

## Master Odells 791

### Chapter 791

It was too late to regret her earlier decision now and it would be inappropriate for her to leave at this stage.

It would also be a terrible idea for her to meet Odell face to face.

“Sylvia, I saw Master Carter looking at you,” whispered Simon to her.

Sylvia was slightly surprised. “Are you sure you weren’t seeing things?”

“My eyesight is very good, so I’m sure of it.”

Sylvia remained silent.

Even if Odell had been looking at her, there was no way he would have come running over to her.

“However, it looks like he’s going over to Master Springsteen with Lily, so I think he’s going to greet the old man,” Simon said.

Sylvia pursed her lips. ‘See, I knew he had not come here for me.’

Sylvia lifted her head up and looked in that direction.

She was roughly a dozen meters away but due to Odell’s towering figure, she was able to spot him at one glance.

However, all she could see was his back. He was standing beside Lily as he talked to Master Springsteen.

The two of them looked good beside each other.

Sylvia immediately withdrew her gaze.

Everyone knew she was Odell’s ex-wife, so if she was overly concerned about his arrival, it would definitely attract unwanted attention.

At the same time, another group of guests cheered loudly.

Christopher came over and said to Sylvia and Simon with a wide grin, “Sylvia, Simon, Mr. Carmine is doing a live demonstration and he would like you to critique it.” Mr. Carmine was a well-known collector in Westchester. He used to produce his own works of art when he was younger but had been unable to gather enough attention to become famous.

Since he had requested for Sylvia and Simon to comment on his work, it would be rude for the two of them to decline it.

The two of them followed Christopher to the crowd of people.

Mr. Carmine stood before the table that had been covered with art paper and was showing off his skills.

He was painting a landscape in oil. Judging by his skills, it looked like he painted a lot and was comfortable handling

a paint brush. By the time Sylvia and Simon had reached the table , Mr. Carmine was already half done with his painting. The two of them continued watching the live demonstration. From time to time, Christopher would flatter the man. “ Mr. Carmine , this brush stroke of yours is really good!” Hearing his flattery really boosted Mr. Carmine’s mood. A short while later, his landscape painting was completed. Christopher praised, “Mr. Carmine, this is great! I believe that as a fellow collector, this painting produced by your hands would be quite valuable.” “You flatter me,” said Mr. Carmine as he laughed heartily. Then, turning to Sylvia and Simon, he said, “Mr. Amos, Ms. Sunflower , why don’t you two give me some feedback about my painting? Just be frank, there’s no need for you to flatter me whatsoever.”

Simon turned to Sylvia.

Sylvia knew that Simon had a very straightforward personality. If he were to comment on Mr. Carmine’s painting, he would definitely anger the man.

After thinking about it carefully, Sylvia said, “Mr. Carmine, there’s a slight flaw in your painting but it’s not a big deal. The overall painting is good, just like what Mr.

Dendro said. It has an imposing look.”

The expression on Mr. Carmine’s face changed. He was displeased when he heard the comment. “Flaw? What flaw?”

Sylvia had not expected him to be bothered by this tiny flaw that she had mentioned. In fact, she had thought that he would be happy at hearing the praise. She had only mentioned the flaw casually because it had just been one of many that she had spotted. After a slight hesitation, she stepped forward and pointed at the painting, “I think the strokes and the paint here are a little too heavy.”

Mr. Carmine frowned. “This is the foot of the mountain. If it’s not thick enough, how would others know it’s a mountain?”

Sylvia pursed her lips. She was at a loss for words.

It was then that Lily’s voice came from behind. “Uncle Carmine, your painting is great but Ms. Ross has also made a good point as well. However, I believe this particular spot doesn’t affect the overall beauty of the painting at all. Your strokes have brought out the beauty of the scenery in the painting, making the painting quite impressive.”

Chapter 792 Mr. Carmine turned to the voice, as did Sylvia. Lily was standing about a meter away from the crowd with Odell beside her.

The man’s upright figure and handsome looks stood out from the others.

When Sylvia turned around, she found him looking at her with his deep gaze. The cold look on his face shielded his thoughts from her. Sylvia locked eyes with him for a second before she looked away. Mr. Carmine smiled and asked, “Lily, are you trying to flatter me?”

“Of course not. I’m telling the truth,” Lily said with a smile.

Mr. Carmine was over the moon because of the praise. He then shot a displeased gaze at Sylvia, expressing his annoyance.

Sylvia frowned.

Simon wanted to step up to defend her. He disliked the man's attitude and wanted to comment on his painting as well but Sylvia stopped him.

She then said to Mr. Carmine, "Ms. Springsteen is right. Your painting is impressive, it's me who is short sighted."

Only then did Mr. Carmine give her a slight smile. "You're still young, but I'll take your advice and see what to improve."

Sylvia tightened her lips but remained quiet.

Then, someone in the crowd said, "Ms. Springsteen is a fan of painting as well. Why don't you give us a live demonstration as well?"

Everyone then looked at Lily.

Lily smiled. "Painting is just my hobby, I'm an amateur in this. I wouldn't want to embarrass myself."

"Ms. Springsteen, we are all amateurs here, please grant us the pleasure of watching you paint."

"Yeah, Ms. Springsteen. We really want to see you paint."

The others started to echo the suggestion.

Mr. Carmine chuckled and added, "Lily, it's been many years since I've seen you paint. This is your grandfather's event, and as his granddaughter, I think you should do a live demonstration for us, for his sake."

With an embarrassed smile on her face, Lily said, "Okay, but please don't laugh at me if I embarrass myself later."

"Oh, who would dare to laugh at you in front of Master Carter?" Mr. Carmine said. "Yeah, we would not dare to."

The crowd teased her and she smiled shyly.

Odell stood beside her as he listened to the flattery and praise with an expressionless look on his face. His eyes, however, remained fixed on Sylvia.

Sylvia looked down and silently stood in between Simon and Christopher as if she were a statue.

He frowned. Then, as the crowd cheered, Lily moved over to the table with the painting tools. The crowd gathered closer as they wanted to watch Lily paint up close. Sylvia was quickly pushed to the back of the crowd. Since she did not want to be sandwiched in amongst the crowd, she held her belly with one arm and slowly retreated from the crowd.

As she drew distance from the crowd, someone knocked her on the shoulder and made her lose her balance.

Fortunately, before she fell, a strong arm caught her and helped her back to her feet. She had thought it was Simon or Christopher, but when

she regained her balance and turned around, she saw Odell's handsome looks.

He frowned and gruffly said, "Be careful."

Sylvia's gaze shifted and she quickly drew back her arm. She then hurriedly walked away from the crowd, leaving the man behind.

The man was disheartened when she left him in such a hurry.

He wondered if she was really that scared of him?

Seeing that she had made her way over to Simon and Christopher, he grunted before turning away.

He headed to the rest area, where Master Springsteen was.

The rest area on the second floor was equipped with a soft couch. Not only did it provide a place for people to rest, but it also enabled one to have a bird's eye view over the hall.

Master Springsteen was seated there as he enjoyed his tea.

Someone whispered into his ear, "Sir, Ms. Lily is painting. Would you like to go and take a look?"

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"It's not necessary. I know what level she's at," Master Springsteen said. Odell's entrance into the rest area caught Master Springsteen's attention. With a polite nod to Master Springsteen, Odell then sat down on the other side of the couch. Master Springsteen glanced at him a few times before continuing to sip on his tea.

As soon as Lily started painting, the hall quieted down.

Sylvia, Simon and Christopher left the crowd and sat down, but Christopher's extroverted side soon drew him back to the crowd.

Sylvia continued to sit with Simon.

"Sylvia, are you alright?" Simon asked.

Earlier, Ramona had been mocking Sylvia about her status as an ex-wife. Then, Mr. Carmine had given her a hard time. Even as a bystander, Simon had not been able to stand the insults, let alone the victim herself.

Sylvia pursed her lips and said, "I'm fine. Don't worry."

She had been able to put up with the insults so far.

Simon felt relieved after seeing her relaxed expression.

It was then the crowd that surrounded Lily suddenly erupted.

"Oh my god! Ms. Springsteen's painting is gorgeous!" "It's amazing! It carries a certain mood."

Sylvia turned to the lively crowd.

Simon grumbled, "Bunch of suck-ups."

Sylvia smiled. "Maybe she really is good at painting."

"If she was really that good at painting, she wouldn't be nameless in the art world. Given her family's influence, if she possessed even a sliver of talent, her family would definitely have turned her into a famous artist."

Sylvia did not comment on his remark.

Then, Christopher came back. "Sylvia, Simon, Ms. Springsteen would like your critiques on her painting. Please go and have a look."

Simon frowned. "I don't want to."

Christopher pursed his lips. "Come on, please do it for me."

Simon pouted in silence.

The crowd around Lily quieted down and started to look in their direction. They were waiting for them to comment on Lily's painting.

Christopher found himself in a quandary.

Sylvia then said, "Mr. President, please allow me."

If Simon really commented on Lily's painting, he would definitely offend every one of the Springsteens.

Christopher breathed a sigh of relief but whispered into Sylvia's ear, "Remember not to mention the flaws and just focus on the good things."

"I understand."

Sylvia and Christopher returned to the crowd and went to Lily.

Everyone had their eyes on Sylvia and Lily.

Some of them could not suppress their urge to gossip.

One of them was Odell's current fiancée while the other one was the man's ex-wife. The two of them might be polite and friendly to each other, but who knew what was truly behind their smiles? Especially now that the fiancée had requested for the ex-wife to comment on her painting.

Lily smiled at Sylvia and said, "Ms. Ross, please comment on my painting and give me a piece of advice or two."

Sylvia replied with a smile. "Okay."

She then had a look at the painting.

The painting had been done with watercolor. At first glance, the colors were vibrant and lively, but on second look, it had a poor finish.

Fortunately, even though her skills were not fully developed yet, her painting could be considered the one of the best among amateurs. With Christopher's reminder in her mind, Sylvia said, "Ms. Lily is a good painter, the colors are vibrant and lively."

Lily smiled. "Then are there any flaws?"

"No."

Lily smiled wider. "How would you rank my painting among painting enthusiasts?" "It could be considered as one of the best."

"Oh? What if it's compared to the professionals?" she asked.

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Sylvia pursed her lips.

To be honest, anyone from the Westchester Art Association could do better than her. But if Sylvia chose to be honest, she would definitely make Lily unhappy.

As Sylvia was pondering how to resolve this dilemma, Christopher stepped in with a smile, "Ah, naturally Ms. Springsteen's skills are on par with the professionals." Lily looked at Sylvia excitedly, "Really?"

"Yeah, really," was Sylvia's stilted reply.

Lily smiled brightly.

Before Sylvia could breathe a sigh of relief, Lily added, "Ms. Ross, I heard that your paintings are hard to find. Why don't you do a demonstration for us and enlighten us with your skills?"

The hall quieted down once again as everyone turned their attention to Sylvia.

Sylvia was stunned. She choked on her words for a few seconds before she successfully uttered a full sentence. "Ms. Springsteen is too kind, but I don't have any inspiration now. Perhaps another time?"

"It's you who's being humble, Ms. Ross. You are the

famous Sunflower. Even if you are not at your best, even your scribbles must be better than mine," Lily said.

Someone echoed Lily's words.

"Ms. Sunflower, why don't you grace us with a demonstration of your painting skills? I've never seen a master at work with my own eyes."

"Yeah, please do a live demonstration. I want to see Ms. Sunflower's skills."

Sylvia frowned and turned to Christopher for help.

She had no inspiration at all and she was not prepared to paint.

Christopher also found himself in a quandary.

While he was considering whether to reject the request on Sylvia's behalf, there was a commotion from behind. "Master Springsteen is here," someone said.

"Is he here to see Ms. Sunflower paint?"

The crowd automatically parted to open up a path as Master Springsteen came over with the help of his assistant. He looked very excited, as if he was looking forward to seeing Sylvia paint.

The assistant brought him a chair from the side.

After Master Springsteen sat down, he said to the crowd with a smile, "You guys continue, just ignore me."

Christopher immediately swallowed his thought of rejecting the request. He walked to Sylvia and said in a small voice, "Sylvia, why don't you just draw something? Just a simple item or a scenery."

Sylvia frowned.

She wanted to tell everyone that she could not draw a thing now. It had been six months since she had touched a brush or canvas now. She even felt as if she had started to forget how to hold a brush.

"Ms. Ross, is there a problem? Or do you really not feel like painting?" Lily asked.

Some of the guests started to grumble softly. "No way. Is she going to reject Master Springsteen as well after saying no to Ms. Springsteen and us?" Christopher stepped in to defend her. "Ms. Springsteen, I believe Sylvia is thinking about what to paint now."

He then shot a gaze at Sylvia, signaling her to simply paint something

Sylvia then looked at Lily.

The young lady was standing demurely nearby, with a constant smile on her face. She looked polite and kind as her lips curved into a smile. Yet behind that fake smile was the nobility and aggressive arrogance of the well family that she came from.

Sylvia's eyes quickly scanned the crowd. Everyone was looking at her. If she rejected the request, it would mean being disrespectful to everyone, including Master Springsteen.

With that many pairs of eyes on her, Sylvia walked to the table with the paper and tools and simply picked up a brush. She dipped some paint and performed a stroke on the paper.

The crowd gathered closer to have a better look at what she was drawing

Even Master Springsteen extended his neck to have a better look at her painting. Everyone anticipated her painting, except for the man with the towering figure, standing further away. He was looking at her pale face through the crowd and his brows furrowed. 'She's good at painting, so why is she so reluctant to paint now?'

Chapter 795 The hall went quiet for a while.

Shortly after Sylvia had started painting, some people in the crowd gasped.

Several people started to grumble and some started to whisper.

“What is this?”

“It’s a blob of black. Even my dog can paint better than her.”

“Isn’t she a famous artist? Is that all she’s got?”

“God knows. Ms. Springsteen is a lot better than her, yet she calls herself a master artist.”

Surrounded by the crowd, Sylvia was standing stiffly in front of the table with the brush in her hand.

She had only painted a black blob on the paper before her. There was no pattern and no shapes to it whatsoever.

She had no idea what to paint and while she was struggling with her thoughts, she had heard the crowd commenting on her skills.

Everyone mocked her and belittled her for her poor performance.

Their words woke her up from her trance. Then, when she saw what she had drawn on the paper, the brush fell from her hand.

Her limbs went cold and her body stiffened.

The criticism skyrocketed.

Mr. Carmine, who she commented on earlier, grunted and complained, “I thought she was a good artist yet she’s even worse than me, an amateur.”

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“She’s not even half as good as you, yet she critiqued your painting.” “I don’t know about this but I’ve heard that her artworks were highly sought after in the past. I wonder what has happened?” Ramona and Madam Springsteen had already stood beside Lily the moment Sylvia started painting.

Seeing Sylvia’s wretched appearance put a smile on their faces.

Ramona even echoed the criticism that she heard from the crowd. “Hmph. She must have done so many evil deeds that it has robbed her of her ability to paint.”

Sylvia was so petrified that her hands were tightly clenched.

Standing just outside the crowd, Odell frowned coldly at the situation. Just as he was about to walk over to her,

Simon came in from the side and stood in front of Sylvia.

Odell froze. He pursed his lips and suppressed his urge to go over. Aiming a frosty look at the crowd, Simon argued, “Watercolor is not her forte and yet you people forced her to paint with this. It’s natural that she isn’t able to perform well.”

“Even if it’s not her forte, she shouldn’t have done so poorly.” “Yeah, wasn’t she good before?”



“Why are you so anxious, Mr. Amos. Is it your baby that she’s having?”

“Yeah. She divorced Master Carter some time ago, yet now she’s pregnant?” “I heard she has a complicated private life.”

The criticism started to grow out of control.

Sylvia clenched her hands tightly, until even her nails were digging into the palms of her hands.

Simon angrily argued, “You people call yourself the upper class yet none of you can speak decently?”

Tensions rose to a new high.

The crowd became angrier after being shouted at by Simon and a few seconds of silence later, the insults

became worse.

“He’s so anxious that we must be right.”

“He calls himself a master artist with that personality? I think he’s a liar.”

Further away, Odell’s expression turned grim. He moved his feet and wanted to intervene. “Enough!”

All of a sudden, Master Springsteen bellowed.

It silenced the crowd immediately, and it also stopped Odell from coming over.

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Master Springsteen came over with the help of his assistant.

He shot a fierce glance at Ramona and Madam Springsteen before he scanned the crowd coldly. “Sylvia and Simon are my guests and you people insulted them in front of me? Are any of you unhappy with me?”

The few of them from the crowd who insulted Sylvia and Simon immediately looked down in shame.

The others shut their mouths and put on a serious look.

Then, Master Springsteen looked at Sylvia and Simon. He said with a sigh, “I’m sorry about this.”

Simon answered, “Master Springsteen, it’s not you who insulted us, it’s them. You don’t need to apologize on behalf of them.”

Christopher then stepped in and said, “Master Springsteen, Simon had always been a straightforward person. Please excuse his frankness.”

“It’s fine. He’s right.” Master Springsteen then looked at Sylvia.

As the harsh criticism faded, Sylvia’s emotion returned to normal for a bit and when she sensed Master Springsteen’s gaze, she regrouped her thoughts and regained her composure before she looked at him.

Master Springsteen smiled at her. “I’m sorry that you have to go through all that.”

Sylvia forced a smile on her face. "I'm not performing well either."

Master Springsteen's gaze shifted. He had another glance at the painting on the table and sighed. "Please excuse me, I'm tired."

The assistant then accompanied him away.

Before he left, he turned around to the crowd and said, "Anyone who tries to badmouth them again will be seen as a direct challenge against me and you will not be invited to any of my future events anymore." The crowd was shocked by his words. Everyone immediately went up to him and sent him off attentively. As the crowd left with Master Springsteen, the hall quieted down. Just as Sylvia turned around, she saw the towering figure further away watching her.

He was four to five meters away. His handsome face looked depressing, his thick brows furrowed, and his deep gaze glued to her. Sylvia widened her eyes in surprise and then choked on her grievance.

'He was here just now? What did he see?'

Did he see how poorly she painted? Did he hear how the crowd criticized her?

Before Odell could react, Sylvia turned around and ran outside.

Simon and Christopher immediately went after her.

Odell was left alone with a heavy look on his face.

A while later, after Simon and Christopher left, Odell moved his feet but before he could leave, Lily came over to him.

She asked, "Master Carter, are you leaving now?" Odell looked at her coldly and said, "Is there anything else?"

His voice sounded unhappy.

Lily's gaze shifted. "Oh, nothing. I was just asking if you're leaving because I am. Why don't we leave together?"

Odell walked out of the hall with Lily beside him.

Lily suppressed her urge to giggle as she recalled how Sylvia embarrassed herself in front of the crowd.

She feigned a compassionate look and asked, "I didn't expect Ms. Ross to underperform. Is she doing okay?"

Odell frowned in silence.

Lily continued, "I thought she could enlighten me with her skills and if I know she's not in a painting mood, I'd not have asked her to demonstrate and let others insult her."

Odell also recalled the scene where the crowd insulted Sylvia and Sylvia looked down depressingly and stood still like a log

She looked helpless and wretched.

Odell's chest started to tighten. He said coldly, "Stop it." Lily's expression changed. She maintained the smile and said, "Okay. If you don't like it, I won't say a word." They walked out of the hotel. It was already dark outside and the night breeze felt cold.

Lily quivered and grumbled, "It's so cold."

Odell ignored her and walked ahead. "Master Carter, are you leaving now?" Lily asked immediately.

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Odell hummed a reply.

"Can I trouble you to give me a ride? Grandmother and Aunt Ramona left already and I don't have a ride," she said as she quivered in the breeze,

Odell frowned in annoyance.

It was then several figures opposite the road came under the street lamp, and one of them was Sylvia. 1

The car that came to pick them up stopped in front of them.

Sylvia got into the car first and then Christopher and Simon followed. The car drove away after that.

The car was left in the direction of Sylvia's place, so it was likely that they were sending her home.

Odell's frosty look eased up. He retracted his gaze and said to Lily, "Come with me."

Lily curled her lips and followed him.

The driver soon drove the car around.

Odell got into the rear seat and Lily sat beside him.

She had a peek at his handsome face, but it was cold and expressionless, similar to when he was still inside the

event hall.

Lily believed that after seeing Sylvia painted worse than her and being insulted by the crowd, Odell would be disgusted at Sylvia more.

He would not have told her to stop talking about Sylvia otherwise.

Sylvia and Simon got into the rear seat of the MPV and as the car joined the traffic on the road, Sylvia had a glimpse at the rear mirror and saw Odell getting into his car with Lily.

She stared into the mirror until Odell's car left her sight.

She uncontrollably scratched her hand. Moments later, the terrible painting from earlier and the criticism that she received troubled her thoughts. It tormented her like an incurable curse.

“Sylvia, are you alright?” Simon asked all of a sudden.

Christopher , who was sitting in front, turned around as well and looked at her with a worried expression.

Sylvia’s expression changed and said, “I’m fine.”

“Stop pinching and scratching your hands then. You’ll hurt yourself,” Simon said.

Sylvia then realized she was pinching and scratching her hands.

She quickly released her hands and said, “Okay.”

Simon thought for a second and continued, “Sylvia, don’t let them affect you. They are just a bunch of suck-ups favoring the rich. You’re just having a slump. I believe when you overcome it, you’ll paint even better.”

Sylvia looked at him with slight surprise.

Was it because of her condition or a so-called slump? Nevertheless, she was grateful for his care. “Thank you.” “It’s true, I mean it. I don’t know what happened to you but I know you’ll overcome it.” Sylvia started to choke on her emotions. She clenched her teeth and said, “Thank you. I’ll have to adjust myself.” Simon sighed a breath of relief.

“Sylvia, it’s my fault too. I shouldn’t have insisted for you to come.” Christopher apologized.

“It’s not your fault. You didn’t expect any of those either,” she said.

Both Simon and Christopher were being kind and their warm words cheered her up a bit.

However, she still could not forget the scene where she locked eyes with Odell before she left the event hall.

He must be embarrassed by her, but it no longer mattered.

After all, she was his ex-wife, a part of his history.

Even if she became a topic of discussion , people would only talk about his current fiancée Lily, and not mock him with his ex-wife.

Chapter 798 Meanwhile, another black MPV cruised on the road smoothly and arrived at the Springsteen family’s mansion in less than 20 minutes.

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“Master Carter , thank you for sending me home,” Lily said with a sweet smile.

“You’re welcome,” he answered coldly.

Lily noticed the grumpy look and she assumed it was because of Sylvia’s embarrassment, so she got out of the car without saying anything.

“Goodnight, Master Carter.”

Lily waved at him and then headed into the house.

The car drove away as soon as she walked in.

It was quiet inside the car. The man’s eyes were glued to the front and his expression was frosty as usual.

He had a glance at his watch. It had been 20-plus minutes since they left the hotel and since that woman was living near the Art Academy, she should have gotten home by now.

He took his phone out and texted her.

The last message he received from her was her updating him about the kids’ homework.

A few seconds of hesitation later, he started typing.

“Are you home yet?”

He stared at the screen after he hit the “Send” button.

The car continued cruising and seconds turned into minutes.

However, he did not receive a reply even after 10 minutes. Given how much of a coward she had become, it was impossible for her to ignore his text, unless her condition was acting up again.

He wore a disheartened look and immediately called her.

The dialing tone sounded but no one picked up. He immediately said to the driver, “Turn around. To Sylvia’s place.”

“Yes, sir!” the driver answered immediately and made a U -turn at the junction. Another 20 minutes later, the car arrived at Sylvia’s place.

Odell dashed out of the car and strode to the door.

He broke her lock the other day, so Sylvia had a new fingerprint lock installed. On the same night, he registered his fingerprints into the lock to gain access.

He put his thumb on the scanner and the door opened up with a beep.

He strode through the dark living room and went to her room on the second floor.

He knocked on the door but there was no reply.

He put his hand on the doorknob and wanted to open it.

At the same time, Sylvia just turned off the shower in the bathroom. She did not bring her pajamas inside , so she simply wrapped herself in a towel and went outside.

The moment she stepped out of the bathroom, her room door opened.

Before she could react, the man's towering figure appeared within her sight. The man shot a deep gaze at her as soon as he stepped in. Sylvia widened her eyes in shock. "Odell? What are you doing here?" Odell was shocked by what he saw.

Her porcelain skin glistened under the light, the towel might have veiled her private parts but her shoulder and slender legs were eye-catching as well. The blush on her face made her look extremely alluring. He narrowed his eyes and slightly curled his lips. The nervousness in him faded instantly.

He moved his long legs and walked closer to her.

Sylvia instinctively stepped back and stared at him cautiously. She said, "Odell, I just finished my shower. Can you go downstairs and wait for me? I'll be there after I get dressed."

He did not stop. He strode up to her and shut the bathroom door behind her to prevent her from slipping inside again.

Sylvia backed up to the glass door nervously. She held her towel up with her hand and stared at him feebly.

Odell shadowed her with his towering figure. He slapped the glass door next to her right ear and lifted her chin with his other hand.

"Why didn't you reply to my message?" he asked.

Sylvia was taken aback. "You texted me?"

Chapter 799 "Why didn't you answer my call?" he asked again.

Sylvia clutched her towel tightly and pointed at her bed, whispering, "I was in the bathroom. My phone is left charging by the bed. I didn't hear anything."

"What took you so long inside the bathroom?" he continued to voice his annoyance.

Sylvia pursed her lips and said, "It's just half an hour..."

He stared at her protruded lips.

His gaze felt cold and dominating, and her rounded eyes felt meek and helpless.

They locked eyes for a few seconds before the man looked down at the towel around her chest.

"You don't wear clothes at home?" he asked.

"I just came out from the shower. I didn't even get the chance to put anything on," she said in a small voice.

The man's expression remained frosty. "You have to put something on even after a shower. What if someone comes in?"

"I've locked the door..."

"Someone still can come in even if you lock the door."

“No one else came in other than you.”

Odell was rendered speechless.

His expression turned grim before he lowered himself to seal her lips with a kiss.

Sylvia widened her eyes in shock and tried to push him away.

However, he caught the back of her head and stopped her from pushing him away.

He kissed her until her luscious lips were swollen and her mouth was filled with his breath. Only then did he release her lips.

He narrowed his eyes and looked at her with a wickedly charming gaze. It was as though he was waiting for her to challenge his authority again.

Sylvia tightened the towel around her chest and stared at him blankly. Her eyes widened, the tip of her nose and her cheeks blushed and it granted her a charming presence.

Her alluring expression drove him mad. He gulped and then kissed her lips again.

Sylvia did not expect a second kiss, so she struggled as hard as she could but the more she struggled, the harder

he kissed.

Her lips were pried open as his dominating breaths invaded her mouth. However, compared to the first, the second kiss was a lot more gentle. She started to lose her strength over the kiss. The terrible mood that she tried washing away with the shower but failed somehow faded at this moment.

She even had the intention to answer his kiss, but as soon as the thought appeared, her rationality pulled her back. She could not do this to him. He got a new fiancée, which was Lily.

She bit him on the lips and he finally released her due to the pain. Sylvia took a step to the side and escaped his restraints.

Odell glared at her. “Stop right there!”

Sylvia froze before she could walk far.

She frowned and looked at him. “Odell, you’re engaged to Lily.”

“So?” he asked coldly.

Sylvia dared not retort. A quick thought later, she continued, “Can you control yourself? If someone finds out about this, not only does it harm your reputation, but people will even scold me for being a slut...”

Her voice grew softer as she explained. Odell narrowed his eyes. “Who scolded you?”

“N-No one. I’m just reminding you.” He chuckled and walked to her. “I don’t want to control myself now.”

If she was decently dressed, he would not be aroused. All she had was a towel and nothing else. Her excellent body was seducing him and it was slowly wearing his patience thin.

Sylvia staggered backward. She noticed the dominating and wicked expression on his face. Her face blushed and said, "Stop it! Don't do this!"

Odell ignored her and continued to approach her.

Sylvia was soon forced to the corner.

Chapter 800 His towering figure surrounded her like iron walls.

She got nervous and her face got redder. He chuckled at her reaction. He lifted her face and kissed her again until he felt pain on his lips once more.

He gasped in pain and was forced to release her lips.

He stared at her coldly and she reacted by shrinking her neck meekly.

He grunted and then held the back of her neck.

Just before they locked their lips again, she said, "Odell, I'm still pregnant. Don't do this, please."

His hand froze and he stared at her blankly.

Her eyes were reddish and teary. She was begging for him to stop as if she was worried that he would hurt the baby in her belly.

Disgust rose all of a sudden and he took a step back.

Sylvia held the towel around her chest with one hand and hugged her belly with the other. She was in a defensive

stance.

He glared at her coldly and then decided to leave the room.

His towering figure disappeared from her sight in the blink of an eye, and the door was slammed shut.

The room returned to silence.

Sylvia sighed a breath of relief but her chest hurt all of a sudden.

She stood by the door for a while before she got dressed and went back to her bed.

She picked up her phone and saw the unread texts and two missed calls from Odell.

They were from half an hour ago, which was when she went into the bathroom for a shower.

Why would he text her all of a sudden and ask her if she was home yet? Was he worried about her after she was embarrassed in front of a crowd because of her poor painting?

Was she not a disgrace to him?



Her gaze shifted. The tightness in her chest that had been troubling her since the hotel suddenly disappeared.

A while later, she texted him back, "Odell, thank you for coming."

As she recalled his grumpy look when he left, she added another text, "But you're engaged to Lily. It's better for

you and me to keep some distance." Maybe because he was still mad at her, she did not receive any reply from him. Sylvia got sleepy as she waited. She put her phone down and went to sleep.

Meanwhile, ever since he had come out from Sylvia's house, Odell had been waiting inside the MVP parked outside the house.

The window was half wound down and the chilly breeze entered the car.

His eyes were glued to the screen of his phone where it displayed his chat with her. At the same time, he would look at her window from time to time.

Until her lights were out, he said to the driver, "Go home."

The driver nodded and started the car.

A while later, the car left the district.

He pulled his phone up again and saw the text she sent him earlier. His brows instinctively furrowed.

Keep some distance between them?

Was it because of his engagement to Lily? Or was it because she was worried that he would hurt

Thomas' baby in her belly?

Or maybe it was because she still loved Thomas, who gave her depression and anxiety, hence rejecting his request to have sex with her.

On the second morning, Sylvia woke up as usual, had breakfast, and then headed over to the Carter Residence.

"Mommy, you're here!"

"Good morning, Mommy!"