

Master Odells 1021

Chapter 1021

Sylvia did not know what happened between Sherry and John, and she had already said everything she could. It was inconvenient to say anything more in front of Isabel, so she took Isabel to the bathroom.

On the lawn of the higher ground of one side of the resort.

The lights were bright and alcohol, beverages, and snacks had been arranged everywhere. A few waiters stood around, waiting to be summoned.

There was a barbecue grill on one side, which was manned by a professional barbecue chef.

That place was the highest point of the whole resort. Just by looking up, one could even see a sky full of stars. If one lowered their head, they could see the night view of the whole resort from above. The field of vision was wide and beautiful.

A rectangular dining table had been placed in the middle of the field.

Odell was sitting on one side of the table with Flint sleeping soundly in his arms.

John sat opposite him. Behind his glasses, he glanced toward Flint's sleeping face from time to time. "Young Master Carter, does Flint usually sleep at this hour?"

Odell thought about it for a moment. "Yes, it's around this time."

"When will he wake up?"

"I think he'll be waking up soon." After a moment of hesitation, Odell asked, "Why are you asking about this, Master Stockton?"

John smiled gently. "Nothing. I'm just curious."

"Every child's rest time isn't fixed. Liam slept a lot more than Flint when he was young." Speaking of that, Odell looked toward John. He smirked and said, "If you're curious about children, have one and you'll know what it's like."

John's expression changed. After staying silent for two seconds, he smiled and said, "I just like Flint a lot. I'm not really interested in children for now."

Odell pressed his lips together. He lowered his head to look at his son sleeping sweetly in his arms and did not say anything else.

The atmosphere went quiet.

John quickly noticed Liam, who was sitting alone on the stairs at the edge of the field alone and reading a book.

The place Liam was sitting was located on higher ground. Although he was not in front of an open space, from John's angle it looked like Liam was sitting on a cliff. His little body looked as if it was surrounded by all the stars in the sky. He was young, yet he had the aloofness and mysterious aura that was unusual for a person his age.

John went silent for a moment. He could not help but ask, "Young Master Carter, does Liam usually prefer being alone?"

Odell looked toward Liam's direction. He replied, "Not necessarily. It depends on who he's with."

"Oh. Who is he with when he doesn't prefer to be alone?"

"His mom and sister." Upon mentioning Sylvia, the expression on Odell's face softened.

John said while smiling, "You must be very happy to have these children."

"Not necessarily."

John asked curiously, "Why not?"

Odell gave him an answer. "I was not very happy that Sylvia has been here at your place for a week."

John was taken aback. He laughed and said, "It seems like your feelings for Young Madam Carter run deep."

Odell remained silent for a while. Then, he said in a low voice, "I used to have a huge misunderstanding about her. Liam had just been born at that time. Although I hated Sylvia, I loved Liam. I also recently realized that I probably had feelings for her even back when I had misunderstood her. If I had truly hated her, I wouldn't have loved the child that she had birthed for me."

John had not expected that Odell, a man of few words, would tell him all those things. After feeling momentarily stunned, he said, "It's not too late to figure things out now. You still have a lot of good times ahead with her."

"Despite saying it that way, if I could turn back in time, I would never have hurt her even if she had really done those bad things

from the start." After pausing for a moment, Odell lifted his gaze and looked toward John. he said in a deep voice, "Don't ever hurt the person you love. If not, you'll regret it your entire life."

John was stunned. It was only after a few seconds before his expression returned to normal.

He chuckled. "You have a point there, Young Master Carter."

It was a given that they should not hurt the people they loved.

However, what if it were the person they despised?

Chapter 1022

Sylvia had to bathe Isabel many times.

Not only did the girl have mud in her hair, but it had gotten in her ears too.

Sylvia only managed to get her clean after bathing her for over an hour.

Finally clean, the little girl was now fair with a hint of rosiness.

The clothing that John had prepared for her was a puffy pink dress. Isabel transformed into a chubby little princess after putting it on.

However, she sighed when looking at her reflection in the mirror. "Ah, how childish."

Sylvia felt a lump in her throat. She said, "Mommy thinks it looks nice. Besides, this was specially prepared by Uncle John for you. You can't dislike it. It's impolite. Do you understand?"

The little girl was cute and should be doted on. However, she could not be allowed to become overly spoiled.

Nevertheless, it was Sylvia's first time lecturing Isabel ever since she had lost her memory.

Sylvia felt nervous after speaking.

Surprisingly, Isabel pressed her lips together. Not only was she not behaving defiantly, but she also became bashful.

"I know. It's just that I think that this is clothing that only preschoolers wear. I don't dislike it. Don't be angry, Mommy." After speaking, she turned to hug Sylvia.

Sylvia felt a warmth all over her body. She patted Isabel's head and said softly, "It's good that you know that. I'm not angry."

Isabel immediately raised her chubby face and chuckled.

Sylvia smiled too. Then, she took Isabel out to meet Sherry.

They took the shuttle bus and not long after, they arrived at the dinner spot.

The night was silent, and the lights were bright.

The starry sky above their heads and the night view around them were amazing.

Sylvia was mesmerized by the beautiful scenery once she arrived. She even had the urge to draw.

However, this was not the time to draw so she quickly suppressed that urge.

They walked along the stairs and reached the field that was at the top.

Liam was sitting on the topmost step of the flight of stairs. When he saw them coming, he raised his face and looked toward them with his big, round eyes.

"Hmph! Baddie brother!" Isabel was still holding a grudge over what had happened before so she put her hands on her hips and

shouted at Liam. Then, she ran toward Odell and John.

Liam's face remained emotionless, obviously not taking Isabel's words to heart.

When Sylvia reached his side, he stood up.

She held Liam's hand and walked over to the barbecue grill with Sherry.

Isabel was already seated on the chair beside Odell.

She must have been hungry as she was already eating a piece of cake.

Odell and John looked up when they saw the women walking over.

Odell looked at Sylvia and smiled at her.

Sylvia pressed her lips together. She then led Liam to sit down on the other side of Odell.

There were only four seats on their side of the table, so it was instantly filled.

Sherry had no choice but to sit beside John.

At that moment, a waiter came to them and asked John respectfully, "Master Stockton, has everyone arrived for your table?"

John smiled. "Yes, you may start now."

"Alright."

The waiter informed the chef in charge of the barbeque. Next, he

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placed drinks and snacks on the table with the other waiters.

Soon, all sorts of barbequed meat were also placed on the dining table.

Isabel enjoyed the food the most.

Sylvia's appetite was also extremely good, probably due to the beautiful scenery around her. She did not stop eating from the moment the barbequed meat was served.

Sherry, who was sitting opposite her, had an even better appetite and she ate even more than Sylvia.

Halfway through the meal, John suddenly said, "Eat slower. Be careful that you don't choke."

Sylvia was stunned.

John was smiling as he talked to Sherry with a very gentle expression on his face.

Chapter 1023

John was looking as if he actually cared about Sherry.

However, Sherry's face paled for a moment and she slowed down her actions a lot.

Sylvia pressed her lips together. Just as she was about to say something, a piece of lamb chop appeared before her eyes.

Odell had taken it for her. "Eat quickly while the lamb chop is still hot."

His voice was gentle as he spoke.

The lamb chop was crispy on the outside and tender on the inside. A tempting aroma wafted from it.

Sylvia pursed her lips. Then, she picked up the lamb chop and began to eat.

After taking a few bites, she noticed Sherry staring eagerly at the lamb chop in Sylvia's hands.

However... There was clearly another plate of lamb chops on the table.

Sylvia immediately took a piece of lamb chop for Sherry and put it on her plate. Pretending as if she did not know anything, Sylvia said, "Sherry, what are you looking at? Eat up while it's hot."

Sherry glanced at John.

John smiled and said, "Why are you looking at me? Young Madam Carter herself has served you. Hurry up and eat it."

Without saying a word, Sherry took the lamb chop and began to eat.

The atmosphere was somewhat peaceful.

The peace lasted until Flint suddenly woke up. He began to call out towards the table that was full of delicious food as he waved his hands about, seemingly anxious to climb on top of the table.

Odell grabbed Flint tightly and prevented him from climbing onto the table.

Odell had been carrying Flint for a long time so Sylvia removed her gloves and said, "Let me take Flint to be fed."

Odell replied, "I'll take him. You can continue eating for a little while more."

After speaking, he carried Flint and walked toward another area.

Sylvia's gaze moved but she had no choice except to continue eating.

Odell only returned with Flint after some time.

The baby still had milk stains at the corners of his mouth and he had clearly drunk his fill.

Sylvia was done eating. "Pass Flint to me."

Odell glanced at her and said softly, "It's fine. I'll carry Flint."

He carried Flint with one arm as he took food with the other.

Flint was obedient after his hunger had been satiated. Although

he continued to stare at the delicious food on the table, he did not grab any of it.

Sylvia pursed her lips but did not say a word.

With the presence of the two precious kids, Isabel and Liam, the dinner's atmosphere was quite lively.

The dinner did not end until late at night.

Their accommodation was situated at the lodging area where Sylvia had taken Isabel to bathe.

The person in charge of that area personally welcomed them again and only left after escorting them to their accommodation.

Sylvia held Isabel and Liam's hands as she walked behind Odell, who was carrying Flint.

John and Sherry walked beside them.

The employee had prepared two suites for them. The suites were in different directions.

When they arrived at the lobby, they stopped.

John smiled faintly and said, "Young Master Carter, Young Madam Carter, your room is just to the side. Sherry and I won't be escorting you two there."

Odell said, "Okay."

After speaking, Sylvia and Odell were about to take the children and leave. However, Sherry suddenly spoke, "Young Master Carter, Syl, could you guys lend Flint to me for a night?"

She was staring intently at little Flint.

Flint had not gone to sleep yet. His eyes were moving as he looked around out of curiosity.

Sylvia was stunned for a moment before she was about to reject Sherry's request.

The baby was just eight months old. It was fine to let them carry the baby for a while during the day, but how could she feel assured to let them take care of the baby at night?

However, before she could speak, the man beside her said, "Okay."

Sylvia looked toward Odell in shock.

He passed Flint to Sherry and said, "Flint is pretty obedient at night, but he'll occasionally wake up in the middle of the night for cuddles. It'll be fine as long as you don't disturb him."

Sherry quickly took Flint into her arms. She carried him lovingly and said, "Don't worry. I definitely won't disturb him."

Chapter 1024

John, who was standing beside Sherry, glanced at her and Flint. Then, he smiled at Odell and Sylvia. He said, "Master Carter, Mrs. Carter, rest assured and take Liam and Isabel to rest. We'll take care of Flint properly."

Odell nodded. He circled an arm around Sylvia's waist and turned around

He led her to their suite without giving her a chance to break free.

There were two bedrooms in the suite.

When Liam and Isabel entered, by tacit understanding, they went into the smaller bedroom.

The atmosphere immediately fell silent.

Sylvia looked toward Odell with a frown. "Why did you give Flint to them? Are they really capable of taking care of him well?"

Odell lifted his hand to touch her face. He said in a low voice, " They babysat Flint for the entire evening. They changed his diaper and fed him formula . They're already experienced and can take care of him well."

Sylvia was surprised. "They changed Flint's diaper and even fed him formula?"

"Mm."

"How did you know?"

"I checked Flint before dinner when you took Isabel for her bath. His diaper was clean, and the formula in his bottle was gone."

Sylvia took a deep breath and pressed her lips together.

She had not expected Odell himself to check up on Flint.

It was true that he had only brought the three children, Ben, and Jacob. He had not brought Aunt Tonya and Aunt Wanda along.

Back home, things like feeding Flint formula and changing his diaper were usually done by Aunt Tonya and Aunt Wanda. Sylvia had even forgotten that Flint had to change his diaper and drink his milk frequently

On the other hand, Odell, the young master of the Carter family and the boss of Carter Corporation, had done those things personally for his child. People would probably not believe it even if they heard it.

However, he had really done it.

Even during the dinner earlier, he could have asked one of the waiters to carry Flint for a while they were having dinner. However, he had continued to carry Flint throughout. Perhaps, like Sylvia, he did not like the idea of letting strangers take care of his children. Nevertheless, it was obvious that he had wanted to let her have her meal in a relaxed manner.

He was entirely different from the man who used to kick her out of bed and ordered someone to slap her 60 times.

Sylvia could not even recall his cold personality from before.

She felt a stuffiness in her chest and said, "Okay. Let's go and have some rest."

After speaking, she entered the master bedroom.

Odell's expression changed and he followed her into the bedroom.

There was only a huge bed and a bathroom in the bedroom.

Since Odell had taken care of the baby the whole night, Sylvia said generously, "You can wash up first. I'll go later."

Odell smiled and stroked her head. "I'm not tired yet. You go first."

Sylvia turned her head and indifferently showed her side profile. "If you don't go, I'll move to Liam and Isabel's room."

Odell was stunned.

After a short moment, he smirked. "I'll go now."

Then, his towering figure entered the bathroom.

For some reason, Sylvia felt some satisfaction as if she had scored one over a big boss.

She pursed her lips and sat on the edge of the bed. She took a magazine from the bedside table and started reading it.

The bathroom door opened when she finished reading an article.

Sylvia raised her head and looked over.

The man's tall figure walked out.

He wore a black bathrobe with a belt casually tied around his waist.

The neckline fell open on both sides. Under the lighting, there *was* a tempting gleam on his muscular chest and taut abdominal muscles.

Sylvia instinctively gulped.

Then, she quickly lowered her head and looked at the magazine in her hand.

Odell narrowed his eyes and walked up to her. His large hand stroked her head. "What are you thinking about that even your magazine is upside down?"

Was the magazine upside down?

Sylvia immediately closed the magazine to take a look at the cover.

The picture and words on the cover were upright.

Sylvia blushed and glared at Odell.

The corners of his lips curved as he smiled wickedly at her.

Sylvia's face heated up even more.

She tossed the magazine onto the table. Then, she got up and pushed him.

Chapter 1025 When Sylvia stood up, she lost her footing. Since she had used too much force as well, not only did she not push Odell away, but she also ended up throwing herself into his embrace.

Thud.

Her head hit his chest.

Sylvia wanted to step back, but found that her waist had been encircled by Odell.

Holding her with one arm, he lowered his handsome face to meet her eyes. His voice was husky. "Don't be hasty. Go and get a bath first. I'll be here. I won't run away."

After speaking, his warm lips left a kiss on her forehead as if he was reassuring her.

Sylvia was speechless.

She had only lost her footing. There had not been any other meaning to that.

She instantly wanted to push him away.

However, at that moment, Odell released her. He patted her head and said hoarsely, "Go. I'll wait for you."

Sylvia slapped his hands away and ran into the bathroom.

She took a long bath. Only when her emotions had calmed and her expression had returned to normal, did she put on her pajamas and come out.

The man's tall figure was lying on one side of the bed. In his hands was the magazine that she had been reading earlier.

When he saw that she had exited the bathroom, he placed the magazine back onto the table. The corners of his lips lifted into a smirk. His deep-set eyes gazed at her.

Moreover, the neckline of Odell's robe was still falling open toward both sides. The beautiful view of his chest was revealed even more than when he had just stepped out of the bathroom.

Sylvia's face heated up. She quickly averted her gaze. She walked around the bed and got into it from the other side.

She pulled a corner of the quilt and lay down with her back facing him while keeping a distance between them.

Snap.

Odell turned off the warm-toned lights on the wall.

The room was immediately shrouded in darkness.

Next, a rustling sound came from behind Sylvia.

Before she could react, a long arm slid under her waist and wrapped around her.

Her entire back was pressed to the man's wide, firm chest.

His breath tickled her neck.

Sylvia's body heated up. She said irritably, "Go away. Don't touch me."

Odell did not say a word but his long arm remained wrapped

around her without letting go.

Sylvia tried to push him away with her elbow.

Odell increased his strength.

Sylvia could not even move.

Twisting back towards him, she exclaimed softly, "Odell Carter, don't push your luck!"

Odell still did not let go. He said in a low voice, "Be good. Don't move."

Sylvia twisted her body even more.

Then, the tip of his nose suddenly touched the back of her neck. 'I won't be able to hold myself back anymore if you keep moving.'

His breath was hot, and his throat hoarse.

Sylvia's body stiffened and she no longer dared to move.

She still had not regained six years' worth of memories. However, during her first two years of marriage with Odell in the past, even though he rarely returned home, he would press her to the bed if she approached him in her pajamas when he returned home at night.

His reaction at that moment obviously meant that he wanted to have sex.

Sylvia pressed her lips together and did not make a sound. Her body was also like a sculpture, unmoving.

He was not as repulsive to her as when she had just regained her memory, but she was still not comfortable sleeping with him

yet.

The room quickly turned quiet.

It was so quiet that Sylvia could listen to Odell's breathing change from quick to slow and then slow to steady.

The strength with which he was hugging her loosened greatly as well.

Not long after, he whispered, "Go to sleep."

Sylvia closed her eyes.

Perhaps it was because his embrace was so comfortable, her consciousness began to get blurry.

She rolled over and slept with her face pressed against him.

In the dim lighting, Odell's gaze lowered. Seeing her small face pressed to his chest, he smiled quietly.

Chapter 1026 Meanwhile, in another suite at the lodgings.

Although they had come back to the room quite some time ago, Sherry remained on the couch as she played with Flint.

The little boy was like a fluffy marshmallow and was nice to cuddle with. He was still quite energetic as his eyes looked around, full of curiosity.

Sherry took out a pack of gummies to tease him with.

The boy's eyes lit up the moment when he saw the food in Sherry's hand and he began to clamber on top of her without any caution.

Sherry lifted the pack of gummies in the air.

Flint was unable to reach it and after his attempts had failed, he burrowed his head into the crook of her neck and began to whine, "Aunty... gummy..."

Sherry gave in the moment she heard his soft and innocent voice.

"Here you go, Aunty is going to give you some gummies." She no longer had the heart to keep teasing Flint and immediately presented a piece to him.

Flint immediately began munching away.

As Sherry quietly admired how adorable he was, she muttered

playfully, "How is it that you're so cute? Aunty wants to steal you away someday."

That was when the door suddenly opened.

Sherry's expression shifted, and she promptly picked Flint up.

It was John who had just stepped into the room.

He had just finished showering and was in a silk nightgown paired with leather slippers that had been provided by the lodgings.

The light accentuated his slender figure. Without his glasses, his appearance seemed more gentle than usual, it made him look that much more approachable and alluring in a certain way.

He approached Sherry and looked at Flint who was still happily munching on some gummies. Then he said to her, "Go take a shower, I'll take care of Flint."

"There's no need, I showered before eating." Sherry looked at him cautiously and said to him, "I'll sleep with Flint on the couch. You just go ahead and sleep. Don't mind us."

There was only one bedroom.

The corners of John's mouth lifted, "I won't mind you, of course. However, Flint here is Odell's darling son. He's only eight months old. Are you sure you want him to sleep on the couch with you?"

Sherry frowned.

John had raised a good point. It would not be a good idea to let Flint sleep on the couch. However, she could not resist Flint's

sheer cuteness and was reluctant to part with him.

She thought for a moment and suggested, "Well, do you mind sleeping on the couch then? I'll take Flint to the bedroom with me."

"Heh." John chuckled, "Have I been so liberal with you today that you think that you're the boss here now?"

There was a flash in Sherry's eyes as she held on tightly to Flint with both arms, "If you don't want to, I'll just take Flint to sleep on the couch with me."

John continued wearing the same slightly amused smile, "Seeing that I'm in a good mood today, I'll give you two choices."

Sherry looked at him, "What are they?"

"One, give Flint to me, then you can go ahead and sleep on the couch yourself. Or two, come sleep in the bedroom with me and Flint." After a pause, he said, "You have three seconds to think about it."

Something changed in Sherry's eyes and she immediately rose with Flint in her arms to walk into the bedroom.

It was not like she had never slept with John before.

John chuckled softly and followed after her.

The bedroom was rather large and brightly lit, with a large, round bed positioned in the center.

Upon entering, the first thing Sherry did was crawl into bed with Flint.

"Wait a moment."

Sherry looked at him, slightly upset, "What is it this time?"

John leaned against the wall with his arms across his chest and quietly looked at her with mild disgust, "If you're going to sleep in the bedroom with me, take a shower first. If not, then you're going to have to sleep on the floor."

Sherry frowned and protested, "I showered before eating."

John refused to yield, "If you don't shower, then you should sleep on the floor."

Sherry stood her ground as well, "And what if I don't?"

With that, she prepared to climb onto bed.

John said with a stiff smile, "Then I'll have to kick you out of bed."

Sherry was just about to sit on the bed when she suddenly froze.

It was not an idle threat, John had done that more times than she could count.

She heaved a long sigh and reluctantly looked at Flint, who was still happily nibbling at what was left of the pack of gummies. After setting him on the bed, she spoke to him softly, "Flint, wait here for me, okay? I'll be right with you."

Meanwhile, Flint was busy nibbling at his gummies and barely acknowledged Sherry.

Chapter 1027

Sherry glanced at John and whispered into Flint's ears, "You see that uncle over there? He's very stinky, so don't climb on top of him, got it?"

Flint babbled in reply.

He was focused on his gummies.

The corners of Sherry's lips twitched and she turned to John to say, "I was the one who asked Sylvia and Master Carter to let me take care of Flint, so he's mine. Don't even think about hogging him all to yourself."

John grimaced.

Sherry immediately went into the bathroom.

As soon as she stepped into the bathroom, John nonchalantly approached the bed and carried Flint up into the air, and took him into his arms.

Sherry had never showered so fast in her entire life, she emerged from the bathroom in a nightgown within less than five minutes.

Beneath the warm glow of the ceiling lights, she saw John lying on his side in the center of the bed, one of his arms was wrapped around Flint who had burrowed himself into his chest.

Flint seemed very comfortable lying in that position and was not causing a ruckus, almost as if John was his father.

The two figures were resting in bed and made for a very wholesome picture.

Sherry was consumed with fury upon seeing this, Flint was supposed to be hers tonight!

She immediately jumped into bed and tried to get Flint back.

John had already seen this coming and quickly held on to Flint.

Sherry glared at him, "Give Flint to me."

John glanced at her, "Get out of here if you're not going to sleep."

Sherry silently muttered a flurry of curses in her mind.

She grabbed at Flint's tiny feet and tried to pull him away.

However, she did not realize how strongly John was holding on to Flint, so the only thing her feeble attempt accomplished was to make Flint whimper with fright.

This gave her quite the scare and she quickly let go, fearful of doing any harm to the boy.

John displayed a coy smile as if he had already been declared the winner.

Although he had not uttered a word, it was clear that he was thinking something along the lines of, "Go ahead, try to take him away now."

Sherry gnashed her teeth, "It was me who asked Sylvia and Master Carter to let Flint come with me!"

John parried, "Your point being?"

Sherry exclaimed, "...Give him to me!"

John laughed sardonically.

Sherry wanted to slap him across the face right then and there!

She took a deep breath and faced John as she lay down behind Flint. She gently stroked his back, "Hey, Flint, it's your favorite aunt, don't you want to come over to me?"

All she got was silence.

Flint had already fallen asleep.

John gazed silently at her, Flint was positioned in the middle of the two of them.

He cocked an eyebrow at her, seeming to be very amused by the current situation.

Sherry scoffed in contempt and turned around so he could only see her back.

Silence rang in her ears.

At one point, the lights in the bedroom were turned off.

Sherry listened attentively to any signs of movement. Eventually, she heard the soft, steady rhythms of John's breathing that indicated that he had fallen asleep.

She slowly turned around and carefully hooked an arm around Flint before proceeding to carefully pry him out of John's arms. At last, Flint was back in her arms.

The boy was sleeping soundly, feeling as soft as a ball of cotton in her arms and covered in his milky fragrance.

She could not resist the urge to gently kiss his cheeks. After kissing him several times, she hugged him tightly and shut her eyes.

That was when John, who was lying next to her, opened his eyes.

His eyes quickly adapted to the darkness until he could see the outlines of her face.

He quietly gazed at the manner in which she held Flint in her arms as if he was a prized treasure. She wore a satisfied smile, even her eyebrows were slanted upwards with delight.

Hmph.

He had never thought that a woman like her would be so fond of children.

Chapter 1028 It was a dreamless night for Sylvia.

It was ten in the morning by the time she woke up the next day.

John and Sherry had taken all three kids out to play.

Only Odell was waiting for her by the bedside.

She quickly took a shower, dressed casually before stepping out.

Odell was standing by the doorway leading to the bedroom, his towering figure gracefully leaning against the wall.

He smiled when he saw her.

Sylvia made a look as she looked at him. Then, she quickly turned her face away and tried to walk past him. However, the moment she approached him, he reached an arm out and grabbed her.

His palms were warm and his grip was firm.

Sylvia struggled a while before finally giving up.

Shortly after they left their suite, they ran into John and Sherry.

Flint was resting snugly in Sherry's arms. However, the moment he saw Sylvia and Odell walking toward them, he waved his arms around frantically in their direction.

Sylvia hurriedly stepped forward and took the boy into her arms.

"Sylvia, what took you two so long? What were you two doing?" Sherry asked coyly as she came to her side.

Sylvia immediately caught on to what Sherry was implying and answered, "I overslept because I didn't set an alarm."

Sherry snickered teasingly, "There's no need to explain, I fully understand."

Flint was giggling.

Sylvia stayed quiet

Then, John approached them with a wide smile on his face, "Master Carter, Mrs. Carter, Isabel and Liam are in the children's area. Let's go find something to entertain ourselves with."

Odell glanced at Sylvia and said, "Sure."

One-third of the estate provided various entertainment for adults.

There was both an indoor and outdoor section.

Since they had Flint with them, they figured outdoor activities would be rather inconvenient. With this in mind, John took them inside a castle.

It was a very large castle, the lobby was on the first floor and all the other floors offered various forms of entertainment.

Upon arriving on the second floor, Sylvia was immediately fascinated by the giant arcade hall filled with various high-tech entertainment installations.

Flint jabbed his fingers repeatedly in the direction of a pink colored claw machine and babbled on and on, "Mommy, Mommy

He wanted to play.

Before Sylvia could get a word out, Sherry immediately turned to John and suggested, "Why don't you take Master Carter with you and find something to do, I'll just stay here with Sylvia and Flint."

John glanced at her, then turned to Odell, "Master Carter, let's go upstairs for a walk."

Odell looked around.

Despite being an arcade, there were not the usual flashing lights that one would expect. Furthermore, there were not many people here and there were no loud noises blaring everywhere. It seemed like a decent place for Flint to spend time in, only...

He looked at Sylvia again.

Sylvia noticed his look and turned to him, "Go ahead, I'll entertain Flint here." Besides, she was quite eager to play in the arcade as well.

Odell pursed his lips, "Okay."

Sylvia immediately took Flint to the section with the claw machines.

There was a vast array of claw machines, each of them featuring hand-knit dolls or plushies of various sizes, colors, and designs. Sylvia had never seen such exquisitely made plushies.

Furthermore, there was no need for coins, every machine could be played an unlimited amount of times. The grappling hooks had not been rigged, so it was programmed in a way that it would be very plausible to grab a prize as long as they were angled correctly.

However, Sylvia had very little experience and she failed to grab onto anything in her first couple of tries. Flint began to get anxious and started thumping on the machine.

Sylvia hurriedly grabbed his little hand to stop him from hitting the machine. Then, she carefully aligned the angle and after making sure that the trajectory was right, she raised Flint's palms and tapped it against the button.

The claw went down swiftly and came back up with a plushie of a dog.

Sylvia's eyes glowed up, "We got it!"

Flint was giggling happily.

He took the plushie and kissed it.

Sylvia smiled and moved on to yet another claw machine. Once she got the hang of it, she went on a winning streak.

Chapter 1029

Before long, Sylvia managed to get so many plushies that Flint could not hold onto all of them. They had to ask one of the staff members to bring them a bag to carry them all.

Eventually, Flint lost interest.

He wrapped his arms around Sylvia's neck and mumbled, "Mommy, Daddy, Daddy..."

It seemed like he wanted to see his father.

Sylvia looked at the time, it had only been an hour since they had split up.

She spoke to Flint tenderly, "Flint, let's play for a little longer, then we'll go get Daddy, shall we?".

Flint burrowed his head into the crook of her neck, "Daddy, Daddy..."

He was adamant about going to see his father right now.

Sylvia sighed softly, "Alright."

She left the section.

As soon as she stepped out of the claw machine section, she heard Sherry screaming out brazenly, "Die, you b*stards!"

She was carrying a large gun in her hands and was unloading a barrage of bullets at a large group of zombies on the display.

It looked like she was using the game to vent her frustrations .

Flint was horrified by the zombies on the display.

Sylvia gently caressed Flint as she soothed him, "Don't be scared, Aunt Sherry is just playing a game."

Sherry happened to have just finished the round when Sylvia appeared. She noticed them and quickly approached them, Sylvia, are you two done already?"

Sylvia replied, "He says he wants to see his daddy, so I'm going to look for Odell."

"Okay, I think I know where they are, I'll go with you."

With that, she walked outside.

Sylvia followed after her with Flint in her arms and asked suspiciously, "How do you know where they are?"

Sherry paused for a moment before stating, "I've been here before."

She said it in a strangely hushed voice.

Sylvia sensed something was off and asked, "Has John brought you here before?"

"Yeah."

Recognizing that Sherry seemed rather hesitant to discuss this, Sylvia decided to leave it at that and she made no further mention of it.

After that, they entered the elevator and went to the sixth floor.

Immediately upon entering, Sylvia noted how different this floor looked compared to the previous floor. The walls were covered in what seemed like golden strips that reflected light. It was not to the point of being obnoxiously dazzling but she could tell that the material was not cheap.

When they stopped in front of a red door, Sherry knocked on it.

A male server opened the door from inside and let them in.

Sherry glanced inside, "It seems pretty normal today."

Sylvia peeked inside.

It was a large room with bright lights overhead. A long table dominated the center of the room where Odell and John were both seated on opposing ends of the table.

There were chips, dice, and cards on the table.

It looked like they had just finished a round. A dealer was clearing the table and preparing for a new round.

Sylvia frowned, what did Sherry mean by that? It seemed like a regular table game to her.

Before she could figure out what she meant, Flint cried out at the top of his voice, "Daddy, Daddy..."

Odell glanced at Flint and a smile quickly surfaced on his otherwise indifferent expression.

For some reason, Sylvia felt her face glowing hot when she saw him. Flint had been anxiously calling for Odell since they entered the room, so she quickly carried him over.

The boy stretched his chubby hands out towards his father as soon as he got near him.

Odell took the boy into his arms.

After that, the server brought two chairs over and placed them next to Odell and John respectively, for both Sylvia and Sherry to sit.

Sylvia sat down.

Sherry dragged the chair a short distance away before sitting down.

John glanced at her, then turned to Odell with a smile, "Master Carter, since Mrs. Carter is here as well, why don't we switch to something more simple?" Odell looked at him, "What are you thinking of?"

Chapter 1030

“Just a simple numbers game. One of us rolls the dice and the other person will have to guess what number it is. Let’s say you roll the dice and I guessed correctly, then I’ll be the winner. If my guess is off, then that makes you the winner and vice versa.” After explaining the rules, he asked, “Does this work for you?”

“Okay.” Odell said with a sharp look, “What are we betting?”

John smiled at Sylvia, then at Sherry who was seated a short distance from him.

Sherry turned her head away immediately.

Sylvia had a bad feeling.

Why was he looking at them like that?

Then, John turned back to Odell, “How about the loser has to kiss the person next to him?”

Odell seemed intrigued.

After a moment, he agreed to the rules, “Sure.”

Sylvia frowned.

Sure? Had he even asked whether she or Sherry were willing to participate in this strange game?

Perhaps Odell sensed what was on Sylvia’s mind, so he suddenly handed Flint to her and caressed her head. Then he softly assured her, “Don’t worry, I’m usually pretty good at this.”

Sylvia pouted and ignored him.

John observed them and said with a smile, “Master Carter, are you ready?”

Odell announced, “Let’s get started.”

John promptly picked up a cup with a dice inside it and shook it.

He slammed the dice cup on the table and smiled mischievously at Odell, “Master Carter, take a guess.”

Odell seemed to ponder for a moment, “Six.”

John picked the cup off the table to reveal the dice underneath, the face of the six-sided dice had three dots on top of it.

Three.

A long, lingering silence filled the room.

John smiled and announced, “Master Carter, I’m afraid that makes you the loser.”

Odell turned to look at Sylvia.

Sylvia felt her cheeks glowing red hot. She quickly tried to turn away, but then she felt a large palm pressing against the back of her head.

Before she could respond, Odell’s face was inches from hers. He drew his lips to hers and kissed her.

It was a soft, brief kiss. Then he let go.

Sylvia was burning with embarrassment.

As far back as she could remember this was the first time he had ever kissed her in public!

She cast a surreptitious look at him.

Odell had already turned away and was now facing John, "My turn."

John smiled, "Go."

The dealer promptly set the cup along with the dice in front of Odell.

Odell picked up the dice cup with one hand and rolled the dice around inside the cup.

Suddenly, he slammed the cup on the table, producing a sudden 'bang' on the surface.

He looked at John inquisitively, "Go ahead, Master Stockton."

John smiled and glanced at Sherry.

She rolled her eyes at him.

John chuckled and declared, "Five."

Odell picked up the cup.

Five.

John smirked impishly, "Master Carter, I'm sorry."

Odell turned to look at Sylvia.

Sylvia exchanged a look with him.

A slight smile appeared on his face as he whispered to her, "I can't be a sore loser."

It almost seemed like he was asking for her permission.

Something glittered in her eyes but she stayed still.

Odell drew up close to her and kissed her on the lips.

Just like the last time, it was a brief kiss.

After the kiss, he turned back to John.

Sylvia pursed her lips and continued to hold on tightly to Flint while she watched the two men continue their game.

The dice set returned to John's hands again.

John repeated the same routine, ending with the slamming of the cup on the table again while inviting Odell to make a guess," Please, Master Carter."

Odell guessed, "Two."

John lifted the cup.

It was a five.

Sylvia did not utter a word.

Odell smirked at her, then he drew her to him and pecked her lips with a gentle kiss.

Suddenly, he proposed a new arrangement, "There's no need to give the dice to me. You just keep on rolling and I'll keep guessing."