddered conscientiously and jerked her hand away from Tristan's grip

The rest of the crowd were reeling back from the wonderful dance and were beginning to notice Tara and Odell who exuded an extraordinary field of energy.

Someone in the crowd stated, "I think that girl over there is Tara Avery. I can't believe she's here"

"She's one of the most talented artists of the new generation. She must have been directly invited as well."

Many of them stared at Odell with adoration. "Who is that man with her? He's so handsome. He might be even more handsome than Mr. Ledger."

"Stop gawking He belongs to Tara."

"I heard that she's with Master Carter now. Could this really be him?"

More people gathered around, drawn by the commotion. Tara felt the collective gaze on her. She addressed Tristan and Sylvia with a look full of pride, "Mr. Ledger, Sylvia, what a coincidence. I didn't expect you two to be here as well."

Tristan smiled politely. "It really is quite a coincidence. I wasn't expecting Master Carter to be here with you either."

"Yeah, Odell happened to be free, so he decided to come with me," she said as she boldly took Odell's arm.

Odell softened the look in his eyes and stopped glaring at Sylvia.

Sylvia heaved a sigh of relief but soon found herself scowling at the sight of Odell. She recalled that Odell was not particularly fond of occasions such as these.

He must care a lot about Tara to put up with a place like this.

It was awfully quiet for a few seconds.

Some of the more alert members of the crowd quickly noticed something was wrong.

The host hurriedly defused the situation, "Everyone, don't just stand around. Let's dance!"

The pianist began playing again. Many people had been itching to dance, so the moment the host finished speaking, countless pairs of couples stepped onto the dance floor eagerly. Seeing that Odell and Tara hardly budged, one of the hosts turned to them and asked, "Master Carter, don't you want to dance with Miss Avery?"

Tara regarded the crowded dance floor with a contemptuous look. She had wanted the privilege of the first dance along with Odell, but Tristan and the nasty Sylvia had swooped in and taken the opportunity.

Still, she wanted to dance with Odell. After all, she had dressed up for the night. She asked him eagerly, "Odell, shall we?"

Odell answered crossly, "No."

He was not some jester who would dance for the amusement of others. Tara thought he refused because the floor was already so crowded. She relented and sighed, "Alright." After a while, Tara shot a deliberate look at Sylvia. Then, she suddenly smiled and announced, "Odell, I saw Mr. Amos over there. Let's go over and have a chat with him."

Mr. Amos was a famous painter who was not only well known in the nation but all over the world.

Odell grunted, "Yeah, sure."

He darted a glance at Sylvia and Tristan before walking in the other direction along with Tara. When Sylvia heard Tara mention Master Amos, the look in her eyes changed.

Chapter 59

After some brief consideration, she started heading toward the section where the food was laid out.

Tristan trailed after her closely.

Sylvia turned to him and said, "Don't worry about me, Tristan. Go ahead and have fun."

Tristan smiled back at her. "I happen to be a little hungry too." With that, he went to get some food for himself. Sylvia pursed her lips and stayed quiet.

Shortly after they began eating, some people came up to them to mingle with them. Some of them were eager to talk business with Tristan while others took more interest in Sylvia.

They were deeply impressed by Sylvia's woodcarving art pieces and began discussing their artistic philosophy with her. In turn, she engaged in conversation with them. The ball had come to a successful end. Sylvia and Tristan followed the crowd towards the parking lot. Coincidentally, they arrived at the parking lot at the same time as Odell and Tara who were being escorted by the hosts. They bumped into each other yet again.

Tara took Odell's arm and smiled contentedly. "Mr. Ledger, Sylvia, are you two going back as well?"

Tristan answered with a polite smile, "Yes, we're in a bit in a hurry, so I'm afraid we'll have to chat next time. See you."

After exchanging some more pleasantries, he took Sylvia's hand and left.

Sylvia was not expecting this and instinctively pulled her hand back, but Tristan held on to her and refused to let go

She had no choice but to let herself be strung along by him.

Just as they passed in front of Odell and Tara, she heard someone speak to her in a glacial voice, "Isabel burned herself this afternoon."

Sylvia immediately halted and snapped in Odell's direction, "How did Isabel burn herself?"

Odell ignored her and led Tara into the car. "Odell, you better tell me the truth, how did Isabel burn herself?" Sylvia immediately chased after him.

Odell responded with complete indifference and proceeded to start the engine of the car. He turned the steering wheel rapidly and prepared to drive off. Sylvia stood right in front of the car, but Odell showed no intention of planning to stop for her.

The car was accelerating, so Tristan hurriedly pulled Sylvia to safety. With that, the black sports car drove away and vanished in a puff of smoke.

Tristan looked at Sylvia in concern. "Sylvia, are you alright?" Sylvia shook her head. "I'm fine. You can go back first. I'll take a taxi."

She needed to rush to Isabel.

Tristan noticed how anxious she looked and offered, "I don't have anything to do here anyway. Let me send you home."

Sylvia wanted to refuse but ended up in his car anyway. She went along with it in the end, especially considering that it would take longer if she needed to call a taxi. Tristan drove very fast.

Sylvia began calling Isabel when they were on the way there.

Isabel picked up after only several rings. Her sweet, tender voice burst through the speakers, "Mommy..."

Though her voice sounded clear and vibrant, there was also a faint, dejected undertone. Sylvia was relieved that she picked up and immediately asked, "Isabel, what's this about you getting burned this afternoon?" Isabel asked curiously, "Mom, how did you know about that?" "Please answer me first. Did you burn yourself?"

Isabel clicked her tongue and began, "It's that ugly lady's fault. She bought me something hot on purpose because she knew I would burn my hand and drop it. It ended up spilling on the ground and splashing all over her feet. That's when she started playing the victim in front of the stupid jerk, so he

thought it was me who did it. Luckily, I started crying and asking Brother for help, so her trap failed.” Sylvia’s expression harshened at the thought of Tara’s wretched schemes.

“What about you? Did you get burned?”

“I’m fine. Just my fingers got burned a little but I’ll recover very quickly,” she said with satisfaction. Sylvia breathed a sigh of relief. All was well.

Sylvia continued chatting with Isabel as she told her about her day with Liam along with both Odell and Tara. Finally, she told her that she would see her in a while before hanging up.

Chapter 60

With how fast Tristan was driving, it did not take long for them to arrive at the Old District

Sylvia turned to him, “Just drop me off at the junction near my house.”

It was only a short distance from the Carters’ residence, so she planned to walk there after she got out of the car.

Tristan gave her a look and answered, “Alright.” Shortly after that, they stopped at the said junction. Sylvia got out of the car and thanked him, “Tristan, thank you for sending me home.” Tristan smiled and answered, “You’re welcome. Now hurry up and go to your children.” Sylvia turned around and made for the Carters’. After crossing two more intersections, she arrived at the entrance of their family house.

The gate in front was closed. Sylvia stepped forward and raised her hand to ring the doorbell. “Hmm? Weren’t you going out on a date with him?” A deep, sardonic voice came from behind her out of nowhere. Sylvia was startled and quickly turned around.

It was Odell hiding underneath the shade of the trees. He was still wearing the same black suit he wore just now, leaning against the tree with his arms folded across his chest. Sylvia ignored his taunting. “Odell, I’m here to see my children. Please let them open the door.

“Answer my question first,” he said in an unfriendly voice.

Sylvia was troubled by this. “I’m not in a relationship with him. What date are you talking about?”

“I saw you two holding hands and dancing together. What do you call that if you’re not in a relationship?” Odell sneered sharply, “Your part-time lover??

Sylvia hissed sharply.

“Watch your mouth, Odell,” she said, “I only went with him because he invited me. We danced because we happened to get picked for the first dance, so I naturally went along with it.

There’s nothing else going on between the two of us.”

Odell scrutinized her up and down. “Do you think I’d believe you when you’re dressed like this to attend the ball with him?”

Just happened to get picked for the first dance, she said? What a convenient excuse for flirting with another man.

Sylvia felt a lump in her throat. She was about to explain that it was Tristan who had dressed her up in the first place but quickly realized that it was hardly a convincing explanation. She decided against it and said spitefully, "It's not my problem if you don't believe me."

Odell's lips twitched sharply. He was standing underneath the shade while the streetlights illuminated Sylvia's figure, so he had a good look at how she was dressed.

Her hair was draped over her shoulders, and she was wearing full make-up. Her luscious lips still had a layer of bright pink lipstick. The dress she wore complimented her frame, especially accentuating her slender waist before folding outward again to show off the perfect curves of her figure.

She usually dressed conservatively, but she was dressed up as if she had stepped out of a whorehouse. Could it have been any more obvious that she had done this to seduce Tristan and to dance with him so everyone present at the ball would be misled as to the nature of their relationship?

Odell's face continued to darken.

After a while, he smirked sardonically, "You want to steal your sister's fiancé for yourself so that you can claim the spot of Mrs. Ledger."

Question marks floated above Sylvia's head. "Odell, I was only dancing with him. When have I said anything about marrying him?" "If you don't want to marry him, why were you dancing with him in public?" Sylvia became speechless. The words were caught in her throat. Odell took her lack of response as her indirectly admitting it.

He stepped out from the shade of the tree and walked up to her with a vicious look. "Let me do you a favor and tell you straight up that Tristan is not going to marry you. Even if he does have feelings for you, his family will never agree to you entering the Ledgers."

Sylvia never thought anything along those lines, to begin with, so she snapped angrily, "I am fully aware. I don't need you to tell me that." "At least, you know your place."

As Odell observed her dolled-up face, the scenes of Tristan dancing with her on the dance floor flashed past his mind again. The sheer recollection of it brought forth a sheet of ice in his eyes as he added, "You're just a broken toy that I got bored of. Don't go around thinking that you can marry your way into another rich family." Sylvia stiffened.