

Master odells 781

Chapter 781

Sylvia frowned and replied, "Yes, but I went there to be with the children. I didn't do anything besides that."

"You're a woman who runs to your ex-husband's house every single day and stays late into the night. How is it that you do nothing but spend time with the children?" Ramona was furious at the direct look that Sylvia was giving her and glared at her. "I think you're truly contemptible and shameless!" Sylvia's body turned cold and she immediately clenched her hands.

Seeing that Sylvia continued to look as if she had not done anything wrong, Ramona sneered, "Stop pretending to act noble in front of me. If you hadn't done anything, you wouldn't have followed Thomas abroad and come back with a big belly. If you have any shame, then stay away from Odell. He has a fiancée now. You're not even bothered about maintaining your own virtue. How dare you try to steal Lily's man?" After saying that, she barked at her driver. "Hurry up and drive. Just looking at her makes my eyes feel dirty." The driver immediately closed the door and returned to the driver's seat.

The high-class MPV quickly drove away and disappeared.

Sylvia stood where she was.

She could not even be sure whether it was because the wind was too cold, but her body felt like it was freezing.

The words Ramona had said were like a magic spell that continued to reverberate in her head.

'Shameless.

'Contemptible and shameless.

'Not bothered about maintaining your own virtue.

'Just looking at her makes my eyes feel dirty...'

Every word was like a sharp and icy thorn.

The more Sylvia thought about it, the more her body stiffened up

After a long time, she finally came back to her senses when her phone rang. Isabel was calling her.

Her hand trembled as she brought the phone to her ear.

"Mommy, where are you? Why aren't you here yet?" The little girl's crisp and childish voice sounded out.

Sylvia's tense body suddenly loosened. She smiled and said, "I was a little delayed by something. I'll be right over."

"Okay, then hurry up. Liam and I are waiting for you."

"Yeah, I'll be there soon."

Hanging up the phone, Sylvia took a deep breath and went to the roadside to hail a cab.

When she arrived at the old Carter residence, she found that Odell had already left. Isabel and Liam ran over to

her.

Both their faces were adorable.

The moment Sylvia saw them, her mood eased greatly.

However, what Ramona had said continued to ring in her head from time to time.

She really could not stay here until late anymore. If Lily, Odell's fiancée, found out, she would definitely be unhappy. Thus, when it was time for Isabel to do her homework in the afternoon, Sylvia did not let her play anymore but patiently coaxed her to do her homework.

However, the little girl still wanted to play and kept acting like a pampered child.

Sylvia could not bear to be strict with her, so she made up an excuse and said, "Isabel, be a good girl and do your homework. I have to go home early at night, or your little brother or sister will be uncomfortable."

Isabel's eyes widened. "Why would my little brother or sister be uncomfortable?"

Liam also looked over.

Sylvia said stiffly, "Because I have to rest early. It's not bad for the baby if I rest late."

Actually, she would accompany the little ones to nap here every day, so she had enough daily sleep. When Isabel heard this, she pursed her small lips, and her chubby face immediately looked contrite. "Mommy, did you and baby not rest well before?"

Sylvia quickly said, "No, I was fine before. I just didn't feel well rested these past two days."

Chapter 782

Isabel lay on Sylvia's stomach, rubbing her little face onto the stomach. "I'm sorry, baby. I didn't mean to do it. I just wanted to stay with Mommy a little longer."

After saying that, the girl obediently sat behind the desk and picked up the pen. She also did not forget to call out to Liam. "Liam, hurry up and teach me how to do my homework."

The little girl figured that the sooner she finished her homework, the sooner she would be able to play with her mommy and let her go back to rest early.

Liam put his book down and sat next to her.

Sylvia pursed her lips and forced back the stinging in her eyes.

The little girl was very efficient when she decided to be serious, and she finished all her homework in less than half an hour. Then, she clung to Sylvia's side again.

Sylvia smiled and kissed her, then she played games with her and Liam.

When it was almost dark, Odell's car came back.

Sylvia took their completed homework and came to the living room with them.

The man's tall and straight figure walked in through the door.

Sylvia smiled at him.

Odell glanced at her and sat down on the sofa.

"Odell, they've finished their homework today." Sylvia walked up to him and handed the children's homework to him for him to check as usual.

Odell looked at Isabel behind her.

The little girl and Liam both clung to Sylvia's side, each child hugging one leg each as they looked at him obediently with their little chubby faces.

However, Odell frowned.

He knew that the little girl did not usually do her homework until the evening. Why was she so well behaved today?

Before he could figure it out, she suddenly pouted at him and muttered, "Hurry up and check the homework, Baddie. Mommy and baby have to go back early to rest."

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His eyes darkened as he looked at Sylvia.

Sylvia gave him a polite and pleasant smile.

"Daddy, it's almost dark. Hurry up." Liam also suddenly urged him.

Odell instantly withdrew his gaze and looked at their homework with a cold face.

He glanced at it quickly and finished flipping through it in just two minutes.

Sylvia asked, "They did well, right?" "Hm." His voice was low and displeased.

Sylvia also sensed his displeasure, but she did not want to figure out what it meant. Furthermore, Ramona's words were still echoing in her head. She could not stay here until late at night for no reason.

"Then I'll take my leave now." After that, she looked at Isabel and Liam. "Be good and go to sleep after dinner. I'll come see you again tomorrow." Isabel said, "Okay." Liam also hummed in reply. Sylvia turned and walked out.

The two little ones followed at her heels. Only Odell remained sitting alone on the sofa, his face cold and dark.

'Go back to rest early? She usually goes back late. Has she not been getting enough rest?

'Or is it because she doesn't want to tire Thomas' child in her belly?'

The night passed quickly. The next day, Sylvia came to the old residence on time.

Isabel was not as naughty as before and finished her homework with Liam early, leaving ample time to spend with Sylvia.

Time flew by as they were having fun, and in the blink of an eye, evening had arrived. Sylvia waited until it was dark but did not see Odell come back.

'He should have been back a long time ago. Has he been delayed by something?' At that thought, she took out her phone and sent him a message. "Odell, are you on the way back?"

After waiting for a few minutes without a reply, she immediately took her phone, photographed the homework that the children had completed, and sent it to him page by page.

Chapter 783

Not far outside the gate, a black MPV had been parked there for a long time.

Ding ding ding... The phone in the man's hand kept on ringing.

It rang for about a dozen times before stopping.

Looking at the pictures flashing by on the screen, his face could not help but darken.

'This woman is really smart. She even remembered to take pictures and send them to me.

'Is she in such a hurry to leave?'

Ding! His phone rang again. It was another message from her." Odell, this is Isabel and Liam's homework. You can check them when you're free."

His expression chilled, and he put the phone back into his pocket.

At that moment, a slim figure walked out of the door of the mansion.

Yes, that slim figure was Sylvia.

Although her belly had already begun to swell, the rest of

her body was still the same as before. From the back view, she even seemed slimmer than she had been six months

ago.

She did not look his way but went out of the gate toward the other side of the road. It was clear that she was intending on hailing a cab.

He stared at her in silence.

After a long time, when she got into the car and left, he said, "Get Ben to follow her secretly."

In the driver's seat, Jacob quickly answered, "Yes, sir."

Late at night, in the Springsteen residence.

Lily had just finished washing up and was sitting at the small table by the window. She was wearing designer silk pajamas as she elegantly held a tall glass of wine.

A knock sounded outside the door, and Madam Springsteen called out, "Lily, are you asleep?"

Lily replied, "Not yet."

Madam Carter pushed open the door and walked in, carrying Lily's favorite snacks in her hand. Lily smiled at her. "Thanks, Grandma."

Madam Springsteen sat opposite her and asked with a smile, "How was it? Have you heard back from the person

who went to keep an eye on the Carter residence?"

"Not yet. I'll ask him."

"All right."

Lily took her phone out and made a call.

The call ended quickly, and her expression turned a few degrees colder.

Madam Springsteen asked, "What did he say? Is that woman still staying at the mansion?"

There was a contemptuous look in Lily's eyes. "She still went over every day for the past two days, but she left before it got dark."

"Hmph, how dare she still go there? I'll call Ramona again." Madam Springsteen was about to get her phone.

"There's no need, Grandma." Lily picked up the glass and sipped the wine. "She has the two children as a bargaining chip. If Aunt Ramona goes to her again, she might become unhappy and use the children to complain to Master Carter. That won't be good for Aunt Ramona either."

"You're right, but are we just going to let her come and go out of the Carter residence like this? Although you only have a contract engagement with Master Carter, you completed the engagement ceremony in front of all your friends and relatives. It's too uncultured for her to come and go out of his house like this!" Madam Springsteen

became angrier and angrier as she spoke.

Lily sneered. "Of course, I won't let her do as she pleases.

Madam Springsteen's expression changed as she asked, "Do you have an idea on what to do?"

Lily narrowed her eyes. "The best way is to make Master Carter feel disgusted with her and then fall in love with

me."

Madam Springsteen smiled. "How are you planning to do that?"

"I heard that she's Sunflower."

Madam Springsteen frowned and said in disdain , “Yes, she has been highly sought after in previous years, but she hasn’t produced any works in the past year. I’ve seen her paintings, but they’re nothing spectacular.”

Lily smiled. “Creation requires inspiration and skill. So, she hasn’t produced any work for a year. Maybe she can’t paint anymore?”

“Huh, that’s most likely that case.”

“Grandma, Grandpa is holding an art event in a few days. Let’s invite her there too.”

Madam Springsteen’s eyes lit up as she smiled. “Yes, it just so happens that she’s on the invitation list. I’ll contact the Art Association later and make sure that they invite her over.”

Chapter 784 A day later.

Sylvia stayed at the old Carter residence with Isabel and Liam as usual.

The sun was shining nicely today and it warmed up the room, making everyone feel a little lazy.

Isabel was watching a show on her tablet as she lay her head on Sylvia’s lap.

Liam sat beside her with his back to the sunlight that was shining through the window, as he quietly read a book.

Sylvia yawned and was about to doze off as she leaned against the wall when her phone suddenly rang.

It was a message from Christopher.

She had reconnected with the Art Association a while ago after her return, and Christopher had sent her a message two days ago, asking her to attend an art activity held by Master Springsteen.

Not only had the famous artists from Westchester been invited to this event, but many collectors had also been invited. With the Springsteen family’s reputation, many people from high society would definitely attend the event.

Sylvia had not wanted to show her face, so she had refused the invitation.

This time, Christopher sent her another message inviting her to the event.

His words were sincere. “Sylvia, Master Springsteen’s assistant contacted me again, saying that Master Springsteen really wants you to go, so he instructed me to ask you again. We haven’t seen each other in a long time too, and Simon and the others miss you as well. Why don’t you join us? Think of it as a get-together with us.”

Sylvia frowned.

She did not want to go not only because she did not want to make an appearance, but also because she had not produced any new works in the past year.

It was not that she had not wanted to paint, but since the time she had gone to Galston, she had not finished a painting. It was because she had not had any inspiration for half a year. She even wondered if she had already run out of ideas.

If a painter's creativity dried up, how could she have the courage to participate in such activities?

After a moment of silence, she replied, "Sorry, President Dendro. I really don't want to go."

Christopher replied, "Has something happened to you, Sylvia?"

Sylvia replied, "I'm pregnant, so it's not convenient for me to participate in such activities." Christopher typed, "That's fine. You can just sit down and chat with us."

Sylvia pursed her lips and held her fingers over the screen without replying. Probably guessing that she was still thinking of an excuse not to go, Christopher sent another message. "Sylvia, I don't want to force you either, but Master Springsteen already had someone call me three times. He has always sponsored the Art Association. With his identity, I can't afford not to listen to him." 'He called three times? Is Master Springsteen that eager to see me?'

Sylvia frowned and asked, "What exactly is this activity?"

He replied, "It's just a get-together to appreciate a few paintings. There should be nothing more."

She asked, "Will there be a live painting session?" Christopher replied, "I've seen the itinerary, but there's no such program, so there shouldn't be."

Sylvia let out a breath and said, "Okay, I'll go with you then."

Christopher immediately replied, "Send me your address. I'll go and pick you up."

Sylvia responded, "There's no need. I'll go to you." After chatting a little more, Sylvia put down her phone. At that moment, Isabel and Liam both raised their faces to look at her.

The moment she met their cute and confused expressions, Sylvia's face changed as she asked with a smile, "What's wrong? Why are you guys looking at me like that?"

"Mommy, you kept frowning just now. Did something bad happen?" Isabel fell into her arms and hugged her. Sylvia replied, "I was talking to a friend about something. It wasn't anything bad." "What were you talking about?" Isabel questioned.

Sylvia told them the truth. "He invited me to an event the day after tomorrow."

"What kind of event?"

"It's just a gathering."

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"Oh."

"Did you agree, Mommy?"

Sylvia said, "Yeah, I did, so I might have to leave a little early the day after tomorrow."

"Mommy, do you not want to go?" Liam looked at her with his big, clear eyes.

Sylvia was stunned. She had not expected him to ask that.

Before she could answer, he continued, "If you don't want to go, then you shouldn't go."

He was clearly just a five-year-old boy, and he still had a child's voice, but he spoke like a little adult.

Hearing that, Sylvia actually felt a little bit more reassured.

She smiled and stroked his little face, saying gently, "I already promised, so I can't go back on my word."

Liam frowned. "But you'll be unhappy."

Sylvia smiled. "I was just a little worried. I'm fine now."

Seeing her gentle and happy smile, Liam pursed his lips silently.

"Mommy, why don't we go with you?" The little girl

suddenly spoke up.

Liam instantly looked over.

Sylvia was silent for a moment. "The event isn't suitable for you two. Just be good and stay at home. Don't worry about me."

"Okay." Isabel pouted and said, "Mommy, just remember to go back home early to rest." Sylvia smiled. "I know." The little girl quickly picked up her tablet and continued to watch her show.

Liam also turned back to read the book in his hands.

Two days later.

It was a Saturday.

The children had no homework to do over the weekend.

Sylvia came early in the morning and played with them to their heart's content.

After lunch, when the little ones were sleepy and she had started to doze off, she went back to their room with them.

It was only when she put the children to sleep that she found that she had received a message from Christopher and Simon on her phone.

The event Master Springsteen was holding would be this evening. They both asked for her address so they could pick her up. Sylvia could not refuse them, so she sent them the address of the old Carter residence and told them to pick her up in the evening. After chatting with them, she soon became sleepy and fell asleep. At this time, a black MPV was parked at the gate of the old residence.

The man who had been socializing all morning got out of the car, walked up to the front door with a steady pace, and entered the living room.

The living room was empty, and he asked Sebastian beside him, "Didn't she come today?"

Sebastian quickly said, "She did. She's in the children's room now. I believe she should be napping with them around this time."

Odell's expression softened. He strode up the stairs and soon arrived at the children's bedroom.

The door was unlocked, so he pushed down the handle and pushed it open.

In the warm bedroom and cozy bed, Sylvia lay in the middle with Isabel in her arms and Liam sticking close to

her.

Mother and children were sound asleep.

The look in his eyes softened slightly, and his legs subconsciously moved. Soon, he walked up to the bedside and bent down, looking at her sleeping face from up close.

This was the first time he had been this close to her since he had allowed her to come here to see the children. He did not know if depression had made her timid and anxious, but every time she saw him, she was like a mouse looking at a cat. She seemed to want to stay away from him rather than spend more time with him.

Looking at her moist and smooth face, he could not fight the urge in his fingers to raise his hand and cup her face.

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It felt good. He pinched her face several more times until there was a reddish mark on her cheek before letting go of her.

Sylvia was fast asleep so she did not even react to the pinch.

Sleeping like a pig

Odell snorted but even his narrowed eyes and furrowed brows could not hide his amusement.

Next, his eyes fixed upon Sylvia's luscious lips.

Her pink lips were moist and full.

After staring at her for a while, he started to feel his desire rise.

He narrowed his eyes further and moved his face closer to hers.

Just before his handsome face touched her delicate cheeks, he sensed someone looking at him from the side.

His gaze shifted. He straightened up and saw Liam staring at him with his big round eyes.

The boy had been sleeping beside Sylvia. Somehow he had woken up without his father's knowledge and was now staring at him intensely.

“Daddy, are you trying to kiss Mommy?” he asked.

Odell awkwardly cleared his throat and said, “No.”

The boy stared at him. He was quiet yet his face clearly showed his disbelief.

Odell’s gaze shifted and said solemnly, “I saw a mosquito on her face just now, so I was just trying to check if it’s still there.”

The boy continued staring at him in disbelief. Odell frowned and his face instantly turned cold. “Why are you looking at me? Close your eyes and go to sleep!”

Liam pouted and shut his eyes. The boy showed no interest in arguing with his father.

Odell gulped nervously. He loosened his collar and said to Liam, “Don’t tell your mother, or you won’t see her

again.”

Liam did not answer him. Instead, the boy got up and kissed Sylvia on the cheek before burying his face in the crook of Sylvia’s neck while turning his back to his father.

Odell was rendered speechless and his expression turned grim.

He suppressed the urge to pull the kid away from her. He pursed his lips and left the room.

Sylvia woke up after an hour or so.

Liam was already up and reading a book beside her.

Isabel had also woken up but she remained sleepy. She hugged Sylvia’s arm tighter and refused to let go.

Sylvia hugged the girl and stayed in bed for a little longer. Only when the little girl had finally become more alert, did Sylvia bring both sister and brother to the living room.

She saw Odell sitting on the couch as he read a book while having some tea.

The black shirt and black pants on him complemented his elegant seating posture.

When Sylvia looked at him, he turned to look at her, looking as cold and aloof as usual. Sylvia lifted the corners of her lips into a smile. “Good afternoon.”

He hummed in reply and then looked at Liam beside her.

Liam returned his gaze with a frosty look of his own. His little chubby face looked cold, the expression very similar to his father.

Odell cleared his throat awkwardly before taking a sip of tea from his cup.

Sylvia did not notice the quick exchange between the father and son. She sat down on the other side and played

with the remote-controlled car with Isabel.

Liam hopped onto the couch and read his book. The peace and quiet of the living room was shattered by the little girl's cheerful screams. Sylvia would joke with Isabel from time to time, their cheerful and energetic voices sounding very pleasant to the ears.

Odell was distracted from his reading, he soon shifted his attention to the mother and daughter having fun. However, the precious family time was cut short by a phone call.

Sylvia's phone rang.

Odell quickly returned to his book and pretended nothing happened. Isabel pursed her lips and kept quiet. Only Sylvia's voice could be heard in the living room.

"Mr. President, have you arrived there already?"

Chapter 787

"Oh, okay. Hold on, I'll be right out."

Sylvia then hung up the phone.

She then looked at Isabel and Liam.

The girl pouted and said, "Mommy, are you leaving now?"

Sylvia hummed in reply and stroked the little girl's head. She then looked at Odell.

Odell was still reading his book on the couch but he was looking even grimmer than before the phone call.

Sylvia was some distance away from him, so she did not notice the change of expression on his face. She said, "Odell, I have to go out for a while." Odell looked at her. "What else is more important than accompanying your kids?"

His voice was cold and he sounded slightly unhappy.

Sylvia explained, "I've promised President Dendro that I would attend Master Springsteen's event. They are already outside the gate so I have to go."

An event hosted by Master Springsteen? It had to be related to art.

It was true that Sylvia had to reconnect with the outside world, so Odell approved her outing.

The cold look on his face eased as he said, "Fine. Go."

Sylvia felt relieved upon hearing his approval. She then kissed her kids on the cheeks before walking out of the door.

Shortly after she left, Odell's phone rang.

Lily was calling.

His brows furrowed to express his annoyance but he answered the call nonetheless.

Lily's soft voice came through the phone. "Master Carter, are you free later?"

“No,” he said.

Lily awkwardly froze for a moment before she forced a smile and said, “I haven’t even told you what this is about yet. Why don’t you hear me out first before rejecting me?”

“What is it then?”

“Grandfather organized an art event and invited a lot of artists and collectors. Would you be interested in dropping by?” His gaze shifted. “The event organized by Master Springsteen? Is it today?”

“Yes. It’ll be starting in 30 minutes at the hotel ballroom near the academy.”

“Okay, I’ll be there.”

The call ended.

He got up and shot a gaze at Liam. “I’m going out. You stay home with your sister, do you hear me?”.

Liam asked, “Where are you going? Are you going to meet Mommy?” Odell gave the boy a sidelong glance and said, “Just take care of your sister and yourself.”

Liam’s gaze shifted and hummed in reply.

Odell then retrieved his jacket from the side of the door and left the house.

Meanwhile, at Springsteen’s place, an MPV drove out through the mansion’s gate.

Lily and Madam Springsteen sat beside each other. Both of them had fur wraps around their shoulders.

Lily had frowned after Odell had hung up on her.

Madam Springsteen asked, “What’s wrong? Is he not coming?”

“He’s coming.”

However, Odell’s answer had been extremely quick. Madam Springsteen smiled and asked, “Then why the long face?”

“Nothing.”

The man had very likely agreed to attend the event because he knew Sylvia was going, hence the speedy reply.

Regardless, Lily was confident that she would show him that they were made for each other!

Sylvia walked out of the house and saw Christopher and Simon waiting for her on the roadside.

They smiled warmly at her and she did the same. Christopher said with a smile, “Come on, get in. The event starts in 30 minutes.”

“Okay.”

Sylvia got into the car with the two gentlemen.

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The car headed to the art academy.

Moments after they had set off, Simon asked, "Sylvia, where have you been for the past six months? You haven't been picking up my calls."

Sylvia knew that Simon was asking purely out of curiosity, but she really did not want to think back on all the things that had happened in the past six months. She casually said, "Something happened and I went abroad for a while."

Simon's gaze shifted. "Are you alright now?"

His voice was full of concern. Sylvia smiled and said, "I'm doing okay now."

Simon smiled in relief and simply let the topic go.

Then, he chatted to Christopher about the event.

The event was more of a social gathering. Other than the artists who had been invited, many other influential figures had been invited as well.

Suddenly, Christopher asked, "Simon, did you bring your work?"

"Yes, I did."

"Great, as long as you remember."

Simon then asked Sylvia, "Sylvia, did you create any new work recently?" His gaze showed anticipation, seemingly wanting to see her new work.

Sylvia shook her head. "No."

Thinking about how there must have been a bitter reason for her to disappear for six months before returning, Simon thought that it was normal that she had been unable to create any new work. He pursed his lips and added, "I see. If you do produce any new works, please be sure to tell me! I want to be the first to see it!"

Simon admired Sylvia's work the most among all the artists under the art association, so he had been looking forward to her new work since a year ago.

Sylvia simply hummed in reply.

A while later, the car drove past the art academy and arrived at the glamorous art hotel.

The art hotel's event hall had been fully booked by Master Springsteen for his event and the guests required an invitation card to enter.

Sylvia was with Christopher and Simon, so she was granted entry without any hindrance.

Minutes before the event started, the event hall was

already filled with people. The guests were standing in groups as they chatted over some champagne and admired the artwork on display. Christopher, being the president of the art association, knew many of the guests, so he greeted each and every one of them from the moment he stepped inside.

Both Sylvia and Simon were not fans of mingling, so they hung back and waited patiently for the event to start.

Minutes later, there was a commotion from outside the door.

Christopher left the crowd and came back to them and said, "Simon, Sylvia, Master Springsteen is here. Let's go and say hi."

Sylvia could not refuse this time as Master Springsteen was the host of the event.

"Okay," she said.

Sylvia and Simon then followed Christopher outside.

The crowd surged over.

They waited for the others to finish greeting Master Springsteen before they stepped forward.

Under the bright lights, an elderly man with silvery white hair with a solemn but kind look on his face walked over with the help of his assistant.

Christopher stepped forward and reached out for a handshake. "Master Springsteen."

Master Springsteen smiled happily at Christopher's

friendly gesture. He shook the man's hand and said, "Oh, Chris! I'm glad you made it!"

Christopher then stepped aside and introduced Sylvia and Simon to Master Springsteen. "Master Springsteen, I would like for you to meet Mr. Amos and Sunflower."

As soon as Christopher's word subsided, Master Springsteen widened his eyes at the two of them with utmost excitement.

The crowd also started to size up the two of them.

Simon wore a smile and said, "Master Springsteen. I've heard a lot about you."

Master Springsteen smiled. "Welcome, welcome. There's no need to flatter an old man like me. I am just an avid collector of your work."

>Chapter 789 After speaking, Master Springsteen then turned his wise and experienced eyes to Sylvia.

He was intrigued by Sylvia, or more precisely, Sunflower.

Sylvia's lips curved up in a smile as she said, "Master Springsteen."

Master Springsteen smiled back. "You're Sunflower?"

"Yes, I am."

“You’re so young.”

“You flatter me.”

“Oh, you are the one who is too kind to an old man. You are a mother-to-be yet you’re attending my event,” he said as he shifted his gaze to her belly.

Before Sylvia could answer, a sharp voice came from behind him. “Of course, she would not miss this great opportunity to climb the social ladder to meet you in person, Master Springsteen.”

Sylvia froze.

Master Springsteen, Christopher and the others immediately turned to the owner of the voice.

At the entrance, Ramona, dressed glamorously and

covered in dazzling jewelry, came over with Lily and Madam Springsteen, who were similarly dressed.

As soon as Ramona’s voice subsided, Madam Springsteen furrowed her brows. “Ramona , I think it’s better not to talk about such things on such an occasion.”

Ramona snorted in Sylvia’s direction and continued,” Why? If she has the guts to show up here, then I can say whatever I want.” Lily also frowned. “Aunt Ramona , this is grandfather’s event, I think it’d be better if you stop.” Their little squabble had silenced the crowd and everyone was now looking at them, baffled.

Master Springsteen asked solemnly, “What are you guys talking about?”

Ramona immediately answered , “Master Springsteen , didn’t you know? Sunflower here is not what she seems. Her name is Sylvia Ross and she’s my grand-nephew’s ex -wife.”

Her words echoed across the silenced crowd.

Everyone shifted their attention to Sylvia, including Master Springsteen. Almost everyone in Westchester knew that Lily was Odell’s new fiance and yet Sylvia , his ex-wife, had still attended the event.

Had she not known Master Springsteen’s granddaughter was her ex-husband’s current fiance?

Sylvia trembled under the pressure of having all the eyes on her, sizing her up.

She looked down, with brows furrowed and fists clenched.

She had forgotten about Lily being Master Springsteen’s granddaughter and she had not expected Lily to attend this event either.

While she was at a loss for what to do, a kind voice suddenly spoke up to defend her, “Ms. Ross might be my fiance’s ex-wife, but she’s also the famous artist Sunflower . She was invited by my grandfather through official means, so please stop looking at her like that. You too, Aunt Ramona.”

It was Lily who had defended Sylvia.

Sylvia had not expected Lily, out of anyone, to defend her. She looked at the beautiful young woman in surprise.

Lily smiled generously and elegantly. Her words had attracted all the attention to herself and everyone was now looking at her in awe. Someone exclaimed, "Ms. Springsteen really has a great temperament, as expected of the daughter of the Springsteens."

The frosty look on Ramona's face eased and she smiled at

Lily. "Fine, I'll spare her tonight for your sake."

Many of the guests continued to stare at Sylvia contemptuously.

Sylvia's chest tightened under all the pressure, she pursed her lips and looked down. "Enough," Master Springsteen suddenly firmly stated, sounding very unhappy. The guests immediately withdrew their gazes.

Ramona and Madam Springsteen were surprised by Master Springsteen's reaction as well.

At the same time, Christopher and Simon walked over to stand beside Sylvia.

Simon looked at her with a compassionate gaze. Christopher then said to Master Springsteen, "Master Springsteen, Sylvia is indeed Master Carter's ex-wife, but they divorced peacefully some time ago. It's in the past now. She had not actually wanted to come today but I was the one who had insisted on inviting her."

Chapter 790 Master Springsteen looked at Sylvia and then said to

Christopher, "There's no need for you to explain this to me. I only see the famous artist Sunflower at my event tonight, not someone's ex-wife."

Christopher's eyes gleamed. He smiled and said, "I understand, Master Springsteen." Sylvia's cold, clenched hands relaxed slightly.

In relief, she smiled at Simon and gestured at him not to worry.

The remaining guests who were still standing around to watch the scene, now withdrew their scrutinizing gazes from Sylvia and resumed what they were doing before.

Only Ramona was left looking unhappy, as if she had suddenly been slapped in the face.

Madam Springsteen was also displeased but she was in no position to lecture her husband, hence the silence.

As for Lily, she maintained an elegant smile on her face.

After Christopher and Master Springsteen finished talking, Lily stepped forward and hooked an arm through one of the elderly man's. She then said with a smile, "Grandfather, don't just stand here. Let's invite Mr. Amos and Ms. Sunflower inside."

Master Springsteen had always loved his only granddaughter and was especially pleased after she had courageously stood up for Sylvia. She had not disappointed him at all.

“Okay, okay, let’s go in,” he said with a smile.

He then looked at Christopher, Simon and Sylvia, “Come on, let’s go in. Don’t just stand here.”

“After you, Master Springsteen,” Christopher said with a nod and then looked at Sylvia and Simon.

He was relieved when he saw that Sylvia was holding up just fine. He said to her in a whisper, “Sylvia, Master Springsteen has already made it clear what his sentiments are, so I believe that old lady won’t give you a hard time anymore. Just follow me and Simon. Don’t wander away alone.”

Sylvia smiled. “Okay, I understand.” She stayed close to Simon and followed the group of guests, led by Master Springsteen, into the event hall.

After that, the event progressed smoothly and the atmosphere grew livelier by the minute. While everyone was talking about the works of art on display, a towering figure entered the hall.

The man wore a black suit and when he came in through the door, his eyes scanned over all the guests.

‘That woman should have already arrived, right?’

He did not spot the woman that he was looking for, so he strode further into the crowd.

Someone recognized him shortly after his arrival.

“Master Carter?”

“Master Carter is here?!” Odell pushed his way through the crowd as he tried to approach Sylvia. Just as he spotted her and wanted to go closer, Lily walked over to him.

With a smile on her face, she took one of his arms and whispered into his ear, “Master Carter, if you don’t want Ms. Ross to become the center of attention again, you better keep your distance from her.” Odell shot a frosty gaze at her. “What do you mean?” “Have you forgotten? We’re engaged. Grandfather and grandmother are here too,” she reminded him.

Odell frowned and stopped moving, but his eyes were still fixed upon Sylvia.

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Sylvia was with Simon. For some reason, her delicate face looked pale and tired, making her seem a little out of place with the lively atmosphere here.

“Master Carter, my grandfather is over there. Let’s go say

hi,” Lily said. Master Springsteen was the most senior person in the hall and also the host of the event, everyone who attended would have to greet him in person. Odell withdrew his gaze. He then pulled his arm away from Lily and walked over to Master Springsteen. Lily pouted and frowned as she followed him over to her grandfather. On the other hand, Sylvia had already heard the commotion from the crowd when Odell had arrived.

‘He’s here?! Is it because of Lily?!’

Since Master Springsteen was the host of the event and Lily was also in attendance, as her fiance, it was not unusual for Odell to show up. However, if Sylvia had known that Odell and Lily would attend the event together, she would have never agreed to come even if Christopher had held a knife to her neck.

She started to regret her decision.