

Master odells 621

Chapter 621

Thomas looked at her and held out a hand.

Taking out two pills, Sylvia placed them on the center of the palm of his hand and said, "Put them in your mouth."

He put them into his mouth.

She then handed a glass of water to him, "Here, drink this and swallow the pills."

He did as he was told.

With that, Sylvia managed to get him to take the medicine that would help with the symptoms of his cold.

After it all was done, she told him, "Lie down and get some rest."

Thomas smiled and thanked her, "Thank you."

"All I did was get you some medicine , you don't have to thank me."

She truly meant what she said.

Compared to what he had done to help her, what she had done was barely even worth mentioning at all, especially considering that the reason he had gotten sick in the first place was because he had saved Isabel.

Thomas did not answer but regarded her with a quiet look.

She was used to having him stare at her like this by now. She was not bothered by this and gently told him, "Get some rest."

He pursed his lips and said, "I can't sleep."

Sylvia wanted to offer to make him some tea to help him sleep, but before she could say anything, he suddenly asked, "Could you stay with me for a while?"

There was a faint tone of longing in his voice.

Having no reason to refuse this request, Sylvia agreed, " Alright."

His lips turned up into a faint smile.

His smile was filled with a certain warmth and added to his handsome charms, he suddenly looked younger and more vibrant.

Sylvia returned his smile and said, "You should lie down first."

"Mmm."

He lay down as he was told and rested his head on the pillow. However, his eyes remained wide open as he stared at her.

Despite having become accustomed to his gaze by this point, Sylvia still found it oddly embarrassing from being stared at all the time.

She blurted out, "You should close your eyes too." "If I close them, you'll leave," was his answer.

Something caught in her throat as she insisted, "I won't leave yet. I'll only leave when you've fallen asleep."

"I'll close my eyes after I fall asleep," he parried with a smile.

Sylvia had nothing left to say so she turned her head and looked away to avoid having to look at him.

Time passed.

Half an hour later, Sylvia turned to look at him again.

He was still in the same graceful sleeping position, but his eyes were still wide open and he was still staring at her.

She then took out a thermometer so that she could take his temperature.

His temperature was still roughly the same as before, it had neither increased nor had it decreased.

Sylvia frowned and insisted more sternly this time, "Thomas, you need to rest."

Thomas replied easily, "I'm not sleepy."

"You have to sleep even if you are not sleepy. If you don't get some proper rest, you'll never recover from your fever."

"I feel better like this than when I'm sleeping."

Sylvia could not understand what he was trying to say.

He added, "Actually, no, I have never felt better than this."

"Huh?" This only confused her more.

He looked at her tenderly and said in a low voice, "Because you are by my side."

Sylvia was completely speechless at this point. She felt as if something was lodged inside her throat.

She could feel the intensity of his burning gaze. It felt so hot until all she wanted to do was just turn away from him and avoid his gaze. Still, she forced herself to confront his gaze and told him, "Thomas, you can't do this. The two of us together would never work out."

"Why?" A sharp tone surfaced in his voice.

Sylvia said truthfully, "Even though Odell and I have gotten divorced, the fact is that I used to be your sister-in-law. This is something that everyone knows, so the world would never take to the news kindly if they find out that we are together."

"I don't care." After a short pause, he went on, "If you are bothered by that, I can take you to another place

where no one can find us and we don't ever have to come back."

Sylvia frowned and retorted solemnly, "Your mother would never give her blessings either."

His mother was a strong and opinionated woman. She would never approve of Sylvia either.

Chapter 622

"It's up to me to decide what's good for me." Thomas declared with a tinge of hardness in his voice.

Sylvia frowned sternly, "She's your mother, you can't just ignore her feelings."

"I'll change her mind and make her give us her blessings." He insisted adamantly.

Sylvia could not help but turn to look at him.

The look in his eyes did not contain the usual stillness within them. Instead, they now looked deep and filled with an immeasurable darkness, as if they were bottomless pools.

There was a stubbornness in his eyes, mixed with something she could not recognize.

It suddenly seemed as if there was no challenge in this world that would be too great for him.

It took Sylvia a while before she came back to her senses. She stated solemnly, "Things are not as simple as you think."

He immediately answered, "It's not as complicated as you think it is either. I can handle anything as long as you are willing to let me."

Sylvia fell silent for several seconds, before she averted her gaze from him and declared, "It's impossible. Please stop wasting your time on me."

To this, he made no reply and only silently looked at her.

The room fell silent and the very air seemed to freeze as if the coolness from outside was seeping in through the windows.

Sylvia turned to him and frowned.

He still looked pale and very weak, but his eyes were stubbornly fixed on her like a child who was longing for candy.

Sylvia chose to be frank with him, "Thomas, there is another reason that I can't be together with you."

"What is it?"

"I signed a divorce settlement agreement with Odell and one of the clauses clearly stated that if I ever remarried, I would have to give up custody of the kids to him."

Her children were everything to her. There was no way that she would ever give up custody of them, so she could never remarry.

Silence descended upon them again for several seconds.

A coy smile suddenly appeared on his face as he asked, "So, that means you can still be in a relationship, can't

you?"

Sylvia was taken aback by this.

There was a serious and gentle look in his eyes as he went on, "As long as I can be with the person I love, it doesn't matter to me whether we get married or not."

Sylvia was taken aback by this yet again.

She lowered her head to avoid his burning gaze and said, "It's not fair to you."

He was a good man, she could not make him sacrifice his future happiness for her.

"If I can't be with the person I love, I'd rather live in solitude until I die." After a pause, he went on, "Do you think this is fair for me?"

Sylvia frowned and felt a tightness in her chest.

It seemed to her that he had always been by himself ever since the day she had met him, which was the day she had married into the Carter family.

Despite Mrs. Carter's best attempts to find him a partner, he had always chosen to be solitary over having companionship.

At one point, she had even suspected that he was not into girls.

She had never thought that she was the reason he had been single all this time.

Countless interactions with him over the years suddenly replayed in her mind.

Almost every time she had been in trouble, he had appeared at the most critical time. At this point, he had already saved her life twice.

His kindness to her was not something that could be explained with mere words. It was not something she could simply repay either.

If he could not be with her, would he really rather be alone until he became old?

Silence dominated the room.

Sylvia was completely lost in her thoughts. After what seemed like forever in this disorientating state, she suddenly felt something cool on her forehead.

She looked up only to meet his handsome, even if slightly pale face.

At some point, he had gotten out of bed without her noticing. He stood in front of her, dressed in light clothing and gazed at her deeply as he asked, "Can't you give me a chance?"

Sylvia stammered, "...What kind of chance?"

As if he could not see that she was playing dumb, Thomas smiled and clarified, "A chance to prove my dedication to you."

Sylvia pursed her lips. He smiled faintly, "I'll just take your silence as a yes."

Chapter 623

Sylvia continued to purse her lips as she stayed silent.

Thomas suddenly laughed out loud, the sound of his laughter was soft but full of satisfaction. Immediately after that, he pulled Sylvia into his arms. He did it very gently, as if Sylvia was a precious vase that was extremely fragile. Sylvia was not used to being in such close contact with him and instinctively felt the urge to push him away. However, the moment she touched him she could feel the abnormal heat emanating from his body.

He was still feverish.

Frowning, she drew her hand back. After allowing him to hold her for a while, she insisted again, "Thomas, it's time for you to rest."

"Alright." He promptly drew away upon hearing this, then he stroked her head gently and spoke softly, "I'll go to sleep now. You should head back to your room to rest as well."

"Hmm," Sylvia answered and walked out.

As she stepped outside, she turned to close the door and stole a glance at him while doing so.

He had already returned to the bed and was looking at her softly.

Sylvia pursed her lips at him, then closed the door.

The room fell silent.

Thomas leaned back against the head of the bed and continued to stare absent-mindedly in the direction of where Sylvia had been. He smiled. Meanwhile, inside his bathroom, the shower head had not been shut properly the entire time. Thus, a small stream of water slowly continued to flow out of it and onto the floor. The slow, steady current of water flowed into the drain and then into the pipes.

The temperature inside the bathroom was still as cool as it was before. The current of water remained uninterrupted and kept the temperature inside constant, without any heat.

Probably because she had slept late the night before, Sylvia ended up waking up an hour later than usual the next day.

Neither Isabel nor Liam were in their room.

Sylvia quickly washed up and went to the living room.

She had only taken several steps out of her bedroom when she heard laughter coming from downstairs.

She could also smell the distinctive aroma of her favorite street food.

It smelled like the breakfast that she usually bought from the roadside stalls that she loved eating.

Her mouth watered at the thought and Sylvia quickened her pace as she made her way to the living room.

Isabel was playing with a remote control race car. When she noticed Sylvia coming down, she immediately cried out joyously, "Mom! Uncle bought a lot of delicious food for us and even got us a brand new latest model race car!"

Sylvia froze and looked across the living room.

Sitting on the couch next to the floor-to-ceiling windows was a man in a loose gray sweater. He was sitting there in a princely, dignified manner. Holding a book in his hand, he subtly turned his head to look at Sylvia when he heard Isabel's enthusiastic shouts and his lips curved into a faint smile.

The morning light shone through the window illuminated his fair-complexioned face. His smile seemed luminescent as well.

Sylvia froze for a moment before asking him suspiciously, "Thomas, did you go out?"

Thomas answered, "I went out earlier this morning to run some errands, then I bought these on the way back."

There was a wavering look in Sylvia's eyes as she remembered how ill he had been the previous night. She drew closer and asked, "Are you feeling better?"

Thomas put his book down, got up, and walked over to her.

They closed the gap between each other very quickly and got closer than they usually did. If they were to take just half a step more, they would practically be stuck together.

Sylvia's breath stalled and she tried to draw herself backward.

However, he was faster than her. He touched her head with his hand and greeted her in a pleasant voice, "I'm feeling much better. Let's have something to eat."

Sylvia felt her cheeks burn when she remembered their conversation the night before about his intention to pursue her. She merely murmured, "Ok."

She walked with him to the table.

Aunt Tonya, Isabel, and Liam had already had breakfast.

At the moment, Aunt Tonya was busy outside. Liam was sitting next to Isabel as he read a book, while Isabel was having the time of her life playing with her new race car.

Thus, it was just Sylvia and Thomas at the table.

Upon sitting down, Thomas pushed several dishes over to Sylvia.

Chapter 624

Sylvia was astonished.

She was usually not a picky eater and was fine with eating just about anything. She had rarely, if ever, told anyone what her favorite dish was.

With that said, a large assortment of her favorite foods had been laid out across the table.

The plates that Thomas pushed toward her were filled with the foods that she particularly liked having for breakfast.

Even Aunt Tonya probably did not know that these were her favorites. How had he known?

Sylvia's eyes widened and she blurted out, "Thomas, how did you know what my favorite dishes were?"

Thomas smirked with satisfaction and spoke softly, "Knowing what your favorite foods are should be one of the most basic pieces of information that your suitor should have."

Sylvia felt her face growing hot.

Very well.

1

She lowered her head to avoid his gaze, then she picked up the utensils and began to eat.

Everything she ate tasted just the same as she remembered them.

She was so touched that she even felt like she was about to cry.

After having a portion of food, she looked at Thomas and smiled, "Thank you, Thomas."

She was truly appreciative of this gesture.

Thomas rubbed the tip of her nose with a finger and said in a cool voice, "Please don't be so formal with me. I'll become angry if you keep on thanking me like this." Sylvia smiled, "Alright, point taken."

After that, she resumed eating. She practically gobbled everything up without any hint of her previous reservation.

Thomas grinned from ear to ear when he saw how happy she was as she ate.

The day passed quickly.

It was only around evening when the sky was almost dark when Sylvia saw Thomas again. He came back after having gone out and brought with him a few more things.

He had gotten toys for Isabel and Liam as well as gifts for

Aunt Tonya While Liam coolly and courteously thanked him, Isabel was very sweet as she thanked him. Meanwhile, Aunt Tonya received her gifts very enthusiastically and could not stop smiling

Finally, he drew his slender figure closer to Sylvia. Sylvia could not figure out what was on his mind and only stared at him in confusion. That was when he took out an exquisitely crafted tiny wooden box from his pocket and handed it to her, saying in a low voice, "This is for you."

"What's this?" Sylvia asked with a tint of curiosity.

Thomas opened the box to reveal a sunflower-shaped pendant inside.

Sylvia could not tell what material it was made from, but it was truly an exquisite piece of jewelry.

Her eyes lit up. "I saw it at the place of a friend of mine who is a designer and I bought it." He took the pendant out of the box and placed it around Sylvia's neck.

The tiny and delicate sunflower rested between her collarbones. Its reflective surface glimmered under the luster of the light above and looked very enchanting.

Sylvia was no fool. Even without a brand logo on it, she could see by the exemplary workmanship that the pendant must have been worth a fortune.

He had even gone out of his way to buy it for her.

She was very grateful, "Thank you, Thomas."

Thomas gently touched her head and said in a low voice, "If you really want to thank me, you could watch a movie with me."

Sylvia was stunned by this offer. She hesitated for a moment before replying, "Alright, but I need to wait until Isabel and Liam are asleep." "Alright." He smiled and said, "See you at ten p.m. tonight, don't forget." Sylvia smiled back at him as she accepted the invitation, "Okay."

The kids were very habitual animals.

The clock had only just struck nine when Isabel began to yawn.

Sylvia helped her wash up before helping her into her pajamas. Liam has always been independent, so he did not need Sylvia's help to wash up and brush his teeth.

By the time Sylvia had carried Isabel to bed, he had just finished washing up and emerged from the bathroom in his pajamas.

Sylvia told them a bedtime story as usual.

Isabel fell asleep first, followed by Liam who closed his eyes soon after.

By ten o'clock, they were both sleeping soundly and peacefully.

Sylvia kissed them on their cheeks before walking out of the room with her coat in hand. Thomas was waiting for her in the living room.

Chapter 625

Thomas was wearing a white shirt and trousers underneath a long trench coat.

His figure stood tall and straight.

When he saw Sylvia, he smiled in delight at her.

Sylvia returned the smile and greeted him, "Hey, let's

go.”

“Alright.”

Sylvia walked out of the living room with him and they both got into a white car.

The car drove out of the district as they headed for the nearby cinema.

There were not many people at this cinema, partially because this was a rather remote and sparsely populated area to begin with.

Sylvia and Thomas were the only ones in the theater for this particular showing.

They chose the most ideal seat for the best viewing angle, then they sat together and watched a very newly released romance film.

The story was pretty wholesome until an unexpected twist happened nearing the end of the story.

It turned out that all of the wholesome scenes they had seen up until this point had merely been the fantasies inside the head of the male protagonist. The romantic interest of the protagonist had passed away from an accident long ago and before her passing, the protagonist had been unjustifiably cruel to her.

A piece of sad and somber background music began playing as the tone of the movie took on a depressing turn.

It was a touching and sad movie, and Sylvia could not help but relate her experiences with the story itself. Her eyes began to water against her will.

She tried to use a piece of tissue paper to wipe away her tears.

Thomas swiftly extended his hand in front of her as he held a piece of tissue paper in between his slender and delicate fingers. Sylvia was suddenly filled with embarrassment.

Had he seen her cry?

She quickly accepted the tissue paper and wiped her nose while remarking nonchalantly at the same time, “It’s pretty cold in here.” She was trying to insinuate that it was the cold that had gotten to her, not the movie.

Thomas noticed her red and puffy eyes as he looked at her, but he echoed the same sentiment by saying, “Yeah, it’s a little cold.”

The movie ended.

Sylvia and Thomas stood up at the same time.

Before she could even take a step, he took his coat off and draped it over her shoulders. Immediately afterward, he deftly wiped the corners of her eyes with his hand. His warm fingertips ran across the corners of her eyes which were swelling with tears, and she instantly felt a strange sense of comfort wash over her.

She was taken aback by this gesture.

Thomas looked down at her and smiled faintly, "Your eyes are all red from the cold. Hurry up and put on the coat."

He was obviously teasing her.

Sylvia playfully swatted at him but as she pulled her hand away, he suddenly grabbed her wrist. She froze, and her first instinct was to jerk her hand back again.

Looks were definitely deceiving and Thomas was much stronger than his gentle appearance suggested.

Sylvia could not pull her arm away as he was clenching her wrist tightly.

Feeling discomfited, she looked at him and said, " Thomas, 1-"

"Let's go have some supper," He interrupted her.

With that, he led her outside.

Sylvia darted a glance at his hand that was still holding onto hers and pursed her lips.

She supposed that it was no big deal. Since she already agreed to let him pursue her anyway, there was nothing wrong with holding hands. Not feeling bothered any more, the two walked out of the cinema hand in hand. They ate supper at a nearby restaurant and only returned around midnight.

The car stopped outside the house.

Thomas was still holding Sylvia's hand as they stepped out of the car.

She gently shook her hand that was still entangled with his to remind him that he was still holding on to her.

Unexpectedly, he suddenly strengthened his grip on her hand.

With a swift 'thump', Sylvia found herself in his embrace,

with her face pressed against his chest. She could feel his beating heart as she was pressed against his warm body. That was when he suddenly said, "Goodnight." With that, he let go of her.

The pink shade glowing on his fair cheeks made him look every bit like a teenager who had just the first taste of love and was feeling shy. Sylvia smiled upon seeing this and said, "Goodnight."

Chapter 626

Two days later.

On this particular morning, Sylvia was spending time in the manor with the children.

Liam had become rather obsessed with reading recently. Additionally, he had been making a point of sticking close to Isabel ever since she had fallen into the water.

The little girl had so far been very obedient and no matter how excited she became while she was playing, she still made sure that she stayed near her brother. At the moment, the two siblings were

sitting together. Liam was reading silently while Isabel was watching a cartoon on a tablet. Sylvia sat nearby as she carved away at a piece of wood in her hands. She planned on carving a piano figurine for Thomas. Over the past few days, he had bought all sorts of gifts for the children as well as Aunt Tonya. Even though she had agreed to allow Thomas to pursue her, she could not justify accepting all these gifts without giving anything in return. Suddenly, Isabel turned off the tablet and crawled over to her mother's side. Laying her little chubby face against Sylvia's arm, she muttered, "Mom, how long are we going to stay here?" This is the first time she had asked such a question since they moved here. Sylvia hesitated for a few seconds before forming an answer, "We might have to stay here for a while." Isabel muttered, "Oh."

Seeing the look of boredom on her little chubby face, she suggested, "Hey, do you want to go outside to play?"

Isabel pursed his lips and stated, "No, I was just wondering how the baddie is doing."

It was obvious that she missed Odell.

Sylvia frowned.

Liam who had been occupied with his book all this while suddenly looked up and gazed at Sylvia with his big and quiet eyes.

Sylvia fell silent for a while before saying, "He should be fine."

He was the leader of the Carter Corporation and his influence enveloped the entirety of Westchester. There was no chance that he would not be doing fine.

Chances were that he was still very upset that she had taken the children away and was not able to see them. Still, she doubted that this would affect his life in any significant way. Besides, he still had Tara who was always at his beck and call.

"Oh, okay," Isabel responded, although she still looked despondent.

Sylvia gently caressed her hair and said softly, "Mommy will contact him later and ask how he's doing, okay?"

Isabel's eyes lit up, "Okay."

Truth be told, there was no way she could contact Odell.

While the children were taking a nap, she took her phone out.

This was not her phone, but one that Thomas had lent her. Even the SIM card had been registered under someone else's information as well.

Sylvia very rarely used this phone to make calls, search the Internet, or do anything along those lines.

Odell was easily the most famous person in Westchester, so news about him would be extremely easy to find on the Internet. She figured that she would be able to find some recent news concerning him.

She clicked into the browser and entered two keywords into the search bar: Odell Carter.

The page loaded and provided the search results. The first headline read: "Carter Corporation's bad streak of poor investment continues. With the corporation facing its greatest crisis yet, will the young leader be able to steer the ship out of trouble?" 1 The article was very recent and was dated just yesterday.

Chapter 627

In other words, the crisis was still very much ongoing.

Sylvia frowned and continued to scroll down.

Although she was not well versed with the intricacies of such situations, it was not hard to tell judging by these headlines that the Carter Corporation was facing a great crisis.

If not handled properly, it may very well be that the financial giant would face bankruptcy and collapse entirely.

While she was still intently reading the articles, another new post popped up on her screen.

She read the headline written in bold: **Master Carter's Drunken Fit at the Bar, is Carter Corporation Doomed to Collapse?**

Sylvia clicked on the link and saw that there was a picture right below the headline of the article.

It was a long-distance shot that looked like it had been stealthily taken. Upon zooming in, it could be seen that the picture was of a very low resolution. However, she instantly recognized the man in the picture as none other than Odell. He was sprawled out on the sofa with a bottle of liquor in his hand.

Sylvia was taken aback by what she saw.

Even though she could not see the expression on his face due to the blurriness of the picture, it was not difficult to recognize the disheveled state he was in.

She immediately recalled the time when Odell had been forced to deal with his stepmother and how he had been played by the vicious woman every step of the way. Even then, he had not faltered and used alcohol to cope with the situation.

To be precise, she had never seen him like this before.

He was someone who could handle anything, even if the sky were to crash mightily onto the earth. Why was he resorting to alcohol now?

Feeling a certain tightness in her chest, she glanced at Isabel and Liam who were both sleeping on the bed.

They would be crushed to see their father in this state.

After thinking about it, she went to the balcony and called Sherry.

It looked like the picture had been taken at Lush Heaven, which meant that Odell must have been drinking there last night. She knew that Sherry was always very well-informed and figured she would be

the best person that she would be able to acquire information from. Perhaps the news outlet had merely exaggerated the news about the downfall of the Carter Corporation?

The call was answered within the first few rings.

Sylvia greeted in a light whisper, "Sherry, it's me."

Sherry cried out enthusiastically the moment she heard Sylvia's familiar voice, "Sylvia! Where have you been? I couldn't find you at all and your number was unavailable. Did something happen?"

Sylvia hurriedly reassured her, "I'm fine. I'm in a very safe place with my children. Everything is fine. There's nothing to worry about." "Then why weren't my calls getting to you?"

"I wanted to cut off contact with Odell, that's why..." Sylvia did not really want to talk about this. Instead, she quickly changed the topic and said, "Hey, I saw the news about Carter Corporation. Is it all true?"

Sherry sighed and expressed, "It's all true. I heard that many problems came up in their major projects and their funding has essentially been cut off entirely. I don't think there's any way for Odell to recover from this. He might have to declare bankruptcy at any moment now."

Sylvia felt as if a heavy weight was pressing on her. She took a moment to digest this information and asked again, "Is the news about him getting drunk last night true as well?"

"It's all true, he pretty much lives here now." Sherry suddenly complained upon hearing mention of this, "Even with things as bad as they are, he still insists on reserving the VIP room and spends pretty much all day and night here. Every day, I see him kicking his assistants out of the room in a fit of anger. If not for his bodyguards standing guard outside the room, I would have kicked him out a long time ago."

Sylvia pursed her lips, feeling at a loss for words.

After a while, Sherry probed, "Sylvia, why are you hiding your children from him? I thought you two got a peaceful divorce? Did something happen again?"

Sherry was her best friend, so Sylvia saw no reason to hide the truth from her. She told her everything, from the time that Odell had moved in as her neighbor, to the episode where Tara and her had gotten kidnapped, and finally to how Odell had chosen to save Tara while being held at gunpoint. Sherry cried out furiously upon hearing the events that had transpired, "What the hell! I'll kick his ass out of here right now!" Sylvia knew that Sherry was fully capable of doing precisely that and quickly tried to talk her out of it, "Sherry, calm down! I'm fine now, everything is alright." Sherry was still seething with anger, "He, of all people, should know what kind of person Tara is. How could he have chosen her under such circumstances? Unbelievable!"

Sylvia was just as perplexed by the man's line of reasoning. He was well aware of all the terrible things Tara had done and yet, he would not hold her accountable. This only showed what Tara meant to him. She was his muse, after all. 1

Despite his claims that he would cut off relations with Tara, it was clear that she still had a claim to his heart.

Chapter 628

After the call, Sylvia went back to bed and tried to nap with the children.

For some reason, she did not feel even the slightest hint of sleepiness. The only thing that continued to turn over in her mind was the picture she had seen on the Internet of Odell getting drunk

This was completely contradictory to everything that she knew of him so far. For someone as composed as him to resort to alcohol, the Carter Corporation must truly be facing an unprecedented crisis, the likes of which he could not navigate his way out of.

Sylvia rolled over with an irritated frown.

They were already divorced. Even if she were to put aside everything that happened between them in the past, the single episode where he had chosen to save Tara while being held at gunpoint himself should be enough to fortify Sylvia's opinion that she had nothing to do with him anymore! She could not care less even if he died!

Despite that, she found herself in a turbulent, irritated state.

Even after Liam and Isabel had both woken up, her mind was still in the same haphazard state.

When the children woke up, they were still drowsy from sleep. Isabel groggily burrowed herself into Sylvia's arms while Liam pressed himself against her as well.

Sylvia sat up and took them both in her arms. She took a deep breath and inhaled their warm, soft scent, and found it to be very therapeutic. When it all came down to it, that man was their biological father. He had been a dutiful father to them and nobody could tell her otherwise. If not, Isabel who had once disdained him would not be talking about how much she missed him now.

A large part of her concern for him had to be because of her two little ones. When she thought about it this way, she felt a sense of relief. However, even by the time night time rolled around, she still could not fall asleep. She tossed and turned in her bed but she still did not feel tired. Putting on a robe, she went to the living room to make herself some soothing tea to help her sleep, when she bumped into Thomas who had just returned.

He was good-looking as ever and was wearing a black tuxedo that gave him a dignified air. His expression suddenly softened upon seeing Sylvia, "Why haven't you gone to bed when it's this late?"

"Can't sleep," Sylvia answered and then returned with a question of her own, "Why are you coming back this late at night?"

"I was held up by something." He drew closer to her as he said this and touched her head, "Let's have some supper together."

Sylvia was quite accustomed to his touch by now and answered with familiarity, "Alright."

She was not going to sleep anytime soon anyway.

Thomas must have given advanced notice to the kitchen staff.

Shortly after they sat down, the chef presented them with their supper.

Sylvia ate with him.

After a while, a thought suddenly occurred to her and she remarked, "Thomas, I'd like to take Isabel and Liam out tomorrow."

Thomas paused and asked, "Where are you taking them?"

Sylvia answered him truthfully, "I want to take them to meet Odell." Thomas looked at her, with the same unchanging expression in his eyes. Sylvia met his gaze and explained, "I saw the news today about the Carter Corporation's troubles and I saw that he's been drinking."

"Are you worried about him?" He asked.

Sylvia promptly replied, "There's no longer anything going on between us, but I can't deny that he is the father of my children. I don't want to see him wasting away like this. Maybe if he gets to see Isabel and Liam tomorrow, he might feel better and find the strength to pick himself back up." "What about you?" "What about me?"

His brown eyes seemed to bore into her, "Do you want to meet him?"

Sylvia answered briskly, "No, there is no need for us to meet."

She was not his true love. She was only taking the children to meet him because he was their father.

Thomas pursed his lips, "Okay, I'll take you there since I'm free tomorrow anyway."

"You should rest at home. I'll just take a taxi." Sylvia did not want to cause him any unnecessary inconvenience.

Thomas frowned and his voice suddenly dropped by several pitches, "Do you still see me as an outsider?"

Sylvia quickly clarified, "No."

Chapter 629

Thomas smiled as he insisted, "Then let me drive you there." He had made the offer in such a tender, understanding way that Sylvia found that she could not refuse him.

In the end, she said, "Okay."

The next morning when Sylvia told the kids that she was going to take them to see their father, Isabel jumped out of the bed and ran to brush her teeth and wash her face without any urging from Sylvia.

After breakfast, Sylvia took them to Thomas' car. The car drove out of the district and headed towards the city.

News of Carter Corporation's recent troubles had been spreading like wildfire across Westchester. At this point, almost everyone had already known about it.

Meanwhile, at Lush Heaven.

Tara was holding a stack of documents as she frantically paced around the entrance. She had never imagined that something like this would happen to Carter Corporation. Neither had she ever expected that Odell would choose to wallow in his grief and wash it down with alcohol, while completely neglecting his responsibilities.

It was clear that he could not come up with any solution to address the crisis at hand.

It was only a matter of time until Carter Corporation toppled over and bankruptcy seemed to be looming on the horizon. When that happened, Odell would have to liquidate all the assets under his name to repay the debt.

She knew that the property in Lake Victoria Villa that he had given to her was still technically registered under his name. She had to get him to transfer the full ownership of the property to her before the Carters officially went down under. If not, the property would be liquidated in the process and she would be left with nothing.

Although she was genuinely fond of Odell, she did not see herself sticking it out with him through to the end with all that was happening. Carter Corporation was about to collapse and very soon, he would be left with nothing. Besides, he had been neglecting her recently anyway.

She made up her mind and went inside.

Shortly after, she found her way to the largest private room on the top floor.

There were two large and muscular men standing guard outside the door, who she quickly recognized as Odell's bodyguards.

She greeted them with a polite smile, "I want to see Odell, is he in there?"

Ben peered at her and answered stoically, "Master Carter is not receiving any visitors." Tara silently cursed. This lapdog still dared to give her such an attitude when his owner was in such a state.

However, she kept the smile on her face and informed him, "I'm Tara Avery, Odell's ex girlfriend. I'm sure you know who I am. I just need to have a few words with him, then I'll be gone before you know it. I won't disturb him."

She continued to clench the stack of documents in her hand as she said this.

Ben noticed the documents and assumed that it had to do with some important and official business. He exchanged a look with Jacob, who promptly pushed the door open and entered to speak with Odell. Soon, he emerged and informed Tara, "Miss, the young master says that you may enter." Tara immediately pushed the door and stepped inside. The moment she stepped in, she felt the suffocating atmosphere in the room that was filled with the smell of alcohol.

She recognized Odell's tall figure sprawled out on the sofa. He was unkempt and hardly reminiscent of his usual fastidiousness when it came to his looks. His collar was unbuttoned and even though the elegance of his posture remained, it was clear that he was not in a good state.

Upon noticing Tara enter, he lifted his eyelids and regarded her with his obsidian eyes.

Tara called his name softly, "Odell." "What did you come to see me about?" he asked. His voice was dull and heavy.

Even in his haggard, rock-bottom state, Tara still felt an inexplicable sense of pressure when confronting him.

She clenched the documents in her hand and was suddenly filled with panic. She did not know how to broach the topic. Odell glanced at the documents in her hand. His sharp eyes instantly recognized the text on the front cover that read: Deed of Assignment. Was she here to offer some help in these troubling times by giving her property to him so he could weather the storm that was to come? Something gleamed in his eyes. He cleared his throat and stated, "I'm doing fine, don't worry about me. Just go back if you have nothing else to tell me." He had not stooped so low as to need to take her property from her.

Chapter 630

Odell's voice was obviously much gentler compared to when Tara had just entered, so her nervousness immediately eased.

She thought about what had happened previously when she and Sylvia had been kidnapped and how he had chosen her between the two of them. It was a clear indicator that she still held an important place in his heart. Besides, it did not seem like he was going to punish her for what she had done to him in the past. Thus, she figured that he would probably not squabble over the rights to Lake Victoria Villa.

She took a deep breath and walked up to him, presenting the documents to him with bold hands.

Odell took them and briskly flipped through them. Most of the people who had come to visit him recently had all wanted something from him. Not a single person had come to express concern or to offer any help. He wondered what property Tara wanted to yield to him to help him out. That was when he flipped to the first page and the glaring words "Lake Victoria Villa" jumped out at him. His thick brows instantly furrowed into a frown, and the warmth in his eyes quickly evaporated. He remembered giving the property to her at one point. It was only that he had not sorted out the legal procedures of transferring it to her yet.

He read the following lines and immediately understood what this was about.

11

She was not here to offer him help by way of the Deed of Assignment. Just like every other person who had approached him in the past few days, she was here to seize the chance to claim Lake Victoria Villa for herself before he declared bankruptcy. She wanted him to give her the property and name her as the legal owner. His hand stiffened and he turned up to look at her. She crossed her arms in front of her body as if to protect herself from something. There was a sort of meek and tender look on her face. It was the same look as she had in the past whenever she promised Odell that she would stick by his side through thick and thin for the rest of her life.

However, now that he was about to go bankrupt, she had come to him not to offer him comfort or help, but to demand the rights to his property.

Odell suddenly remembered that rainy night from more than a decade ago.

He remembered the way she had disregarded her safety and helped him shake off the brutes who had been after his life. He also remembered how she had saved him and stayed the whole night with him.

Back to the present, it was as if this was a completely different person from ten years ago. He could no longer recognize her.

Tara spoke softly, "Odell, I'm sorry, I didn't want to do this either. I've just been worrying that they will take this property away when something happens to you. If you sign this now and transfer the house to my name, it will at the very least keep their hands off the place so that when you need a place to stay, you can come to me. I promise you that I will take you in without any questions."

If it had been at any other time, Odell would have believed her. However, everyone who had come to him lately had pretty much said something along those lines as well.

Forget it. After all, he had promised the property to her a long time ago anyway. He understood that she was no longer the same person who had saved him on that fateful day during his youth.

He motioned, "Give me the pen."

Tara's eyes lit up and she immediately handed him a pen.

A

Odell swiftly signed his name on the paper. After ensuring that he had given his signature, she immediately stuffed the documents back into her bag. He lay back on the sofa without looking at her again. She gazed at him. Even in this disheveled state, he was still very handsome. She suddenly offered, "Odell, since this ring belonged to your mother, I think I should give it back to you."

She had gotten someone to appraise this ring and found that it was only an ordinary sapphire. Its value was not even remotely close to a diamond. She deemed that there was no use in her keeping it so she might as well give it back to him as a gesture of goodwill. Who knows? Maybe he would turn the situation around later on, then she would still be in his good grace and could come back to him.

She took the sapphire ring out of her pocket. "Put it on the table." Odell said with indifference Tara set the ring on the table, then she walked out with the purse containing the signed documents. 1

Meanwhile, a white car made a turn at the junction and swerved into the parking lot of Lush Heaven.

It had been a long drive here and Isabel had fallen asleep halfway through the journey. Sylvia gently tapped her arm to wake her up, "We're here, Isabel, wake up." 2 She had only been taking a brief nap so she woke up relatively quickly.

She rubbed her eyes and looked outside while mumbling drowsily, "Mommy, isn't this Aunt Sherry's place? Is Baddie here?" 1

"Yeah, he's here, let's go." "Uh-huh,"