

Master odells 1011

Chapter 1011

Seeing that Odell got her out of a fix during lunch, Sylvia decided to cut him some slack.

She put her hand on his.

The man's dark brows on fleek and deep eyes reflected his surprise. However, the curl across his lips soon followed as he held her hand. "Take your time. Watch your feet."

Turning her head away, Sylvia paid him no heed.

Odell quietly curled his lips.

On the other side, John approached the shuttle bus after Odell.

Standing next to Sherry's seat, John checked Sherry out from head to toe before asking with a smile, "Do you need my help to get off the bus?"

As cheerfulness lifted from her face, Sherry mimicked his fake smile and replied with a question, "Are you willing to help me?"

"It would depend on whether you need it."

"I need if you want to, but I don't if you won't." He was not the only one who had a way with words.

John never broke character with the grin. "I want if you need. I won't if you don't."

Sherry responded, "Ha... Why don't you guess if I need it then?"

John snapped back. "You can guess if I want to."

Sherry retorted, "I asked you first."

John remarked, "I know. So?"

Sherry looked daggers at him.

Curling his lips, John smiled warmly.

Sylvia had gotten down from the vehicle and was twitching by the corner of his lips. It completely slipped her mind that the man was still holding her hand.

Off the bus, Liam and Isabel lifted their chins as they, along with Flint in Sherry's arms, watched the episode between John and Sherry. Curiosity and confusion could be read in their eyes.

A while later, John and Sherry were still engaged in a stare-down.

Sylvia elbowed the man beside her so that the latter could remind John to get a move along.

Playing dumb, Odell brought her into his embrace and breathed into her ear. "What's the matter?"

His husky voice and warm breath swirled into her ear, sending a numbing tingle under her skin.

Unamused, she pushed him and tried to break free, only for him to lock her tighter within his clutch.

Sylvia glared at him.

Odell observed John and Sherry with a straight face as if unaware that she was pushing him away.

He put his muscles to work and strapped her against his chest

the more Sylvia put up a fight. Rage overtook Sylvia as she tried to kick him, but Isabel's innocent voice interrupted her from picking up her leg. "Uncle John, Aunt Sherry, are you fighting?"

Sherry turned her face away.

After a fleeting discomposure, John turned to Isabel with a smile. "No, we're just asking each other questions."

Isabel pursed her lips. "You better not. That's what we kids do. It's childish for adults to bicker."

John replied, "...Yeah. You're right."

Sherry remarked, "Ha."

She then told John, "I want to carry my son down. Please move aside, and don't get in my way."

"You're very clumsy. You might bump the kid when you get down. It's best that you give him to me." While speaking, John extended his hands to Flint.

Before Sherry could refuse, Flint leaned his head and his fleshy hands toward John.

Sherry, "..."

With a smirk, John brought Flint to his chest.

The little man snuggled up against his neck and started to act cute.

Lowering his head for a good look, John was caught in a daze.

Chapter 1012 After getting ahold of himself, John reflected tenderness and joy through his facial features.

With Flint in his arms, John turned around and said to Odell and Sylvia, "Master Carter and Mrs. Carter, let's get in the car."

It did not matter to him whether Sherry had exited the shuttle bus as John carried Flint straight into the limo.

Sherry jumped off the shuttle bus. "Give me Flint!"

She went after John.

Since it was not the time and place to pick fights with Odell, Sylvia let him take her into the car.

It was a spacious vehicle.

Sylvia and Odell were sitting down when Sherry squeezed into the seat next to John to fight over the baby. "Give Flint to me now!"

John was too preoccupied with holding Flint to give her the time of the day.

Sherry extended her arms to steal Flint back.

John finally looked at her. Behind the lens of his glasses, his gentle eyes turned cold and hostile.

Pale in the face, Sherry withdrew her arms, but nothing could stop her from mumbling her disgruntlement. "I carried Flint out. He wanted me first."

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John scoffed with a smile as his eyes met a smiling Flint.

Isabel and Liam got into the car. There were seats next to Sylvia and Sherry.

Sylvia beckoned them over.

The two children ignored her and went to sit in the row behind her together.

Liam picked up a book to read.

Isabel crammed into the seat and rested her head against Liam's shoulder while rambling, "We don't want to be the third wheel."

Sylvia, "..."

The remark sucked the noise out of the vehicle for a few seconds.

Odell looked back. "Put on your seat belts."

"Oh," Isabel obediently responded before buckling up together with her brother.

The car soon cruised along the road.

John carried on with the baby-holding duty while Sherry stared intently at Flint, eyeing her chance to take him back.

Sylvia's hand was still held captive by the man next to her.

Since he did not seem to have any intention to let go, she tried to pull her hand back.

Her hand only ended up trapped in his clutch.

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She lifted her gaze to look at him.

The affection was visible through his dark eyes as he looked back at her.

Somehow feeling the heat, Sylvia broke away from the stare and whispered, "Let go."

He curled his lips and asked, "What did you say?"

Compared to her inaudible voice, he spoke in the normal range of volume that everybody in the same space could hear him.

It was deliberate!

Sylvia glared at him while withdrawing her hand desperately.

Keeping a smile across his lips, Odell worked his muscles without breaking a sweat.

Try as she may, she could not escape from his clutches.

Sylvia was seething.

Had it not because John, Sylvia, and the children were in the car together, Sylvia would have cursed Odell out.

It took a while for her to swallow her anger and look to the other side.

Odell let out a smile while gripping onto her hand.

Half an hour later, the car stopped at the entrance of a standalone villa.

With Flint in his arms, John grinned at the rest. "Master Carter and Mrs. Carter, this estate is the biggest resort in Glanchester. A lot of the scenic features are incorporated into the interior. The place offers first-class recreational services for children and adults."

Nodding his head, Odell remarked, "Pass Flint to me."

It was inappropriate to burden John further since he carried the baby throughout the car ride.

John replied, "The young master doesn't want to part with me. Let me hold him for a while more."

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Odell glanced at Flint in John's arms.

The little guy was tugging and pulling on John's collar, the same kind of stuff Flint would do when he was bored. There was no hint of the separation anxiety suggested by John.

Odell pursed his lips. "Sure."

It was still a good idea for John to hold Flint so that the baby did not come in between him and Sylvia.

The estate was huge. They got out of the car, only for the resort host to pick them up on a shuttle bus.

While on their way in, the host went on and on about the place.

As John stated, the place boasted fantastic views and first class recreational facilities.

There was a massive playground just for the kids.

The spa, sauna, steam baths, and so on were catered to the adults. It was everything Sylvia could think of and more.

The shuttle bus first arrived at the children's zone.

Sylvia's eyes lit up at architecture that could only exist in fairytales.

Isabel jumped off the shuttle bus but not without calling Liam to come with her. "Come on, Liam!"

The moment Liam stepped off the bus, Isabel dragged him into

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the children's zone.

Despite Sylvia's intention to join them, Odell held her back.

She scowled at him.

He faintly uttered, "Let them have some fun. Ben and Jacob will watch them."

Ben and Jacob had been tagging along all the while. They were presently behind Isabel and Liam.

John added, "Mrs. Carter, they take security measures seriously here. You can relax. The young ones are in safe hands."

Sylvia pursed her lips.

She wanted to keep a distance from Odell, but the kids took off afar. What more could she say now that John put it that way?

The shuttle bus drove along a winding path.

It did not take long before the host turned his head back toward the passengers. The host uttered with a smile, "Mr. Stockton, Master Carter, and misuses, the scenic spot is up ahead. I should leave you to enjoy the view."

"I'm not his wife," Sherry blurted.

Taken aback, the host moved his gaze toward John.

John glanced at Sherry before chuckling. "She's not my wife. Thank you, Mr. Powell. You can go about your business." "Um... Alright, Mr. Stockton." Hitting the brakes, the host got off the bus and went on his way.

John looked back at Odell and Sylvia. "Master Carter, where would you like your first stop?"

Odell remarked, "It's quite a view here. We should split up." The change in John's expression nearly went amiss. "Sure. Exactly my thoughts."

He then hopped off the shuttle bus while cuddling Flint.

Sherry chased after John right away. "Why are you still holding Flint? Give me him!"

Giving Sherry the cold shoulder, John had no plans to return Flint to Odell and Sylvia either. He traveled far in no time.

Sylvia furrowed her brows and wanted to catch up with the runaway, but the nearby man grabbed her.

Having put up with his antics thus far, Sylvia shouted at the man, "Let me go, Odell!"

Odell turned a blind eye to her fury and calmly pointed in a direction. "The scenery there looks good. Let's walk around."

"John carried Flint away!"

"I know," he softly said, "He and Sherry will look after him. Don't worry."

Sylvia was not comforted, to say the least. "Do they even know how to care for a child since they're not parents themselves?"

"They might have experience caring for children and want one of their own."

Sylvia met his profound eyes amid her shock.

His dark pupils reflected the usual tenderness.

Sylvia pulled away from the locking gaze. "Go on then. I'm going to stroll around on my own."

"Where do you want to go?"

"Mind your own-"

Before she could make a full snide remark, Sylvia was literally swept off her feet and carried down the shuttle bus.

Chapter 1014

There were not a lot of tourists at the estate, but that did not mean there were none.

A few nearby people looked over as Sylvia was lifted off the vehicle.

Sylvia covered her face. "Odell, what the hell are you doing? Put me down!"

"Tell me where you want to go." Lowering his head, he brushed his thin lips against her ear and murmured gruffly, "I'll carry you there."

Sylvia, "..."

She felt a creeping rush under her skin while rosiness flushed her cheeks.

Sylvia shot him an angry look. "Put me down now!"

Curling his lips, Odell put forth his charms. "You can start by telling me where you want to go."

Sylvia shoved her fury back down her throat. "I'm not going to go off on my own. I'm coming with you."

No sooner had Sylvia said it than she was put back down on her feet.

Without a chance to step away from Odell, Sylvia was seized by the hand.

“Come on. Let’s go over there.”

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Holding her hand, he led her to the pine tree forest.

The pine tree lined up in neat rows with lush foliage hanging tall and proud. The rushing of breezes brought along whiffs of pine while the earth was scattered with pinecones.

It was like walking into another world.

The greenery took away all of Sylvia’s worries and burdens, even to the point that she could forget about his control over her hand.

The forest was pretty big.

Although they had been hiking for quite a while, Sylvia believed that they were going deeper into the forest with no end in sight.

Somehow or rather, other tourists were nowhere to be found. They were all alone.

Suddenly, she felt a warm graze across her forehead.

Sylvia lifted her chin and met him at eye-level. “Why did you touch me?”

The annoyance was apparent in her tone and face.

The man simply grinned. “A pinecone fell on your hair.”

“Why didn’t I know about it?”

“Maybe you didn’t feel it.”

Sylvia stared intently at him. “Where’s the pinecone?”

He kept a straight face throughout. “It dropped on the ground.”

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Sylvia shifted her gaze to the ground and found pinecones everywhere.

She glared at him before moving ahead.

Still holding her hand, Odell quietly stayed by her side. A cold breeze blew against their skin.

Sylvia shivered as the wind was chillier than ever.

A jacket was then draped on her shoulders. The huge and wide jacket bore the warmth of his body.

The warmth was transferred onto Sylvia’s body.

Less than two seconds later, Sylvia reached out to pull the jacket off.

Odell held her hand down. "It's chilly. Don't take it off."

He sounded forceful.

Sylvia furrowed her brows at him.

All he was wearing was a black shirt.

"I'm not cold. You can have it," she replied.

Seeing that she was awkward about the whole thing, Odell uttered with a smile, "I don't feel cold either."

"I didn't say you were cold."

"I never said that you didn't say that I was cold."

Sylvia could burn holes in his head with the look she was giving him.

He smiled faintly albeit tenderly and charmingly.

This was not the same cold and cruel man as she remembered three years ago.

Yet, this was the guy who was unfaithful to their marriage, knocked her off her feet, pinned her down, and slapped her sixty times just because of what Tara said!

Overwhelmed by restlessness, Sylvia blurted, "Save your kindness for someone else. I'd rather freeze to death than wear your jacket."

Under the bright light, the man's lofty silhouette froze. Shock was written all over his handsome face.

It never occurred to him that these heartless words could come from Sylvia.

His hand over hers withdrew and fell by his side.

Sylvia removed his jacket right there and then before tossing it at him. Turning on her heel, she walked on.

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The nerve of that prick. As if sweet nothings could make Sylvia get over all the hurt Odell had caused!

Sylvia picked up the speed in her feet.

All she could hear were the wind and the crushing of pinecones under her feet.

The man, accustomed to power and prestige, was likely offended and would not come after her.

Letting out a deep breath, she slowed down the pace.

Just then, a flurry of footsteps drew close from behind.

An arm slipped around her waist before she knew what was going on.

Thud.

She crashed onto a firm chest.

With one hand apprehending her, the man used the other arm to drape the jacket over her shoulders.

Looking up, Sylvia appeared in a daze.

Was he not angry? Why did he come after her?

Odell put his arms around her over the jacket. Sensing her gaze, he lowered his head and looked into her eyes with a scowl. "You have to wear it regardless."

His voice was raspy but reflected dominance.

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Sylvia pursed her lips. "What if I refuse?"

He curled his lips. "You can try me."

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Sylvia had no intentions to take off the jacket, but his remark got the best of her. She reached out to remove the jacket.

Odell locked Sylvia in his embrace, linking both arms behind her to trap her against his chest.

Sylvia's hands were held down despite her efforts to move.

She glared at him. "Odell, you'd let go if you have the balls!"

He chuckled. "You'd know if I have the balls."

There was an emphasis on the last word.

As a flush crept onto her complexion, Sylvia shouted, "I don't mean that!"

"No need to explain. I get what you mean." Curling his lips, he gave a suggestive look.

Sylvia, "..."

It was probably the rush of blood to her head because she opened her mouth and bit him on the chest.

She bit him over the fabric.

The man's lofty figure stood still.

A while later, Sylvia loosened her grip. Still, he showed no reaction.

She had to lift her head to look at him.

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As they locked eyes, Odell grinned and asked, "Feel better?"

Something snapped inside Sylvia as she broke away from the stare. "You're imagining it. I'm not angry because of you."

"Oh, really?"

"Yes, really!"

"Why did you come all the way to Glanchester without a word? Why did you ignore me the whole week?" His deep eyes fixated on her.

Shifting her gaze to the nearby pine trees, Sylvia coldly uttered, "Because I want to."

"So, you're mad with me."

"No, I'm not."

"Yes, you are."

"No, I'm not."

"You are."

Sylvia yelled, "I'm not!"

She looked daggers at him.

He was looking at her dead in the eyes, wiping the seductive smile off his face.

Odell said, "Sylvia, I've done you wrong three years ago."

Sylvia was stumped like there was a catch in her throat. She was caught in a moment of loss.

"If I could go back in time, I won't ... Never mind. It's pointless saying that." Cupping her face, Odell caressed her cheeks with his finger before proclaiming, "Trust me when I say it won't happen again."

Sylvia parted her lips. "Again? There's no again between us."

"What did you say?" He narrowed his eyes.

There was a chilly undertone in his voice.

Although her pupils dilated for a moment, Sylvia was not afraid of him. She stared him straight in the eye and replied, "There's no again between mgh-"

His fine facial features abruptly magnified within her line of vision.

Chapter 1016 Her lips were crushed and she found herself trapped in front of him with one of his arms as well.

Sylvia had no chance of breaking away and could only reciprocate the kiss with her head held high.

After some time, Odell finally released her. However, his cold face remained right in front of her eyes as his dark eyes were focused on her. "Even if you never intend on forgiving me, the only man you can ever be with will only be me. If you even dare think of leaving me, I'll trap you by my side and not let you go anywhere."

Sylvia was taken aback. Then, she pushed him. "You're impossible, Odell. Let me go!"

Was he not supposed to think of a way to get her to forgive him?

Why was he threatening her?

Odell ignored Sylvia's struggle to break free and pressed her further into his embrace. He rested his chin on her shoulder and said in a low voice, "Sylvia, I'll never allow you to leave me."

"Odell, this isn't the way to admit to your mistakes!" Sylvia shouted.

All at once, Odell's eyes lit up.

What did Sylvia mean? Did that mean that she was not breaking up with him but was merely waiting for him to admit his mistakes?

"Odell, I'll bite you if you don't release me now!" Sylvia yelled.

Odell pressed his lips together and did not say a word.

Soon, he felt a sharp pain originating from his chest:

It was painful but satisfying.

Not long after, the pain vanished.

The woman in his arms raised her head and glared at him. Her eyes were as red as a rabbit's as they stared at him. "Odell, is there something wrong with you?"

"Yes. I can only be cured if you're by my side." He looked at her gently.

Sylvia choked and blushed.

She had not expected this bad man to utter such sweet words like that.

"Where can I possibly go if you're already going to trap me by your side?" Sylvia turned her head and spoke irritably.

Odell pressed his lips together. "You said that we wouldn't have a future together, so I thought..."

He did not finish the sentence.

Sylvia asked curiously, "What did you think?"

He lowered his eyes. "I thought you were really leaving me."

There was a faraway look in his eyes as he seemed to have

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recalled some memories.

Sylvia remembered about the six years of memories that she had not recovered yet. Aunt Tonya had told her that many things had happened between Odell and her in those six years. They had broken up many times, and she had even almost died several times.

Had those things traumatized Odell?

Sylvia turned her gaze and said, "I still have the three kids so I won't leave you for now."

Odell smirked. "That's good."

In another corner of the manor, there was a clear creek filled with carp.

After getting off the shuttle bus, John took Flint over to the creek.

Sherry followed after them the whole way.

As expected, the baby was interested in the carp. He flapped his hands in excitement, wanting to enter the creek to catch the fish the moment he arrived.

John crouched down with Flint in his arms and allowed the little baby to lean forward to look at the fish.

"Keke..." Flinty laughed while pointing at the fish with his tiny finger.

He was utterly adorable.

John smiled. Sherry, who had followed them, was also amused by little Flint's appearance. She crouched down beside John and asked Flint, "Flint, would you like to catch a fish to play with? Aunty will catch a fish for you, okay?"

As if he understood her words, the little baby babbled with his little mouth, "Aunty, Aunty...."

Sherry immediately took her shoes off. "Just wait and see, Aunty will catch a big fish for you now!"

After speaking, she stepped into the clear waters of the creek.

Flinty laughed, "Kekeke..." He waved his small hand happily. John, who was carrying Flint, frowned.

The creek was not deep and only reached Sherry's calves. However, the water was very cold during that season, especially when the creek water flowed from the mountains.

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"Oh..." Sherry had not expected the water to be that cold. Luckily, it was not to the extent that she could not handle it.

After sucking in a few breaths, she became more used to the cold. She then bent over and started to try and catch a fish.

Surprisingly, the carp were quite agile despite being so fat.

A school of carp swam away the moment she stepped into the water.

Sherry did not manage to catch one carp even after bending over for a long time.

Nevertheless, Flint became more and more excited. He kept laughing.

Sherry felt embarrassed and crossed her arms across her front. She asked, "Flint, are you laughing at me?"

Flint grinned. "Aunty..."

He called her so sweetly.

It was so sweet that Sherry could ignore the annoying John, who was staring at her strangely.

"Just wait and see. Aunty will definitely catch a fish for you today!" As she spoke, she turned and walked forward.

Sherry slowed her movements to prevent alarming the fish. She slowly bent down and inserted her hands into the creek. After that, she maintained her position.

Soon, a few carp swam over.

When she saw a carp swimming between her hands, her gaze focused on it and she put her palms together.

Splash!

Although the carp was slippery, Sherry still caught it.

She quickly stood up and raised the carp in her hand. She called out to Flint, who was watching her with wide eyes. "Flint, Aunty caught one!"

Flinty beamed from ear to ear as he waved his hands happily. "Aunty, Aunty..."

Sherry went to him.

However, just as she was about to reach Flint's side, the sole of her foot stepped on a smooth stone. She slipped and exclaimed as she fell sideways.

Just as she was about to fall into the water, a strong arm suddenly moved toward her and wrapped around her waist.

In the blink of an eye, she was picked up.

Flustered, Sherry raised her head and her eyes met a cold, disdainful gaze.

The person who was carrying her was John.

She was startled but before she could snap back to her senses, she found herself already being carried to shore.

Immediately after, John dropped his hands.

Bang!

Sherry fell on the grass like a sack of potatoes.

Luckily, the ground was not hard and she was not in pain from the fall.

However, she rolled on the ground twice before she finally came to a halt.

The grateful emotions that she had felt from being saved by John vanished in an instant. She got up and said furiously, "Are you still a man? Don't you know how to treat a woman gently?"

John returned to sit by the creek with his back to Sherry. Flint was attempting to crawl into the creek to catch a fish, so John used one hand to pull him back while he used his other hand to take his wet shoes and socks off. It seemed like he did not have any intention of replying to her.

Sherry was frustrated for a moment before she suddenly thought of something. Her hands crept up behind him, and she quickly snatched Flint over from his arms.

John turned his head and stared at her coldly.

Sherry immediately took two steps back while carrying Flint.

She had just raised her chin at John and was acting smug when the baby in her arms suddenly broke out in tears.

Sherry hastily looked toward the baby.

Flint pouted. His face was flushed red, and he was crying pitifully.

He had clearly been smiling a second ago. Why was he crying now?

Sherry was flustered. "Flint, what's wrong?"

"Wahhhhh..."

Flinty cried even harder.

At that moment, her arms became empty. Flint was taken away by John, who had walked over.

He carried Flinty carefully and examined him from head to toe. After that, he gave Sherry a cold-eyed stare. "Did you touch him anywhere when you grabbed him just now?"

Sherry replied hastily, "I only held him by his armpits. I didn't touch anywhere else."

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John flipped Flint's collar and sleeves up.

Flint had a fleshy body. The skin under his shoulders, armpits and the other crevices was fair and soft with no abnormalities.

What could be wrong with him?

John was about to admit to himself that he could not figure it out, a pungent smell entered his nose.

Maintaining his expression, he looked at the woman who was staring at Flint anxiously.

“Flint, what happened to you? Can you tell Aunty?” Sherry held Flint’s hand, her face full of worry.

John pressed his lips together. Then, he said with a straight face, “His buttocks might not be feeling comfortable.”

“Huh?” Sherry looked toward John in puzzlement. “How do you know his buttocks aren’t feeling comfortable?”

“I’m just making a guess. I’m not sure of it yet.” John held Flint up and turned his little buttocks toward Sherry.

She used her hand to touch Flinty’s buttocks. They were soft and did not seem to have anything wrong with them.

John observed her expression and added, “You can’t tell just by touching. You have to smell with your nose.”

Since Sherry was worried about Flint, the strangeness of John’s words did not even occur to her and immediately placed her

nose to Flint’s buttocks.

The stinky smell of poop filled her nose in an instant and she almost died from the stench.

Sherry quickly took a big step back.

“Ha!” The man’s pleased laughter rang.

Sherry finally realized it.

It was not that Flint’s buttocks were feeling uncomfortable. He had pooped!

That man had most likely already smelt it before her and had deliberately made her smell Flint’s buttocks!

What a b*stard!

Sherry looked toward John coldly. “Stupid John, believe it or not, I’ll slap Flint’s poop all over your face.”

John smirked. The laughter in his eyes could not be hidden behind his glasses as he gave an affectionate smile. “Sure, I believe you. You can try it now.”

Sherry immediately became cowardly.

That man was at his most dangerous whenever he looked like that. She could not mess with him.

She pressed her lips together and continued to look at Flint.

Flint’s eyes were teary and he was still crying.

John hid his smile and glanced at Sherry. "Bring Flint's bag over."

As he was speaking, he sat on the ground with Flint in his arms.

His fair, slender, and large hands started to take Flint's pants off.

Sherry was relieved.

When she had come down from the buggy to go after them, she had brought along Flint's bag, which contained his bottle and diapers.

The bag was nearby.

By the time Sherry brought the bag over, John had already taken off Flint's pants. He had also removed the diaper that was dirty with poop and placed it to the side.

Flint was not crying anymore. Instead, his chubby body was sprawled casually on John's lap.

The only thing was that his buttocks still had poop stuck to them.

Sherry was overwhelmed by the bad smell as she approached them. She pinched her nose as she took wet baby wipes and a diaper out of the bag.

John took the wet wipes and wiped Flint's buttocks clean without changing the expression on his face at all.

Upon finishing the job, he threw the wet wipes and the used diaper together and glanced at Sherry. "Throw these into the trash can."

Sherry's lips puckered up in distaste but she took the items and threw them into a nearby trash can.

When she returned, Flint was already dressed and was lying in

John's arms. His chubby face was pressed against John's neck.

Suddenly, he called out, "Daddy..."

John's straight back stiffened.

Sherry was stunned too. She was about to correct the baby when she heard him saying, "Milky."

John raised his head and looked toward her. "Bring his bottle to me."

Sherry snapped back to her senses.

It turned out that the baby was hungry and wanted to drink milk.

Sherry took out the bottle from the bag.

The milk bottle was insulated and was filled with prepared formula.

Chapter 1019 John handed the nipple of the milk bottle to Flint.

Flint immediately sucked on the nipple of the bottle. He held the bottle with his little hands and began to drink in earnest.

As if the action of drinking his milk was not adorable enough, he also stared at John and Sherry with his big, round eyes. He was so cute and obedient that he could almost melt people's hearts.

Sherry cupped his face with both hands. "Uhhh.... My little baby boy is so cute."

John, who was carrying Flint, pressed his lips together. His eyes that were behind his glasses were filled with affection and gentleness.

That child was indeed cute.

The holiday resort was huge. It took Sylvia a whole evening to visit a few attractions.

The sky turned dark before she had even reached the adults' entertainment section.

She did not know where John and Sherry had taken Flint and neither did she know what Isabel and Liam's situation was.

Sylvia was not in the mood to walk around anymore so Odell did not force her to continue walking and led her to a rest point at the center of the resort.

He called both John and Liam, and asked to head over to them.

It was a beautiful night.

Sitting on the long benches just outside the rest point, they could see a sky full of stars just by raising their heads.

Sylvia and Odell had only sat there for a moment before they spotted John and Sherry walking over.

Flint was still in John's arms and was sleeping soundly against the man's chest.

As Sherry walked beside John, she would turn her gaze to Flint from time to time. She had not carried Flint a lot the entire evening and she looked quite unhappy.

Sylvia and Odell stood up.

Odell walked up to John and took Flint into his arms. "Thank you, Master Stockton."

John smiled. "You're welcome."

"Where are Liam and Isabel? Haven't they returned?" Sherry walked over to Sylvia's side and hooked her arm through Sylvia's as she spoke.

Sylvia replied, "We gave them a call. They should be here soon."

Just after she finished speaking, a shuttle bus stopped in front of them.

There were street lights all around so it was quite bright.

Except for the driver, there were only four people on the shuttle

bus. Ben and Jacob were seated in the front row and back row respectively. Liam was sitting in the second row while an unidentifiable person, covered in mud from head to toe except for the eyes, sat in the third row.

Sylvia was stunned.

Odell frowned.

John and Sherry were taken aback.

The bus stopped.

Liam got off the bus, without an expression on his face.

The muddy little girl, Isabel, got out next and walked half a meter behind her brother.

They stopped when they arrived in front of Sylvia and Odell.

Sylvia asked, "Isabel, what happened to you?"

Isabel's head was lowered. She picked on her hands and murmured almost inaudibly, "Brother..."

Liam glanced at her coldly. "Tell Mommy and Daddy yourself."

He clearly did not intend on helping her explain.

Isabel let out a "hmp" and muttered, "I accidentally fell into a ditch."

Sylvia glanced at her from top to bottom.

There was not a clean spot except for her eyes. Could she have ended up like that just from falling into a ditch?

At that moment, Odell looked toward Liam. "You tell us, Liam."

Liam looked at Isabel. There was a resigned expression on his cool face. "Isabel got into a fight with a few boys. They fought and ended up in a mud ditch."

Isabel had fought with several boys?

Sylvia quickly asked Isabel, "Are you hurt, Isabel ? Did they hurt you?"

Isabel, who had her head lowered a moment ago, immediately raised her

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"Pfft..." Sherry could not hold back her laughter.

John, who was standing beside her, could not resist laughing too.

Only Odell's face was dark.

Very quickly, Isabel sensed the aura emanating from her father. She lowered her head and muttered, "They were the ones who bullied someone else first. They pushed the person's head into the muddy water. Not only did they bully him, they told him to kneel, beg and call them 'Daddy' They were so bad that I just wanted to teach them a lesson."

Sylvia asked, "So you taught all of them a lesson by yourself?"

Isabel raised her head. "That's right!"

With an expressionless face, Liam said, "If Uncle Ben and Uncle Jacob weren't there, you would've been held down and forced to call them 'Daddy' too."

Isabel placed her hands on her hip and shouted, "That's not true! I had already bitten that fatty until he was in tears when Uncle Ben and Uncle Jacob came to help me."

"You were only able to bite him because the fatty slipped and fell at your feet before he could even make a move."

"Baddie brother! That's not true!" Isabel was so angry that she went up to Liam and glared at him.

Liam's brows knitted into a tight frown. "Stay away from me."

Isabel puffed out her cheeks.

Sylvia and Odell were speechless.

John and Sherry laughed. "Haha..."

"Boo hoo... Mommy, Brother is bullying me." Isabel was exasperated. She then turned and flung herself into Sylvia's embrace.

The smelly mud that was on her instantly got on to Sylvia's body.

Sylvia frowned.

However, that girl was her biological daughter.

Sylvia sighed resignedly and hugged the girl. She said to Odell and the rest, "You guys head over to the dinner spot first. I'll take Isabel to wash up."

Odell nodded.

Sylvia turned and got on the shuttle bus.

When she was seated, Sherry came up to her and said with a smile, "Syl, I'll go with you."

Sylvia glanced at John, who was standing with Odell.

They had their backs to the sunlight, so she could not see their expressions. However, she could feel that John and Odell were looking in their direction. Not long after, the shuttle bus drove toward the lodgings behind the resort

With Isabel in her arms, Sylvia asked Sherry, "Sherry, were things okay between you and John this evening?"

Sherry's expression changed. She replied, "It was fine. It's just that he kept hogging Flint and didn't let me carry him for even a short while."

Sylvia smiled but did not ask any further questions.

Soon, the shuttle bus brought them to the lodging area.

John must have informed the employees beforehand because a few employees came over the moment Sylvia and Sherry entered with Isabel.

The head of the employees guided them to the washroom. Another two employees came behind them, bearing clean clothes. There was a set of children's clothes and two sets of adult women's clothes.

The children's clothes were obviously for Isabel, while the other two sets were for Sylvia and Sherry.

Sylvia looked at Sherry's body.

Sherry was still wearing the thin, red dress which was clearly much cleaner than Sylvia and Isabel's clothes.

Had John specially prepared the clothes for Sherry because he did not want her to feel cold?

Sherry probably figured that out as well. When she reached the room to wash up, she only took one piece of outerwear and put it on. She refused to change into the full outfit.