

master odells 81

## Chapter 81

Before Sylvia could say anything, Tristan strode off to his car, leaving her frowning

She had a bad feeling about his response, but it was time for Isabel and Liam to come home, so she had to leave too.

Tristan went home right after that.

Tristan's parents, Bruce and Catherine, were chatting in the living room.

He went up to them with a serious expression and declared, "I don't like Sonia." "You guys barely met. Just go out more and develop your relationship," Bruce said. The Rosses and the Ledgers had a strong business relationship over the years. Although it was the Rosses who had proposed the marriage, Bruce felt it was only appropriate.

After all, Sonia was appointed the heir of the Rosses, and Tristan was the only son of the Ledgers, so the union between the two families was nothing less than a great decision.

Tristan confessed, "There's someone I like."

Bruce frowned.

"Tristan, who might that be? Which family is she from?" Catherine asked.

"I can't tell you who she is yet, but I'll bring her to meet you guys soon," Tristan said. He planned to bring Sylvia home after he finally won her heart.

Dissatisfied, Bruce said, "Then, at least tell us about her background first. What does her family do, and what is her occupation?"

"I can't tell you that either, but you will know soon."

Bruce wore a grim look

Catherine nudged him, signaling him to not get mad at their son. She then asked Tristan, "Tristan, do you really like the girl?"

Thinking of Sylvia put a smile on his face. "Yeah, I really do."

His smile was as bright as the sun.

Catherine sighed softly. He was her only son, so she did not want to be too straightforward just yet. She simply said, "Well, bring her home when you are ready and let your father and me have a look"

If the girl had a decent background, she would agree to let Tristan be with the girl. If not, she would approach the girl instead and make her leave Tristan

Tristan was delighted He asked, "Mom, then can call of the engagement with Sonia?"

Catherine smiled, "I'll give Mrs Ross a call later."

The discussion about marriage should be put on hold first. If Tristan's choice was decent, they would also call off the engagement and renegotiate with the Rosses about what to do next.

It was the Rosses who wanted the marriage to happen after all.

Tristan took his father's silence as a tacit agreement, so he went out cheerfully.

After he left, Catherine called Mrs. Ross, Dona.

The call go through after a few seconds.

Catherine politely greeted Dona as usual before she sighed and went into a confession of things that gave her a headache After she used all the excuses to mentally prepare Dona, she told her that they wanted to put the chapement between Tristan and Sonia on hold first.

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As a fellow member of the upper circle, Dona knew what Catherine meant. Although disgruntled, she smiled and agreed as well. "Since you are that busy, let's just put the engagement on hold first."

"Great. I'll talk to you later."

"Talk to you soon."

Dona put her phone down with a dour look on her face.

Sonia just came in and saw the look on her mother's face "Mom, what happened?"

Dona grunted. "I don't know what's gotten into the Ledgers, but they want to put your engagement with Tristan on hold first."

Sonia widened her eyes in shock before they welled up in tears. Upset, she cried, "It must be Sylvia! That bitch!"

The name Sylvia surprised Dona. "What? What about Sylvia? Stop crying first, Sonia. Tell me what happened."

"Sylvia is seducing "Tristan. She working at his studio, and because of her, Tristan wants to call off the engagement..."

While tears rolled down her cheeks, she told her mother how she was chased out of Tristan's studio twice because of Sylvia.

"I really underestimated that little bitch." Dona was furious. She sat Sonia down on the couch and offered comfort. "Sonia, I'll handle this. Don't worry, Sylvia will pay for what she has done."

"Mom, you have to do something about her. She's a conniving little bitch. If she's still there, Tristan will be forever under her spell."

Dona grunted, "I will."

After calming Sonia down, Dona started thinking about a plan.

Sylvia had been chased out of the Rosses apart from having had two kids, and she was Odell's ex-wife.

Given Dona's understanding of Catherine's character, there was no way that the Ledgers would agree with Tristan being together with Sylvia

Some thoughts later, the only plausible explanation would be that Catherine and Bruce had no idea that Tristan wanted to call off the engagement because of Sylvia.

Dona grinned and picked up her glass of wine. Sonia was just beside her. She noticed the grin on her mother's face and asked, "Mom, have you come up with something?"

"I'll call Mrs. Ross later and tell her about Tristan and Sylvia," Dona answered with a smile.

Sonia failed to understand. "Why are you telling her that?"

"Do you think Mrs. Ross will accept Sylvia as her daughter-in-law once she knows Tristan wants to call off the engagement because of her?"

Sonia's eyes glimmered, "Sylvia is a divorcee and a mother of two. There's no way Mrs. Ross will accept her!"

Later at night, even though Dona had already informed Catherine about Tristan and Sylvia, Sonia still could not sleep.

Knowing that Tristan liked Sylvia more than herself made her angry

Sylvia had been abandoned by the Rosses and was divorced with two kids. Sonia was a lot stronger than her in every aspect.

Annoyed, Sonia called Tara. She wanted to ask for tips to win a man's heart.

The call got through in seconds. In between sobs, she said, "Tara, Sylvia is getting on my nerves. You have no idea that the bitch tried to make Tristan call off the engagement. Thankfully, my mom reacted quickly and told Mrs. Ross that she's seducing him. Or else I'll lose Tristan forever..."

Tara frowned upon hearing what Sonia said. "Sonia, did your mother really tell Mrs. Ross about Tristan and Sylvia?"

Sonia answered, "Yeah, I was beside her when she made the call. Mrs. Ross was pissed off when she learned about it. She ought to do something to that bitch Sylvia." Knowing that Mrs. Ross would punish Sylvia, Sonia even raised her voice in delight.

## Chapter 83

Tara's expression turned icy. She did not expect the dumb girl to have a smart mother.

However, she was able to regain her composure and feigned a smile. "Congratulations, Sonia When Mrs. Ross is done with Sylvia, you will finally be able to be with Tristan."

"Tara, I actually called wanting to ask you how to capture a man's heart," Sonia asked with admiration. "Master Odell divorced Sylvia because of you and even tussled with his mother for so long, yet he's still together with you. He must love you to death."

Tara basked in the glow of admiration. It put a grin on her face. Then, Sonia added, "How do you make Master Odell love you that much?"

Tara froze. Her gaze turned distant and empty as if she sank into a distant memory. It even put a cold and guilty look on her face. She recovered after a while and continued smiling, "I don't know how I should put it, but maybe I'm simply Odell's type." Sonia was persistent. "Don't you have a way to capture Odell's heart?"

Tara grinned. "No."

"Geez, I'm really jealous of you. If Tristan can like me as much as Master Odell likes you, that would be great."

"Feelings can be developed. Don't rush it."

The two of them chatted for a little longer before the call ended.

Annoyed, Sonia tossed her phone away. She felt like she got 110 constructive advice from Tara after talking for so long, but Tara was Odell's girlfriend, and she was in no position to say anything.

Meanwhile, at Lake Victoria Villa, Tara admonished Sonia as an idiot after the call. The stupid girl made herself the villain and expected Tristan to fall for her. It would be strange if a man would fall for a ridiculous girl like her.

However, thinking about Mrs. Ross finding out about Tristan and Sylvia put a frown on her face. She could not let Tristan give up on Sylvia.

Only when Tristan got together with Sylvia would that woman stay away from Odell.

Odell had to work overtime tonight, so Isabel and Liam stayed at Sylvia's place longer than usual

Sylvia had a great time as well. She had a wonderful sleep that night and had no idea what was going on beyond her four walls

The next day, she arrived at work punctually

Tristan arrived later. He was in a white shirt and black pants, and his hair looked like he had just emerged from a salon. He looked extra handsome and enthusiastic with a dash of brightness today

He came to Sylvia with a rose in his hand, and before she could say anything, he put it on her desk

Sylvia frowned, "Tristan, please take this away."

He smiled. "Sylvia, I've already talked to my parents. They called off my engagement with Sonia. You don't need to reject me anymore because of her."

Sylvia was confused. Since when did she reject him because of Sonia?

Nevertheless, Tristan did not give her the chance to explain. He patted her head and said softly, "I have to go on a business trip later and will be back in a couple of days. Wait for me to come back

He then left the studio, leaving Sylvia behind. "This guy is definitely out of his mind."

## Chapter 84

After Tristan left, a middle-aged woman in a glamorous dress came in.

There was a reception at the entrance and she was actually ushered in by the receptionist.

Then, the receptionist said to Sylvia, "Sylvi, someone is here for you."

Sylvia turned around. When she saw the woman looking for her, she was stunned. She had seen the woman before. It was Tristan's mother, Catherine.

Out of respect, Sylvia put her work down and smiled at the woman. "Mrs. Ross, hi." Catherine smiled in response, but there was a hint of contempt. She sized Sylvia up from top to bottom and said, "I have something to talk to you about. Can you take some time off in the afternoon for me?"

"Yes, of course."

\*\*Then, i'll wait for you at Elysian House."

"Okay."

Catherine did not linger and left after delivering her message.

Sylvia also went back to work

At lunch, Sylvia arrived at Elysian House punctually. Catherine had booked the balcony seat on the second floor.

There was only one balcony seat in Elysian House. There was a VIP room on the left, and the spacious balcony equipped with a grandiose view of the city was to its right.

When Sylvia arrived, she saw Catherine sitting gracefully on the balcony.

Sylvia smiled politely.

Catherine returned the same but with less enthusiasm. She said in a condescending tone, "Come Sit."

Sylvia frowned but did as she was told and sat opposite her.

Catherine was in no rush jump to the topic. She had a glance at the spacious panorama and then asked, "This is quite near to your studio, right? Do you come here often for lunch?"

Sylvia had been here before but with Odell and Tara,

"This is my first," she said.

Surprised, Catherine asked, "Really? Tristan has never brought you here before?" Sylvia barely reacted. "Tristan and I are strictly employer and employee. I usually have lunch with my colleagues."

Catherine frowned. Sylvia was obviously hinting that there was nothing between her and

Tristan. However, if there really was nothing, why would Tristan want to call off the engagement with Sonia?

Catherine believed that Sylvia must be acting. She regained her graceful demeanor and asked, "Then, what do you think of this place?" "This is great."

"It is. This is the place where people like you can barely come even if you saved up your entire life."

Sylvia puckered her lips. "Mrs. Ross, you can just be straightforward with me. You don't need to hint at something just to insult me."

Her candor froze the look on Catherine's face.

Catherine radiated iciness as she said, "I want you to leave my son as far as possible."

"I've said it. Tristan and I are just employer and employee, nothing else." "You don't need to lie. I know what girls like you are thinking." Catherine scoffed. She then took a piece of cheque from her bag and pushed it across to Sylvia. Sylvia had a glance. It was a six-million-dollar cheque. That was quite a huge amount to her.

Catherine looked at her with contempt. "Take the money and leave Westchester."

However, Sylvia softly bit her lip. "I'm sorry, Mrs. Ross, I cannot leave Westchester." Catherine reacted coldly, "Are you still trying to cling to Tristan?"

## Chapter 85

Sylvia looked straight into Catherine's eyes and sincerely said, "You're thinking too much. I came back to Westchester to be with my children. Wherever my children are, that's where I go. They are now in Westchester, so I won't leave this city."

Catherine was a little surprised. "Are you saying you work at Tristan's studio because of your children?"

"I purely work there for the sake of working." Catherine scoffed. "Then, why did you choose Tristan's studio in the first place?" "It was just a coincidence. When I first applied for the job, I did not know it belonged to

Tristan."

Catherine remained dubious. She did not believe what Sylvia said.

Sylvia added, "Mrs. Ross, Tristan is a great person, but I don't like him."

"If you don't like him and you won't leave Westchester, then I believe you can at least leave the studio."

Sylvia was slightly stunned. She had thought of leaving before because Odell had once threatened her with the kids and also because Tristan had confessed to her. In the end though, she did not leave because she got along with her colleagues. The studio also practiced a flexible work schedule and the pay was good.

Now, it seemed like there was a reason for her to resign.

She answered without a second thought, "Okay. I'll go back and submit my resignation."

Catherine did not expect Sylvia to agree to this so quickly.

“Mrs. Ross, thank you for inviting me here. I’ll go back and finish my work before I resign. You don’t need to worry about anything.” Sylvia then got up. Catherine called her. “Wait, you forgot your cheque.” Sylvia smiled “Thank you, but please take it back.” She left without giving Catherine a chance to say anything.

Catherine was left blank in her seat. She felt like something had just slapped her in the face.

Regardless, Sylvia had agreed to leave the studio, so at least Catherine’s effort did not go to waste

A while later Catherine let the door of the room to the left open. Sunshine streamed in and

landed on the table inside

Odell leaned against the wall with his hands crossed. His lips were curled into a faint smile. He had heard everything from the moment Sylvia arrived

He, too, did not expect Sylvia to agree to Catherine’s request, and she did not even take the cheque.

Was it because the amount did not satisfy her, or was it because of her dignity?

“Odell, let’s eat.”

Tara was behind him. Sylvia had already left, but Odell showed no signs of sitting down, so she had to call him and ground him back

“Mm-hmm.”

Odell regained his composure and sat down for lunch.

Tara secretly sized him up. His face was as stony as usual, but there was a hint of delight on him, which aroused her anxiety.

She had seen what happened as well. She thought that Sylvia would have taken the cheque due to her meager salary not being enough to support herself and the children.

To her surprise, Sylvia agreed to leave the studio and did not even take the money. Was she not afraid that she could not survive now that she had lost her job? The more she thought about it, the more questions popped up, which fueled her anxiety.

Sylvia is really full of herself.’

Sylvia returned to the studio and completed her last piece of carving. She handed the work to Betty, spoke to them, and then handed in her resignation letter to the human resource department.

The HR person was baffled and suggested waiting until Tristan came back. However, Sylvia did not want to waste any more time, so she packed her things and left.

Chapter 86

Sylvia returned home, Aunt Toriya was curious why she was back. Rarely seen, she had resigned

Aunt Torrya was a little surprised but did not ask why. Although Sylvia had left Tristan's studio, she still loved wood carving and was up on the profession. She pulled out the name cards that she had found from the tradition she attended with Tristan. All the name cards belonged to the best players in the woodcarving industry at their work.

Some careful consideration later, she picked them and then hurried.

Then, she went out grocery shopping with Aunt Tonya. She planned to meet the kids when they arrived later.

What made her happier was that after the two little rascals arrived, Liam said, "Delutely zád, Mommy, I heard that the big baddie is working late tonight, and he's not coming home!" Sylvia's eyes glowed. She looked at Liam and asked, "Liam, is that true?" Liam grinned. "I called Uncle Cliff, and he said Daddy is having an important meeting and won't be coming back."

If Odell was not coming back, it meant that the two little rascals could stay at her place later than usual.

While Sylvia savored the happiness, Isabel jumped into her arms and meekly said, "Yomony, Brother and I don't want to go back. Can we sleep with you?"

Liam stared at her in anticipation. Sylvia was moved as well. Some thoughts later, she said, "Olzy, I'll call your great-grandma later, so you guys can stay for the night." "Yeah! That's great!" Isabel buried her face in her mother's arms.

Liam also came closer. Sylvia bent over and hugged all of them with a big smile.

Night arrived as usual. In the main meeting room of Carter Corporation, Odell was in the main seat with all the other shareholders and executives around the table. At the same time, the screen in front of the meeting room was showing the branch managers of their foreign subsidiaries, as they all met through the video call.

The objective of the meeting was to report their branch updates for the last month. The content was a little lengthy and boring, and there was a lot of unnecessary information being delivered as well.

Odell was annoyed after listening for a while. He propped his forehead on his hand, and the conversation between Mrs. Ross and Sylvia that he overheard at Elysian House earlier kept playing in his mind.

Mrs. Ross wanted Sylvia to leave Westchester, but Sylvia had refused. She claimed that she was back because of the children and that she would go wherever the children were.

Mrs. Ross wanted her to leave the studio, and she had agreed without a second thought.

Mrs. Ross had also given her a six-million-dollar cheque, but she had not taken it. Could it be that she never liked Tristan? Then, why would she resign when she was asked to? Was it to oppose him?

The thought put a cold look on Odell's face.

Isabel and Liam must have gotten their little tricks from her as the two little rascals opposed every single decision of his. Especially after he forbade her from seeing the kids, the two of them would intentionally look away whenever he came home, and neither wanted to talk to him. He tried talking to them, but



they turned a deaf ear to him. They would either turn to Madam Carter or go back to their room and lock it.

'Wait, something is not right. Given their little tempers, they would have thrown a tantrum after not seeing Sylvia for days...' Now, the two of them simply ignored him and did not even ask Madam Carter to help him. They even joked and chatted with Madam Carler like obedient great-grandchildren. The more he thought about it, the stranger it felt. A while later, he scanned over all the people in the meeting room and said, "Let's call it a day. We'll continue tomorrow." He got up and left as his words subsided.

## Chapter 87

Half an hour later, the black supercar parked in front of the Carters' mansion. Odell came down The bodyguards got nervous when they saw him. "Master Odell, I thought you were having a meeting? Why are you back so soon?"

Odell reacted coldly He glared at them and asked, "How did you know I was in a meeting?"

He did not tell Madam Carter that he was having a meeting, not even the butler knew. The bodyguard was stunned Tension piled up as he stuttered, "I heard it...from someone." Odell glared at the bodyguard before he strode into the living room Madam Carter and the butler were chatting with the other servants in the living room When he came in, everyone was stunned Even Madam Carter showed nervousness on her face Odell looked around and asked, "Grandmother, where's Liam and Isabel?" Madam Carter tightened her lips. "Uh... They went out to play" Odell frowned. "Where?" "I don't know. They said they were bored at home, so I told Jacob and Ben to take them out."

Odell turned around and went out. Before he stepped out of the door, he turned around and bellowed to the butler, "No one is allowed to tip Ben and Jacob off!"

The butler was shocked and quickly nodded nervously.

Odell then strode out.

The butler sighed a breath of relief and asked Madam Carter, "Madam, should we call Ben and Jacob and tell them to bring the kids back?"

Madam Carter sighed. "It's too late now. Odell knows."

Besides, the children could not just meet Sylvia in secret for the rest of their lives anyway.

Back at Sylvia's place, the yard was brightly lit. Sylvia had the barbecue going, and Aunt Tonya helped to prepare grilled meat for the kids. Liam sat in front of the table and helped prepare the condiments. Only Isabel was idle and was following Sylvia around. Sylvia had just made a skewer, and she munched it off right away. Even though her mouth was full, she kept chatting with her mother, her brother, and even Aunt Tonya.

The yard was filled with the gamey aroma of meat and laughter.

When Odell arrived, he saw the scene.

Sylvia had her hair tied up in a ponytail and an apron was wrapped around her waist. She was in front of the grill, making grilled chicken for the kids.

Isabel was beside her, munching off the skewer. Her face was covered in grease, and yet her eyes were locked on the meat on the grill.

Meanwhile, Aunt Tonya made fruit juice for Liam.

Liam was not in a hurry to drink it either. He sat quietly on the bench and helped his mother with the condiments while Isabel would stuff a piece of chicken into his mouth from time to time.

The mother and children looked happy and harmonious under the warm lights.

Odell stood and watched for a while.

When Sylvia served the meal and was about to sit down to eat with the kids, Odell finally walked in. His tall figure silenced the entire yard.

Sylvia bolted up cautiously.

Liam and Isabel also stood in front of her, trying to protect her from their father. They were afraid that he might do something bad to her.

Odell frowned.

Isabel screamed, "Big baddie! Liam and I came here to see Mommy. It's not her fault! Don't you bully my Mommy!"

Chapter 88 Liam stared at Odell coldly.

Odell looked at Sylvia.

Sylvia blinked helplessly before she tried to flatter him by saying, "Odell, you can bring them back, but we just finished making grilled chicken Can you let them finish first?"

She looked at him in anticipation.

Odell simply hummed as a reply, which surprised Sylvia as she did not expect him to grant her permission In order to prevent him from going back on his promise, she quickly said to Isabel and Liam," Isabel, Liam, sit down and eat."

Isabel and Liam noticed that Odell showed no signs of causing trouble, so they lowered their caution and went back to the table.

Sylvia got them their plates and cutlery and was also about to sit down. "Ahem." The man suddenly grunted.

Sylvia looked at him

Odell stood there like a monolith, showing no intention to leave Some doubts later, she cautiously asked, "Odell, do you want to have some?"

Odell had a glance over at the barbecue feast on the table and looked rather suspicious. "You made all these?"

"Yeah, I made them." "Are they even edible?" Sylvia was speechless. Before she could argue, Isabel grumbled, "Big baddie, just eat if you want." Odell tightened his lips. Sylvia forced a smile on her face "I think they are okay. Why don't you give them a try?"

He hummed an expressionless reply and went over to the table. Sylvia disliked his attitude. He wanted to try her cooking, but he acted like he was forced to do so under duress. However, she could not do anything because she was no match for him in various aspects

For the sake of the kids, she put up with his lousy attitude. She told Aunt Tonya to get him a set of cutlery.

Sylvia then sat down with the kids, and Odell sat down opposite her.

The lively dinner somehow turned quiet after Odell's arrival.

The two little rascals ate in silence.

Aunt Tonya was beside the kids. She kept switching her attention between Odell and Sylvia, and she dared not make a noise either. Sylvia felt strange This might be the first time she was having dinner with him in a rather calm and peaceful environment ever since she came back to Westchester.

It felt like time went back to when they were married and she would wait for him to come home every day with meticulous cooking They would sit opposite each other and have dinner.

The only difference was, back then, he seemed more distant, and every dinner felt like a chore to him. He would leave for his study the moment he was done.

Now, he obviously enjoyed the dinner much better.

There was slight disgust on his face, but his hands and mouth never stopped. He even ate the fried pumpkin pie that Sylvia had prepared specially for Isabel and Liam. Sylvia was a little surprised. Out of the blue, Isabel arrogantly asked him, "Big baddie, how's my Mommy's cooking? Fantastic, isn't it?" Odell answered with no obvious reaction on his face. "It's okay"

Isabel pouted. "Hmph Stop pretending you ate three pieces of our fried pumpkin!" Odell and Sylvia were both silenced. The air felt a little tenser than before.

He looked at Sylvia.

Sylvia was rather calm when she noticed his gaze. She put on a smile and said, "If you want more, I can ask Aunt Tonya to make more for you."

The terrible experience that she went through three years ago still felt like it had just happened yesterday She was not that stupid to proactively make dinner for him.

Odell's eyes dimmed a little. He was not blind or deaf, and he could see the apathy in her fake smile and the nonchalance in between her words.

She had prepared the feast for the kids, and now she wanted Aunt Tonya to bring him food instead. It was obvious that she did not want to make anything for him. "It's fine." He put his cutlery down. Sylvia did not care and continued eating with the kids. Odell suddenly turned broody, and a moment later, he grunted. Curious, Sylvia turned to him.

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Odell looked at her and said, "I'm thirsty."

"There's a water dispenser over there. You can get a cup and pour yourself a glass of water."

Odell did not move and simply stared at her.

Sylvia ignored everything about him.

Isabel had enough of the awkwardness. She pouted and said, "Big baddie, can't you move by yourself? Where are your hands and legs?" It was then that Liam got up with his little cup and went over to get some fruit juice. Maybe it was intentional, but he got up slowly, walked over slowly, and got himself more fruit juice slowly. He did everything slower than usual, as if he was trying to show someone how to get a drink. Isabel raised a brow and then said to Odell, "Big baddie, if you don't know how to get yourself a drink, watch and learn." Odell could not tolerate the scornful remarks anymore. He got up, poured himself a glass of water, and drained it to the last drop. Then, he turned to the kids and stated, "It's time to go home."

Isabel grunted. "I'm not full yet!"

Odell saw her tiny bloated stomach. Any more down that throat of hers would make her explode.

He then looked pointedly at Sylvia

She immediately knew what he meant. Both Isabel and Liam had more than enough. She smiled at them and said, "Isabel, Liam, it's time to go home now. Follow your Daddy home."

Isabel pouted. "Mommy, I want to sleep with you."

She had already mentioned she wanted to stay with her mother earlier.

"Me too," Liam said. Odell reacted grimly. "I'll count to three." He sounded stern as he had obviously run out of patience. "We'll get the chance soon. It's getting late. Be good kids and go home with your Daddy first," Sylvia said. She gave each of them a kiss on the cheeks. Isabel simply hummed a sulky reply. Liam said, "Mommy, we will see you tomorrow."

Sylvia was a little surprised. She quickly had a glance at Odell, but he did not say anything except for that glacial look on his face. He somehow had no opinion about them coming over

τοπιτονω.

"Okay. What do you guys want to eat tomorrow? I'll prepare it before you arrive." Isabel got excited. "I want to eat spaghetti!" Liam parroted, "Me too!" "Great" Sylvia smiled and sent them to the entrance.

Odell tossed the car keys to Jacob and brought the kids back

The two little rascals did not like to talk to him, especially Isabel. She would rather cross her arms than let him hold her hand.

Liam was beside Isabel, and Odell was on their right.

The street lamp casted a long shadow behind them, and from afar, their figures painted a harmonious painting Sylvia was stunned for a moment. When she was pregnant with the two of them, she had fantasized about a scene like this countless times. She had always wanted to see her cute children walking beside their tall father. She had also fantasized about Odell playing around with them.

Three years later, on this particular night, her fantasy somehow came true, but she could no longer feel the happiness anymore. Aunt Tonya suddenly called out to her, "Syl, come in. It's cold outside." Sylvia hummed a reply and went inside. A while after she went inside the house, her phone rang. It was from Tristan. It must be about her resignation. A quick thought later, Sylvia answered the phone.

Chapter 90

"Sylvia, why did you resign?" That was the first thing Tristan asked when the call got through, and anxiously permeated the

Line

Sylvia calmly replied, "I don't want to work there anymore" "I don't believe you. Is it because Sonia is giving you more Trouble?"

"No"

"Then, why did you leave?" Sylvia knew that if she did not tell Tristan the truth today, the man would continue to haunt her like a ghost. A quick thought later, she said, "Well, I don't want to work in your studio anymore" "You don't want to work in my studio? Did you resign because of me?" Tristan was in disbelief.

"Yes."

"Why?"

Sylvia was stunned. She was as straightforward as she could be, but he still did not understand. On the other end of the call, Tristan clutched his phone tightly, his brows furrowed as he said, "Sylvia, tell me. Did you leave because you want to reject me or did Sonia make you do it?" Sylvia tightened her lips. Some words were too hurtful when made verbal, and she knew how it felt to be turned down by someone she liked. However, she must be frank with Tristan. "Tristan, thank you for liking me, but I really don't like you" "I don't believe you. It must be Sonia, or your family giving you pressure." He unconsciously raised his voice.

Sylvia calmly answered him, "No. When I was chased out of the Rosses three years ago, I cut ties with them. Sonia and her family can no longer do anything to me." Tristan went quiet. The silence went on for a while until Sylvia said, "If that's all, I'll be hanging up."

Tristan still did not say anything until she eventually hung up.

The next morning, Sylvia received a reply from the other wood-carving studios. All of them expressed interest in her work. They also sent her their offer together with the benefits. Every single one of them provided almost the same salary package, but only one promised flexible hours. .

Sylvia chose it without a second thought

She went over to the new studio to start working. The environment in the studio was not as good as Tristan's, but it was decent as well.

After going around the studio for a bit and mingling with her new colleagues, Sylvia drove back to her place

On the way back, she stopped by the supermarket to buy some ingredients. She knew Isabel loved spaghetti bolognese, and Aunt Tonya was great at making meatballs, but a good tomato paste was the foundation to make it delicious.

She reached home and started working with Aunt Tonya to prepare dinner. Aunt Tonya made the meatballs while she prepared the tomato paste as they waited for the kids to come over.

In the evening at the Carter Corporation, Odell was about to leave after finishing his work for the day.

His phone then rang. It was Tara.

He picked it up, and Tara's soft voice came from the other end: "Odell, have you finished work?"

"Mm-hmm."

"I booked a place at The Greens. Let's go have dinner there together." Odell wanted to say yes, but he suddenly thought of something. He tightened his lips in silence.

The Greens was a well-known restaurant that promised the finest Western cuisine, and it was difficult to get a reservation. However, to him, it was nothing special, or in other words, he was already tired of it. He started to recall the barbecue and the pastries that Sylvia had made at her place last night.