

## **Master odells 1031**

Chapter 1031

John chuckled. "Master Carter, are you sure about that?"

Odell replied, "Of course."

"Okay."

John put the dice inside the cup again and scrambled it inside the cup. "Take a guess."

Odell took a guess. "Three."

John lifted the cup.

It was four.

Sylvia was speechless.

Odell grinned and turned to her again.

It had happened so many times that she was numb to it at this point. Without a word, she turned to him and offered her lips to him.

Odell smiled and kissed her on the lips, then turned to John again. "Hit me."

John smiled calmly and repeated the same motion, ending with pressing the cup against the table. "Go ahead."

Odell, "Six."

John lifted the cup.

Three.

Sylvia was at a loss for words.

Had he not told her something about being good at this?

What was this?

How many times had he got it wrong by now? You would think that at one point he would at least chance into a correct guess, right?

Odell quickly turned to her again with a faint smile hanging on his lips. He had a look within his eyes that seemed like he was sorry for putting her through this.

As if to say that this was not what he wanted.

Sylvia stared at him blankly.

Odell leaned into her and kissed her on the lips, then he brushed the top of her head and vowed, "I'll get the next one."

Sylvia chuckled dryly.

Bang. Again, John had set the cup with the dice on the table. He smiled and invited Odell to guess yet again. "Master Carter, your time to shine."

"Two," Sylvia suddenly said.

She was done kissing him in public.

John wore the same caricature of a smile that concealed all traces of emotion. Meanwhile, Sherry was doing her best to hold in her laughter.

It seemed like Sylvia had enough of Odell's losing streak.

She was going to take matters into her own hands.

John turned to Odell. "Master Carter?"

Odell smiled and glanced at Sylvia. "Two as well."

John lifted the cup immediately.

Four. They were wrong yet again.

Sylvia was speechless.

Odell turned to her and smiled reluctantly.

Sylvia went in for the kiss with her eyes closed.

Shortly after, she felt the warmth of his lips.

Only this time, it was different from the previous kisses. It was a deep, passionate, and prolonged kiss. He finally let go when Sylvia began to protest.

She felt her entire body burning up.

She cast a look at John and Sherry.

John was still smiling while Sherry kept her mouth covered with both her hands. Her eyes had transformed into two slits, and

she was on the edge of bursting out in laughter.

Flint looked at his mother with his mouth agape and his eyes turning into two circles as if he was wondering why his father was constantly pecking at his mother's mouth.

Sylvia thought she only had herself to blame for making the wrong guess.

That was when John finally asked, "Master Carter, do you want to continue?"

Odell replied, "Let's take a break."

John smiled. "Sure."

The waiter brought drinks, fruits, and snacks to them.

Flint clapped enthusiastically when he saw the food presented.

Sylvia picked up an orange and peeled the skin off its flesh before putting it into the boy's mouth, slice after slice.

Shortly after that, the manager in charge of the venue joined them inside the room.

Upon entering, he greeted John and Odell with a polite smile and informed, "Master Carter, Master Stockton, pardon my intrusion. We're about to hold an event in celebration of the second anniversary of the opening of our estate and would like to invite you to join us. Would you two be interested?"

John glanced at Odell and asked, "What kind of event?"

The manager informed dutifully, "There's going to be a number guessing game played with dice. The winner is the one who gets the most correct guesses."

"What's the prize?"

"There are three prizes, the third place will win a polished ruby and the second place gets a diamond necklace. As for the first place, a special edition embroidery handmade by Glanchester's very own master embroider, Mr. Goldclark."

As he said this, several staff members appeared from behind with the mentioned prizes in a box.

The ruby and diamond necklace were captivating on their own, but they were nothing compared to the enchanting work of embroidery, detailing the mountainous landscape of Glanchester

## Chapter 1032

It was a fantastic work of embroidery that depicted the hilly landscape of Glanchester. It was a work of art which sheer beauty seemed to exceed even that of reality where it weaved the mountainous landscape into an abstract form of art.

It was comparably more valuable than the other two prizes.

Sylvia was immediately enchanted by the wonderful work of art and could not pluck her eyes off of it.

"Do you like it?"

Odell's voice heavy with bass sounded in her ear.

She promptly answered with a soft nod, "Yeah."

Who would not fall in love with such exquisite craftsmanship?

That was when the manager of the venue asked again, "Master Carter, Master Stockton, would the two of you be interested in joining?"

"I'm fine with anything," John replied before turning to Odell with a quick smile. "Master Carter, are you interested?"

Odell replied, "Sure."

Sylvia looked at him in surprise.

Odell noticed the ways she looked at him and met her gaze. He brought a smile upon his lips and vowed in a low voice, "Wait for the good news."

Sylvia was speechless.

Was he saying that he was going to win the embroidery for her?

What, with his lackluster skill that had not even got the correct guess even once?

She pursed her lips and swallowed whatever offensive words that were about to emerge from her lips.

Since Odell had already given his word to John, she figured she could not spoil his moment in front of John.

John turned to the manager. "Alright, count us in."

The manager announced politely, "Alright, it will begin in just ten minutes. Master Carter, Master Stockton, please head to the

event space if you will. Thank you."

With that, he left with his crew of staff members.

John turned to Odell and smiled. "Come on, let's head over there."

Odell nodded amiably. "Sure."

He rose and took Flint in one hand while taking Sylvia's hand with the other.

John followed after and reached for Sherry's hand.

She hesitated for a moment but ended up offering him her hand anyway.

Shortly after, they arrived at a large room only adjacent to their previous room.

There were already some people here, most of them were participants in the game as well.

It was not a very packed venue, with only close to ten men at most. Most of them were accompanied by at least two beautiful ladies in skimpy clothing.

When Sylvia entered, she immediately saw several of these ladies sitting on the laps of their male companions.

She was abashed by this scene and immediately covered Flint's eyes.

Odell frowned as well.

John immediately turned to the manager.

The manager was very perceptive and immediately turned to the present group and informed, "These gentlemen are Master Carter and Master Stockton."

A wave of silence immediately swarmed over the room, and all of the ladies immediately scuttled back to their seats.

All of the men rose one after another and went to greet the new guests.

“Master Stockton, Master Carter, your reputation precedes you. I’m Michael from Glanchester’s Royal Cavalier’s Hotel.”

“Master Stockton, Master Carter, good to see you two. The name is Benjamin but you can just call me Ben.”

It was a stark transformation from their previous indecent

behavior. They had put on their masks and suddenly turned into formal businessmen again.

John responded with a faint smile. Then he invited Odell to take a seat at the center of the long table.

Odell sat down with Flint in his arms, and Sylvia took a seat next to him.

John sat across from them with his arms around Sherry.

The others followed suit and sat with them at the table afterward.

After a while, the manager showed up again with a dealer following him.

He began to disclose the rules, “Ladies and gentlemen, we’ll begin very shortly. Before that, let me explain the rules. It’s very simple. The dealer will roll the dice and everyone will try to guess what number the dice had landed on. You can guess by raising the signs with numbers in front of you. There will be ten guesses in total and your points are accumulated by making the correct guess. The winner is the one with the most points, followed by the runner-ups.”

With that, he looked around the room and asked, “Does anyone have any questions?”

A young man sitting between two women raised a question, “What if two of us end up with a tie at the end of the round?”

The manager smiled and informed, “In that case, there will be a tiebreaker round where the two will compete against each other again.”

With that, he asked the room again, “Does anyone have any other questions? If there are no more questions, we shall begin.”

He was looking at John and Odell as he said this.

Odell had Flint in his arms and seemed rather disinterested.

John smiled and nodded to give the signal.

The manager announced in a booming voice, “Please get ready, everyone. We shall now commence the game!” With that, he retreated into the background.

## **Chapter 1033**

The dealer approached the table where he picked up the cup containing the dice and proceeded to shake it, all done in a swift, professional presentation.

Bang.

The cup clapped against the table.

The host announced with a vibrant smile, "Everyone, please take your guess."

Everyone exchanged blank looks for a few seconds before picking up the signs laid in front of them on the table.

There was a varying number of guesses.

Sylvia glanced around the room before turning to Odell.

Odell was staring back at her. He suddenly asked her, "What do you think?"

Sylvia answered blankly, "I don't know."

She had very little experience.

Odell said, "Just make a guess."

To this, Sylvia answered, "I don't want to."

She never signed up for this so she did not want to guess.

What if she got blamed for getting it wrong?

Odell peered into her eyes and flashed a faint smile before

holding up a certain sign on the table.

The sign he held up had the number four written on it.

Sylvia frowned.

She swiped a look across the room. She could tell most of the participants were regulars here and they all guessed different numbers. Why was Odell taking such a risk?

That was when she noticed John holding up a sign that read four as well.

She did not know what to make of this.

The dealer finally lifted the cup to reveal the number on the dice. It was four.

The host announced, "Congratulations, Master Carter, Master Stockton, and these three gentlemen over here."

Sylvia blinked sporadically.

Did Odell get it right at last?

She stared at him.

Odell looked back at her, the shallow corners of his lips curled into a dazzling smile.

It was as if to say that this was all within his realm of expectations.

Sylvia pursed her lips and ignored him.

He just got lucky

The second round followed after.

The dealer placed the cup on the table.

Again, everyone lifted the sign according to their choice.

Again, Odell's number was different from most of the others.

John held up the same number as him. It was as if he was just choosing whatever Odell chose.

The dealer lifted the cup and presented the number underneath.

Again, Odell was correct.

Sylvia was baffled and looked at Odell in utter disbelief.

He never even got it right once when he played against John, and now he had it right twice in a row?

Was he intentionally making the wrong guess back then?

Perhaps the stars just happened to align. His luck would run out soon.

Over the next three rounds, the number of the dice was three, four, and six respectively.

The sign Odell held up for each turn was also three, four, and six.

Every round, John would wait for Odell to raise his sign before raising the same number as him.

Odell got it right on every single round.

Everyone looked at him with veneration.

Many of them tried to suck up to him. "Master Carter, you're amazing at this."

"Master Carter is a veteran at this game."

Odell only smirked and darted a glance at Sylvia.

A self-satisfied grin greeted his handsome face.

Sylvia shot a look at him.

It may be nothing but a coincidence in the first few rounds but now that he had five in a row, she had to admit that he had a particular talent at this game!

How did this explain that he never even got it right once when he played against John earlier?

He must have done it on purpose, knowing that the punishment for losing was that he had to kiss her!

Chapter 1034

Odell raised a hand and patted Sylvia's head.

She glared at him.

She would have slapped his hand away right then and there if it did not mean that it would cause him to lose face in front of a group of strangers!

Oblivious to the heightening tension, the dealer rolled the dice inside the cup again.

Just like previously, he set the cup back on the table.

The host urged, "Everyone, please make your guess."

Many of them turned to Odell.

It seemed like they were going to follow whatever his guess was.

Odell paused for a moment before raising a sign that read one.

The dealer lifted the cup and revealed the dice underneath. It was one.

Three more rounds passed by in the same fashion.

Odell guessed right on all three subsequent rounds.

Everyone else who chose to copy whatever his choice was was equally rewarded for it.

The host announced with a bright smile, "This is the last round.

Everyone, please get ready."

Someone suddenly raised a very valid point.

"Hey, isn't Master Carter and Master Stockton both tied up right now?"

"It does seem like it. Most of us got it wrong a few times in the beginning so we lost our chance at getting first place. It's either going to be Master Stockton or Master Carter."

"Both of them are really good. There's no telling who's going to win yet."

"I don't know. It seems to me that it's always Master Carter who makes his guess first and Master Stockton follows after that."

"Why don't we make a bet and see which one of them claims first place?"

They all turned in unison toward Odell and John after that.

Sylvia could not resist the urge to steal a look as well.



The man beside her seemed completely unfazed by the stakes of the game as there was hardly a trace of emotion on his face.

John was still smiling. He seemed pretty good at the game as well.

Sylvia could not figure out which one of them was the superior of the two.

That was when Odell suddenly turned to her with an intent look inside his dark eyes. "Which one of us do you think is going to win?"

Sylvia preferred to stay out of it. "I don't want to bet."

She was only here as an observer.

Odell suddenly grabbed her chin. "No, you have to."

Sylvia pouted. This man could be quite childish at times.

She stayed silent.

Odell squinted, a hostile look surfaced in his eyes. "Who?"

Sylvia mumbled, "You."

"What?" He could hardly hear her.

Sylvia glared at him. "You will win."

Although she had to admit that Odell was getting on her nerves, she would be a fool to place her bet on anyone other than him.

Odell smiled with satisfaction. Not only did he not let go of her, but he even drew in closer until his lips were inches from her ears and whispered to her, "If I get the embroidery for you, you're going home with me after this, alright?"

Sylvia felt her face glowing red.

She sensed the atmosphere in the room shifting slightly. Everyone must be subtly staring at them right now.

She put up a hand and pushed him away. "Go away."

"Answer me." He continued to hold on to her face with an unchanging expression, a charming glow illuminated his eyes.

Sylvia had had enough. "We'll see what happens after you win."

Odell smiled. "Alright."

With that, he let go of her and turned to face the opposite end of the table, where he looked into John's eyes.

John smiled at him.

The host observed the group before turning to the dealer. "Let's begin."

All the air was drained out of the room at that moment.

Everyone's collective attention was fixed on the dealer.

The dice rolled around inside the cup before a climactic "bang" shattered the silence. The dealer kept his hand above the cup and prepared to lift it at any given moment.

Immediately afterward, everyone turned to look at Odell and John.

John smiled. "Master Carter, why don't I go first this time?"

With that, he raised a sign that read four.

Something shifted in Odell's expression, even if subtly. He fell silent for a moment before raising a sign that read six.

Chapter 1035

The other people occupying the table were dumbfounded by this turn of events.

Why did they raise different signs this time?

After some brief hesitation, they finally raised their signs. Some of them followed Odell while others followed John.

The host announced, "Let's reveal the answer."

The dealer lifted the cup.

The dice hidden underneath were immediately brought into view. Six bright red dots on top of the dice's gleaming white surface.

Everyone was astounded by the grand reveal. They turned to Odell in unison.

The host declared with pleasure, "Congratulations, Master Carter! You completely aced the game with a dazzling ten-out-of-ten accuracy and with that, you're the undisputed winner!"

John congratulated Odell with a bright smile, "Congratulations, Master Carter, congratulations."

Odell said, "Only because you let me win."

With that, the game was concluded, and the runner-ups were decided consecutively as well.

Odell placed first with John following closed as a runner-up. The second runner-up was another young man participating in the game while the rest of the participants received conciliatory prizes.

The staff members presented the prizes to each of them.

The host personally delivered the embroidery to Odell and congratulated him again, "Master Carter, congratulations."

Odell eyed Sylvia. "Give it to my wife."

The host quickly swerved in Sylvia's direction and presented the work of embroidery to her.

"Thank you." Sylvia accepted it with a gracious smile.

It was truly a fine handiwork of a master embroiderer. It looked even more enchanting at a close distance.

Sylvia wagered that she would not be able to parallel such a masterful work even if she had woven away for a lifetime.

Sylvia was not the only one amazed by the work. Even Flint, who was resting snugly in Odell's arms, seemed to be interested in the embroidery and crawled over to Sylvia with his hands eagerly swatting at the embroidery.

Sylvia let Flint touch it briefly before gently removing his hand from the work.

Such exquisite craft must be preserved properly and carefully.

While she was still enamored by the wonderful artifact, Odell's magnetic voice suddenly echoed inside her ears. "Sylvia, come

home with me tonight."

Sylvia could feel her ears burning up along with her cheeks.

She formed her lips into a straight line and tried to ignore him.

Odell observed the way she blushed and said, "I'll take that for a yes."

Sylvia kept her lips zipped.

Odell smiled playfully.

Meanwhile, John was handed the runner-up prize, a wonderful sparkling diamond necklace.

The diamond was carved into the shape of a petal. It was remarkable and unique.

He placed it on his palms to feel the weight, then he turned to Sherry.

Sherry was silently staring at the sparkling diamond.

As she gazed into the brilliant gem, even her eyes seemed to sparkle with the same radiance. It seemed like she was captivated by the beauty of the gemstone.

John made a look and asked, "Do you like it?"

Sherry blinked.

Of course, she liked it. Even a layman could tell that the diamond was worth a fortune. Who would not be drawn to such a priceless treasure?

John noted his silence and remarked, "I'll just throw it away if

you don't like it."

This seemed to draw Sherry's attention so she immediately blurted out, "I like it, I do."

John smirked and tossed the diamond necklace away out of nowhere.

The shining diamond necklace flew into the air in a rainbow arc before falling into the box it was originally placed in.

The staff member holding the box was caught by surprise.

John suddenly turned to the staff member and said with a charming smile, "It's yours now."

The staff member's eyes glowed with excitement and thanked John fervently, "Thank you, Master Stockton!"

Then, she promptly left with her unexpected gift.

Sherry was speechless.

Her face was frozen with shock

John stared at her with a wry smile.

She gritted her teeth. "Master Stockton, I've never seen someone as full of himself as you."

She had never seen anyone as despicable as he was!

John chuckled softly. He was hardly offended by such a rude statement and raised his hand to pat her head before telling her, "I wouldn't want to waste something as precious as that on the likes of you."

Sherry chuckled dryly. She suddenly clenched her hands into a fist.

She swung hard at his smug face, only to have her momentum completely cut off when he grabbed her fist mid-air.

Chapter 1036

John was incredibly strong, strong enough to instantly nullify the weight Sherry threw into her punch.

Sherry could not draw her fist away either. All she could do was glare venomously at him.

John rose from his seat and smiled candidly at her. "Come on, let's take Master Carter and Mrs. Carter to lunch."

The restaurant was located at the rear of the castle, in the middle of a garden.

The restaurant was surrounded by all sorts of fauna. It was a dreamlike spectacle with the sweet fragrance of flowers filling the air.

John had booked a private room on the second floor.

The walls were made with reinforced glass and offered a wonderful view over the garden.

Shortly after Sylvia, Odell, Flint, John, and Sherry arrived at the restaurant, the staff members in the venue brought Isabel and Liam to join them.

Isabel had a ton of fun playing in the children's section. Even though her clothes were mostly intact and relatively clean, she was drenched in sweat, and strands of her hair were clumped with sweat as well.

As soon as she entered, she ran to her baby brother and wanted to hug him. Odell immediately pressed a finger against her forehead and stopped her. "Wash your hands first."

She protested. "I washed them."

Odell ignored her.

Isabel went to Liam.

Liam seemed repulsed by her approach. "Get away from me."

Isabel snorted. "Hmmp!"

She shook her head brazenly, tossing beads of sweat on Liam. before ducking behind Sylvia and crying for help, "Save me, Mommy!"

Sylvia stayed quiet.

Liam ignored her and went to his seat.

Sylvia made a hapless look and quickly took Isabel to the bathroom where she cleaned her up as well as she could before taking her back to the room.

For lunch, they had the local specialty at Glanchester. It was as filling as it was delicious.

Shortly after they finished lunch, Isabel, who had been worn out from the day's activity, began to doze off. Liam seemed visibly exhausted as well. Meanwhile, Flint was happily snoring away in Odell's arms.

Seeing this, John suggested, "Master Carter, why don't we take the children somewhere to take a nap first?"

"No need, let's head back. We were planning to head back to Westchester City by this evening anyway," he looked at Sylvia as he said this.

Sylvia did not have anything to say to this.

Both John and Sherry were slightly taken aback by this sudden decision. John smiled politely. "Alright, I'll tell the driver to come now."

On the way back.

John sat in front with Flint in his arms.

Isabel and Liam had fallen asleep in the second row, both of them were leaning against Odell.

Sylvia and Sherry sat in the final row.

It was a rather quiet drive. Sylvia drew close to Sherry and whispered in a voice as low as she could, "Take this. I discreetly instructed Jacob to buy this phone. Hide it properly and make sure John doesn't find out about it. Use it to call me if anything happens."

She sneakily extracted a white-colored phone from her bag as she said this.

Sherry was not expecting this. She hurriedly stashed the phone in her pocket

She peered at John who was in the passenger seat with Flint in

his arms. It did not seem like he noticed anything at all. She breathed a sigh of relief and turned to Sylvia. "I got it. Don't worry, everything will be alright. You stay safe with Odell after you get back as well. Stay away from trouble."

Sylvia assured her, "Alright, don't worry."

After another half an hour, the car stopped in front of John's house.

John got out of the car with Flint in his arms.

Liam woke up but Isabel was still snoring away like a pig and objected to waking up.

Odell carried her out of the car.

Sylvia and Sherry were the last ones to get out of the car. They immediately spotted Odell's car after they stepped outside. Both Jacob and Ben were waiting for them.

Chapter 1037

John still had Flint in his arms when he asked, "Master Carter, are you two leaving already?"

Odell nodded regretfully. "Yes, sorry for troubling you over the last two days."

John smiled and said, "No trouble at all. I hope you two come to visit now and then in the future."

With that, he handed Flint to Sylvia.

That was when Madam Stockton, Julie, and Queenie emerged from the house.

They must have received word from John that Odell and Sylvia were heading back to Westchester. There was a look of urgency on Madam Stockton's face as she trotted toward them.

She stepped right to Odell and Sylvia and when she noticed Flint in Sylvia's arms, a tender expression came upon her. She asked with concern in her voice, "Master Carter, Mrs. Carter, are you two heading back already?"

Odell answered, "Yes, there are a lot of things we need to attend to back home so we figured we'd stop troubling you guys over here."

Madam Stockton looked endearingly at Flint who was asleep in Sylvia's arms and bid them farewell. "Stay safe on the trip back. Tell your drivers to be careful and make sure the kids are safe."

Odell assured her, "Don't worry, Madam Stockton. We'll take

good care of the children.”

“Yes, I’m sure you will.” Madam Stockton turned to Flint again.” Could I hug him one more time?”

Odell looked at Sylvia.

Sylvia was very polite. “Of course.”

Seeing as John had taken time out of his schedule to accompany them for two days, Sylvia had no qualms with letting Madam Stockton hold Flint even if she was not particularly close with her. Besides, it did seem like she was genuinely very fond of Flint.

She handed Flint to her.

Madam Stockton cuddled the boy in her arms like he was her grandson.

She gazed at Flint’s chubby cheeks that were shaped like buns as an affectionate and maternal look overtook her usual stoic expression.

Queenie and Julie stepped forward as well.

Julie stopped next to Madam Stockton and silently looked at Flint as well.

Queenie darted a cross look at Isabel who was sleeping soundly in Odell’s arms and remarked, “The brat is sleeping like a pig.”

Odell glared at her.

Sylvia immediately shot a look at her as well.

She made a look and quickly stepped back as if trying to escape from their pointed glare.

That was when John stepped forward to join Madam Stockton and announced gravely, “Mom, it’s time to send off Master Carter and Mrs. Carter.”

Madam Stockton reluctantly returned Flint to Sylvia.

John smiled at them. “Master Carter, Mrs. Carter, have a safe trip home.”

Odell returned a faint smile.

Sylvia turned to Sherry.

She stood in the far back, seemingly apprehensive of having to talk to Madam Carter and the others.

It was only when it seemed like Sylvia was going to leave that she walked up.

She hugged Sylvia and whispered in her ears, “Sylvia, take care of yourself. Move on with your life and forget about what happened in the past.”

“I understand.” Sylvia smiled. “The same goes for you as well.”

Sherry tucked her lips together and stayed quiet.

After that, Sylvia wasted no time and got into the car with Flint while Odell followed after her with Isabel in his arms.

The car swerved into the road and disappeared out of sight once it swerved into a junction.

Madam Stockton, Julie, and Queenie prepared to head back into the house.

Madam Stockton suddenly glared at Sherry.

She still held a grudge over how Sherry slapped her and immediately shouted at her, "Mrs. Carter is already gone. What are you standing around here for?"

Sherry shot a look at her before walking inside the house.

"Stop." Madam Stockton suddenly stopped her.

Sherry stopped and eyed her warily.

Madam Stockton refused to directly acknowledge her and turned to John instead as she tried to advise John to the best of her abilities. "John, you're thirty-one years old. It's about time to get married, settle down, and have children."

John's expression shifted. He turned to the madam and smiled flatly. "Mom, I'm not planning to get married for now."

Chapter 1038

The light in Sherry's eyes dimmed. Was John trying to chase her out?

This seemed to strike a nerve inside Madam Stockton as she expressed her pent-up frustration, "You might not, but I want grandchildren already! All my closest friends already have grandchildren, and I'm the only one left that doesn't have a shot at getting to hold my grandchildren anytime soon!"

John frowned with a rigid expression on his face.

Madam Stockton seemed to recognize this and immediately suppressed her anger and asked with a long sigh, "John, weren't you fond of Master Carter's children as well? He's around the same age as you but has three children already. When are you going to get married? Your brother is gone... Are you going to let me go to my grave without getting a chance to see my heir?"

Her eyes reddened with emotion as she said this.

Julie took her by her arm. "Mom, don't be angry. John is just busy with his career and has no time to get married for now. But that doesn't mean that he'll never get married."

Madam Stockton suddenly became infuriated and snapped at Sherry unprovoked. "Why does he keep this woman around at home all day if you say he's so busy with his career?"

John zipped his lips and stayed quiet. Noting John's silence, Queenie suddenly chimed in and shouted at Sherry, "What are you looking at? Pack your things and get out of here. We don't welcome you here!"

Sherry smiled swiftly. "Sure, I'll get out of here."



Queenie was stunned. She was not expecting Sherry to respond this way.

Madam Stockton and Julie stared at Sherry, completely dumbfounded

Sherry began walking down the road. It seemed like she did not even plan to pack her things.

“Sherry,” John called out to her.

Sherry stopped for a brief moment, then she continued trotting away, pretending to not have heard anything.

John jerked with displeasure and suddenly threatened her with a hostile look. “If you take one more step, I’ll break your legs.”

This made Sherry stop.

She turned to Queenie and expressed sarcastically, “See? It’s not that I don’t want to leave. Your brother misses me too much.”

Queenie was vexed by this. “...You!”

She was boiling with rage.

John turned back to Madam Stockton and said, “Mom, I’ll make plans to get married and will let you know once I’ve found a suitable candidate. Why don’t you go get some rest now?”

After that, he shot a look at Julie who was standing next to the madam.

Julie took the hint and went to Madam Stockton. “Mom, John has already given you his word so there’s nothing to worry about. Why don’t I take you home to rest?”

Madam Stockton looked at John sternly. “Are you serious about that? You’re going to start making arrangements?”

She would not have been this pushy in the past, but something about hugging the adorable boy Flint in her arms had agitated her long-built-up desire to have grandchildren!

Besides, she could no longer tolerate the way Sherry kept John pinned down!

John smiled. “Yes, it’s a promise!”

Upon receiving John’s word, Madam Stockton seemed greatly comforted and assured as well. “Alright, I’ll be waiting for your good news then.”

She glared at Sherry one last time before letting Julie lead her back home.

Queenie scoffed at Sherry before following after them.

At last, it was peaceful again.

John wiped away the smile on his face and looked at Sherry.

Sherry met his gaze and remarked wryly, "Master Stockton, I have a lot of friends who are single. Do you want me to recommend a few to you?"

John made a look. "It's three now. You still have five hours to finish up the ten pieces of embroidery you owe."

Sherry's face became twisted with anger. "You b\*stard John, you'll get what you deserve soon enough!"

With that, she bolted into the house without another word.

"Heh." John stood in place and chuckled with delight as he stared at Sherry frantically running into the house.

Two hours later, the car entered Westchester City.

Sylvia was holding the sleeping Flint in her arms while she gazed out the window.

It was already evening. The canvas in the sky was seared with a gradient of orange and red. It looked peaceful and tranquil outside.

Sylvia felt an indescribable sense of zen inside her as she stared at the captivating view outside.

**Chapter 1039** Odell sat next to her and peered at her from the corner of his eyes.

Isabel had woken up some time ago. She was seated in the further back row with Liam.

Liam was reading a book.

Isabel leaned against his shoulder and stared at Odell and Sylvia in front. Her eyes widened like a giant ball.

After staring for some time, she inched toward Liam and whispered, "Do you think Mommy and baddie Daddy are going to get along from now on?"

Liam darted a glance at the two sitting in front. He observed the tender, amiable expression on their faces and seemed convinced himself as well. He uttered a short "hmm" in reply to Isabel.

Isabel snickered joyously. "That's great. We'll never be separated from Mommy and Daddy from now on."

Liam clicked his tongue.

Half an hour later, the car stopped outside the house.

Sebastian and Aunt Tonya had been waiting for them outside the house.

The car had just screeched to a stop when Sylvia saw them approaching the car.

Isabel was the first to hop out of the car.

Sylvia carried Flint and could not wait to meet them as well. "Aunt Tonya, Sebastian, sorry for making you two worry."

Aunt Tonya looked at her up and down and remarked with a bright smile, "Everything is fine as long as you return safely."

After some small talk, they all entered the house.

Sebastian and Aunt Tonya had prepared dinner.

As soon as they entered the house, the housemaids set the meal on the table. It was a feast.

Flint must have smelled the aroma of the food as well. He suddenly opened his eyes and began chanting at his mother while waving his hands around frantically, "Mommy, eat..."

Sylvia smiled and was about to bring him to the table to find something for him to eat when a pair of long arms suddenly appeared from behind and took him from her arms.

Odell had taken Flint with one arm and gently patted Sylvia's head with another. "You go to dinner with Liam Isabel first. I'll find something for Flint to eat."

With that, he took Flint and went to the kitchen counter.

Aunt Tonya quickly stepped forward and urged, "Let me take Flint. You can eat with them.

"No." Odell insisted. He scooped a spoon of baby food puree into Flint's mouth.

They had a container full of baby food puree in the kitchen made in preparation for Flint. Flint opened his mouth immediately and swallowed a spoonful of puree with great delight.

Odell continued feeding him with the same stoic look on his face.

Sylvia had Isabel and Liam sit at the kitchen table before joining them.

Flint was full after a while so Odell went to join them at the kitchen table.

Aunt Tonya and Aunt Flora took Flint aside to play with him.

Meanwhile, Sylvia, Isabel, and Liam had nearly finished their food as well. Most of the food on the table had gone cold by now.

Sylvia passed Odell a bowl of hot soup. "This soup is still warm, drink it quickly." Odell seemed touched by this gesture and looked at her.

There was a shine in his jet-black eyes as he seemed like he had something to say. Sylvia looked at him with a perplexed expression. "Why are you looking at me like that? Don't you want the soup?" During the first two years of their marriage, she would often serve food for him whenever they ate but he was never receptive and was nothing but hostile toward her.

It must have left an impact on her. Deep down, she must still remember those unsavory events.

Perhaps he did not want the soup, just like in the past? Odell smiled softly. "Nothing, let me drink that." With that, he took the bowl of soup and lifted it at an angle to drink it without needing a spoon.

Sylvia stared at him silently. This was an improvement.

Chapter 1040 After dinner.

Odell had some work to deal with and went to his study.

Isabel made Liam go to the children's room with her to play.

Meanwhile, Sylvia stayed with Flint and chatted with Aunt Tonya for a while.

Aunt Tonya was getting old and tended to tire easily, so she was getting sleepy toward the end of their chat.

Sylvia told her to get some rest before taking Flint

When she passed by the children's room, she noticed the door was ajar. She saw Isabel and Liam sitting cross-legged on the floor, each of them had a controller in their hand which they were furiously mashing away at. Isabel was the more excited of the two and was shouting madly, "He was the one who killed me. Kick his butt!"

Sylvia made a look and hurried past the room, making sure to cover Flint's ears.

It was 9 p.m.

Flint was in good spirits, and he was not sleepy either. After a while, she decided to head to the study. The door was half-open just like the children's room, so she stopped at the doorway before entering. During their first marriage, Odell's study had always been off-limits to her as it was his hallowed ground.

There were a few times she tried to go inside to bring him food and refreshments but it ended with her getting chased out relentlessly each time. After several times, she got the message and never tried to venture into the study again. She even developed a slight fear of entering his study.

Although things were different now, she decided she was not going to pester Odell too long. She held onto Flint and slowly stepped forward, preparing to enter.

Unexpectedly, the moment Flint recognized that the man inside was his father, he immediately cried out, "Dad, Daddy..." His sweet, tender voice tore through the tranquility in the study. Sylvia was startled by this and quickly looked at Odell, expecting a strong reaction. The man seated behind the desk had already spotted her

and was looking straight through her with a sharpness in his eyes.

Sylvia became slightly agitated. "It's alright, I'll take Flint away right now."

She did not want to disturb him when he was working.

She quickly scrambled away after that.

"Wait a minute!" Odell called after her suddenly.

She turned to him with a queer look.

"I'm almost done anyway. Come on in with Flint," he . remarked with a soft smile while gentleness poured from within his eyes. I

Sylvia hesitated briefly.

Flint stretched his arms out as far as he could and tried to clamber toward his father while mumbling on and on, "Daddy, Daddy, Daddy."

Odell was still looking at her.

With no hesitation, she went inside.

The boy missed his father. Sylvia walked right up to Odell and handed Flint to him.

Odell took the boy into his arms.

The boy tossed and turned around in his arms, then tried to climb onto his desk.

He was so close to climbing onto his desk when Odell yanked him back.

He stayed still for a few seconds, then he was at it again, stubbornly insisting to get on the table.

Odell pulled him back yet again.

The boy had his father's blood flowing inside him, evident by how stubborn and unyielding he was. He refused to give in and tried to crawl on the table again.

Sylvia smiled and said, "I'll take him."

"Yeah." Odell handed Flint to her and told her, "If you're bored, just stay here for a while. I only have some minor details left to sort out so don't worry about disturbing me."

He spoke in a low and sincere tone.

Sylvia was appalled by this and almost stammered, "Okay."

She took Flint and sat on a nearby couch. This time, Flint wanted to climb up the bookshelf again. Sylvia no longer tried to stop him. She watched him go at it and prepared to intervene if he fell.

Despite his age, he was more adept at climbing than she thought. Soon enough, he managed to scale up the first row of the bookshelf and as if that was not enough, he wanted to go higher.

Sylvia quickly approached him and wrapped her hands around him to prevent him from falling.

Eventually, the boy who was still getting used to his clumsy body lost his balance and toppled over.

Sylvia grabbed him and supported him.

Flint kicked his leg out during the fall and accidentally knocked over several books.

The books fell off the shelf and clapped against the ground. It was rather loud relative to the complete silence in the study.

Not only was Flint not remorseful of causing trouble, but he even seemed rather amused by it and began to chuckle as if he was proud of his stunt.