

Master odells 831

Chapter 831

Now that he recalled everything that happened that day, he was beginning to notice many peculiarly odd details...

Which meant that she had been lying to him ever since that time?

She never meant to go with Thomas. She only went to Galston with him to save Aunt Tonya and the children!

He balled his hand into a fist and fell into an ominous silence for a long time. At last, he spoke, "How did she come to be depressed?"

"Sigh... After she went to Galston, she did everything she could to sneak back to Westchester City but Thomas caught her every time. He had several people's hands chopped off to intimidate her and to send a message. This isn't even the worst of it because later, he separated me from her and had her locked in a room where she could not even see the light of the sun or tell what time of the day it was. He locked her up in there like an animal for three months before he finally let her out. I don't even know what he did to her in those three grueling months. By the time she came out, she was completely hysterical and covered in blood. I think it was because she clawed herself while she was stuck in there..."

Aunt Tonya became choked up as she revealed all of this.

Odell stood tall and ominous before her.

"... She was just completely out of it. It frightened not only me

but Thomas as well. Eventually, he agreed to let her come back on her own and said that if she could manage by herself until the next year, he'd let me come back as well."

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After she finished, she wiped away tears from her eyes.

The corridor became silent.

Odell stood stiffly like a stone sculpture for a very long time before his voice broke out. "Why didn't she tell me? Why didn't she at least give me a call..?"

Aunt Tonya choked up. "There was no signal at all where we lived. She couldn't escape and couldn't get her hands on a phone to contact you with."

Odell zipped his lips into a thin line and remained silent.

His solitary figure stood still in front of the delivery room and did not even budge for the longest time.

He recalled the day she returned.

There was heavy snow on that day. He had just gotten engaged with Lily as well. He remembered seeing her toward the end of the engagement ceremony and went after her. He said a lot of harsh things to her and left her all by herself in the snow and when he went outside, she had gone back to her place.

Her place was covered in dust at the time. He remembered how she carefully placed her new clothes on the couch to make a place for him to sit without getting his clothes dirty. She smiled and pandered to him as much as she could just so that she could see the children.

Not only did he refuse, but he also barred the windows so she a thief just so she could hear their voices

Later, he ended up taking the children with him back to his old place. She still tried to sneak inside but to no avail.

During Ramona's birthday, she expected him to bring the children to attend the banquet so she dressed up as a waiter to sneak her way into the banquet. The only thing she got from all that effort was public embarrassment , getting slapped by her sister in front of everyone, and drenched in wine...

It was only until he found out that she had depression that he conceded and let her see the children.

The entire time, he thought that she got dumped by Thomas and came back with depression. He assumed that the child belonged to Thomas and so responded by treating her condescendingly.

To think that ... All his assumptions were wrong the entire time!

She never got dumped, and the baby was never Thomas!

She never even loved Thomas!

She was taken to Galston by force. Thrown into solitary confinement, all the fear and agitation led to her depression ...

In all this time since her return, he had never extended any kindness toward her, not even once.

Time stood still for him for what seemed like eons.

Isabel and Liam came back from dinner and made sure to get some food for Aunt Tonya as well. Aunt Tonya finished eating and sat with them on the chair opposite the delivery room and waited for a long time.

Eventually, Isabel began to doze off and fell asleep in Aunt Tonya's arms. Even Liam was beginning to doze off when suddenly, a loud cry emitted from inside the delivery room.

The man who had been standing still in front of the delivery room the entire time suddenly sprang to attention and turned around.

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The door opened from the inside

The nurse held a baby wrapped in a blanket and smiled at Odell. "Master Carter, congratulations, it's a boy!"

Odell barely spared a look at the child and turned to the nurse with a frantic look on his face. "What about her? How is she?"

The nurse informed, "Both the mother and the baby are safe. She exerted a lot of strength during childbirth and is very tired. She's asleep now and should be fine after being given some time to rest."

Odell tried to go inside but the nurse stopped him from doing so.

The nurse smiled politely. "Please wait just a moment. We'll have her out in no time."

Odell halted.

"You should take the boy first, he's adorable," the nurse said and handed the boy to him.

Odell finally took a good look at the boy.

His skin was smooth as silk and fair. He was a tiny boy.

The look in Odell's eyes immediately softened, and he took the boy into his arms.

Perhaps the boy sensed Odell's beating down, he pried open his

eyelids to reveal two black pearls that were dark as onyx stone.

It was as if the boy was sizing him up.

"Oh, the boy is beautiful," Aunt Tonya approached and exclaimed in awe upon seeing the boy closely.

Odell smiled with pride.

That was when the closed door was pushed open again, Sylvia was carted out in the hospital bed, still soundly asleep.

Odell immediately passed the baby to Aunt Tonya and took a look at Sylvia.

She was sound asleep. Her complexion was pale after exerting so much strength, and her brows were still fixed into a frown.

He drew closer and put a hand over her brows to ease her frown, and quietly observed her expression with a pondering look.

Shortly after that, the doctor informed that Sylvia needed more rest and proceeded to have the nurse cart her to her ward. It was only then that Odell removed himself from her reluctantly.

The next morning, in a private ward.

Sylvia, who had been sleeping all night, opened her eyes and found herself on a soft, feathery bed.

Her head was still dizzy.

She looked at the ceiling above, then began turning around to get a sense of where she was. Soon enough, she identified the man sitting on a chair by the bed.

He was leaning against the back of the chair with his arms folded across his chest. He stared at her with a dark and sharp look in his eyes.

Sylvia's first instinct was to quickly shut her eyes and pretend to be still asleep.

A playful grin surfaced on Odell's grim expression.

"Do you want to see the boy?" he asked.

His voice was filled with depth.

Sylvia was very tempted.

"Open your eyes if you want to see the boy." Odell supplied.

Sylvia carefully opened her eyes and smiled sweetly at Odell to avoid upsetting him. "Where's the boy?"

"Outside. Aunt Tonya, Isabel, and Liam are watching over him."

Sylvia looked out toward the door.

The doors and windows were closed so she could not see anything.

She wanted to get up but her body was so immensely weak that she could barely sit up, let alone get out of bed.

She stared helplessly at Odell with a smile and asked politely, "Can you let them in?"

He did not answer and only regarded her with a sharp and indifferent look

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Sylvia pursed her lips and muttered, "If you're not going to let them in, fine. But could you at least let Aunt Tonya in?"

She wanted to ask Aunt Tonya what she ended up telling Odell. Then she would get her to persuade Odell to let her see the boy.

He sat motionless and announced, "She told me everything about what happened to you during your six months stay in Galston."

Sylvia opened her eyes wide. "Did she tell you everything?"

Chapter 833 "Yes, everything there is to know," Odell spoke with a tint of ice in his voice.

Sylvia twitched her lips.

Odell refused to avert his intent gaze from her.

A stark silence descended upon the room.

"Why didn't you tell me?" he suddenly asked, breaking the silence.

Sylvia tried to avoid his gaze and wanted to play it off. "Tell you what?"

"That he forced you to go to Galston with him, that he was the reason you ended up with depression, and to tell me that the boy is my son!" He became more infuriated as he went on. He was practically shouting toward the end of his sentence.

Sylvia was not as frightened as she thought she would be.

Not only was she not afraid of his outburst, but she even found herself laughing uncontrollably like a mad woman. She mocked him, "You're already engaged. What's the point of telling you all this to begin with?"

She originally intended to tell him.

On the plane back to Westchester City from Galston, she had already composed everything in her head.

She wanted to explain to him that she did not stab him so she

could be with Thomas. She wanted to tell him everything that happened to her in Galston during the last six torturous months. She wanted to tell him that despite all odds, she managed to keep their child alive.

However, she received news that he was engaged as soon as she got off the plane.

The very moment she saw him embracing Lily after their engagement, she swallowed everything she wanted to say including the things she had composed inside her mind on the way back home.

"Odell, come down to it, we're simply not meant to be." Sylvia looked at him again. She seemed on the verge of tears but was smiling. "Thank you for coming here last night. I've never done anything with Thomas and you can rest assured that the boy is yours. Since Isabel and Liam belong to you now, I'd like to keep the boy by my side. If it pleases you, I'll tell him that you're his father, but if you think that it would sour things between you and Lily, I will never tell him. You don't have to tell Lily either. She doesn't need to know that this boy even exists."

She was still very weak and the exhaustion was showing in her voice.

Fortunately, the ward was quiet enough that Odell could still make out every word of what she was saying.

Something seemed to freeze inside his bottomless eyes.

He got up and sat beside her on the bed. He bent over and held her frail face in his large palms, bringing his face closer to hers.

"You'd wish. I want both you and the boy," he declared this with

utter certainty. He had never been more confident than now.

Sylvia's eyes froze, and she felt something lurch inside her chest.

After several seconds, she shifted her eyes away from him and murmured, "I'm not going to be your mistress."

Odell was quiet.

After debating over it for a while, he suddenly murmured, "Lily and I are only engaged because of circumstance."

Sylvia turned to him with mild surprise. "Huh?"

He looked at her agape eyes and explained, "We only got engaged to appease Master Springsteen. There was this misunderstanding some time ago that stirred up rumors that I was seeing her. Master Springsteen was so furious by those rumors that he ended up fainting. It was quite an ordeal. In the end, she came to me and struck a deal to get engaged because she was worried about Master Springsteen's condition."

Sylvia was still trying to make sense of the situation. "That means it's not a real engagement after all?"

"No, it's more like a private collaboration more than anything."

"Really?"

"Yes."

She suddenly recalled her confrontation with Ramona and Madam Springsteen and asked suspiciously, "Then why did Ramona and Madam Springsteen come to me and warn me to stay away from you?"

At this point, Sylvia did not see a point in hiding things from him and owned up, "Yeah, they came to me."

"What did they tell you?"

She did not want to recall those hateful things they said to her and only stuck to the important details. "They told me to stay away from you and not ruin things between you and Lily."

"Why didn't you tell me?"

"You didn't tell me that your engagement with Lily wasn't real." Sylvia scoffed grumpily.

Odell narrowed the look in his eyes.

Sylvia quietly peered at him.

After a moment, he chuckled softly. "It's my fault, I should've told you earlier."

Sylvia's eyes glowed up. She asked again in a slightly doubtful tone, "So, it was a fake engagement all along? There's nothing going on between the two of you?"

Odell looked into her eyes. "Do you think I'd still be here if my feelings for her were true?"

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Sylvia made a look and smiled silently.

Odell watched her and could not suppress the urge to draw his face closer toward her and kiss her lips.

After sharing a brief kiss, Sylvia drew her hand toward his neck and gently nudged him away.

Odell frowned and stared at her unhappily.

Sylvia suddenly brought up. "I just remembered something."

"What is it?"

"If the engagement wasn't real, why did you go on a date with her two days ago?"

"Who told you that I went on a date with her?" he expressed angrily.

Sylvia informed, "Isabel and Liam told me that you didn't go home to see them on New Year's eve."

Odell pinched her cheek and explained, slightly upset, "After you left that night, I went to Lush Heaven right away. I ended up drinking too much and fell asleep there."

Something gleamed in her eyes. "Oh."

That was right. On the day of New Year's eve, he came to visit her and ask her if she still loved him.

Odell narrowed the look in his eyes and looked at her with a

wicked expression. "Anything else?"

Sylvia pursed her lips and brought up. "Why did you hang up on me yesterday afternoon ? Was it because you were angry with me?"

Odell's expression changed. "You called me yesterday afternoon?"

"I can't remember when exactly because I was very dizzy at the time, but I remember very clearly that I called you at one point and you hung up on me the moment the call connected. I fainted after that."

Odell took out his phone.

Noting this, Sylvia also went to get her phone underneath the pillow. She went to her call logs and found the record of her calling Odell. The information on the call log displayed that the call was not connected.

"Here, look." She turned the screen to him.

Odell looked at the phone and immediately after that, his eyes darkened.

He proceeded to open the call log on his phone instead.

There was nothing indicating an incoming call from Sylvia from yesterday afternoon.

During that general timeframe yesterday, he was still in Lush Heaven with Lily by his side.

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He answered solemnly, "She must've hung up on you."

"She? Who's she?"

"Lily."

Sylvia was floored by this.

Odell turned to her., "I wasn't awake when you called me. She was by my side." ..

"Oh," Sylvia only muttered weakly.

Sensing the change in her mood, he quickly clarified, "She came by after I fell asleep after getting drunk. I didn't even know she was there and only saw her when I woke up."

All of the misunderstandings between them stemmed from the fact that he never told her that his engagement with Lily was all a ruse this entire time. He decided that there would be no more secrets between them.

Sylvia's eyes gleamed. "Oh."

She seemed very satisfied to hear this.

Odell narrowed his eyes, then he lowered himself toward Sylvia and kissed her again.

He pressed his weight on Sylvia, and she sank into the pillow.,

She did not have the strength to resist his passion. Her hands were bound by him so there was no room for resistance to begin with. She took it all.

Even after some time, he still refused to let go of her and only

increased the intensity of his kiss. He kissed as if he was trying to vent his pent-up emotions.

Sylvia was quickly losing breath and grunted in a muffled voice.

Odell finally let her go.

She quickly opened her mouth and gasped for air. That was when she noticed that Odell's eyes were glowing red like he was holding back tears.

She asked with concern, "What's wrong?"

"Why didn't you come to see me?"

"What?"

He held her face gently. "I've been waiting for you in the hospital for two days. Why didn't you see me? Is it because you thought it was inappropriate just because I'm engaged to Lily?"

Sylvia realized what he was talking about. She met his gaze and confessed, "I went."

Chapter 835 Odell seemed greatly affected by this. "When did you come?"

"I went that morning immediately after Isabel called me to tell me that you got into a car accident. When I got there, I wasn't expecting both Lily and Madam Springsteen to show up at the same time so I was afraid to head up there to see you because they were there as well. I hid somewhere and waited until they came out. That was when I heard them mention that you were fine, and I ended up leaving after that." Sylvia relayed everything that happened during her visit to the hospital that day.

Odell frowned.

He remembered that Lily and Madam Springsteen had come rather early that day and had stayed with him nearly the entire noon before leaving.

It was only after Lily left that afternoon that he asked Cliff to send someone to spy on Sylvia, only to learn that she had been staying at home all day, doing nothing.

At the time, he thought that she could not be bothered to see him at all. Never in his wildest dreams would he expect that she had been at the hospital since that morning and had been waiting there for the better half of the day to learn how he was doing...

He felt a tightness in his chest and turned to meet her gaze.

Her complexion was still pale and frail, but her eyes glittered with energy. She did not try to avoid his gaze.

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After a moment of silence, he cupped up her face and kissed her again.

He was afraid to get too rough with her this time, but he could not deny his wants at the same time.

He clasped the back of her head and kissed her fervently for a moment before forcing himself to let go of her.

He rubbed her face with his fingertips and whispered, "Don't keep secrets from me from here on."

"Okay." Sylvia pursed her lips and whispered back, "You can't keep secrets from me either."

"I'll tell you everything you want to know from here on."

He spoke gently and firmly.

Sylvia felt a great sense of relief. She felt something warm spreading inside her chest and smiled as she had never smiled before.

Odell smiled the same way and mentioned, "I'll bring them in."

"Okay."

He got up and went outside.

After a while, a stampede of footsteps tore through the silence of the room.

Isabel and Liam ran hand in hand.

Sylvia leaned back against the head of the bed and smiled at them.

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The two of them hopped onto the bed and lay side by side, staring at her.

Aunt Tonya entered as well with the newborn baby in her arms.

"Sylvia, the boy just woke up, take a look," Aunt Tonya said as she rested the child in front of her.

Sylvia took the boy very carefully.

The boy did not cry or throw a tantrum as he looked at his mother with his pearly eyes.

He was like a giant marshmallow, very adorable.

Sylvia laughed heartily when she looked at her newborn son.

Both Liam and Isabel smiled cheerfully as well when they saw their mother's joy.

"Mom, does my brother look like me?" Isabel asked with a grin, her eyes shaped into a crescent-moon smile.

Sylvia turned to her and Liam. Then she smiled and said, "He looks a lot like you and your brother."

Isabel pouted. "But he looks more like me, doesn't he?"

Sylvia looked at Liam, the boy was silently observing his newborn brother and did not seem at all bothered by this strange competition Isabel drew up. She smiled and said, "Yes, he looks a lot like you."

"Hehe."

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Odell's tall figure leaned against the door frame by the entrance. He was taking in the dreamy view of the mother and her children, and the corners of his lips formed into a smile.

He had never smiled in such a soft and delicate way.

The warm atmosphere in the room seemed like it could last forever.

Until Isabel suddenly mentioned, "Mommy, he doesn't have a name yet."

Sylvia was taken aback.

It just occurred to her that she never thought about what to name the boy.

She turned to Odell.

Odell pursed his lips.

He only found out that the child was his last night and barely had time to think about a proper name.

He approached the chair beside the bed and sat down. He carried Isabel into his arms and asked her, "What do you think we should name your baby brother?"

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Isabel puffed up her cheeks and pondered. She seemed to take the task very seriously.

"Flint."

It was Liam who said this.

Odell, Sylvia, and Isabel turned to him collectively.

Sylvia asked him with a smile, "Liam, why do you want to name your brother Flint?"

Liam looked at his baby brother who was sleeping soundly and remarked, "His eyes are dark like coal. I thought Flint would be a nice name."

Sylvia smiled and gave her blessings. "Okay, let's call him Flint."

Sylvia's body was still rather weak.

She had breakfast, went to the bathroom, then chatted with everyone for a while before falling asleep with Flint next to her.

Seeing that her mother and her new brother were sleeping together, Isabel wanted to crawl into the bed and sleep with them, but Odell stopped her.

He took her into his arms and patted Liam's small shoulder with the other. "Come on out. Your brother and mother need some rest."

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Liam glanced at the two sleeping figures on the bed and reluctantly followed Odell out to the next room.

They rested in the adjacent room last night.

Odell put Isabel who was already drifting off to sleep on the bed, then he shot a look at Liam before heading out.

"Where are you going?"

Odell paused and turned back to see Liam looking at him with a sort of grim look.

He flicked an eyebrow and told him, "To be with your mother."

Liam suddenly asked in a challenging way, "So you're not going to see Aunt Lily?"

"No."

Something shifted in Liam's eyes when he suddenly asked, "Did you and Mommy make up?"

Odell smiled in a rather queer way and stated, "Yeah."

Liam seemed encouraged to hear this, but he asked again when a thought occurred to him, "It's not going to be the same thing again where you two get into a fight again later on?"

"No, we won't be separated again."

Even if this woman stabbed him ten times, he still would not let her go.

Liam grinned happily upon hearing this.

Odell returned the same smile and left behind instructions,"

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Take care of your sister."

"Okay," Liam answered dutifully.

Odell then turned around and went out.

Soon, he was back in Sylvia's room next door.

Aunt Tonya was still sitting beside the bed. He promptly informed her, "Get some rest in the next room. I'll watch over them."

Aunt Tonya suggested cautiously, "You barely slept last night. You should get some sleep while I watch over them."

"I'm not sleepy," he said as he plopped himself down on a chair.

Aunt Tonya had no choice but to leave.

The room became quiet.

After sitting for a while, he leaned closer to Sylvia and planted a kiss on her forehead.

Sylvia was awakened by the cry of the baby.

When she opened her eyes, she saw Odell standing in front of the bed holding Flint in his arms. It seemed like he was trying to get him to stop crying but had no clue how to achieve that.

He wore a tight frown and whispered, "Don't cry."

Flint suddenly zipped his mouth, but only moments after that immediately broke out into a tremendous cry again.

Odell was speechless.

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Sylvia was afraid that Odell would hit the child, so she hurriedly said to him, "He's hungry. Quick, give him to me."

Noticing that Sylvia was awake, Odell put the baby in front of her.

Sylvia immediately unbuttoned her clothes but stopped abruptly when she was halfway through. She turned to Odell who was still standing idly beside the bed and mentioned, "I'm going to breastfeed Flint. Can you go outside for a while?"

Odell frowned and seemed displeased by this.

Sylvia had to compromise. "Well, just turn around."

He darted a glance at her chest and proceeded to turn around.

With that, Sylvia continued unbuttoning her shirt.

The boy instantly fell silent.

After he was full, he fell asleep again.

Sylvia gently set the boy down beside her. "Is he full?" Odell asked, his voice heavy with bass.

Sylvia turned in the direction of his voice and noticed that he had turned around at some point without her noticing.

Her face flushed red and she reprimanded him angrily, "Who told you to turn around?" Odell narrowed his eyes harshly.

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Sylvia sheathed the sharp look in her eyes and softened her tone, "When did you turn around?"

"Just now."

As soon Odell answered, he drew closer to the bed and leaned in toward Sylvia. He took her chin in his hand and said with a coy smile, "Repeat what you just said."

Sylvia repeated, slightly puzzled, "When did you turn around?"

"No, the previous sentence."

Sylvia's confusion was ever-growing.

She looked at him evasively.

His handsome face was only inches from her. He had a self satisfied smile and seemed rather amused by the current situation.

How was he so amused when Sylvia was upset at him only a moment ago?

Unsure of what was on his mind, Sylvia decided to play it off. "I forgot what I said."

"Huh?" Odell grunted icily.

Sylvia's eyes narrowed and she carefully whispered, "I said, who told you to turn around?"

"You said it in a different tone just now," he said with a stern

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look on his face.

Sylvia added a tint of aggression to her voice, "Who told you to turn around?"

"More assertive."

Sylvia tried her best. "...Who told you to turn around?!"

"Which part don't you understand?" He grabbed her chin and commanded fiercely, "More assertive!"

Sylvia felt greatly troubled by what he was making her do, she channeled her frustration and roared, "Who told you to turn around?!"

Immediately after that, Odell cracked a queer smile. He seemed rather satisfied with Sylvia's display.

He gently caressed her cheek. "Just like that. From here on, you don't have to suppress your emotions anymore. Let it all out if you're angry."

Sylvia frowned. "What's wrong with you?"

As soon as she said that, a black look surfaced on Odell's face.

Sylvia pursed her lips.

A silence fell upon them.

Sylvia muttered meekly, "You told me to not suppress my emotions, didn't you?"

"I said that you shouldn't suppress your emotions. I didn't tell

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you to get angry at me." He immediately tapped Sylvia on her head upon saying this.

He did it playfully so it did not hurt in the slightest.

Sylvia pursed her lips and muttered, "Okay."

Her stomach began to growl.

Her expression stiffened.

Odell smiled and asked, "Hungry?"

Sylvia nodded. "Yeah".

"Just one second. I'll get them to bring food here."

"Okay."

Odell took out his phone and made a call.

Within a few minutes, a nurse walked in with a platter of nutritious food. She set the platter next to the bed before leaving.

Odell sat down on the edge of the bed and moved the dishes onto a retractable table in front of Sylvia.

She looked at his slender hands that were operating swiftly, setting the meal for her. Something occurred to her and she asked, "Have you eaten yet?"

"Just had dinner with Aunt Tonya and the kids."

"Okay."

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Sylvia picked up the cutlery and began eating.

After she had her fill, she lay back on the bed.

Odell put the cutlery and plates back onto the cart that the nurse had brought in, and then made a phone call.

After a while, the nurse came over and pushed the cart out.

The ward fell silent again.

Sylvia looked at him, her eyes wide open.

Odell sensed her staring at him and confronted her gaze.

She promptly closed her eyes.

He smiled and chuckled to himself.

After a while, her breathing gained a slow and steady rhythm as she had fallen asleep. That was when he rose and moved to a nearby couch.

He had been awake for nearly twenty-four hours and was beginning to feel tired as well.

He leaned on the couch, then closed his eyes and drifted off to sleep.

After an indiscernible amount of time, he heard a knock on the door.

He slowly opened his eyes to steal a peek.

There was a window attached to the door and from the window, he immediately recognized Lily who was standing outside.

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Chapter 838 Something dark surfaced in his eyes. He darted a glance at Sylvia who was still sound asleep and then he went outside.

Lily smiled politely when he stepped outside and greeted him courteously, "I heard that Miss Sylvia just gave birth and I figured I'd come to take a look. How is she doing?"

"She's doing fine," Odell spoke with a shade of hostility.

Lily was very sharp and immediately sensed his vexation. She considered for a moment and asked, "I think she's only pregnant for half a year. How's the baby doing?"

"The baby is doing fine."

"That's good as she delivered only after half a year of pregnancy. I was wondering if some sort of accident happened that led to such an early delivery."

"Something along those lines did happen, but this isn't considered an early delivery. She's only half a month away from the original expected date."

Lily seemed rather shocked by this, evident by the look on her face. "I thought the last time we met her she mentioned that she had not been pregnant for more than half a year?"

Odell completely ignored this statement and returned with a question of his own. "Were you the one who hung up on her when she called yesterday afternoon?"

The look in his eyes was piercing.

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Lily suddenly turned horridly pale. "... I figured you were in a bad mood at the time and since you were resting, I didn't want you

to be disturbed, so I hung up for you."

"Then why did you delete the phone record?"

Lily lowered her head and said apologetically, "I'm sorry, that was out of line."

Odell looked at her sternly. "Miss Lily, it seems that I've been too cordial with you."

Lily frowned and expressed unhappily, "What do you mean by this? Apart from this one minor incident, I've done nothing else."

"On the surface." After a pause, he turned around and looked through the window on the door to see Sylvia who was still sleeping on the bed. He made up his mind. "On the subject of our engagement, I can help you talk to Master Springsteen if you don't want to clarify things with him. As for Madam Springsteen, I think it's better if you speak to her and ask her to stop troubling Sylvia in the future."

The look in Lily's eyes wavered. She began to grow anxious and asked, "Odell, are you going to forfeit our marriage?"

"There's never been a marriage to begin with."

"We got engaged in front of all our relatives and friends!"

Odell looked back at her with an ominous look in his eyes.

Lily was startled by this look and shrank into herself.

"Quiet, don't you wake her up. If you do, I'll make sure Master

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Springsteen finds out about you coming to me to propose an engagement," he spoke with zero affection in his voice.

Lily became flustered and upset.

She was panicking because of the way Odell looked at her with such hostility. She was upset because from the beginning to the end, it was clear that he was on Sylvia's side!

She was an unbecoming woman who came from a wholly insignificant background like she was unworthy!

At least Sylvia was the renowned Mrs. Sunflower in the past but now, she was nothing but a worthless castaway, kicked out of the Art Association and mocked by the masses!

Lily suppressed her boiling rage and asked with a smile, "What's your plan now? Are you going to remarry her because she claims that she needs you? Are you going to help your brother take care of his child?"

Odell's eyes gleamed icily. "The boy is mine. If you ever dare to say that in front of me again, I'll make sure that the Springsteen family will never see the light of day so long as I breathe!"

Lily drew a large step back.

Her eyes were wide open with horror, and her face pale like a sheet of paper.

She observed his vicious expression that seemed like he would not hesitate to destroy her right then and there and exclaimed, "Master Carter, that's absurd. How could you say something like that?"

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She covered her face in her hands and ran down the stairs.

Odell barely even spared a look at her. He pushed the door open and went back into the ward.

The ward was warm and tranquil as always.

Sylvia was still sleeping soundly, but Odell observed that it did not seem like she was facing this side of the bed when he went outside just now.

He suspected something and slowly drew closer to the bed and stared intently at her face.

Sylvia lay motionless.

She must have not felt his presence in the room because after a while, her eyes seemed to move underneath her eyelids and she gently, ever so slowly pried her eyes open.

Only to immediately meet a pair of smiling eyes, devious and deeply amused.

Odell was staring right at her.

She was caught red-handed and figured there was no need to pretend she was sleeping anymore.

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Chapter 839 "You... When did you wake up?" She rubbed her eyes, acting as if she had just woken up.

Odell leaned in closer, drawing his handsome face only inches away from hers.

He smiled mischievously at her.

Sylvia made a look and muttered, "You don't have to tell me if you don't want to."

"I woke up just a little earlier than you," he stated.

"Ah." Sylvia tried to turn away to look the other way.

The moment she turned, Odell grabbed her by her chin and made her turn to face him.

He applied just enough strength so that she could not resist him, but not to a point where it would hurt her.

She stared pointedly at him.

"Is something the matter?" she asked meekly. "Nothing, I just wanted to see your face."

He observed her like she was a curious experiment subject.

There was no longer the same look of hostility on his face. He seemed considerably more pleasant than when he was talking to Lily.

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Sylvia endured his gaze and suddenly smiled.

She flashed such a brilliant smile that her eyes curved into the shape of a half-crescent moon. She smiled until she revealed a row of speckless, shining teeth underneath her lips.

Odell narrowed his eyes.

After taking in the sight of her smile, he smiled as well and asked her suspiciously, "What's so funny?"

"I heard everything," Sylvia answered.

She dropped the act. She figured that he must have put two and two together and knew that she had been awake the entire time.

Odell leaned in closer and kissed her.

After he had enough of kissing her, Sylvia slowly whispered, "Odell, don't you think you're a little too cruel with Miss Lily? I have a feeling that she might have a thing for you."

Odell made a look. "Do you want me to fix things with her?"

Sylvia changed her mind. "Well, that won't be necessary."

Odell playfully scoffed and pinched her face. "You should worry about yourself first before worrying about others."

Sylvia snickered and nodded.

Meanwhile, Lily bolted out of the hospital and went back to her car in the parking lot.

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Apart from the driver, Madam Springsteen was also inside the car.

Upon noticing her red-eyed and visibly agitated appearance, Madam Springsteen asked anxiously, "Lily, what's wrong? Was it that wretched woman?"

Lily gnashed her teeth. "I didn't see her."

"Then what made you run out so quickly? What made you end up like this?"

"I met Master Carter. He wants to tell Grandpa about the truth behind our engagement. He also wants me to pass a message to you. He says that you should stop bothering Sylvia from here on!"

"What? Are you sure that b*tch didn't hypnotize him with some kind of drug?"

"He also said..."

"What else did he say?"

Lily gnashed her teeth angrily and said, "I asked him if he was going to help his brother raise the child, to which he immediately responded by saying that if I ever said something like that again, he'd make sure that it will be the end of our family!"

Madam Springsteen's face darkened. "How could he say such a thing? He must take you for a joke. I'll have a word with him right away!"

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With that, she prepared to step out of the car.

Lily managed to grab her just in time. "Grandma, maybe it's my fault. I shouldn't have said something like that to him to begin with."

"Everything you said is true. Isn't he going to tell your grandfather everything just so that he could be together with that wretched woman? It's Thomas' boy that she gave birth to. Why would he bear the responsibility of looking after his brother's son?"

Lily lowered her head and whispered as if she was disclosing a dark secret, "He told me that Sylvia's baby was his."

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“What?!” Madam Springsteen screamed in complete astonishment.

Lily added, “He also said that Sylvia didn’t give birth prematurely and that there’s only half a month left before her due date.”

Madam Springsteen put up her fingers and began counting.

If it was just as Odell claimed, would this not suggest that she was pregnant with this child even before she went to Galston with Thomas?

All along, the child was Odell’s?

“No... No, I heard from Ramona that the b*tch had been divorced from Odell long before she went to Galston with Thomas. I heard that the two of them had been involved long before they even departed for Galston.”

“Maybe she was still secretly involved with Odell at the time, we just didn’t know about it yet.”

“Hmph, what a scoundrel !” Madam Springsteen cursed, then immediately speculated. “This only makes it more likely that the boy is Thomas’.”

Lily’s expression shifted. “Are you saying that she’s intentionally claiming that the boy is Odell’s to convince him to be with her?”

“What other bargaining chip does she have by this point apart from the boy?” Madam Springsteen expressed angrily, “Looks like my last meeting with her failed to instill any fear in her, to

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Chapter 840

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think that she still had such an ace up her sleeve!"

Sylvia spent two more days in the hospital before she was finally discharged.

It was a sunny day at the hospital.

Odell carried her in his arms the entire way out.

Aunt Tonya carried Flint, with both Isabela and Liam trailing closely after her.

Sylvia could barely feel the sting of the freezing weather outside before she was put inside the car.

Odell got into the car right after, holding her in his arms the entire time.

Sylvia could barely move, not that she had the strength to do so anyway. She relied on him for everything.

Once the car began to move, she looked out the car window and soon realized that they were not headed back to her place.

She asked, "Odell, where are we going?"

"Home." He patted her head and emphasized, "To our home."

Something gleamed in Sylvia's eyes.

Isabel, who was sitting in the front row, turned around and expressed joyously, "Mommy, Baddie had someone move all of your things to our house. We'll never be separated again!"

Sylvia cast a look at Odell.

He returned the same look at her. Upon noticing her silence, he narrowed his eyes and asked, "Why, don't you want to move back with us?"

"No, I just haven't..."

"Haven't what?"

"Haven't prepared myself for this."

Things were progressing so quickly. She never even imagined that his engagement with Lily was not real the entire time.

Only three days ago, on New Year's eve, she was convinced that she was going to have to spend the rest of her life with Flint as a single mother.

To think that she was going to be reunited with Isabel, Liam, and Odell. Everyone was coming together as a family again.

She was moved and smiled as she thought of this.

Odell gently lifted her chin and planted a kiss on her lips when he saw her in this state.

She felt her face glowing red hot as she darted a shy look at him.

Aunt Tonya and the kids were in the same car as them.

Odell grinned. He took her in his arms in a tight embrace.

Even if she refused to move in with him, he would still make her do so one way or another as he was going to keep her by his

side.

In time, the car swerved into the old district and stopped in front of Odell's place.

Aunt Tonya held Flint in her arms and stepped out of the car first, followed closely by Isabel and Liam.

Odell carried Sylvia down the car.

Sebastian and all of the housemaids employed in the household were already waiting for them in the living room.

Upon seeing Odell entering with Sylvia in his arms, Sebastian greeted Sylvia with a bright smile, "Madam, welcome home."

All of the housemaids greeted her in unison. All of them wore the same charming and welcoming smile.

Sylvia felt on the verge of tears. She smiled and thanked everyone, "Thank you, Sebastian. Thank you, everyone."

Sebastian felt like crying as well. He could not even fathom how much Sylvia and Aunt Tonya had to endure over the last half year.

He was choked up with tears as he expressed, "No need. It's only part of our duties."

Aunt Tonya smiled pleasantly. "Alright, enough talk. Let's get Sylvia some rest and take her back to the room."

Sebastian nodded cordially and had everyone make way for the master of the household.

Odell carried Sylvia up the stairs until they reached the bedroom on the second floor, the bedroom they once shared.

The layout of the bedroom was as familiar as always, and it was clean and tidy. Upon entering, he set her down on the bed.