

## Master Odells 881

### Chapter 881

"Master Carter, what do you think of my suggestion?" Lily asked.

Odell scanned through the documents in his hand and hummed in reply. "It's decent but we might face problems executing it."

Lily looked slightly disheartened. "What kind of problems?"

"It's unrealistic. The details need to be adjusted," he said as he put the documents on the table.

There was an unpleasant look on Lily's face.

Sylvia did not know if it was her imagination, but she felt as if Lily was looking in her direction.

Sylvia immediately turned around and flattened herself against the wall.

Lily could not know that she was there.

With that in mind, she continued to lean towards the door to peek out again.

By now, Lily was already standing in front of Odell's desk and taking back the document.

She smiled. "Master Carter, I'll adjust the details, but please do not forget about the dinner tomorrow night. My partners will be there, and they are looking forward to meeting you."

Odell hummed in reply. Lily added, "Don't forget to bring Ms. Ross as well. My partners

### Chapter 882

She frowned. Then, she carried the sleeping Flint and went to Isabel and Liam's room.

Both the little ones were asleep.

Sylvia sat down beside their bed with Flint in her arms.

Having all three of her children by her side eased her anxiety. Although she could not completely rid herself of the uneasiness, she finally felt the sleepiness overtake her.

She leaned against the headboard of the bed and dozed off.

It was only when her arms suddenly felt empty that she opened her eyes and saw Odell putting Flint back in the bed.

He looked handsome in his black suit. The faint smell of wine continued to linger on him, which meant he had just come home from dinner.

Sylvia pursed her lips.

After putting Flint down, Odell looked at her and saw that she was awake.

He raised his hand to touch her head and asked, "Why are you sitting here?"

"Nothing." Sylvia then put up her legs on the bed and lay beside Flint. "I'll be sleeping here tonight. You can go back and rest."

Odell narrowed his eyes when he saw that she seemed out of sorts and asked, "What's the matter?"

"Nothing. I just want to spend the night with the kids."

She sounded annoyed.

Odell slapped her on the bum and said, "Get up."

Sylvia shut her eyes and ignored him.

"I'll count to three," he said.

"Even if you count to a hundred, I'm still not getting up."

Before her words had even subsided, she found herself lifted up.

Sylvia squealed in shock but did not want to wake the kids. So, she struggled and complained in whispered tones, "Put me down!"

Odell carried her back to their room.

Sylvia was tossed on the bed and before she could sit up, his towering figure overwhelmed her.

Thud.

She was forced to lay down on the bed with him above her.

He cupped her chin and stared at her deeply. "Are you angry?"

"No." Sylvia looked away.

Odell turned her face back and kissed her.

The kiss lasted longer than usual, only releasing her when Sylvia was almost out of breath.

He asked, "Why are you angry?"

Sylvia pouted as she ignored his question.

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He kissed her again.

After a long kiss, he finally let go of her and pinched one of her cheeks, which was flushed either due to anger or shyness. He narrowed his eyes dangerously. "If you refuse to speak properly, I'll make sure you can't speak anymore."

Sylvia was rendered speechless.

She glared at him. "Why didn't you take me along to the dinner?"

Odell was surprised. "Did you want to go?"

Sylvia tightened her lips. "No."

"Then why are you mad?"

"Did you even think about bringing me along?"

Or had he assumed that she could not be taken out in the public because she would embarrass him?

Odell narrowed his eyes and flicked her forehead. "What is in this little head of yours? Who told you that I didn't bring you along because I didn't want to?"

Sylvia pouted.

He continued, "I didn't bring you along because I didn't think you would want to go. I was only attending as a courtesy so there's no point for me to take you there."

Sylvia's spirit lifted and she hummed in reply.

Odell then rubbed her forehead. "Did that hurt?"

Sylvia giggled. "No."

It had sounded loud but it had not hurt.

Odell narrowed his eyes as he looked at her sharply. "How did you know I had a dinner to attend?"

He had mentioned a meeting, not dinner.

Sylvia's lips tightened and she said, "I overheard your conversation with Lily yesterday and I received a text from Thomas just now."

Odell's expression turned grim. "What did he send you?" Sylvia took her phone that she had left by the bed and showed the message to him. "I blacklisted his number, so he texted me with a new one."

Odell looked at the message from Thomas and his expression grew even grimmer.

Thomas knew that he had not brought her to the dinner and had planned to use this to sabotage their relationship again.

Thomas was indeed a persistent man.

However, when Odell saw the message that Sylvia had sent back in reply, his anger faded. He even found it amusing.

However, he did not reveal his amusement. Instead, he continued to aim a cold look at her. "Why didn't you tell me when he texted you?"

"I called, but you didn't pick up," she said immediately.

She sounded confident this time.

Odell pursed his lips.

Sylvia stared at him.

“The music at the dinner was loud so I missed the call.”

Loud?

“Did you guys dance?” she asked with a frown on her face.

Odell saw the unhappy expression on her face and hummed in reply.

Sylvia continued to glare at him.

Odell could not help but kiss her on the lips. Then, he whispered, “They danced, but I didn’t.”

“Hmph.” Sylvia refused to look at him.

Odell stroked her cheek with a smile and then got out of bed. “I’ll go make a call. I’ll be right back.”

“Why are you using my phone?” Sylvia asked as he was holding her phone.

Restraining the frostiness in his eyes, Odell said, “I’m getting this unregistered number checked out.”

Sylvia nodded in silence.

He walked to the balcony and Sylvia buried herself under the quilt.

She had no idea who he was asking for help but it took him quite a while before he came back.

As his footsteps approached, Sylvia shut her eyes and pretended to be asleep.

At the next moment, she felt a heavy pressure on her body. She grunted.

Before she could say a word, her lips were covered by his.

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Meanwhile, in an MPV that was cruising steadily along the traffic, Lily sat elegantly in a long dress with a bustier top.

The thought of Odell attending the dinner alone filled her with joy.

She smiled as she looked at the man beside her. “Thomas, he didn’t bring Sylvia along with him. Does it mean he’s already fed up with her?”

Thomas opened his cell phone. Then, he pulled the sim card out. and tossed it out of the window that had been wound down halfway.

“Why did you throw the sim card away?” Lily asked.

“It’s useless,” he said.

Lily furrowed her brows.

She had known the man since university. Not only had he amazed everyone with his piano skills, but he also had looks that stood out. He had been the most handsome guy on campus, and girls had been

infatuated with him. However, after the old Master Carter had passed away, Odell had been appointed as the company's heir. As the second son of the Carters, Thomas had lost any rights to inherit the company.

Lily had never been romantically interested in him but he had been quite the star back then, so she had befriended him.

Now, they had known each other for a decade and she still could not see through his thoughts.

She was baffled as to why a man as great as him would fall for a lowly woman like Sylvia.

However, none of that mattered as long as he could help her break up Odell and Sylvia's relationship.

She asked, "What's our next step?"

Thomas stayed quiet for a moment before he said, "I don't think he would get fed up with Sylvia this fast."

Lily's expression changed. "What do you mean?"

The phone rang early in the morning.

The man opened his eyes and put the phone near his ear.

The call was from the officer that he contacted last night, Bowman.

Bowman said, "Mr. Carter, we've gotten some information on the number that you provided. The owner of the number is a 15 year old middle-schooler. We just contacted his parents and got confirmation that the kid had registered the number on behalf of a handsome man a week ago. The man offered him ten grand to complete the errand, so he agreed. We highly suspect that the man was Thomas Carter."

Odell got up and looked at the woman who was soundly asleep

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beside him. "Did you manage to trace the cell phone signal?"

"I'm sorry. I arranged for my men to trace the location last night, but the phone had been switched off. I must admit that your brother is good at counter-surveillance," Bowman sighed.

"Do you have any other leads on him?"

"Not at the moment." In a lowered tone of voice, Bowman continued, "Sir, based on what I know, Thomas' target is your wife. Why don't we use her as bait to lure him out?"

Odell's expression turned cold. "No."

Sylvia had been imprisoned for six months and had suffered from severe depression and anxiety because of it. If Thomas somehow got his hands on her again, she would have to endure unimaginable torment again.

Even though Thomas would not physically hurt her, Odell would never give Thomas the chance to take her away again.

Using Sylvia as bait was out of the question.

Bowman said seriously, "Sir, we assure you that Thomas won't lay a finger on your wife."

Odell said coldly, "Until you can locate him, your assurance is useless to me."

They had been tracking Thomas for days and still had no clue as to his whereabouts.

This proved just how cunning Thomas was, and how superior he was in terms of planning and scheming.

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Bowman said, "I apologize for being presumptuous. We'll do our best."

It was then that Sylvia suddenly rolled over, as if she was waking up.

Odell ended the phone call and put the phone back down. He laid back on the bed and took her into his arms.

Sylvia obediently laid in his embrace and placed her arm around his waist.

The cold look on his face eased up and he tightened his hold on her waist.

Chapter 885

Due to Thomas' sudden text, Sylvia stayed home for the next few days.

She spent her days taking care of her children and did not even visit Carter Tower during lunch or dinner time.

Odell was still busy but he would come home every night and check on her via text during the day.

After several days of rest, Sylvia finally mustered up her courage to try going out alone.

As she took a stroll in a crowded mall, all she saw were strangers and passersby. She did not encounter any suspicious people, let alone Thomas.

Sylvia assumed he could only text her from the shadows and could not show himself openly.

They were back in Westchester after all, not Galston.

No matter how influential and resourceful Thomas was, he would not dare wreak havoc in Westchester.

Later in the day, just as Sylvia was about to take a bus home, she ran into Bowman while she was walking out onto the street.

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Bowman, or Officer Sach, was the one she had been in contact with when she had exposed Tara to the authorities after coming back from the dead to Westchester.

“Officer Sach, hi,” Sylvia greeted him with a smile.

Bowman had not expected to run into her at this time. He smiled and nodded at her. “Ms. Ross.”

Sylvia believed Bowman had matters to attend to, so she did not dare to delay him and moved to leave.

“Hold on, Ms. Ross. There is something I’d like to discuss with you,” Bowman said.

Sylvia turned around. “What is it?”

“Thomas Carter.”

Sylvia’s face turned pale.

Noticing the look on her face, Bowman asked, “Didn’t Master Carter tell you that he was working with us to track him down?”

Sylvia shook her head blankly.

Odell had only told her that he had sent someone to track Thomas down. He had not mentioned that it was the police.

Maybe because he knew she would be afraid to hear about him, Odell barely mentioned Thomas in front of her.

Bowman struggled with his thoughts for a moment before he said, “I contacted Master Carter a few days ago, and I suggested luring Thomas out with your help. However, he strongly denied the suggestion.”

He looked at Sylvia. “Ms. Ross, could we talk somewhere else?”

Sylvia frowned.

Bowman noticed her concerns. He said, “If you have other

if I really do fall asleep.”

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Under the soft light, her smile looked as gentle and sweet as her voice was.

Unable to help himself, he bent down to cup her adorable face before asking in a quiet voice, “Why is your mouth so sweet today? Did you eat some candy?”

Sylvia blushed but did not push him away. She moved closer to him and offered up her luscious lips to the man. “Why don’t you give it a try and find out for yourself?”

Odell’s expression changed, and he instantly kissed her.

His towering figure slowly moved over her as their lips locked.

The quiet bedroom was then filled with the sound of their antics.

It was only in the later part of the night that their activities finally stopped.

Sylvia was swept up into his arms, feeling drowsy as she lay her head on his chest

However, the man did not allow her to shut her eyes. Instead, he stroked her head and pinched her cheeks as he asked, "Did you go out alone today?"

Sylvia hummed in reply.

"Where did you go?"

"I went for a stroll."

"Where did you go?"

"The Old Street and several other commercial streets."

"Did you do anything else apart from shopping?"

Sylvia hummed again, afraid that he would continue asking her more questions. Then, she buried her face in his broad chest and shut her eyes. "I'm tired. Let's go to sleep."

Odell looked at her blushing face. He narrowed his eyes and asked, "Did you run into anyone outside?"

With her eyes closed, Sylvia said, "No."

"Did anything happen?" Annoyed, Sylvia frowned and grumbled, "What's with the interrogation? Can we just go to sleep?"

Her eyes remained shut but the annoyance was clear in her voice.

Odell looked displeased. He slapped her bottom and asked, "What did you say?" He had only been asking a few questions. Why was she annoyed?

Sylvia pursed her lips in silence. She wanted to sleep and not argue with him.

Odell grunted and slapped her bottom again. "Go take a shower."

"You first," she said as she rolled to the side.

Odell glanced at her. He got up and went to the bathroom.

Sylvia opened her eyes and breathed a sigh of relief.

After a while, the sound of water flowing came from the bathroom.

As if it was like magic, the sound had a soothing effect and listening to it actually put Sylvia to sleep.

Sylvia was fast asleep when Odell came out of the bathroom with his robe on.

He frowned, resisting the urge to wake her up and got back into bed instead.



His long arm instinctively wrapped around her waist and he held her tightly in his arms.

When Sylvia opened her eyes the next day, Odell had already gone to work.

The kids had also had breakfast. So, Sylvia ate something and spent some time with the kids before she received a call from Bowman.

“Ms. Ross, are you ready?”

Sylvia glanced at her three adorable children before answering, “I’m ready.”

“Okay. Let’s go.”

“Okay.”

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The call ended. Sylvia placed the baby in Aunt Tonya’s care and then patted Isabel and Liam’s heads.

“Isabel and Liam, Mommy is going out to meet an old friend. Please be a good boy and good girl while you stay at home.”

“Okay.” Isabel nodded.

“I’ll take care of the two of them. Just leave them to me,” Liam said.

Sylvia smiled

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Chapter 887 Sylvia took a ride to Westchester’s New District. The New District had actually been considered a suburb a few years ago. However, due to rapid development, there were a lot more people and traffic passing through the area now.

She had come to the New District to lure Thomas out.

Bowman had found traces of Thomas’ activities, all of which had led to this part of the city. He strongly believed that Thomas was in the district.

He had no other way of luring Thomas out other than using Sylvia as bait. He instructed her to take a stroll in the New District in the hopes that it might catch Thomas’ attention.

Sylvia got out of the car and started wandering around along the sidewalk.

Pretty soon, she came to a retro-looking bar.

Having caught her attention, she decided to go inside.

The owner of the bar, a young lady, personally welcomed her when she came in.

Sylvia was not much of a drinker but she wanted to pretend that she had come to have a drink as a means to drown her sorrows.

She ordered a fruit wine with a low alcohol percentage and some snacks.

After seeing that nothing had happened even after she had sat  
te for a few hours, she decided to leave.

Fowman had said that Thomas would not be that easily fooled and that it might cause suspicion if Sylvia sat there for too long

The day went by quickly.

The next day, Sylvia came to the same bar and sat for hours again.

Nothing happened again, so she decided to leave again.

Later that night, after Sylvia had put Isabel and Liam to sleep and carried Flint to her room, she received a text on her phone when she returned to her room.

“Is he treating you badly?”

Flint was asleep and Odell was working late.

The room was quiet with only one lamp switched on.

Sylvia clutched her phone with trembling fingers : [ Who is this? ]

(Thomas)

Immediately, she took a screenshot of the text and sent it to Bowman

Bowman replied almost instantly: ( He should have found out by now that you went to the bar in the past two days, so please go there again tomorrow. I believe he will approach you soon. Don't worry, I have assigned undercover men to protect you. He won't be able to hurt you.)

Sylvia's heart pounded wildly. (Okay.)

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After thinking about it, she decided to reply to Thomas. [ It's none of your business. ]

She switched off her phone and carried Flint to the bed.

Perhaps due to her nervousness at the plan that she had to carry out the next day, she could not sleep.

She was still unable to sleep when she heard the familiar footsteps coming into the room.

The door opened, and the man in the suit walked into the room with his long legs.

Sylvia sat up with Flint in her arms.

Odell narrowed his eyes. “Why aren't you asleep?”

“I can't sleep,” she said.

“Is our baby giving you a hard time?”

Odell walked over to the bed and looked at Flint who she was holding in her arms.

Sylvia shook her head.

“Then why?” He asked with a sharp but gentle gaze at her.

Sylvia avoided his gaze and begrudgingly said, “I want to hug you to sleep.”

Odell grinned. He lifted her chin for a kiss. “Wait for me. I’ll take a shower and be back soon.”

Sylva pursed her lips and hummed in reply.

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The shower did not last long and before she knew it, Odell came out in his robe.

The dim lighting highlighted the contours of his body. The neckline of the robe exposed his broad, strong chest.

First, he carried Flint over to the crib before he got into bed with Sylvia.

Sylvia immediately snuggled into his arms like a kitten.

Shortly after, she fell asleep. Perhaps it was due to the fragrance of her shampoo or the warmth of his body that soothed her mind.

However, the man was aroused as soon as she lay in his arms.

Just when he was about to take her clothes off, he began to hear her steady breathing.

Glancing at the time, he noticed that it was almost midnight.

He sighed.

‘Fine. I’ll come back home early tomorrow night and be with you then.’ :

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Chapter 888

Sylvia slept until she woke up naturally, which was around the same time as usual but Odell had already gone to work.

She got up and washed her face.

Then she changed into fresh clothes, nursed Flint and had breakfast. She also spent some time with Isabel and Liam before she handed Flint over to Aunt Tonya when she thought it was almost time to go.

Leaving Isabel and Liam with a reminder to be good, she then took a ride to the bar in New District.

Ben had been the one to drive her to the bar in the past two days. Before she got out of the car, he said, "Madam, I'll be waiting in the car. Just call me if you need anything."

Sylvia hummed in reply and got out of the car.

The bar and its surroundings looked the same but there were two more tables with customers inside.

The customers gave subtle glances at Sylvia as soon as she went in.

Thinking about what Bowman had told her, Sylvia assumed that they were undercover police officers.

The thought eased her nervousness slightly.

After coming here for two days straight, the lady owner was able to recognize her. She smiled and said, "Two bottles of rose

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champagne and some snacks?"

Sylvia smiled and hummed in reply.

The lady owner served the drinks and snacks shortly after.

Sylvia took a sip to ease her mind.

The seconds turned into minutes, and the minutes into hours.

Almost two hours later, she had finished the two bottles of rose champagne. By then, the other customers seemed to have finished their drinks as well and they gestured to the lady owner for more.

Sylvia frowned. She had drunk a little too much today and was starting to feel tipsy.

Unfortunately, Thomas still had not shown up. 'When is he going to appear?' She thought.

Suddenly, just as she was thinking about leaving, she heard a knocking sound coming from beside her.

Sylvia was sitting by the window and she saw that someone was knocking on the glass window from the outside.

She froze and raised her head, only to see a pair of cold-looking eyes looking right back at her.

Thomas' slender figure appeared within her sight.

They were only separated by a layer of glass.

He was smiling lightly at her.

Sylvia immediately turned pale. Her glass of champagne even

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fell on the table with a thud.

The whole bar suddenly went quiet.

Sylvia did not turn around but she sensed that the undercover police officers were looking in her direction.

She pursed her lips and stared at Thomas stiffly.

Thomas' smile widened. "Could I have a word with you outside?"

Sylvia reluctantly said, "I don't want to go outside. Come inside if you want to talk."

She had to lure him in because there were police officers in the bar.

Thomas stared at her in silence for a while. Gathering all her courage, she stared back.

Just as she was about to lose the staring contest, he grinned and said, "Okay."

He came in through the entrance and sat opposite Sylvia.

Sylvia sat stiffly. "What was it that you wanted to talk about?"

Thomas looked at her. "Are they police officers?"

He turned to glance at the other customers.

Sylvia's face turned pale.

The undercover police officers immediately bolted up.

However, Thomas calmly remained seated. He even continued to smile at Sylvia.

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Sylvia had a feeling that something was not right.

However, before she could understand why, she heard a sudden scream.

A man had seized the lady owner by putting a knife to her neck.

The police officers immediately froze.

Sylvia cried, "The owner is innocent, let her go!"

Thomas smiled. "Come with me and I'll spare her."

Sylvia clutched the table tightly.

Thomas chuckled at her nervous reaction. "Don't worry, I just want to have a few words with you. I won't take you away."

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Sylvia furrowed her brows.

The lady owner screamed again.

Sylvia saw that blood had started to drip from the lady owner's neck. The man had cut her skin with the blade.

Sylvia's eyes widened in shock and fear, and her body started to shake.

All she had wanted was to lure Thomas out of hiding. She had not wanted any innocent people to be involved.

"I'll go with you. Just please, let her go!" 1

Sylvia bolted up.

"Great. Come, take a walk with me and he'll release her."

Thomas got up and smiled at the police officers. "You guys better stay put. I have more men in this place than you could possibly imagine."

The officers stared at him cautiously.

The leader of the group bellowed, "Thomas Carter, stop this at once!"

Thomas took a quick glance at Sylvia before he walked outside.

Sylvia took a deep breath. Then, she glanced at the lady owner who was being held hostage and took a deep breath before she followed Thomas out.

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Not long after, she followed Thomas into an alleyway near the bar.

The alleyway was long and narrow, slightly humid and dark.

Upon entering the alleyway, he turned around and wrapped his arms around her.

Surprised, Sylvia immediately tried to push him away.

He hugged her tightly. "How has he been treating you?"

Sylvia shouted back, "It's none of your business! Let me go!"

"If he's treating you badly, I'll take you away from him," he whispered.

Sylvia trembled. The dark memories of Galston, which she had buried, returned to haunt her.

She began to tremble violently.

She did not want to go through that hell again, even if it cost her her life.

She uttered in a trembling voice, "He's good to me. He's a million times better than you."

"Really?"

"Really."

She felt a chilly sting at her neck the moment her voice subsided

Thomas had kissed her neck and left a mark there before he released her.

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Sylvia anxiously rubbed her neck.

"If he's really good to you, I bet he won't mind this little kiss mark," he ridiculed.

Sylvia glared at him as she subconsciously tried to distance herself from him.

Thomas noticed her retreat and went silent for a few seconds. Then, he said, "The bar is mine and the lady owner works for me. She's safe, so you can leave now."

Sylvia's expression changed. She immediately ran out of the alleyway and returned to the bar.

The place was a mess. The lady owner and the man who had threatened her were gone, and even the police officers were nowhere to be seen.

It was then her phone rang.

It was Bowman.

Sylvia answered the call and heard Bowman's nervous voice. "Ms. Ross, where are you now?"

"Thomas let me go. I'm at the bar now. Where are the others?"

"Thank goodness you're fine." Bowman breathed a sigh of relief. "My men went after Thomas and his men. The bar was part of Thomas' trap. I believe that he must have known that you and I were expecting him. I underestimated him."

Sylvia pursed her lips. "You were just trying to help. It's not your fault."

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"Are you hurt?" he asked.

Sylvia rubbed the kiss mark on her neck. "No. I'm fine."

"That's good to know. Go home for now."

Sylvia did not dare to linger for another second. She immediately went back to the car that was parked by the side of the road.

She tugged on her collar to hide the mark on her neck before she said, "Ben, let's go home."

Ben had just woken up from his nap so he did not notice anything unusual. He nodded and drove home as usual

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They reached home shortly after.

The three kids were taking a nap, while Aunt Tonya and the others were resting.

Only Sebastian and two bodyguards were in the yard.

Sylvia greeted them and hurried inside.

She went into the bathroom and looked into the mirror.

There was a red mark on the upper left part of her collarbone.

It was not exactly huge but was still rather eye-catching.

She dipped the towel in warm water and placed it over the spot.

After the towel had cooled down, she removed it but saw that the hickey remained.

All of a sudden, Flint's cry sounded, indicating that the baby must have woken up.

Sylvia immediately grabbed a collared pink dress from the closet to cover the hickey.

She changed into the dress and went to the childrens' room.

Flint's cry had woken both Isabel and Liam. Isabel was so sleepy that she was rubbing her eyes. Liam was sleepy as well but he was carrying the baby in his arms to try and calm him down.

Sylvia immediately took over and said, "Isabel, Liam, go back to

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sleep. I'll take care of Flint."

Isabel nodded and fell back onto the bed.

Liam also laid back on his bed.

Sylvia then carried the baby out of their room.

Aunt Tonya and Aunt Wanda came over because they had heard the baby crying.

Sylvia told them to go back and rest as she wanted to feed the baby alone in her room.

She had to keep the hickey hidden for as long as possible.

Flint went back to sleep after he had eaten his fill.



The whole house turned quiet again.

Sylvia, however, was not tired at all. She put Flint in the crib and looked into the mirror, as she pondered how to remove the hickey

She spent the whole afternoon either trying to erase or lessen the redness, but her efforts fell short. It was getting dark and the only way was to conceal it with a thick layer of foundation.

It was still slightly reddish but looked a lot better than before.

She sighed and buttoned her collar.

It was then that the door opened.

Sylvia turned around and saw Odell walking toward her.

He was in his usual black suit with his jacket hanging over his arm.

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Sylvia was shocked. She blurted, "Odell? Why are you home so early?"

The man froze and narrowed his eyes sharply. Sylvia immediately buttoned up the remaining buttons.

Odell saw her nervous reaction. He moved his eyes down to her body.

She was sitting in front of the makeup table with an opened bottle of foundation.

"What are you doing?" he asked.

Sylvia regained her composure and stood up. She smiled." Nothing. I just woke up, so I was just looking into the mirror."

Odell pursed his lips and went up to her. He lifted her chin and rubbed her tender cheek.

There was no makeup on her face.

However, his sharp eyes noticed her buttoned up collar.

Sylvia sensed his gaze and tried to push him away but failed. She pushed harder but he restrained her by putting his arm around her waist.

Swoosh!

The man then ripped her collar open and exposed her neck.

He scanned her neck with a deep gaze.

Feeling anxious, Sylvia wanted to cover her neck but he restrained her hands with his other hand.

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He continued to scan her neck.