

master odells 61

Chapter 61 A broken toy?

For a split second, Sylvia felt her body convulsing, prickled by numerous sharp thorns that penetrated her skin.

Almost by instinct, she raised a hand and delivered a slap across Odell's handsome face.

Smack!

A clear, crisp smack cut through the air.

Sylvia felt her palm trembling. Her anger was what kept her going as she roared with a vengeance, "Odell, you're the broken toy!"

As soon as she said this, she felt something gripping her neck.

It was Odell who grabbed her neck and pushed her against the wall behind her. His face was terrible and dark.

"You hit me? How dare you hit me?" He stared at her murderously as if he wanted to drill holes into her body with his gaze.

The look in Sylvia's eyes shifted, then she braced herself and howled again, "You were the one who started it!"

Odell tightened his grip in anger.

Sylvia was suffocating and desperately opened her mouth to draw in large mouthfuls of air. Underneath the light, her luscious lips were glowing an irresistible pink.

Odell gulped.

Then, in one swift motion, he forced his lips onto hers.

Sylvia's eyes widened instantly.

After a momentary confusion, she finally came to and ruthlessly shoved him away.

Feeling her struggle, Odell quickly let her go. Sylvia asked sullenly, "Odell, what the hell are you doing?" Odell squinted his eyes with an indescribable look.

Seeing that he did not yield an answer, Sylvia probed again, "Don't tell me that you still have perverted ideas about your ex-wife, do you?"

This stunned Odell for several seconds, then he suddenly curled his lips into a wretched smile and said, "Do you think I'll have any interest in a disgusting witch like you who would even try to seduce her sister's fiancé?"

"Then, why did you kiss me?" Sylvia countered, "Aren't you afraid of tarnishing yourself?" "You're dirty, but at least still more presentable than those women you see in clubs." He smiled coyly. "Besides, since you like fishing for men's attention, I might as well have my fun with you."

Sylvia was speechless. She immediately raised her hand at him again.

This time, he abruptly grabbed her hand before she even grazed his face and shoved her hand against the wall

Sylvia felt her back slamming against the wall. She winced in pain, then glared at him and yelled, "Odell, you're the dirty one here! You cheating, disgusting scum, even prostitutes have more honor than you!"

Odell's face darkened. "You dare to say that again?"

"You sick son of a bitch, even prostitutes have more honor than-" Before she could finish her sentence, he plugged her mouth with his kiss again.

He was overbearing.

Sylvia struggled for a while before he let go.

Then, he raised his hand and wiped the corner of his mouth, looking at her with disdain. "How very dull." Sylvia was so furious that she could hardly gather her thoughts concisely. She immediately opened her mouth and readied herself to unload a barrage of insults at him.

Before she could begin, he smiled wickedly and asked, "Do you still want to see the children?" Sylvia immediately clenched her teeth and swallowed the words that nearly erupted. Odell continued that mocking laughter of his. "If you want to see the children again, don't you ever let me hear you insulting me."

Sylvia wanted nothing more than to cuss him out right then and there! But she could not. She was completely outmatched by him!

She flexed every muscle in her jaw to keep her mouth shut to a point where her eyes were reddening with vexation.

Chapter 62

Odell was startled when he saw Sylvia's red, swollen eyes with tears pooling inside them.

He scoffed and said crossly, "Don't look at me like that. It's not going to work on me. I'm not Tristan."

Sylvia was completely speechless as she held back her tears. Odell could not help it and began to chuckle when he noticed how upset she was and yet unable to express her anger in any way or form.

"Go see the children. You only have an hour."

With that, he stepped towards the door which opened automatically.

After he entered, Sylvia stared at his figure and muttered curses, "Stupid bastard, prick!"

After she got it out of her system, she dragged herself inside.

Meanwhile, Tara, who had been hiding in the dark this entire time, was clenching her hands tightly and angrily.

Back at the parking lot after the ball ended, she already had a feeling that something was going on when she heard Odell suddenly tell Sylvia what happened to Isabel that same afternoon. That was when she decided to sneak here without Odell knowing.

She could not believe that he had kissed this disgusting, wretched woman even though he hated her. It must be the way she dressed that managed to seduce him!

Tara was angry and restless.

No, she could not allow Sylvia to use her baby as an excuse to draw closer to Odell any longer.

She had invested so much to earn Odell's affection and done so much to maintain their relationship over all these years. She simply could not allow Sylvia to take that away from her!

Isabel and Liam had been waiting for Sylvia to visit them.

Sylvia had just entered the yard when they bolted out of the living room.

Isabel was wearing a pink skirt and eagerly called out to her mother. Liam was dressed handsomely in a shirt with a denim suspender strapped over it. He looked at his mother with moon-like eyes.

Sylvia felt her grievances melt away into nothingness when she saw their adorable faces again. She greeted them joyfully and took them into her arms. Then, they went back to the bedroom.

Sylvia inspected the injury on Isabel's hands and finally could breathe easily upon noticing that the damage was not significant. She stayed until it was nearly midnight when the children were asleep before she went home.

It was the weekday again.

As usual, Sylvia arrived at the studio in the morning. Shortly after her arrival, a young and beautiful woman completely clad in branded designer clothing rushed into the studio. Sylvia's colleague in the studio stepped up to politely stop her from entering, but she rudely shoved them out of the way, even yelling viciously, "Scram!" Sylvia, who was working at the time, regarded the scene with a deep frown.

That was when she recognized her half-sister Sonia charging at her brazenly.

"Sylvia, you shameless bitch!" she cursed at the top of her voice and raised a hand to hit Sylvia.

Sylvia reacted in time and grabbed the incoming wrist and hissed sternly, "Sonia, have you lost your mind?" Sonia glared at her. "I'm here to settle things with you, you bitch!" Sylvia snarled, "Watch your mouth." This only made Sonia more upset. "I haven't seen you for so many years. Not only have you grown into a bitch, but you even dare to talk back to me now!" Sylvia jerked her lips.

So many years had passed, and she was no longer the same Sylvia that had to live under the endless oppression of her half-sister and stepmother under the roof of the Rosses!

She snapped back at Sonia with a stoic expression, "Sonia, this is my workplace. If you have something to say, wait until I finish work. Now, get out of here."

With that, she released her grip on Sonia's wrist. Sonia looked at her with wild, widened eyes. Sylvia had been the target of her ruthless bullying throughout their childhood. How was it that the same Sylvia was not only rebuking her but even telling her to scram?

Chapter 63

What was worse was that she had the guts to flirt with Tristan! How very vile! Sonia could not swallow her anger and tried to deliver another blow to Sylvia's face. This time, Sylvia ducked to the side, so Sonia's hand smashed against the hard surface of a wooden pillar.

She immediately cried out in pain, "You! I'm going to slap the crap out of you no matter what!"

Blinded with rage, she threw herself at Sylvia.

That was when Tristan suddenly charged in from outside. He quickly stepped in between the two of them and helped fend off Sonia.

Sonia was startled by this display. She immediately cried for justice, "Tristan, look what Sylvia just did to me!"

Tristan frowned and looked at her with a vengeful glare. "Do you think I'm blind?"

Besides, there were many witnesses in the studio. It was clear as day that it was Sonia who tried to fight Sylvia unprovoked.

Sonia's expression shifted and she began to pout defensively. "She's such a disgraceful woman for trying to flirt with you, so I had to come here and teach her a lesson."

"She didn't try to flirt with me." Tristan announced solemnly before adding, "Also, just to clarify things, there's nothing going on between me and you either."

The marriage was just something that their parents had brought up in passing. There was no mention of any engagement, and the two of them had never even gone out on a date.

Therefore, it was a stretch to say they were in a relationship.

As soon as he said that, Sonia broke out in tears.

She grabbed Tristan by his sleeve and whimpered meekly, "Tristan, did you get yourself seduced by her? She's the spoiled woman that even Odell didn't want, and she even has children! My father banished her from my family. You deserve someone better than a dirty woman like her!"

Tristan's expression became menacing and cold upon hearing this. "Sonia, she's your sister no matter how you want to put it. Do you think it's right for you to humiliate her like this?" He stood like a knight defending Sylvia's honor and rebuked her, "Go home. We don't welcome you here."

Sonia cried weakly and glared at Sylvia with a hateful look before she fled the scene with her hand over her mouth.

A wave of silence swept over the studio. Tristan swiped a glance across the studio. "Get back to work." Everyone returned to their workstations.

Tristan then turned to look at Sylvia who was standing erect, but she had a shellshocked look. It was as if she had been plunged into another world of ice. Every pore on her body was stung by a harsh coldness.

Tristan called out to her, "Sylvia?" The look in her eyes shifted. She turned to him with a dazed look and muttered, "I'm fine. Don't worry about me. I'm sure you have more important things to attend to." Tristan frowned. "Sorry, I shouldn't have let her in. Don't be sad, alright? I'll take care of things."

Sylvia muttered a weak "okay" before returning to her chair. She was not in the mood to talk to him.

Sensing this, Tristan proceeded to leave. Shortly after he left, Betty and several other members of the studio who were close with Sylvia came to her.

"Sylvia, are you all right?"

Sylvia curled her lips with a strained smile. "I'm fine."

Betty asked with a tint of anger, "Was that woman just now your sister? How could she say such things about you?"

The corners of Sylvia's lips twitched when she heard this. This was certainly not the first time she heard such wicked insults from Sonia.

Sylvia could trace back her earliest memory and name every instance when Sonia had taken advantage of the doting affection of their parents reserved for her to bully Sylvia.

Fortunately, Sylvia spent many years with her grandparents where she was sheltered from these injustices. It was after her grandparents passed away that she had to return home and was subjected to the endless torment of Sonia and her stepmother for several years again.

At the time, she still had a shred of affection for their father and her family, which was the ultimate reason she let them have their way with her.

She no longer felt that way now.

Three years ago, when Odell kicked her out of the Carters' household, she had to return to her family again.

She was welcomed by the collective ridicule of her stepmother and her equally hostile stepsister, along with a harsh rebuke from her father who had told her, "You have disgraced our family name and soured the relationship between our family and the Carters. You're the reason that our company finances are plummeting. From this day on, you are disowned from our family. Get out of my face."

Chapter 64

Was there ever a worse feeling than being abandoned by your loved ones when you needed them the most?

Odell had her slapped sixty times back then to the point that her face was swollen like she had been stung by a bee.

Not only did her biological father not feel sorry for her, but he even blamed her for things turning sour with the Carters and had her banished from the family. From that moment on, Sylvia had completely lost all faith in her family.

If they would not treat her as one of their own, she would not suffer their wrath for no reason either!

All the memories rushed back to her.

Sylvia came back to her senses and turned to Betty and the others with a faint smile, "She is not my sister. I have no other family members except for my two children and Aunt Tonya." Betty heaved a sigh of relief. "Then, it's all good."

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They did not press her for more details and left her to herself after offering her solace.

Sylvia similarly picked up her tools and went back to work.

Meanwhile, Sonia, who ran out crying, ducked into a white luxury car parked outside.

In the car, Tara saw her tears and immediately asked in a concerned voice, "What's the matter, Sonia? What did Sylvia do to you?"

"She's disgusting. I can't believe this!" Sonia wiped her tears and cursed Sylvia repeatedly before finally relaying the events that happened in there, from her trying to slap Sylvia to Tristan storming in and kicking her out.

Tara sighed. "If Tristan is so protective of her, I think chances are that he has fallen for her as well."

"That bitch! If it wasn't for Tristan stopping me, I would smash her face right in!" Tara consoled her patiently, "Alright, Sonia. Being angry won't help with anything. It's only going to ruin your mood." Sonja took a deep breath and tried to suppress the torrent of anger inside her.

There was a part of her that looked down on Tara. However, she had to acknowledge that Tara did become an excellent painter over the recent years. She was also a woman whom Odell cared greatly about. If not for Madam Carter's objection, she would have married into the family long ago.

Meanwhile, Sylvia who Odell had kicked out of the family would not even have the right to brush the edges of her feet.

Sonia knew better than to offend Tara. After giving it some thought, she took the initiative to ask her, "Tara, what should I do now? My feelings for Tristan are genuine, and I don't want Sylvia to steal him away."

"We will have to take the long term approach," Tara said with a soft smile, "Don't worry I'll help you Odell and I had to split up because of her back then, and I won't let her do the same to you and Tristan and destroy your future."

Sonia was moved by this gesture. "Tara, you're the best."

Tara smiled softly. "It's because you're a naive, simple girl. I don't want you to end up like me back then."

Sonia had a wounded, innocent look when she said this. She agreed that she was too naive, which was how Sylvia managed to lull Tristan from her.

Deep down, Tara was silently mocking Sonia, but what she showed on the surface said otherwise, "By the way, I heard that Sylvia is now living in the Old District, the same house left behind by your grandparents. I think you should go to her and set things straight with her, considering she's your sister after all."

The look in Sonia's eyes changed as she smiled back at Tara. "Alright, I got it."

Meanwhile, Sylvia stayed busy in the studio until lunchtime. She was about to go out to dinner with Betty and the others when Tristan stepped in her way.

He darted a look at Betty and the others who awkwardly shuffled away.

Tristan looked at Sylvia with a subtle smile. "Sylvia, let's have lunch together. I have something to tell you."

Sylvia observed his tender smile and answered, "Okay."

She just happened to have something to say to him as well.

She got into his car and they went to a refined fancy Western restaurant where Tristan had reserved a private room.

After they entered, the waiter escorted them upstairs.

Just as they were going up the stairs, Odell and Tara came in through the front door.

Tara recognized their figures at first glance and was visibly taken aback. She quickly turned to Odell and whispered, "Odell, I think that was Sylvia and Tristan."

Odell followed her line of sight and saw Tristan and Sylvia heading to the second floor. Soon, his expression became icy.

That was when the waiter turned to them to inform them, "Mr. Carter, Miss Avery, your reserved room is on the second floor. This way, please."

Chapter 65

Tara took Odell's arm.

When they got to the stairs, Sylvia and Tristan had already entered the private room they reserved.

Tara looked at Odell's face and whispered to him, "Odell, could Tristan be the one who took the best private room that we were going to reserve?"

Odell pursed his lips indifferently.

Tara added, "This restaurant is a famous location for couples. They say that that particular private room has a reputation for successful proposals. Since Tristan is bringing Sylvia to that room, I think he's planning to confess his love to her."

Odell's face darkened when he heard this.

Tristan was going to confess to that woman? A rush of anger went to his head, but he was able to suppress that anger as quickly as it came to him.

There was nothing to be angry about, especially since it was a woman he no longer cared for.

However, if this woman dared to take Tristan and willingly ignore her children, then she would never get to see them again in the future!

Sylvia followed Tristan into a very tastefully decorated and rather romantic private room.

There was a long table at its center with candles on top.

Tristan entered and politely pulled out a chair for her.

Sylvia thanked him and sat down while he sat directly across from her.

There was a grand piano in the corner of the room with a dedicated pianist playing, adding to the ambiance of the night.

After Sylvia and Tristan sat down, the melodious chords of the piano sounded across the room.

The waiter brought the food and poured red wine for each of them in turn.

Tristan wore a permanent smile on his face.

Sylvia could not help but frown at the sight of this.

This meal must have cost a fortune even if it was largely negligible for someone like Tristan

Sylvia took a sip of wine and said to him, "So, Tristan, what was it you wanted to tell me?"

Tristan observed her, then clapped his hands to give a signal.

The door immediately opened, followed by a waiter stepping inside with a cart of fresh red roses. The whole room was instantly dominated by the floral scent.

Sylvia frowned.

As the waiter put the flowers down and went out, the music changed to one that was melodious and romantic.

Tristan picked up a bunch of flowers and walked over to Sylvia. He was seconds away from getting down on one knee. That was when the abashed Sylvia stood up instantly. She cried, "Tristan, calm down!" Tristan smiled at her. "I am calm."

He was midway through bending at the knee. "Don't you dare kneel, or else I'll leave right away," Sylvia hurriedly said. She had a defiant yet resolute look in her eyes.

Tristan's lips twitched. He stood up straight and looked at her sternly before saying, "Sylvia, I've said this to you many years ago, and this time I'll say it again. I like you, and I want you to be my girlfriend. Let me be the one to protect you from here on."

His confession was very earnest.

The music continued playing.

Meanwhile, in the private room next to their current one that was only partitioned off by a wall

Odell was leaning against the wall with his arms folded across his chest. He was spying on what was happening in the adjacent room via a small, transparent window no more than the size of a palm.

Chapter 66

Odell saw a cart full of roses beside Tristan who was confessing to Sylvia.

He raised his sharp brows and just watched coldly. Beside him, Tara observed the reaction on his face and also studied how things were developing between Tristan and Sylvia. On the other room, Sylvia and Tristan had no idea that Odell was watching.

Sylvia looked at Tristan with a complicated expression. After the ball that night, she knew that something was wrong with him, but it still surprised her when she heard it from him herself.

While she did not want to hurt him, if she kept it vague or averted the question, it would only deepen the misunderstanding, eventually hurting him deeper.

She looked into his eyes and said, "Tristan, I really am honored that you would fancy me, but I only see you as a friend. We aren't suitable together." Tristan was disheartened. Although he did think of this outcome before. He soon curled his lips into a smile and said, "You're single, I'm single. Why can't we be together?" "I'm a divorcee with two kids. Your parents won't agree to it."

"I don't mind that. I'll think of a way to make my parents agree. As long as you are willing to be with me, none of those can stop us."

"You are not taking this seriously." Sylvia did not want to linger on the topic. "Tristan, I don't like you. I have no feelings for you, and I cannot be with you." Tristan gripped her wrist and widened his grin. "Sylvia, people say that feelings can be developed."

Sylvia frowned. She bit the bullet and said, "Tristan, we've known each other for twenty over years. If there was something for us to develop, we would have long developed it."

Tristan's grin faded.

Sylvia retracted her hand and added, "I have to go back to work."

She could no longer continue eating.

She turned around and wanted to leave, but before she could set foot outside, Tristan called out to her.

"Sylvia!"

The piano also picked a timely moment to stop.

Things became quiet in the room.

Sylvia turned around to him.

He stared at her and asked, "You still like Odell, don't you?"

Sylvia wore a cold look. She answered without a second thought, "I don't."

"Not a tiny bit?"

She gazed into his eyes and emphasized each and every word clearly. "Not. At. All."

He smiled. "Okay."

Sylvia then left without saying anything else.

He inhaled deeply before he put the roses back onto the cart. Then, he limped back to his seat and collapsed, staring at the spread of food blankly.

Meanwhile, in the other room, Odell was standing rooted where he had been from the start. His thin lips slightly tightened and his brows furrowed. No one knew what he was feeling at the moment.

He had clearly heard the conversation between Tristan and Sylvia. Tristan had asked her if she still liked Odell, but she had outright denied it. Tara was also surprised. She did not expect Sylvia to reject such a romantic confession. She refused to believe that Sylvia did not want to marry a wealthy man. The reason Sylvia must have rejected Tristan was that she still liked Odell

Chapter 67

In all of Westchester City, only Odell could best Tristan at anything. Tara refused to believe that Sylvia had no feelings for Odell. A while later, Tara regained her composure and said to Odell, "Who would have expected her to reject Tristan? Did she really just reject him because of his parents? Tristan is a great man, and based on my understanding of Sylvia, I believe it's impossible for her not to have any feelings for him." Odell looked at her. "Are you saying that Sylvia is playing hard to get?" His gaze looked sharper than usual. Tara thought about it and explained nervously, "I'm not saying that. I just think that she has feelings for Tristan, or else why would she have accompanied him to that ball as his partner? She said she doesn't like you anymore, which means she's telling Tristan that there is no one else but him. It will make Tristan think that he still has a chance."

Odell's gaze changed. The strange suffocation that he had in his chest suddenly dispersed. He scoffed, and a hint of disgust appeared in his eyes.

"This woman is still as scheming as ever."

Tristan went blank in the room for quite a while.

He only got up after he slightly recovered from his disappointment.

Coincidentally, he bumped into Tara when he came out.

"Master Tristan, what a coincidence!" Tara greeted him with a smile.

In a foul mood, Tristan did not want to talk to her, so he simply hummed a reply and was about to leave.

"I saw Sylvia when I came. Are you guys having lunch here?" Tara had a peek at the room that he came out from. Tristan frowned. "It's none of your business."

"It's so beautiful inside. Did you just confess to Sylvia?" Tara then added.

He tightened his lips, the distraught on his face apparent. "I'm sorry, Master Tristan. I didn't mean anything." Tara blinked curiously before she whispered her question, "Did Sylvia reject you?" Despite feeling upset, Tristan maintained his basic manners and said while almost teetering on the edge of being impolite, "You don't need to poke your nose into our business. Just mind your own business and run along with your man." "Master Tristan, I really don't mean anything else. I am just saying that I think Sylvia has feelings for you too."

The words made Tristan's expression change. He asked, "What makes you think so?"

"I've known Sylvia for many years, and I think she has no feelings for Odell anymore. You are a great man yourself, so it's impossible that she has no feelings for you." Tara sighed before she added, "I think she rejected you because of her sister."

"Sonia?"

Tristan recalled that Sonia did turn up at the studio to cause a scene about Sylvia, hence the frown on his face.

"Yeah. Sylvia has been tolerating her sister since they were young. She knew Sonia liked you, so even if she had feelings for you, she would never compete with her sister."

Tristan knew a thing or two about how Sylvia was doing with her family.

If Sylvia truly wanted to reject him, she could have said that he still liked Odell.

Upon hearing Tara's explanation, Tristan's disappointment faded substantially. Although he remained doubtful, he looked at Tara and asked, "Why are you telling me this?"

Tara whispered, "It's because of me that Odell divorce her, so I feel bad. I don't want her to have an unhappy life because of me."

Her excuse was flawless.

She was indeed the reason for Odell and Sylvia's divorce.

From there, it gave Tristan a chance to pursue Sylvia.

Tristan seemed a lot more at ease after listening to Tara.

"Master Tristan, I hope you won't give up on Sylvia," Tara added.

"I won't give up on her. If I can be with her in the end, I owe you one," Tristan said and then left in a hurry. Tara wiped her fake smile away and swapped it for a cold grin.

Chapter 68

Tristan was absent from the studio for the entire day, and Sylvia felt a lot more comfortable without his presence.

It was then time to pick her kids up from kindergarten.

She drove while Isabel and Liam chatted incessantly in their baby seats in the rear.

Then, her phone rang. It was Aunt Tonya. It was rare for Aunt Tonya to call her at this hour, which sparked her curiosity.

She stopped the car by the side of the road and picked up the phone.

Aunt Tonya's voice came through the phone, fueled with anxiety and anger. "Syl! Sonia is here with a couple of men, and she's throwing out things out!"

Sylvia reacted grimly. She said, "Aunt Tonya, take care of yourself first. I'll be right there."

After hanging up, she floored the pedal and sprinted back

Liam and Isabel sensed that something was not right.

"Mommy, what's wrong?" Liam asked. "Something happened but it's nothing serious. You guys don't have to worry," Sylvia said.

Liam saw the nervous look on her face through the rearview mirror. He blinked several times but did not say anything else. A while later, the car arrived at the Old District and went straight to the Carters'.

Confused, Isabel asked, "Mommy, why are you bringing us here?"

"I have something urgent to deal with, so I have to send you guys home first. I'll come to find you when I have the time, and we can go out again," Sylvia said with a smile.

She then brought the two of them down from the car.

Isabel noticed something was not right, hence the pout on her face.

Liam said goodbye to his mother before holding his sister's hand and entering the house.

Sylvia watched the two of them go inside before she drove away.

When her car left, Liam and Isabel snuck out of the house.

"Brother, are we really going to follow Mommy?" Isabel asked.

"Aunt Tonya called Mommy just now. Something must have happened to them. I'm calling Uncle Jacob and Uncle Ben," Liam answered.

"Okay."

When Sylvia reached home, she saw that the place was in a mess. All her things were scattered across the floor, including her clothes and the cooking utensils that Aunt Tonya used to prepare meals.

Aunt Tonya was waiting at the entrance. She went up to Sylvia the moment the car stopped in front of the house.

"Syl, this is too much. Sonia is being terribly unreasonable. She brought her men in and started to ruin our things. I couldn't even stop her." Sylvia had a glance at the mess before she went inside with a grim

look. Inside the living room, Sonia was sitting on the couch like a princess. She even used one of Sylvia's new dresses as a cushion.

Sylvia was a lot more mature after what she had been through in the past few years, but this scene infuriated her nonetheless.

She maintained her last bit of politeness and said with clenched teeth, "Sonia, get out. You are not welcome here."

Sonia then shoved the new tea set on the table to the ground. She raised a brow at her sister and arrogantly said, "What if I don't want to? What can you possibly do?" The intimidating group of men that she brought over immediately rallied behind her. "You're absurd!" Aunt Tonya almost threw herself at Sonia.

Chapter 69

Sylvia quickly held Aunt Tonya back before she could do anything rash.

She then said to Sonia, "Sonia, Grandfather and grandmother left this place to me. If you don't get out now, I'll call the police."

Nonetheless, Sonia was not deterred. She said with a grin, "Who told you that those two old fags left this place to you? Did they provide you with an agreement?"

Sylvia was silenced.

Sonia's grin widened when she saw the surprised look on Sylvia's face. "My father is the legitimate heir, and from today onwards, I am the owner of this house because he has given it to me."

Sylvia clenched her fists tightly.

Her grandparents had repeatedly told her to come back to them if she had a hard time at the Rosses, but neither of them had set up a will before they passed away. They never would have thought that Sylvia's own biological father would give the place that she grew up in to Sonia.

With a gulp, Sylvia said, "Is that why you are here today?"

"I'm here to teach you a lesson, you shameless bitch." A scornful grin later, she added, "If you kneel and bow to me three times and promise that you will leave Tristan alone, I will consider letting you continue your tenancy here."

Sylvia reacted with a cold stare.

Aunt Tonya lost her patience. She screamed, "You little rascal, how can you say something like that? Sylvia is your sister!"

"Who are you to lecture me?" Sonia argued. She then signaled two of the men. "Throw her out."

Sylvia stepped in front of Aunt Tonya and said, "There's nothing between me and Tristan. It's not what you think."

Sonia grunted. "Of course, there's nothing between you and Tristan. You are the one seducing him."

"I'm not, and nothing is going to happen between us."

Sonia was slightly surprised. She thought that Sylvia's words were a sign of compromise. She grinned and said, "Okay then. Get on your knees and bow to swear that it won't happen."

"No. Not a chance. I'll never kneel down to you in my entire life," Sylvia flat out refused. Sonia snarled, "You bitch. Don't challenge my patience. If you don't kneel today, don't even think of staying in this house anymore."

"Aunt Tonya, let's go." Sylvia simply shot a cold glance at Sonia before she dragged Aunt Tonya outside.

Sonia did not expect Sylvia to really leave as she was not done with her sister yet. She bolted up and signaled the men behind her. "Stop them!"

The men surrounded Sylvia and stopped her from leaving.

Sylvia squinted.

Aunt Tonya nervously said, "Syl, run! I'll hold them back!"

However, Sylvia pulled Aunt Tonya behind her. The men might look menacing and strong, but neither of them seemed smart. She was confident that she could take them on.

To her surprise, just when the men wanted to catch her, two figures dashed in. It was Ben and Jacob.

They got in front of Sylvia and kicked two of the four men away with one kick each.

The other two men were obviously no match for the professional bodyguards, so they wisely stepped back. Sonia was shocked by their sudden appearance. She screamed at Ben and Jacob, "Who are you? Get the hell out!"

Ben and Jacob were expressionless and did not budge at all.

Sylvia then looked outside the entrance and saw two little figures coming in.

One of them was in denim overalls while the other was in a cute red dress.

Their exquisite features made them look like a prince and a princess from a fairy tale. Their adorableness complemented their outfits perfectly.

It was Isabel and Liam. They might be toddlers, but they had a presence that was unrivaled for their age, especially Liam. The moment he came in, he stared at Sonia with his icy cold eyes.

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Sonia was frightened by their intimidating presence. The children's gaze that did not seem to belong to toddlers made her nervous.

They were Odell and Sylvia's kids. Sylvia was not much of an issue, but they were Odell's children, the young master and lady of the Carters. Sonia could not afford to offend the Carters.

“Mommy, are you alright?” Isabel went up to Sylvia and stared at her with a worried gaze.

Sylvia patted her head. “Mommy is okay.” Isabel sighed a breath of relief. She then turned to Sonia and said, “You have three seconds to leave this place, or I will tell them to tie you up and throw you on the street.”

She might be a toddler but the intimidation in her cute voice was brazen.

Sylvia was stunned for a moment. She somehow saw Odell in the little girl.

Sonia wore a bitter look. She was being deterred by a mere three-year-old. More importantly, the three-year-old was Odell’s daughter who she could not afford to offend. She gulped her grievance and glared at Sylvia. Then, she huffed, “We’ll see about this.” She proceeded to lead her men out of the house. After Sonia and her men left, Isabel jumped onto Sylvia who hugged the little girl in her arms. The little girl delightfully asked, “Mommy, was I cool?”

Sylvia smiled. “Yeah, very cool.”

Sylvia also looked at the quiet Liam and said with a warm smile, “Liam was cool as well.” If they had not arrived with the bodyguards, Sylvia might not have had the confidence to beat all four of Sonia’s men.

Sonia had turned the whole house upside down, so Sylvia had to take her kids out. She said to them, “Isabel, Liam, Mommy and Aunt Tonya have to clean up the house. The two of you should go home how.”

Isabel pouted. “Mommy, will the bad guys come back and bully you?”

“No. They are afraid of you, so they won’t be back any time soon.” “Why don’t we get Uncle Jacob to stay?” Liam then piped up. Sylvia accepted the offer. “Okay.”

After the two of them followed Ben home, Sylvia and Aunt Tonya returned to the house.

She said to Aunt Tonya, “Aunt Tonya, we’ll pack and move out tomorrow.” Aunt Tonya was rather surprised. She then recalled what Sonia said, forcing her to swallow her grievance and questions. “Okay, I’ll pack right away.”

Since the house already belonged to Sonia, there was no reason for Sylvia to stay there anymore. She had to find another place to settle down.

After Isabel and Liam chased Sonia out, she called Tara and told her what happened. Embarrassed and furious, she cried, “Sylvia is shameless! She used her kids against me!”

Tara consoled her through the phone. After Sonia regained her composure, Tara asked, “Sonia, does she know that the house she’s staying in belongs to you now?” “Yeah. I told her my dad gave me the house.” “Sigh. You should’ve told me before you went there. You’re a little over your head this time. You shouldn’t just make her apologize. You should use the house as leverage and negotiate with her. Just use it to make her stay away from Tristan.”

Annoyed, Sonia pouted. “I think she wants to continue seducing Tristan which totally pisses me off! I was thinking that if she apologized and promised to stay away from Tristan, I’d give her the house, but she called her kids in to help her!”

“Calm down, Sonia. You’ve made it to her place, so it more or less scares her now. Just go home for now. If she still bothers Tristan, I’ll help you think of something else.” “Okay.”