

master odells 411

Chapter 411

Once Sylvia found out who was truly responsible for what happened to Grandma and cleared Edmund and her innocence, she would show Odell!

After a while, she turned back to face Odell and closed her eyes.

Little did she know, Odell's fists were tightly clutching onto the blankets.

The night passed uneventfully.

After dawn, Sylvia emerged from Madam Carter's room.

She ate some breakfast before heading upstairs to her bedroom under the close surveillance of the crew of bodyguards.

She locked the bedroom door, then sat on the sofa and got some shuteye.

At 8:50 a.m., she got up and went to the balcony.

At this time, the bodyguards were not paying close attention to this section of the yard.

Sylvia scaled past the balcony and hopped to a nearby tree that she could latch onto, then slid down the tree and reached ground level.

After that, she continued her stealthy advance toward the wall on the west side of the yard.

The wall was not very high. Intimate Details About Donald Trump's Youngest Child, Barron

She managed to climb over the wall in a matter of seconds.

Once she was on the other side of the wall, she noticed a kayak floating on the river only a short distance away.

Sherry was manning the kayak.

The moment she noticed Sylvia, she drew the kayak to her.

"Be careful, Sylvia, I've got you." She cautioned as she stretched a hand out to Sylvia.

Sylvia slowly crept down the wall with Sherry's help and planted her feet firmly on the kayak.

After making sure that she was fine, Sherry noted. "Sit tight."

Sylvia let out a deep breath. "Okay."

In the blink of an eye, Sherry drew the kayak to the other side of the river.

Both of them went ashore and immediately ran to the park.

Sylvia ran as fast as her legs could take her, knowing that she had to get back as early as she could, ideally by the afternoon.

Sherry trailed after her.

As soon as they bolted out of the park and were about to reach the roadside, a crew of bodyguards suddenly appeared from within the bushes and cut off their path.

They were dressed in matching uniforms and wore the same blank, almost robotic expression on their faces.

Sylvia's eyes widened in shock and she immediately halted.

Sherry was just as baffled. She muttered a quick "Crap!" and then shouted at the top of her voice, "Who do you think you guys are? Get out of the way!"

"Tie her up." Odell's deep and unfeeling voice came from behind the bodyguards.

Sylvia's face turned pale.

Several bodyguards rushed up to apprehend Sherry.

Sherry was no match for them. They effortlessly bound her hands and feet with ropes.

Sylvia wanted to go to Sherry to save her, but two large figures immediately stepped in front of her to dissuade the idea.

Shortly after, she saw the familiar and stout figure of Odell emerging from a car nearby.

There was a sheet of darkness cast over his eyes, and his expression was incredibly menacing.

Sylvia could feel her lips quiver as she tried to explain, "Odell, I'm not trying to escape. I just needed to go outside real quick to do something."

Odell shot her a disapproving look and ordered, "Tie her up too."

The bodyguards immediately obeyed the instruction given.

Two of them stepped forward and held Sylvia down as they tied her up.

With her hands and feet bound, she had to sit on the ground in an awkward and uncomfortable position.

She gritted her teeth and met Odell's loathsome gaze. "Odell, Sherry is innocent. It was me who wanted her to help me. Just let her go."

Sherry supplied, "Odell, Sylvia wasn't trying to run away. She just wanted to find out the real identity of the person who hurt Madam Carter!"

Odell glanced at Sylvia and instructed the bodyguards, "Take her back home."

Sherry's face became twisted as she struggled with all her might while screaming brazenly, "Screw you, Odell! Come closer if you dare, I'll claw your eyes out! Untie me right now, you..."

The bodyguards were coordinated and efficient.

Within seconds, they had carried Sherry away.

Her cries and screams slowly faded out.

Soon, a wave of silence descended upon them again.

Chapter 412

The crew of bodyguards stood in formation, cutting off every path of escape.

Even if Sylvia could stand, she had nowhere to run.

She slumped to the ground and looked up at the figure who stepped in front of her.

Odell lowered his head with a hostile look in his eyes as he looked at her condescendingly.

Sylvia was as troubled as she was puzzled. She had to ask, "Odell, how did you know?"

She had taken measures to make sure he would not find out about her calling Sherry when he was asleep.

Odell got closer and squatted in front of her, his long and slender fingers pinched her cheeks. "I was awake when you stole my phone yesterday afternoon to call her."

Sylvia suddenly became incredibly vexed.

7 Intimate Details About Donald Trump's Youngest Child, Barron
He was just pretending to be asleep!

What a douchebag!

Sylvia cursed in her mind, and then said to him, "I'm not trying to escape. I was just going to go to the resort to look up the details of their members because I need to find out who hurt Grandma."

Odell curled his lips into a scornful scowl. "Do you think I'll believe you now?"

How dare she lie to him again?

Besides, this was not the first time she stole his phone to contact people outside.

"Let me guess when you first stole my phone to contact the outside world." He grabbed both sides of her face with his palm and began to speculate. "Was it two days ago when I was asleep or was it last week when you suddenly admitted to your wrongdoings and apologized to me, telling me not to leave? When you asked me to stop using you like a tool and that you'd make up for your mistakes?"

As he went on, his voice grew harsher and he applied more force to his grip.

Sylvia winced in pain. "Odell, I didn't mean to lie to you."

"Heh." He scoffed. "So all this time, you taking the initiative to please me and all that talk about wanting to make up for your mistakes and that you'd dedicate yourself to me was all just a bunch of lies, is it?"

She was in so much pain she could hardly form a sentence. "I... I just wanted to find out who was behind what happened to Grandma."

"Sylvia, do I look like an idiot to you?!"

He suddenly bellowed, further tightening his grip.

She groaned in pain, her tears fell against her will.

Pain.

She was in agony.

He was going to crush her skull!

When he noticed her crying, the look in his eyes softened and he quickly retracted his hand.

She threw herself away from him as far as she could to create some distance between them.

She wore an aggrieved look as she looked at him, and said in a choked-up voice, "Odell, I only wanted to go to the resort to review the information of the members who were present at the resort on the day Grandma had the accident. I wasn't trying to run away."

He zipped his lips into a thin line and muttered, "Come here."

She could feel her cheeks burning and throbbing with pain. It was probably swollen by this point. She was worried that he was going to tear her skin right off her cheeks and did not dare to approach. She only sat and stared at him with reddened eyes.

Odell's expression darkened.

She insisted again. "Everything I told you is true. If you don't believe me, just ask Sherry. During this time, I've only ever used your phone to contact her. We've talked around four or five times. If I wanted to escape, I'd have been long gone by now. I wouldn't wait until now."

Odell's eyes sharpened.

Chapter 413

Sylvia looked at Odell with a determined and calm look.

That was when Tara suddenly appeared from behind the row of bodyguards surrounding Sylvia.

"Odell, Sylvia, what's going on here? Why are you guys here? Sylvia, why are you all tied up?" she remarked with stark surprise.

Odell shot a look at her. "None of your business here, go back first."

"Odell, did Sylvia get into trouble again?" Not only did she not express any intention of leaving, but she even began giving advice to Sylvia as if she was on her side. "Sylvia, please stop causing trouble for Odell. I saw Sherry loitering around here the other day and I heard rumors that she was telling people she was going to break in to rescue you and get you out of Westchester City. Why don't you understand that all Odell ever wanted was for you to take good care of Grandma?"

Odell's expression turned harsher again upon hearing of this. The dark and murderous look in his eyes made it seem like he wanted to tear Sylvia apart!

Sylvia immediately refuted, "Tara, spare your nonsense!"

Just when it seemed like she was finally getting through to Odell, Tara swooped in and said all that to imply that everything she told Odell was a bunch of lies!

Tara suddenly became distressed. "I'm sorry Sylvia, did I say something wrong? I'll just keep my mouth shut."

Sylvia closed her eyes to compose herself.

If not for these ropes, she would throw herself at this woman and beat her to death right in this spot!

She did all she could to compose herself and suppress her burning rage. Then, she turned to Tara. "Tara, did you hear what I said to Odell just now? You're beginning to panic, aren't you? You're afraid that if I go to the resort, I'll manage to dig out information linking you to Grandma's accident and find out that it was you all along, is that right?"

Tara feigned innocence. "Sylvia, I have no idea what you're talking about."

"Drop the act. It's you who hurt Grandma. You framed me and Edmund!"

Tara suddenly grew anxious. She became defensive and whimpered meekly, "Sylvia, I don't even know when the accident happened. Why are you accusing me for no reason? You're not trying to put the blame on me for what you and Edmund did to Grandma, are you?"

Sylvia was baffled by this act she was putting on and could not suppress the urge to roll her eyes.

"It wasn't me. All I know is that I was at home and when the entire thing happened. How am I supposed to pull it off from my house?" Tara explained with composure before suddenly deflecting to Sylvia again. "Sylvia, you need evidence before you accuse me. So, what evidence do you have to prove that it was me who did it?"

Sylvia was done with this bickering so she went straight to the point. "Of course evidence is needed. That's the reason I snuck out to begin with. I was trying to find evidence, not leave the city!"

"But I didn't do it!" Tara's eyes had a wounded look in them and glowed red as she turned to Odell. "Odell, it wasn't me. Why would I hurt Grandma?"

Odell's face was grim and highly irritated by this point.

Sylvia scoffed. "Because you want to drive a wedge between me and Odell. When the accident happened, I happened to meet Edmund and we were very close to where Grandma fell. Thanks to that, Odell not only suspected that I was having an affair with Edmund, but he also suspected that it was us who pushed Grandma off the cliff for fear of her telling on our affair! This was all part of your plan! Besides, you've done your fair share of work trying to sabotage things between me and Odell in the past as well."

Odell frowned and looked at Tara.

Tara seemed wounded by these accusations. "I didn't! It wasn't me! I admit that I want to be with Odell, but I know how important Grandma is to Odell. I'd be insane to come up with such a sinister plot to bring harm to her!"

With that, Tara burst into tears again and went to Odell. "Odell, you have to believe me! It wasn't me!"

Odell grimaced.

It was true that Tara had pulled off some dirty tricks to break up him and Sylvia in the past, but he doubted that she would stoop so low as to hurt a vulnerable old lady.

Upon noticing Odell's silence and how he was not speaking up for her yet, Tara panicked.

She could not afford to have Odell suspecting her, absolutely not!

An idea suddenly came to her. She screeched amidst bouts of tears. "Odell, if you don't believe me, I'll prove it to you with my life!"

As soon as she said that, she leaped up and bashed her head against a pillar next to her. Odell barely had time to react.

Odell's expression transformed, and he rushed over to help her at once.

Sylvia was taken aback by this turn of events.

Chapter 414

Tara had split her skull as lines of crescent-red blood spilled out of the cut. She had already long since fainted.

Odell grabbed her before she collapsed on the ground and cast a leery look at Sylvia. Then, he instructed the bodyguards, "Take her back and watch over her closely."

"Yes, sir." The bodyguards stepped up to the task.

Odell did not waste another second and went into the car with Tara in his arms.

Sylvia was also carried off by the bodyguards toward the direction of the house.

A chilly gust of wind beat on her worn-out body.

She frowned and looked up at the sky above, still reeling back from the shock of what transpired.

She was not expecting Tara to resort to such drastic measures.

Westchester Hospital.

Tara was carted out of the emergency room.

She was already awake by this point, but her face was sickly pale. There were layers upon layers of bandages wrapped around her forehead. She still looked very weak.

Odell was waiting outside.

Tara's eyes began to water the moment she saw him.

Her lips quivered as she spoke in an anguished voice, "Odell, it wasn't me who hurt Grandma."

He murmured, "I believe you. Just get some rest first. We can talk about this later."

Tara groaned softly.

Odell accompanied her to the ward.

Noticing that her eyes were still wide open, he tried to coax her, "Come on, get some rest."

Tara tugged at his hand weakly. "Odell, would you stay with me? I'm scared of being by myself."

"Alright, I'm not leaving. I'll leave when you feel better."

"Okay."

Tara then closed her eyes to rest.

Odell sat sullenly on the chair next to the bed.

Shortly after, the phone in his pocket vibrated.

He picked up the call and put the phone to his ear, "Find anything?"

It was Cliff who answered on the other end of the phone, "Master Carter, just as you requested, I went through the list of people who were present at the resort on the day of Madam Carter's accident. I don't see Ms. Avery's name, nor did I see anyone who's closely affiliated with her."

Odell frowned a little as he looked at Tara who was lying on the hospital bed.

Soft and fragile as she was, she had been devoted to him from the very beginning, never once had she left his side.

To think that he suspected her over some trite and inconsequential things she did in the past.

He must have been utterly fooled by Sylvia, the wretched woman who had betrayed him time and time again!

A chilling look surfaced inside his dark pupils.

He got up and left.

Suddenly, he felt Tara grabbing his hand again.

She slowly opened her eyes and stared at him blankly, "Odell, don't leave."

A sharp look appeared in Odell's eyes as he turned to her. "Get some rest first. I'll see you later."

Tara grimaced, tears immediately trickled down her cheeks again. "Do you still suspect me of hurting Grandma? I never did anything remotely close to hurting her. You have to believe me, Odell."

Odell raised his hand and gently caressed her head. "I know Sylvia is trying to frame you."

The look in Tara's eyes shifted upon hearing this. She suddenly supplied, "Odell, maybe she didn't mean to hurt Grandma either. You had to go through so much just to remarry her. Don't make such a fuss about it..."

Hnghh."

Nearing the end of her sentence, she suddenly winced from a sharp throb of pain in her head.

A solemn look came upon Odell's face. He took a deep breath before announcing, "Don't worry, I'll take care of it."

Tara smiled weakly and asked in a low voice, "Would you come to see me later?"

Tears were still swelling in her eyes. Her terribly pale complexion and the thick bandages wrapped around her head only added to the pity Odell felt for her at that moment.

Odell promised solemnly. "You just focus on resting. I promise you I'll make things right."

With that, he strode out.

Tara looked at his departing figure and the bonechilling aura emanating out of his body. She curled her lips into a wry smile.

Surely, he would not forgive Sylvia this time.

At Odell's house.

Sylvia was taken back to the residence and flung onto the floor of the living room.

Chapter 415

The bodyguards surrounded her in all directions.

Violet entered the living room at one point and was frightened by this display. She quickly fled back to Madam Carter's room.

Every second that passed was full of torment.

Sylvia was pressed against the cold hard tiles of the floor, and her limbs had grown stiff and cold over time.

She was pinned on the ground on her side and stared vacantly at the threshold leading into the living room.

After a long time, a tall and stout figure appeared in sight.

He was still wearing the black suit he wore when he carried Tara away the same morning and he wore a pair of trousers that complemented his long and slender legs. Handsome as always, he fixed a menacing look on her.

He entered the living room.

The look in Sylvia's eyes wavered. She wanted to call his name but found her voice caught in her throat.

Odell sat down on the sofa and looked at her accusingly. "Is there anything you want to say to me?"

Sylvia pursed her lips.

She wanted to explain herself, but realized that she had done that more than enough times by now.

Angelina Jolie's Shocking Health Struggles Over The Years
It was pointless.

Odell grunted. "Have you given up on justifying your actions?"

Sylvia smirked wryly. "I've said everything I need to say. There's nothing left for me to say."

"I see." He narrowed his eyes and regarded her with a fierce and contemptuous glare.

After a brief moment, he suddenly turned to the bodyguard. "Grab a bat and break her leg."

They seemed to question their ears and were visibly startled by this command. One of them asked again to be sure, "Master Carter?"

Odell glared at them severely.

One of the bodyguards quickly bolted out of the living room.

Sylvia broke out in a cold sweat. She was trembling with fear by this point.

She shifted her body away from Odell and cast a desperate look at him. "Odell, have you lost your mind?"

What had she done to deserve such treatment? All she did was scale a wall!

Odell calmly took a sip from the teacup before swiping a glance at her. "This is your punishment for trying to escape and forcing Tara to have to hurt herself to prove her innocence."

Sylvia immediately retorted, "She did it to herself. What's that got to do with me?!"

Odell took another sip of tea.

Meanwhile, the bodyguard who left the room previously returned with an iron bat and said in a hushed voice, "Master Carter, this was the only thing I can find."

"Hmm." Odell glanced at Sylvia's folded legs, pondered for a moment, and decided. "Start with her left calf."

The bodyguard answered dutifully, "Yes, sir."

Then, he walked up to Sylvia and said, "Madam, please stretch your legs out."

Sylvia clenched her legs tightly together.

She did not want her legs broken!

"Tear her legs out if you have to," Odell frowned and ordered impatiently.

Sylvia cried out desperately, "Odell, stop this. I'm begging you. I promise I'll never try to leave again!"

She looked at him with a pleading look, filled with fear and agitation.

Odell frowned at such a sight.

He seemed to hesitate momentarily, but in the end still insisted to the bodyguard, "Go on."

The two bodyguards next to him promptly stepped forward and pried Sylvia's legs out from underneath her.

"Madam, I'm very sorry," the bodyguard with the iron bat whispered to Sylvia, then he slowly raised the iron bat in the air and swung it down on her left calf.

There was nowhere for Sylvia to run to.

In an instant, the iron bat smashed into her leg, producing a grating crack the moment it made impact.

Her bones snapped with a brutal crack.

A wave of agonizing pain spread all over the body.

"Ah!!! " she cried out in pain.

Having completed the gruesome task, the bodyguards recoiled and immediately released her while shuffling away.

Sylvia grabbed her leg and rolled on the floor, writhing in pain.

Meanwhile, Odell, who remained on the couch the entire time, looked at her tossing and turning like a madwoman on the ground. He knitted his brows into a tight frown.

After a moment of silence, he got up and went to her side.

She was still twitching weakly on the ground when he squatted and forcefully turned her head to face him.

Her reddened eyes and streaks of tears flowing down her cheeks were put on full display before him.

Chapter 416

At that moment, she opened her mouth and spat on his face.

Sylvia's body trembled, and she screamed at Odell in a hoarse voice, "Odell, you will regret it! I will pay you back for what you did to me! "

Odell was silent for a few seconds before his lips curled. "It's up to you. Anyway, don't ever think of escaping again."

As he spoke, his warm thumb rubbed her face.

Sylvia felt so much pain that all she wanted to do was kill this man!

"B*stard!"

Odell merely smiled lightly.

Sylvia gnashed her teeth in hatred. She suddenly felt a surge of strength, so she raised her head until her face reached his chest. She opened her mouth and bit him fiercely through the shirt without letting go.

The force of how hard Sylvia bit him was equivalent to the pain that she felt in her leg. She did not let go even though her mouth was full of the metallic taste of blood.

Having used up the last of her strength, she suddenly fainted and her world went black.

“Master Carter, are you alright?” A bodyguard immediately stepped forward to ask.

Odell looked at Sylvia who was lying on the ground and said in a deep voice, “Leave and bring Dr. Forger here. Ask him to bring medicine for a broken leg.”

“Yes.” The few bodyguards left the living room.

Odell gathered Sylvia in his arms and walked to the bedroom upstairs.

Sylvia’s sleep was unpleasant as the pain in her calf occupied her consciousness.

Moreover, she had a nightmare in which she dreamt that Odell’s murderous face was in front of her, causing her to be bathed in a cold sweat.

Suddenly, she heard someone calling her name. Sylvia shuddered and opened her eyes.

The man’s face appeared in front of her, frowning.

In an instant, Sylvia reached her hand out to push him away as she shrank back in bed as if she had seen a ghost.

“Go away, get out!” She looked terrified.

Odell looked at her with his brows furrowed.

After a while, once she had calmed down slightly, he finally spoke, “Now that you’ve woken up, you should eat.”

There were several small plates containing light meals on the small table beside the bed.

Sylvia looked at her broken leg which was already encased in plaster. She felt as if the pain was shooting up to her brain.

She realized that the scene where Odell had tried to kill her earlier was only a dream. However, her resentment toward Odell only increased after she woke up.

She gritted her teeth and glared at him.

Odell’s sturdy figure stood by the bed.

Standing with his back to the light, Sylvia could not see his expression. However, she could feel the cold air around him. The natural coldness and indifference that was in his bones.

This was the man that she had married twice and been rewarded with sixty slaps. Now, he had even broken her leg!

Sylvia wanted to bite him to death, but she hated herself even more.

She had decided not to love him anymore after he had slapped her sixty times and snatched her child away!

Yet, she had agreed to marry him again!

If she had not married him again, Madam Carter would still have been fine, and she would not have been imprisoned by him here, let alone have her leg broken!

She had brought this on herself! Tears flowed out of her eyes uncontrollably.

Sylvia sniffed and forced back her tears. Then, she sucked in a breath and told him calmly, "Odell, let's get a divorce."

The man's body froze. Then, he leaned down, and his cold face approached her. Sylvia met his gaze without evading it in the slightest.

He grabbed her face and said gloomily, "What did you say?"

Sylvia said without changing her expression, "Let's get a divorce."

Chapter 417

His lips curled up. "Are you planning on going to Edmund after divorcing me?"

Sylvia did not want to argue with him about Edmund. Instead, she said, "I want to kill you when I look at you now. Do you think we can still go on together?"

Odell's gaze darkened, and he smirked again. "We'll talk again when you actually have the ability to kill me."

Sylvia's grip tightened. She wanted to slap him, but there was no strength left in her body.

She was thirsty, hungry and weak, and her leg throbbed with pain. It would be hard for her to lift her hand, let alone slap Odell.

She panted and said, "Why not just send me to jail?"

The man grabbed her chin and snarled, "So, you want to join Edmund in jail?"

Sylvia said weakly, "It's because I don't want to see you again. I feel disgusted whenever I look at you."

She emphasized the word "disgusted."

Odell's face darkened, and he lowered his head to her. He placed his face right in front of Sylvia, almost touching her. "Say it again?"

Sylvia shut her eyes, making it obvious that she did not want to look at him.

Odell's chest felt stuffy and he wanted to pry her eyes open.

However, seeing how weak she was now, he swallowed his anger.

After a while, he let go of Sylvia's face and said coldly, "Remember to eat." He left quickly after that.

The door shut with a bang.

Sylvia opened her eyes. Glancing at the closed door and the dishes on the small table, and then finally outside the window.

It was dark now.

She should have been guarding Madam Carter's room. Now that her leg was broken, Odell must have assigned someone else to do it.

Sylvia sat still and stared out of the window in a daze.

In the morning, someone suddenly knocked on her door.

Sylvia opened her eyes.

From outside the door, Violet asked, "Mrs. Carter, are you awake?"

Sylvia replied feebly, "What do you want?"

Violet then pushed the door open and walked in. When she saw Sylvia on the bed, she gasped. "Mrs. Carter, how... How did you end up like this?"

At this time, Sylvia's eyes were red, and she had heavy bags under her eyes. She looked pale, with her hair falling messily around her shoulders, and even her pajama collar had fallen to one side.

She also looked very skinny, more like a ghost than a human.

Violet immediately put the porridge and snacks on her tray at the bedside and said, "Mrs. Carter, Master Carter ordered the kitchen to prepare these. You haven't eaten for a whole day. Please have some."

Sylvia moved her dry lips. "How's Grandmother?"

Violet replied, "Still the same, but don't worry. Master Carter hired another caretaker to guard Madam Carter during the night. You don't have to go there anymore."

Sylvia hummed in reply and said, "You can leave now. I'd like to be alone."

"Okay. Please remember to eat the food."

"Okay."

Violet then left.

Sylvia did not have an appetite, so she sat without moving and without touching the food. Soon, her brain became foggy and she wondered if it was due to her exhaustion or weakness.

She closed her eyes and fell asleep.

After some time, while she was still in a daze, she heard someone calling her and patting her on the head.

With difficulty, Sylvia opened her eyes and saw Odell's frosty face before her. His dark eyes stared at her fiercely as if he wanted to tear her apart.

Sylvia did not want to see him so she closed her eyes again.

Odell pulled her up and snapped, "Eat first before you go back to sleep!"

He carried Sylvia to the bedside table, where several snacks and a fragrant bowl of porridge had been laid out.

Sylvia glanced at the food without any expression on her face and said, "I have no appetite."

Her throat was hoarse.

Odell grabbed her shoulder and coldly enunciated each word, "Eat the porridge immediately."

The look in Sylvia's eyes was bland and spiritless. She did not seem to have any intention of eating.

Odell cupped her face. "Sylvia, I'm talking to you. Do you hear me?"

Sylvia pursed her lips and ignored him.

In a low voice, Odell growled, "Do you think that by going on a hunger strike, I will divorce you and send you to be reunited with Edmund in jail? If you don't eat today, you can give up on walking through this door!"

As the words fell from his mouth, he let go of her.

Like a broken puppet, Sylvia lost her support and she fell to the bed.

She lay on the bed without moving, staring at the ceiling in a trance.

Seeing her act like that, Odell felt an anger that he had never felt before surging to his head.

This woman had harmed his grandmother and played him like a fool. He had only broken one of her legs, yet she was now refusing to eat and was acting as if she wanted to die!

She was just asking for it!

Odell immediately walked to her, picked her up, and held her head in place. He picked up the bowl of porridge. Then, he took a sip and kissed her mouth.

He tried to pry her mouth open and force the porridge down her throat, but Sylvia gritted her teeth.

The first mouthful of porridge trickled down the corners of her mouth.

Odell frowned coldly.

Next, he bit her mouth, forcing her to open it. However, the porridge still flowed down the sides of her mouth.

It was apparent that Sylvia had not swallowed.

The porridge flowed from the corners of her mouth to her chin and even her neck.

However, her eyes were still blank, and she looked as if she had lost her soul.

Odell instantly burned with rage. With a bang, he threw the bowl to the ground. The bowl shattered into pieces, and the porridge splashed all over the floor.

He cupped her face and fixed her with a sinister glare. "Don't you want to meet Liam and Isabel?"

Sylvia's emotionless eyes suddenly rolled.

Odell looked at her eyes and continued, "If you don't, you can die of starvation here. You will never meet them again in this lifetime!"

After that, he withdrew his hand.

Sylvia's body shook, but she steadied herself quickly and did not fall back on the bed.

Odell glanced at her, a little disdainful of her current disgraceful appearance, and walked out of the room.

Sylvia remained in a daze for a few seconds, then she grabbed the snacks that had been left on the table and devoured them.

Using her hand, she ate them in large mouthfuls. Shortly after, the plates were cleaned.

Her throat felt dry, but the moisture from the porridge that had spilled on the floor had already been absorbed by the carpet.

She hesitated for a moment and dragged herself to the bathroom with her broken leg. She turned on the tap, scooped up some water, and drank it.

Just as Sylvia was gulping down the water, Violet's shriek sounded outside the door. "Mrs. Carter, what are you doing? Please stop! This water is not clean. You can't drink it!"

The only thoughts that occupied Sylvia's brain now were of Liam and Isabel, so she did not hear Violet.

When she was done drinking, she stopped and looked at Violet who was standing just outside.

Violet's eyes were red as if Sylvia had frightened her. "Mrs. Carter, you are still so young! Please don't torture yourself, okay?"

Chapter 419

Sylvia's lips quivered. "Thanks for the reminder. I won't do it again."

Liam and Isabel were waiting for her. She could not go on like this. No matter how much she hated Odell, she had to endure it.

Violet heaved a sigh of relief when she heard this.

She helped Sylvia to come out and let her sit her down on the couch. Then, she changed the bedsheets swiftly and replaced the carpet with a new one.

She also opened the door and windows to let in the fresh breeze in.

Sylvia wanted to close her eyes and rest for a while, but her stomach suddenly churned.

She immediately got up and limped to the bathroom, ignoring the stinging pain in her leg. She held the toilet and puked out all the food that she had eaten.

When Violet saw this, she hurriedly said, "Mrs. Carter, hold on! I'll get the doctor right now!" After that, she ran out of the room.

As she ran out, she saw the man leaning against the wall outside the door.

Violet did not know how long he had stood there. His brows were tightly furrowed, and his face was frighteningly cold.

Violet stopped in her tracks and tried to greet him.

Odell glanced at her and said, "Go do your work."

Violet instantly swallowed her words and ran down the stairs. The family doctor was downstairs at the moment.

Within two minutes, Violet had brought the doctor to Sylvia's room.

By that time, Sylvia had already come out of the bathroom. She sat on the couch weakly, letting the doctor check her pulse.

Soon, the doctor said, "Mrs. Carter didn't consume any food for a long time, so when she suddenly ate a huge amount of food all at one go and drank cold water, her stomach became over-stimulated and upset. Let the kitchen prepare some light food that is easy to digest, and she should be fine after recuperating for two days."

Violet replied, "Okay, doctor."

The doctor looked at Sylvia's leg and could not help but advise her, "Mrs. Carter, you desperately need to rest now. If you don't take good care of your body, your leg might not recover completely."

Sylvia replied, "Got it."

The doctor then got up and headed out.

Violet left as well to go to the kitchen.

For a while, Sylvia leaned against the couch weakly.

When Violet came in with another tray of freshly-made food, she started to eat slowly. After filling her stomach, she put down her cutlery, changed into clean clothes, and rested on her bed.

She felt much more comfortable, probably due to having a full stomach, and fell asleep quickly.

It was at this time that the man outside the door walked in.

He walked to the bedside and bent down, looking at her sleeping face. His warm palm covered her pale and frail face, his deep gaze also staring at her.

If she could think things through and stop going on a hunger strike, stop thinking about looking for Edmund, and stop thinking about leaving him, he would not mind forgiving her for the sins she had committed. He would give her another chance.

A week flew by.

Sylvia lived her days in a regular pattern, eating and sleeping according to schedule.

Her face looked healthy again, and the pain in her leg lessened.

Of course, she did not see Odell during the week. However, she missed Liam and Isabel every day.

She could not walk yet, so she did not want the two kids to be unhappy if they saw her like that. Therefore, Sylvia did not mention anything about going to meet them.

The weather was great on this day. After breakfast, Sylvia pushed her wheelchair to the courtyard. When she closed her eyes to bathe in the sunlight, a car stopped outside the gate.

She opened her eyes and looked over, watching as a bodyguard opened the door of a business vehicle respectfully.

Odell's upright figure got out of the car.

Chapter 420

Sylvia's face fell, and she immediately turned her wheelchair around to head back to her room.

"Stop." The man's deep voice sounded.

Sylvia acted as if she did not hear him and continued moving forward, but soon, his looming figure appeared behind her and grabbed her wheelchair.

No matter how hard she pushed, the wheelchair did not budge.

Sylvia withdrew her hand and decided to stop pushing.

Odell grunted and turned the wheelchair around so that she would face him.

Sylvia's pale, cold face looked back at him.

He frowned as he felt a little irritated. "Didn't you hear me?"

Sylvia looked at the ground and ignored him.

Odell took her face in his hand. "Look at me."

Sylvia continued to look at the ground. Her face was cold and pale. Her eyes were soulless, as if she had lost the desire for everything in life.

Odell tightened his hold on her face and said coldly, "I want you to look at me."

He seemed to be threatening to dislocate her jaw if she did not listen to him.

Sylvia did not seem to hear the threat lying in his words. Instead, she looked elsewhere and continued to refuse to look at Odell.

Even though he leaned in close to her, she still looked elsewhere.

Odell glanced at her with a dark face for some time before he suddenly loosened his grip and walked straight past her to Madam Carter's room.

Sylvia also pushed her wheelchair back to her room. She only came out after Odell had left.

For the next two days, Odell would come over in the morning.

Sylvia would bump into him either in the courtyard or the living room. Of course, she ignored him. She either pretended not to see him, or she would turn her head and leave.

Odell merely glanced at her indifferently before going to see Madam Carter. He would then leave a short time later.

This afternoon, the weather was great. So, Sylvia came to the courtyard and set up a small table on her wheelchair. Then, she leaned on it and started carving.

She was almost always carving to pass the time these days and ease her longing for her two kids.

She carved some gifts for them.

She was so immersed in it that she only noticed the man when her light was blocked by a tall shadow looming over her.

Sylvia raised her head and looked at him indifferently.

Odell's dark gaze focused on her as he stood still without any intention of moving.

He asked, "What are you carving?"

Sylvia ignored him and spun her wheelchair to the side. She lowered her head and continued to sculpt when there was light again.

Looking displeased, Odell took a step forward, his tall body blocking the sunlight once more.

Sylvia frowned and moved to the side again.

Dark clouds seemed to form on Odell's face, and he strode toward Sylvia again.

Her source of light was once again blocked.

Sylvia did not get mad or make a scene. She just put her carving materials and the small table away. Then, she pushed her wheelchair, intending on returning to her room.

Odell's face darkened. "Stop."

Sylvia continued to push her wheelchair away.

Odell strode over and grabbed the wheelchair. He cupped her chin, and his angry gaze fixated on Sylvia. "I was talking to you. Didn't you hear me?"