

Master odells 1041

Chapter 1041

The study was filled with Flint's cheerful chuckles.

Sylvia instinctively turned to Odell.

He was still seated at his desk, but his posture had changed. He rested his elbow against the table with his chin propped against his palm. He seemed very relaxed and was looking at Sylvia with a hint of a smile in his eyes.

Sylvia did not know how long he had been staring at her. He must have seen what Flint did.

She felt her cheeks flush red and blurted out, "Why are you staring at me? Aren't you supposed to be working?"

"I don't know," Odell said, "I just felt like staring at you."

Sylvia was silent.

Was he trying to flirt with her?

Her cheeks were seared with red as she gazed into his dashing face.

She took Flint and turned to leave.

"I'll stop pestering you so you can get back to it."

She paddled toward the door with Flint.

However, Flint did not seem very cooperative and suddenly shouted, "Dad, Daddy..."

Sylvia ignored his pleas and continued walking out. Flint was very stubborn. "Uhh... Daddy, Daddy..."

It sounded like he was on the verge of crying.

It was as if Sylvia was a cruel witch who tried to separate him from his father.

Sylvia quickly stopped.

Odell was still seated in the same casual way and smiling at her.

Sylvia turned to look at him.

Flint was unrelenting. "Daddy, Daddy..."

Sylvia immediately approached Odell and shoved Flint into his arms before turning to leave. Suddenly, she felt a hand grabbing her wrist.

She wanted to draw her wrist back.

However, she immediately sensed Odell tightening his grip on her.

She was flung backward in an instant and landed on Odell's arm.

Meanwhile , Flint was happily crawling on top of Odell's desk as he finally got what he wanted.

Sylvia's face was red with embarrassment. "What are you doing? Put me down."

Odell would not let her go. He gazed into her eyes alluringly. "Where are you going?"

pointedly, "Flint is on the table. Let me go."

She shot a look at Flint.

He was pretty much sitting on top of the keyboard of Odell's laptop and seemed to find it quite amusing. He slammed his hands on the keyboard. Odell had caught him by his calf.

That way, there was no chance of him falling.

Sylvia was very vexed. "You... don't you have to work?" Odell observed her frantic expression. "It's nothing urgent." "Okay." Sylvia folded her arms across her chest and looked at Flint to avoid having to look at Odell.

"Just stay with me here for a while, okay?" Odell requested suddenly.

Sylvia was startled by this request and immediately turned to him.

There was a tender and expectant look in his eyes. Something suddenly occurred to Sylvia, "You... Won't I get in the way of your work like this?" "Please do."

Sylvia was speechless.

When did he learn to talk like this?

She avoided his gaze again and blurted out, "Well, I guess I'll keep you company since you want it so much. I don't have anything to do anyway."

She slowly rose as she said this.

That was when he suddenly grabbed her by her chin and made her turn to him. In an instant, his face was only inches away from hers and was still drawing in closer.

She felt his lips pressing against hers.

Her eyes widened in shock.

He kissed her with his eyes closed , gently brushing her cheeks with the tips of his defined eyebrows. After a long kiss, he finally opened his eyes.

Sylvia raised a hand and shoved him away. He smiled and let go of her.

Chapter 1042

"Play with Flint over there. I'll be right with you," he let go of her as he said this.

Sylvia pulled herself to her feet.

Meanwhile, Flint was sitting on top of the table and facing them, staring at them curiously with those large eyes of his.

He just saw them kiss!

Sylvia's cheeks burned with embarrassment, and she immediately took Flint into her arms.

Odell had a satisfied grin on and watched as Sylvia sat on the couch with Flint in her arms. Only then was he finally willing to go back to his work.

There were countless undecipherable words typed out on the computer. It was Flint's handiwork.

He patiently erased everything before going back to his original documents.

The window of the study was open, allowing a cool breeze of air to pour in from the outside.

The day may be tranquil but the study was not. It was filled with the constant thumping, tapping, and various noises produced by Flint rummaging around.

Sylvia had done all she could to minimize the trouble the boy caused. Flint even managed to kick an expensive teapot that belonged to Odell off the table while Sylvia was not looking. Sylvia was distraught by this and quickly pulled Flint into her arms so he would not be cut by shards of ceramic. She nervously turned to Odell.

Odell's eyes were fixed on the computer screen. He was very serious and was intently at work.

How was he not bothered by all these noises?

She was relieved and turned back to Flint.'

The boy was completely oblivious to the trouble he had caused and was grinning ear to ear. Sylvia was at a loss. She would have punished him if not for him being only nine months old and none the wiser.

It was an expensive teapot. If memory served her correctly, Odell had been using this particular teapot since the day she married into the family the first time.

He must have really liked it to not have changed it after all these years.

She wondered how he would react when he saw that the damage could not be salvaged.

She sighed and stood up with Flint in her arms. She had to *look for* something to clean up the fragments.

Before she even lifted her feet off the ground, Odell addressed her from across the room, "Don't touch it. I'll

Sylvia was taken aback by this and turned back to him.

He was already on the phone. The call was answered very quickly and he immediately gave the orders, "Sebastian, send someone into my study to clean something up."

After that, he hung up and approached Sylvia.

Sylvia seemed aggrieved and immediately apologized without needing to be prompted to,

"Odell, it was my fault for breaking the teapot. I should've kept an eye on Flint."

Odell patted her head. "It's just a teapot, no big deal."

Sylvia observed his forgiving expression and did not know how to react.

It was hard to believe the stark transformation he had taken six years ago.

She wondered what happened in these six years to prompt such a dramatic turn in his personality.

Suddenly, there was a knock on the door.

Odell glanced at the door and said, "Come in."

A housemaid entered with a broom and dustpan.

Odell took Sylvia's hand. "Come here, watch your steps."

Sylvia followed him to his desk.

He moved another chair and put it next to his desk. "Give me just a moment."

He sat back behind the desk and wore the same solemn, studious expression he had whenever he was working.

Sylvia sat down with Flint in her arms.

Flint had not learned his lesson and tried to clamber onto the table again. Sylvia yanked him back into her lap.

Flint still did not get the message and continued his struggle to wriggle himself free while mumbling, "Mommy, Mommy."

It seemed like he was trying to persuade her to let him climb on top of the table.

Sylvia refused to yield and continued holding onto him tightly.

Eventually, he fell asleep in her arms.

At last, silence.

The only sound emitted within the room was the clicking of Odell's fingers against the keyboard.

Chapter 1043 The fine weather in addition to the hypnotic rhythm of Odell's typing made Sylvia fall asleep as well. Before she realized it, she had drifted off to sleep.

After some time passed, Odell wrapped up his tasks and closed the laptop.

He looked at the pair of mother and son who were both sleeping next to him and smiled lovingly. It was a heartwarming sight.

He carefully took Flint from Sylvia's arms and took him to the bedroom. After that, he returned to the study and carried Sylvia in his arms.

"Mommy, Mmmy." Sylvia was woken up by a toddler's babble. She opened her eyes to see Flint lying next to her and snuggling against her body. Odell was next to her as well. He was lying on his side with

his head resting atop one hand. His gaze seemed to penetrate through her. She quickly sprung up from the bed. It was her bedroom, the same bed that she usually slept

1. in.

The only ones in the room were her, Odell, and Flint.

The two of them were in pajamas. She could tell that they slept together.

She expressed with a frown, "Who let you sleep here?"

He smirked. "You did." "When did I say you could sleep here?" He said without the slightest twitch of expression, "You fell asleep in my study last night. When I carried you back here and put you on the bed, you held me and refused to let go. You told me to spend the night with you." Sylvia looked at him, utterly baffled. "Why can't I remember any of that?" "Because you fell asleep immediately after that."

Sylvia was speechless.

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Before she could raise another point, Odell touched her head. "It's getting late. Go get something to eat. I'll take Flint downstairs first.

With that, he picked up Flint and got out of bed.

There was not much Sylvia could do other than abide by Odell's instructions and scramble off to the shower.

It was *Monday*.

Odell went to work after breakfast.

Isabel and Liam went to school.

Sylvia stayed home with Flint as usual.

Sylvia took him to Madam Carter's room and spent the morning there with him. After lunch, Flint began to get sleepy.

Sylvia wanted to take a nap with him but found that she could not fall asleep.

After tossing and turning for a long time, she got out of bed and had Aunt Tonya watch over Flint. Then, she went to her studio on the third floor.

The door was closed but not locked.

She opened the door and stepped inside.

The room looked the same as she remembered it the last time she came here, only most of her tools were put back into their drawers.

After pacing back and forth across the room a few times, she set up a drawing board and sat in front of it.

The sunlight was ample today. The floor-to-ceiling window stood in front of her, offering a clear view outside.

She looked outside and saw the scorching sun hang in the sky above, rays of warm sunlight basking over her.

She took a deep breath and picked up a brush. With each stroke, she added color to the blank-white drawing board.

She painted the pale blue sky, lush green leaves, and the flowers that exuded a fine splash of yellow and orange.

The sky above dazzled with hope for the new day.

She completed most of the painting in one sitting as she was very inspired today.

After finishing the painting, she sat back and observed her work with pride. She stretched lazily after that.

That was when she noticed a silhouette from the corner of her eyes.

She turned around hastily and saw Odell standing only two meters away.

He was leaning against the wall with his arms folded in front of him and watching her paint. There was a shiny gleam in his eyes. He was enchanted.

hapter 1044 Sylvia asked without thinking, "Odell, when did you get back?"

Odell stared at her contemplatively.

He flashed a brief smile and told her, "For quite some time."

He drew close to her as he said this. He brushed a small patch of paint off the tip of her nose and asked her, "Are you finished?"

Sylvia nodded. "It's a great painting," he complimented.

Sylvia smiled with reservation. "It's alright."

It did turn out better than she was expecting, but it was still missing something she could not quite put her finger on.

"No need to be humble, it's wonderful work." As he spoke, he raised his hand and patted her head again.

It was significantly better than the work she had put out during the event hosted by Master Springsteen the last time.

It seemed to him that she was getting back to form.

Sylvia whimpered, "I know that, but I'm not trying to be humble."

It was a great work of art and she knew it, but it did not change the fact that it lacked something to make it complete. Odell smiled. "Anyway, dinner is ready. The kids are waiting for us downstairs. Let's go down to eat." "Okay."

After dinner, Sylvia played with the children for a while before returning to her studio again.

She had to find out what the painting was missing.

She stared ponderously at the painting for nearly two hours and yet she failed to identify anything wrong with it. She left after filling in the colors. :

It was very late by this point and most of the people in the house had gone to sleep. It was as quiet as a grave.

There was no noise coming out of the children's room either.

When she passed by Liam and Isabel's room, she went inside to take a look.

Both children were sleeping in their beds.

She went inside and gently kissed their cheeks before leaving and heading back to her bedroom.

Upon pushing the door open, she saw two figures on the bed.

Odell's figure leaned gracefully against the head of the bed.

He wore navy blue pajamas and held a book in his hand.

Flint lay beside him and was soundly asleep.

She was surprised by this sight.

Was he not planning to head back to the guest room to sleep? Odell turned to see who had entered. Upon noting that it was Sylvia, a smile greeted the corners of his lips as he informed her, "Flint needed someone to watch over him to fall asleep so I figured I'd watch over him."

Sylvia swallowed the urge to say whatever she was going to say.

He added, "It's getting late. Go wash up and come to bed."

With that, he diverted his attention back to his book.

It did not appear that he was going to leave anytime soon.

Sylvia made a dry cough.

Odell looked at her.

, "I'm here," she announced.

Odell looked puzzled. "I know, what's wrong?" Sylvia had trouble putting it out bluntly. How could he not understand what she was trying to say? Did she have to explicitly tell him to get out?

The only source of light in the room came from the reading lamp

Apart from a quiet suspicion, there was also a tender glow in his eyes. Sylvia could not possibly make him leave.

She pursed her lips. "No... It's nothing."

Then she went to the bathroom.

Before she walked into the bathroom, Odell put down the book in his hand.

The reading lamp beat against one side of his face and cast a shadow over the other side as he smiled deviously.

She wanted him to go to the guest room?

Do not even think about it.

Sylvia washed herself briefly and walked out in her pajamas.

Odell had laid down on the left side of the bed with Flint tucked nicely in the middle of the bed.

The room was quiet. He seemed to have fallen asleep.

Sylvia got into the right side of the bed and gently kissed Flint's chubby cheek, then she turned off the light and closed her eyes.

After a while, she fell asleep.

Late at night.

Odell suddenly woke up. He gently carried the sleeping Flint to one side effortlessly, then he

Chapter 1045

Sylvia was woken up by the sweltering heat. It should have been mid-autumn and yet she was drowned in sweat.

She opened her eyes in a blur and saw the man sleeping in front of her. He looked very handsome even as he slept.

His arms were wrapped around her waist, and she was almost held in his arms by him.

She furrowed her brows and immediately shoved him away.

Odell snapped his eyes open quickly.

After a brief confusion, he quickly registered the situation.

He smiled kindly and greeted her, "Good morning."

Sylvia peered at him. Odell let go of her waist and brushed his fingers against her cheeks. "Why did you wake up so early?"

Sylvia answered blankly, "I woke up because I felt hot." Odell paused for a moment, then asked with a coy smile, "Hot? Are you feeling unwell?"

He pressed his palm against her forehead to check her temperature, then he shifted his arm to her neck to feel her body heat.

He commented, "You're sweating a lot." Sylvia tried to suppress her voice. "...I know, you can move your hands away now." As if touching her neck was not enough, he was still moving his hands downward!

Odell flicked an eyebrow and withdrew his hand.

Sylvia sat up immediately.

That was when his arm suddenly wrapped tightly around her waist again and tossed her back into the bed in his arms.

Before she could even react, he had pressed her onto the bed and was on top of her.

An alluring smile surfaced in his eyes as he asked in a low voice, "How did you end up here?"

Sylvia did not utter a word.

Her cheeks were flushed red with mixed anger and embarrassment. "Odell, you're the one who—" Before she could finish her sentence, Odell sealed her lips with his lips.

Sylvia tried to shove him away to no avail.

After a long kiss, he let go of her.

His large figure pressed itself against her as he gazed into her eyes with a wild look in them.

Sylvia's cheeks were burning up.

She glared at him and protested, "Odell... Move!" Her face was so hot that it would sizzle if you placed oil on it.

It sounded more like she was meekly imploring him to do so rather than ordering him to...

Sylvia was so fluttered that she wanted nothing more than to find a hole in the ground for her to bury herself in.

She turned away from Odell.

She found herself staring into another pair of large round eyes.

Flint had woken up at one point. He was lying on his chest with his arms stretched out as he stared at them.

He had a look full of innocence and curiosity.

Sylvia's eyes widened with horror as she quickly pushed Odell away. "Flint is looking at us. Get off me!"

Odell was startled by this and turned to look at Flint.

He promptly reached over and picked up Flint and spun the boy around in a half-circle so he would face the other

side instead.

With that out of the way, he turned back to Sylvia and pressed his weight against her.

Just as his lips were about to greet Sylvia's, Flint suddenly swung back their way like a spinning top and faced them again.

Sylvia tried to shove at Odell and whimpered, "Flint..."

Her lips were sealed before she could get the word out.

Odell barely noticed Flint turning around again.

Sylvia was struck with disbelief.

It was impossible to free herself from him as no amount of struggle would achieve that.

Flint stared at them eagerly from the side. It was hard for her to kiss Odell like this.

Just as she was going to resort to desperate measures and bite Odell, she suddenly heard a snicker.

Odell stopped as well.

Sylvia looked over at Flint.

Flint was lying only nearly ten centimeters away from them.

"Hehe..." He smiled so happily that his eyes were formed into two half-crescent moons.

Odell looked at Flint silently. A strange look suddenly appeared on his face. Sylvia took the opportunity to slip out from underneath him.

Chapter 1046 Before Odell could make his next move, Sylvia quickly hopped off the bed and went to the dressing area to get changed.

Odell looked at her silently.

In an instant, all the lust inside him was washed away. He glanced at Flint.

Flint stopped snickering suddenly and looked at his father. His eyes widened into two large, reflective marbles.

The pair of father and son stared at each other sometime before Odell went to pick him up.

Flint began crying out, "Mommy, Mommy..."

Odell's face darkened briefly. He walked out of the room with Flint in his arms, but Flint's cries only grew louder from that point on.

Sylvia, who had just gotten changed, quickly stepped out of the dressing area. She stepped out just in time to catch a glimpse of Flint being carried out of the room by Odell, his feet wrangling frantically in the air as he repeatedly called for his mother.

She felt a twitching sensation inside her chest when she witnessed this picture.

“Here’s Mommy, here’s Mommy.” She immediately rushed over and took Flint into her arms.

Flint wrapped his arms around her neck with a weak pout and looked at her with tears welling up in his eyes. He looked distraught.

Sylvia frowned and turned to Odell with a pointed look, “Why is Flint crying? What did you do to him?”

Odell did not utter a word.

“I didn’t do anything to him,” he finally said as he glanced at Flint. Upon feeling Odell’s glare, Flint immediately buried his face in Sylvia’s neck and began wailing again.

While Odell was at a loss for words, his expression darkened.

Sylvia glared at him. “Leave. You’re not allowed to sleep in this room from now on.”

With that, she took Flint, who was bawling his eyes out, and left Odell.

Odell stood rooted to the same spot like a sculpture and simply watched Flint being carried away. For the first time, he wanted to punish Flint to teach him a lesson.

Flint was easier to appease than Sylvia had expected.

Before she even had to do anything, Flint’s mood took on a dramatic turn when she saw his brother and sister waddling down the corridor to greet him. He babbled on and on, “Brother, brother...”

Liam took him into his arms.

Isabel appeared behind Liam and said, “How about me? Call me Sister.”

Flint babbled, “Brother...”

Isabel repeated, “Sister!”

“Brother, Brother...”

Isabel grumpily snatched her toy back from Flint’s hands.

Nevertheless, Flint was not upset by this and continued burrowing his head into Liam’s neck.

As Sylvia watched them silently, a voice inside her head told her that she had been unfair towards Odell.

The children quickly went downstairs after that.

Aunt Tonya and the others were waiting for them downstairs already, so Sylvia knew that she did not have to worry about the children. She turned back to the bedroom again.

Odell had changed out of his pajamas and put on a fitted black shirt and trousers. He was just stepping out of the dresser with a jacket in his hand when he stumbled into Sylvia.

His large figure obstructed the lights and cast a shadow over her.

Sylvia stammered, "You've already gotten changed?"

Odell squinted. "You don't want me to?"

"No, that's not what I meant. I was just asking." Odell drew himself in front of her and immediately sensed her guilt from the way she mistreated him. He softly took her chin and asked, "Is the brat still crying?"

The brat?

It seemed like he was still upset about Flint.

She muttered a short reply, "Yeah, he went down to play with Isabel and Liam."

She had only just said this when Odell suddenly leaned into her and pressed his lips against hers. She was shocked by this bold approach.

He grabbed the back of her head with his large palms so she would not resist and kissed her deep and passionately for what seemed like forever. Before drawing away, he lightly bit her lips as if to reprimand her.

At last, he pinched her cheeks and said, "Go get changed." Sylvia pursed her lips to answer, "Okay."

After breakfast, Odell went to work while Isabel and Liam went to school. Everything was routine as usual.

Sylvia played with Flint for a while until he became tired and fell asleep. After leaving Aunt Tonya in charge of the boy, she went to the third floor.

The paint had dried on the painting she made yesterday and was resting on the table.

Chapter 1047 She observed the painting for a while before moving off to where the sculpting tools were and went to work.

The day passed quickly. Night soon fell and it was time for bed.

When she returned to the bedroom from the third floor, she saw Odell and Flint's figures lying on the bed.

Flint was sleeping soundly next to Odell. Just like yesterday, the man leaned against the bedboard while reading a book.

When Sylvia entered, he smiled and looked at her. "Are you done?"

Sylvia grunted.

He put down the book and got out of bed. It seemed like he was heading out.

Sylvia immediately asked, "Where are you going?" He replied, "To the guest room."

Why was he scuttling away to the guest room? She did not tell him to leave. She became slightly upset and said in an accusing tone, "You were lying down already. Why are you going to the guest room?" Odell approached her with a somber expression. "Didn't

you tell me this morning that I'm not allowed to sleep here again?"

Sylvia was speechless. She suddenly seemed troubled and consumed by guilt. Odell looked at her for a few seconds, and upon noting her silence, he was prepared to walk past her and leave the room.

When Sylvia noticed that he was going to go, she quickly explained, "I was just upset at the time. I thought that you were getting angry at Flint which is why I said all that."

Odell turned to her. "What do you mean? What did you say?"

He said this with great solemnity, not understanding what Sylvia meant.

Sylvia stammered, "Y-you know, I got upset and it all just came out."

Odell squinted and approached her. His large figure towered over her like a mountain.

Sylvia stepped back instinctively.

He continued advancing toward her without the slightest intention of stopping. Eventually, Sylvia backed into a wall with nowhere else to go. She looked at him unnervingly. "What are you doing?"

As he grabbed her chin and grazed against her lip with his finger, a shimmer of light flashed in his eyes. "You know what."

Sylvia stayed quiet.

"I'll kiss you if you're not going to say anything." With that, she zipped her lips and remained silent. Odell chuckled softly and drew closer.

Their lips pressed together, and the dim lights inside the room gave the outline of their figures a different glow.

After the kiss that lasted an eternity, the silence in the room was at last broken.

Odell picked her up effortlessly.

Her cheeks were flushed with red, and her eyes seemed to sparkle. Underneath the lights, she blossomed like a flower.

Odell could not resist the urge to continue to suffocate Sylvia with kisses. He advanced toward the bed with her in his arms.

She began shoving at him. "Odell, Flint is still..." "He's asleep."

"What if he wakes up?"

"He won't."

“But if—”

“Not buts.” With that, he sealed her lips again so that she would not utter another word of protest.

Sylvia was not going to say anything, to begin with.

Besides, Flint was asleep and was not going to wake up anytime soon. At this point, she would be a spoilsport to refuse him.

They went at it until midnight.

Just as Odell said, Flint remained sleeping in his crib the entire time.

Sylvia was sweating all over and exhausted as she leaned against Odell.

He rested his chin in one hand and looked at her contentedly like a hungry wolf relishing in the meal he just had. He suddenly asked, “Are you tired?”

Sylvia could fall asleep at any second, so she groaned weakly. “Want me to carry you to the shower?”

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Sylvia instinctively mumbled ‘yes’ and quickly regretted it when she met the gaze in Odell’s eyes.

Although he was also drenched in sweat, he still seemed rather energetic.

It was a trap!

She wondered if she would even have the strength to walk out of the shower if she agreed to go with him.

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“That’s alright. I’ll go by myself.”

After that, she scurried out of bed and went to the bathroom.

Odell lay on his side and watched her all the while, chuckling at her escape.

Suddenly, the phone on the bedside table rang. It was a customized notification only triggered when receiving messages from a specific sender.

He sat up and picked up the phone.

It was a message from Skylar. “Master Carter, I got in touch with the clairvoyant at last. He told me that the reason I could not help Sylvia restore all her memories was that I was going too fast. My skills were not honed yet, and I was rushing things. He told me that I should

perform the hypnosis a few more times and that there’s a strong chance that it will help her restore all her monies.”

On the day after Sylvia went to Glanchester, he had gone to Skylar when he was on the way to join Sylvia and had requested Skylar to contact the clairvoyant again.

She must have only just tracked down the clairvoyant today.

He pondered for a moment and replied, "Got it."

Skylar asked uncertainly, "Umm... You've brought her home, haven't you?"

Odell replied, "Yes."

"That's good to know. I should be in Westchester by noon tomorrow. I'll head straight to your place to look for her."

Odell frowned and told her, "You shouldn't come here just yet." "Why not? Did something happen between you two?"

"We're doing great."

Skylar did not press the issue and replied, "Okay, I'll wait for your update then."

Odell set his phone down. He turned in the direction of the bathroom with a grim expression.

He could not let Skylar try hypnosis on Sylvia again.

If her memories from the past years were restored, that would complicate things so much more.

She would remember the crushing pain of having her leg broken, of how Tara almost murdered her at Cloudy Heart Lake, and she would remember the sixty slaps.

The sound of running water inside the shower stopped suddenly.

Odell quickly wiped away the solemn look in his eyes.

Shortly after that, the door was opened, and Sylvia emerged in a set of light pajamas. It took all the strength in her to keep her eyes pried open. When she got to the bed, she closed her eyes and collapsed without even sparing a glance at Odell.

Odell smiled and immediately pulled her into his arms.

Sylvia could smell the scent of sweat on him. Despite feeling revolted, she was too tired to do anything about it and could only mumble groggily, "Go take a shower." Odell murmured, "Later."

"You have to go now."

"Yeah." He embraced her tightly and refused to let go.

After a while, her breathing took on a slow and steady rhythm. He gently lowered her to the pillow and kissed her on the forehead before getting up to go to the bathroom.

The next morning, the heat woke Sylvia up again. She opened her eyes and was instantly greeted by the sleeping Odell in front of her. He had his arms wrapped around her and was facing her.

Sylvia gently moved his arm away because it was too hot. Odell slowly opened his eyes and immediately smiled." Morning."

"Hehe..."

As soon as he said that, he heard a soft giggle from behind, so he turned around.

Chapter 1049 Sylvia rose abruptly.

Flint was awake and had crawled next to them at some point. He lay down next to Odell and observed them attentively, being the adorable and playful boy he was.

Sylvia was enchanted by how adorable Flint was and waved him to go over with a loving smile. "Flint, come to Mommy."

Odell smiled and sat up to make room for Flint.

The little rascal ended up crawling directly over him. He crept atop his leg as if he was mounting over an obstacle and approached Sylvia who smiled and took him in her arms.

Flint babbled, "Moh...ning."

Sylvia was pleasantly surprised by this and returned the greeting, "Good morning, you." While the boy grinned from ear to ear, Odell was delighted to see the mother and son's wholesome exchange and grinned as well.

The following days passed uneventfully.

During the day, Odell would go to work while Liam and

Isabel went to school while Sylvia stayed at home with Flint.

She usually played with the boy until lunchtime, after which the boy would quickly fall asleep.

Then, she would hand him over to Aunt Tonya while she went up to the third floor. She had been going to the studio every day. Apart from some small sculptures, she also completed two paintings.

They were merely sketches of the landscape and looked rather remarkable. However, just like the previous painting, she felt like it was missing something she could not quite put her finger on.

She would dangle the paintbrush in the air with countless thoughts running through her mind only to place it back.

Suddenly, her phone rang. She picked up her phone and saw a message from Odell.

"Tomorrow is the weekend. Where do you want to go?"

He further supplied several locations for her to choose from. They could either go sightseeing or go somewhere fun with the children.

Sylvia picked somewhere where both children and parents could participate in activities together. Odell replied, "Alright."

After two minutes, she received another message. "It's

not very busy today, so we'll have time to go out for dinner tonight. What do you want to eat?"

Sylvia considered for a while and answered, "Hotpot

then.”

“Okay, just wait till I get home.”

Sylvia smiled and replied, “Got it.”

She felt like she had never seen him chat this much.

She still remembered what it was like when she first had a crush on him. He had a completely different air around him compared to his peers at the time and was known for his stoic temperament. Even though he rarely, if ever, uttered so much as a sentence around her, she still could not help but fall for him.

It turned out that she liked him even more now that he was more talkative.

She wondered what exactly they had experienced in those six years that led to such a dramatic change. Aunt Tonya had told her what happened, but still, she was merely an outside observer of these events and had no insight into what had truly gone on between them.

She was aware that she could not rush the process of restoring her memory. Even someone as capable as Skylar could not help her fully restore her memory yet. She stopped worrying about these matters and decided to scroll through her phone to look for Sherry’s new contact.

She sent her a message.

“Sherry, how have you been doing in Glanchester?” The last time they texted each other was four days ago. Sherry usually took some time to reply to her. Sometimes, she would go missing for several days before an answer came. Chances were that she was being cautious so that John would not find out about the phone.

After sending the message, Sylvia picked up her sculpting tools and went to work while waiting for a reply.

Meanwhile, in the Stocktons’ residence in Glanchester, more than a hundred kilometers away from Westchester, there was a lively party in the enormous garden.

The glow of the sun created a warm atmosphere, and there was a soft breeze,

Most of the people present at the party were daughters of wealthy households in Glanchester. All of them wore designer dresses in the latest fashion and patterns, and a lot of them donned a shawl as well which added to their refined look.

Standing out of the crowd, Sherry had nothing but a simple black dress on. She carried a handbag and walked through the crowd, feeling very out of place and awkward. She went to a remote corner and drank from a wine glass.

She leaned against a pillar and enjoyed the delicious food served at the party while she silently stared at a young and beautiful lady not far away from her.

Chapter 1050

The formal purpose of the party was for Madam Stockton to get together and catch up, but the true intention was to match John with a suitable candidate.

By all accounts, Sherry had no right to be there because Madam Stockton would never acknowledge her as John's partner.

John must have been out of his mind to make her attend. He even threatened that she would have to embroider twenty pieces of garments if she did not show up.

A gust of cold wind blew in her direction and made her shudder. She shielded herself from the wind with one hand and lifted the wine glass with the other.

At least, the wine was good.

The young ladies she saw attending the party were all captivating and beautiful. All of them commanded the attention of the passersby. As beautiful as they were though, she realized that she had never seen any one of them.

They must all hail from Glanchester.

When the party began, Madam Stockton showed up with Queenie and Julie to help her bridge the communication with the younglings at the party.

Julie had her hair braided for the occasion and wore a well-fitted gown that had elegance written all over. As Queenie followed after her, her curly blonde hair seemed to have a life of its own as it fluttered with every step she took. She donned a bright pink dress that commanded attention.

The moment they showed up, a group of people surrounded them. Julie was quite the socialite and made conversation with everyone.

Once the crowd slowly dispersed, she noticed Sherry standing in the corner. She was startled by the sight of Sherry but quickly greeted her with a polite smile.

Although Sherry was not as sociable as Julie was, she had amassed more than enough experience in her years of managing Lush Heaven. In just one glance, she could tell that Julie was merely greeting her out of practical decency.

Besides, she already knew that Julie had never been fond of her. She was the heralded, much-praised daughter-in-law of the Stocktons, and she considered herself too good for Sherry.

Sherry hated the way Julie smiled, knowing that she had nothing but contempt for herself deep down. Nevertheless, Sherry ignored her and turned her head away. She picked up a slice of cake and stuffed it into her

mouth,

However, Julie was not a fan of being ignored, so she seemed to do a double take.

Meanwhile, Queenie, who was currently being showered with praises by everyone around her, noticed Julie's strange behavior. She looked at her and asked curiously, "What's the matter?" Julie raised her chin in Sherry's direction and said, "Isn't that Sherry? Why is she here?"

Upon hearing the mention of Sherry's presence, Queenie's expression turned hostile. She followed Julie's line of sight and quickly identified her nemesis who she approached.

Sherry had just finished a sweet and delicious slice of cake and was about to help herself to another serving when she heard Queenie's judgmental tone from behind, "Sherry, who said you could attend this party? What even makes you think that you have the right to be here?" Sherry picked up the cake and looked back at her. She smiled briskly while taking a bite out of the cake. "Your brother was the one who asked me to come. I don't understand why some poor old peasant like me needs to be here as well. Why don't you ask him for me?"

Queenie's face became flushed red with anger. She finally burst out after a few seconds of silence, "That's a load of nonsense. Why would my brother let someone like you attend? Get out of here!"

She screamed at the top of her voice and drew the attention of many people. Julie went up to them immediately and tried to calm Queenie down. "Come on, since John asked her to come, we'd better leave her alone."

Queenie only became more upset upon hearing this. "My brother would never invite someone like her. She must have snuck in here herself! How completely shameless!"

As soon as she said this, many people turned to gawk at Sherry.

Did she really sneak in? How could anyone barge in here without being directly invited by Madam Stockton?

This was a party to help Master Stockton find a suitable marriage partner, so who would have the audacity to sneak in here uninvited? It was truly shameless.

Suddenly, everyone began to regard Sherry with a sense of hostility.

Meanwhile, the apparently shameless Sherry took

another glass of red wine and downed it in one go. She could not be bothered to care about what they thought of her. Queenie's opinion was the least of her concerns.