

## Master Odells 981

### Chapter 981

Sylvia took Flint over from Liam and said, "Flint might have pooped. You guys go ahead and play, I have to change his diaper."

Together with Flint, Sylvia then made her escape from Isabel and Liam.

Isabel pouted. "Bro, I have a feeling that Mommy is trying to avoid our question."

Liam crossed his arms. "Be confident and just remove the words 'have a feeling' from your sentence."

"Hmph! She must choose between you and me today!"

Isabel moved her tiny legs and quickly chased after her mother.

Liam frowned and followed his sister out.

The man outside the door overheard the little situation and chuckled.

This woman might have lost all her memories of her children, but she was happy whenever she was with them. She was not as distant with them as she was with him.

She was happy now most of the time. Most of the memories in the past nine years that she had forgotten were terrible ones. If she remembered all of them, would she continue to be happy and carefree?

Ring.

His phone rang. He answered it and put it next to his ear.

Skylar's voice could be heard through the phone. "Sir, I just got off the plane. Should I go to your place now?"

Odell went silent for two seconds. "Go home and have a rest. We'll talk about it tomorrow."

"Yes, sir."

Fortunately, Flint had only farted. He had not pooped.

As if he knew that his fart had stunk to high heaven, he happily giggled as Sylvia carried him back to her room.

Sylvia kissed him and breathed a sigh of relief. "You farted at just the right time."

The moment she stopped speaking, the door creaked open.

Isabel and Liam stood side by side at the entrance.

Isabel put her hands on her hips and pouted. "Mommy, didn't you say you had to change Flint's diaper?"

Liam put his hands in his pockets as the expression on his face remained cool. "What did you mean by 'farted at just the right time'?"

Isabel asked, "Were you laughing at me just now, or were you laughing at Liam?"

"Uh... Listen..." Sylvia stuttered.

Both brother and sister pouted as they waited for their mother's answer.

Sylvia choked.

This time around, Flint did not rescue her with another fart. Instead, he joined his brother and sister in staring up at her.

Sylvia once again found herself in a quandary. It was then that a towering figure appeared behind Isabel and Liam.

Sylvia's eyes lit up as if she had just seen her savior. "You're home!"

Liam and Isabel turned around.

"What are you guys doing here?" the man asked.

Isabel answered, "We are trying to find out if Mommy was laughing at Liam or me just now."

Odell asked, "What happened just now?" Isabel briefly explained what happened and then pointed at Sylvia. "Mommy! Tell us! Were you laughing at Liam or me?!"

Sylvia looked to Odell for help.

The man tightened his lips, not seeming to want to offer his help.

Isabel and Liam looked at her.

Sylvia helplessly said, "Actually, I didn't laugh at either of you. I was laughing at Flint."

Flint giggled when he heard his name.

"Hmph!" Isabel grunted.

Liam pouted coldly.

Odell then carried them out one by one. "Go back to your room and do your homework."

His voice sounded cold and serious, as if he would brook no objection.

They had no choice but to leave.

Sylvia breathed a sigh of relief.

When Odell came back in, he saw Sylvia smiling at him.

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Walking up to her, he stroked her head before taking Flint, who was reaching his arms out to him, into his arms and sitting down beside her.

Flint tried to kiss him but Odell was a lot taller. Even though the little baby mustered up all his strength, his head could only touch Odell's chin.

The boy began to feel so anxious that he started to whimper.

Sylvia could not help but say, "Flint is trying to kiss you. You should allow him to do so."

Odell gave her a deep stare. "I want to kiss you as well."

His face was serious although his charming voice sounded pleasant.

Sylvia blushed and her heart began to pound. Shyly, she moved closer to him and granted his request.

Odell grinned and kissed her softly on her lips.

He then lifted Flint closer to his face and let the little guy kiss and slobber all over his face.

After leaving traces of his saliva on Odell's cheek, the little guy giggled happily.

Sylvia pinched Flint's cheek mischievously.

Odell smiled to see both mother and son laughing so happily.

When Flint had quieted down, Odell asked, "Do you want to recover your memories?"

Sylvia looked into his deep eyes.

Recover her memories?

She had jumped ahead from nine years ago without any knowledge or memories of the past nine years. What was there to recover?

However, judging by his passionate gaze, he seemed to believe that she could recover her memories.

After thinking about it, she asked, "Do you have a way to help me recover my memories?"

"Well, there is someone who can."

"Who?"

"You met her before. Skylar O'Brian, a psychiatrist."

Sylvia nodded silently.

"She just returned to Westchester, so if you want to recover your memories, I'll tell her to come over tomorrow. If you don't want to, we can just forget it."

He looked calm but Sylvia had a feeling that he wanted her to remember what had happened in the past nine years.

She said, "Yeah. Tell her to come over."

She had jumped all the way here from nine years ago and been unable to remember anything so far. She might as well allow Dr.

O'Brian to meet Odell's expectations.

Sylvia's lips curled up in a smile. She looked pure and refreshing with her crystal clear eyes.

Odell went silent for a few seconds. "Why don't you think about it first?"

"It's fine. Just tell her to come over."

He pursed his lips as he said, "Okay."

On the second morning, Skylar came.

Sylvia sat down on the couch with Odell and her kids.

Skylar greeted Odell when she came in and then smiled at Sylvia. "Good morning, Ms. Ross."

Sylvia smiled. "Hi."

Skylar smiled at the kids before she said to Odell, "Master Carter, I need to be alone with Ms. Ross in a closed room."

Odell nodded.

He held Sylvia's hand as they stood up. He stroked her face and said softly, "Just follow her instructions later. Don't be afraid."

Sylvia nodded. "Okay."

Odell let go of her hand and let her walk over to Skylar.

The two of them headed up to the second floor.

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Skylar had already given instructions the night before about how she wanted the room prepared for the therapy session.

All the necessary items had been prepared in the storage room on the second floor.

The storage room had no windows and when the door closed, it was as quiet as if all connection with the outer world was cut off.

There were two chairs inside.

Sylvia sat opposite Skylar.

With a warm smile on her face, Skylar softly said, "Ms. Ross, please relax."

Worthy of her title as a psychologist, she could sense Sylvia's nervousness.

Sylvia smiled. "I'll try."

She was a little nervous but she tried her best to suppress it.

She took a deep breath to calm her thoughts.

Skylar then took a silver necklace with a cross hanging from it out of her bag.

She held the necklace in front of Sylvia. "Ms. Ross, please look at the cross."

Sylvia did as she was told.

"Look at it, empty your mind and don't think of anything."

Sylvia complied.

Suddenly, she saw a shadow flash in front of her.

"Ms. Ross, did you see a shadow?"

Sylvia nodded.

"Alright. Close your eyes."

Sylvia closed her eyes.

Skylar started to chant in a foreign language. It sounded like some incantation but thankfully to Skylar's soft voice, it did not irritate her ears.

Sylvia had a feeling that her consciousness had been taken to another world.

Her consciousness started to fade.

A while later, she felt as if someone had picked her up from the chair and carried her to a big soft bed before covering her with a blanket.

She tried to open her eyes but found that she could not.

It was then that images started to flash in her mind and flooded her mind like the rising tide.

She saw herself in a luxurious hotel after having just had sex.

There was a knocking on the door that woke her up.

She opened her eyes and saw her stepmother, Dona, and Odell's

stepmother, plus several other relatives at the door, looking at them in disbelief.

Someone screamed, "Oh my goodness! Why are they sleeping together?!"

Amid the chaotic situation, Sylvia noticed Dona's delightful grin and Odell's stepmother's cold grin.

Terrified, she covered herself with the sheets and looked at Odell who was beside her.

She tried to explain to him that she had not come into his room on purpose. She had been drugged by her stepmother.

However, the man had kicked her out of bed before she could say a word.

She fell onto the floor with a loud thud.

The pain as her back hit the floor almost knocked her out cold.

The images then fast-forwarded to a later time.

Before she knew it, she had married the man she liked and feared for many years and moved in with him.

She thought her wish of staying with him had finally come through but what she had gotten in return was his endless indifference and disregard. Eventually, she had not even dared to appear before the man because she had been afraid that it would make him unhappy.

After that, the man had defeated his stepmother and regained control of the company. He had become so busy that he barely came home for half a month. She decided to visit the office and

unfortunately, she caught her best friend, Tara, having an affair with him. The way he had looked at Tara was gentle and loving. This was something he had never shown her.

Then, she had found out that she was pregnant with twins and she had thought that by telling him the good news, it would bring him back to her. Biting the bullet, she had gone to the villa that he had gifted Tara. However, Tara had then claimed that she was also pregnant. Tara had fallen down the stairs and faked losing her baby just so she could frame her. Sylvia had tried to explain herself but he had imprisoned her for half a year without trying to understand the truth.

In the six months that she had been locked up, he had never once come home. She had been stuck at home with Aunt Tonya and her growing belly for company.

By the time he had appeared in her life again, it was one month after her delivery. Tara had come to her place to provoke her and then falsely accuse Sylvia of slapping her six times. Sylvia had then been slapped sixty times before she had even fully recovered from giving birth to the twins. Her children had been taken away from her and she was chased out of the house.

The images replayed themselves as though she was watching a movie. It was as vivid and clear as if she had just been through

all of them in a matter of seconds.

Her heart throbbed as if it were being held down and crushed on the ground.

She suddenly opened her eyes and found herself in a room that was warmly lit with the man beside her.

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The man was sitting on the chair beside the bed with his forehead propped up with one hand, seemingly asleep.

The warm lighting cast a soft luster on the skin of his handsome face.

He seemed so unlike the person she had seen in her mind, yet seeing him made her heart ache. She could even still feel the pain from the sixty slaps on her face.

She clenched her hands tightly and wept silently for a while.

When she finally calmed down and regained her composure, she took a deep breath and got out of bed.

It was 1 o'clock in the morning. The whole house was shrouded in darkness.

Sylvia went to the living room, walked past the yard and arrived at the gate.

"Madam?" Ben was on duty tonight and he was surprised to find Sylvia out here at this hour.

"What are you doing up in the middle of the night? Have you regained your memory?"

Sylvia stared at him coldly. "Yeah. I remember you were there when I was slapped sixty times."

Ben's face turned pale. "What?"

"Six years ago, when Odell snatched my children away and chased me out of the house, you were there."

Ben took a step backwards and explained, "Madam, I was merely carrying out Master Carter's orders. I didn't hold you down on the ground or slap you. Those were done by other people. I did not participate in any of that. I was there because Master Carter told me to take care of Liam."

"So you were there to take my child away from me."

In the night, her unusually pale face and frosty gaze made her look like a ghost.

Ben quivered. "I didn't take Liam away. Master Carter told me to hold on to Liam, I didn't take him away from you."

He was just an employee carrying out his boss' order.

Sylvia simply stared at him coldly.

Ben had goosebumps. "Madam, those who slapped you were eventually fired by Master Carter. If you are still angry about it, I'll go find them and you can slap them back."

"Start the car and take me away."

Ben was shocked. "Huh? Where are you going? Have you informed Master Carter?"

Sylvia glared at him. "You have a minute to prepare. If you tell Odell, I will fire you first and don't even think about making a living in Westchester anymore."

"Madam, can ... say no? Jacob was also there when you were slapped..."

Sylvia took her phone out and started counting. "You have fifty seconds left."

With great reluctance, Ben went to the garage to bring the car over.

Sylvia got in.

Ben drove the car out looking very reluctant.

After the car left the house, the gate automatically closed.

Sylvia looked ahead with a frosty expression on her face.

Ben then asked, "Madam, where would you like to go?"

Sylvia furrowed her brows. "I don't know."

"Then why don't we just go for a drive?"

Sylvia did not say anything.

Ben drove slowly as wandered aimlessly on the road. From time to time, he would glance at Sylvia's terrifying expression through the rear mirror.

After some careful deliberation, he asked, "Madam, did you only recover the memories of the first few years?"

"Mhmmm."

"Well actually... Master Carter already knows that he misunderstood you and you guys actually got together again after that."

"Shut up and drive or I'll fire you right away," she said.

Ben zipped his mouth shut.

Sylvia stared out of the window.

There were almost no cars on the road, only the flash of the street lamps as they passed each one. It was a quiet night, but she could not calm down.

Before Skylar had hypnotized her, she had strongly believed that she had time-traveled here from nine years ago.

She had not even once suspected that she truly had amnesia.

Aunt Tonya had told her what happened before but she had only described it briefly. She had not expected to feel such immense pain when she saw it with her own eyes!

That b\*stard!

If she had not been afraid of waking him, she would have slapped him back sixty times!

She pulled her phone out and scrolled through the contact list.

"Go to Glanchester," she said.

Chapter 985 Ben asked, "Why are you going to Glenchester in the middle of the night?"

Sylvia remained silent. She really did not want to talk at the moment.

When he saw that Sylvia was refusing to talk, Ben secretly reached for his phone in his pocket with his free hand.

"If you text them, I'll fire you immediately."

Ben's hand froze. He said in a small voice, "Madam, Master Carter and the kids will be worried about you leaving without any notice."



“Shut. Up. And. Drive.”

Sylvia stared ahead coldly as she spoke like an emotionless ghost.

Ben withdrew in fear and he dared not speak another word.

Two hours later.

Back at the Carter residence, the man suddenly woke up from his nap.

He bolted up from his chair when he saw that the woman had disappeared from the bed.

“Sylvia?!”

The only reply he got was silence.

Sylvia was not in the bathroom or the closet. He strode to the kids’ room, but they were sleeping soundly with Flint between them; Sylvia was not in their room.

He strode to the living room, the yard, and the gate.

He saw no one on duty at the gate and one car was missing from the garage.

He pulled his phone out and called Ben but did not receive an answer.

With a grim expression on his face, he shouted, “Men!”

Another hour went by.

The sky slowly turned bright. It was almost dawn but Carter residence was in a tense situation.

The servants did their chores in silence.

Jacob and other bodyguards stood on alert in the yard.

Aunt Tonya tried calling Sylvia’s phone but could not get through

Sebastian was also nervous.

Odell was checking the footage in the security room alone, constantly replaying the same footage over and over again.

The footage from several hours ago showed Sylvia at the gate, lightly dressed. She could be seen speaking to Ben but the

footage had not captured their conversation.

Odell could tell from Ben’s expression that he had been forced to take her away.

But why had she wanted to go away?

Was it because she had recovered some of the bad memories?

However, they had already gotten back together before she lost her memory and they had even survived Thomas’ trap together. They had vowed never to leave each other again.

What had happened?

It was then his phone rang.

The call was from Cliff.

He answered the phone and asked, "Any news from Bowman?"

Cliff said in a small voice, "No news from Officer Sach yet but Peter, Master Stockton's assistant, called me and he informed me that Madam is at the Stockton's place."

Odell frowned. "Stockton's place? Why?"

"I heard she's there to see Ms. Fowler."

Odell sighed. "What else did John say?"

"Master Stockton has helped to calm madam down. He told you not to worry."

Not to worry? That was unlikely. The thought of tying Sylvia up and bringing her back from Glenchester even crossed his mind.

He sighed and said, "Tell John to look after my wife. I'm going to Glenchester now."

"Yes, sir."

Chapter 986

Sylvia was led to a guest room at Stockton's mansion after she arrived at Glenchester.

The butler had even arranged for a bodyguard and a maid for her.

It was already morning yet she had still not seen Sherry.

She wanted to leave the room but the maid and the bodyguard stopped her.

The maid smiled. "Mrs. Carter, Ms. Fowler hasn't woken up yet. It's not yet time for you to meet with her. Please wait for a little longer."

Sylvia frowned. She had been waiting for an hour now.

She might have arrived a little earlier than normal but even if John did not want her disturbing Sherry, her friend should have woken up by now.

The bodyguard and maid must have gotten orders from John to keep her in the room, but why prevent her from seeing Sherry?

Had he done something to her this time?

Sylvia glared at the bodyguard.

The man was tall and strong, and there was no way she could defeat him.

She went back into the room and shut the door.

Meanwhile, Sherry had just woken up from bed in another room within the mansion.

The windows and door were shut tight, the light was on and the room was in a mess as though it had just been through a war.

Sherry sat on the bed dressed in her panties and camisole, with her legs crossed. At the moment, her eyes were locked on the well-dressed man.

His white shirt, coupled with his golden-framed glasses, complemented his slender figure and elegant demeanor. It was as though he had come into this messy room by accident.

If he had not ravaged Sherry on the bed earlier, she would have thought that the mess in the room had nothing to do with him.

Sherry took a deep breath to suppress the urge to cut him up into pieces. "Can I see Sylvia now?"

John stared at her. He sat down beside the bed and turned his back on her. "My shoulders are a little bit tight. Give me a massage."

"You f\*cking,"

John turned around with a grin. "Haven't you had enough of 'f\*cking?'"

Sherry gulped and put on a flattering smile. "Aye, a massage ? Right away."

She crawled over to him and put her hands on his shoulder.

John turned away, and the flattering smile on Sherry's face immediately turned cold.

She squeezed his shoulder as hard as she could, but his shoulders were as hard as a rock. It almost broke her fingers.

Sherry narrowed her eyes and started to muster all her strength to squeeze harder.

"Give me a good massage and I'll let you see her," the man said warmly.

The cold expression on her face changed. She forced out a laugh and said, "Alright, dear sir. I'll make sure you get the best massage of your life."

She clenched her teeth and massaged him properly.

She knew how to massage well. When she was a child, she often gave massages to her grandmother who used to do a lot of farm work.

When the man had chosen to be with her and was chased out of the Stocktons, they had lived on the streets for some time and she massaged him frequently.

Images of distant memories flooded her mind all of a sudden.

Her hands unwillingly gave his shoulders a good massage.

The room went quiet.

Only after some time had passed, the man finally said, "Enough."

His voice was as cold as ice.

Sherry regained her composure and pulled herself out of her thoughts. She quickly withdrew her hands immediately.

John stood up. He headed to the door without looking back and said, "They will bring her over here in a moment." He then walked out of the room.

Sherry's expression changed before she got up and headed to the changing room.

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Back in Sylvia's room, she had just opened a window and was about to attempt to escape through it.

When she was about to jump from the balcony to the yard, she heard a knocking at the door.

The maid's voice followed. "Mrs. Carter, are you resting? Ms. Fowler has woken up, so Master Stockton told me to bring you over to her."

Sylvia's eyes lit up. "No, I'm already up. I'm coming."

Riding a shuttle bus that had been especially designed to be driven within the huge manor grounds, it took Sylvia three minutes to reach the other building where Sherry's room was located.

Several bodyguards were stationed outside the entrance. However, since John must have given the order, no one stopped her.

She walked through the front yard and reached the door.

When she entered the living hall, Sherry came out of her room.

Her hair was loosely draped over her shoulder and she wore a long dress with slippers. It looked as if she had just woken up.

There was nothing wrong with her attire but she was obviously thinner and paler than the last time Sylvia had seen her.

Sylvia ran to her. "Sherry, has he been abusing you?"

Sherry smiled. "He just doesn't let me out of the premises. He hasn't done anything to me."

"You look a lot thinner."

Sherry looked evasive. "I just haven't had much of an appetite, so I've been skipping meals."

No appetite?

Sylvia glanced at her tummy.

When she was pregnant with Isabel and Liam, she had also lost her appetite and become a lot thinner than before.

"Are you pregnant?"

Sherry answered immediately, "No way."

“Why? How could you be so sure?”

“I take birth control pills every time we f\*ck. There’s no way I’m having his baby.”

Sherry looked serious. Sylvia frowned. “Then why the loss of appetite? Aren’t they feeding you well?”

The Sherry she knew would never lose her appetite. Even when Sherry had been chased out of her family and asked for Sylvia’s help, she had still been able to eat.

Sherry avoided her questioning gaze. “I just don’t feel like it. You know, being locked up and all.”

Sylvia did not believe her.

However, before she could ask any more questions, Sherry asked her, “Sylvia, what brings you here? Did you argue with Odell again? Did he do anything bad to you?”

Sylvia’s gaze turned cold. “He didn’t.”

“Then why did you come all the way here in the middle of the night? What happened?” Sherry asked out of concern.

Sylvia tightened her lips and said, “I recovered my memory.”

“Huh? What then?”

“I only recovered a part of it. Just the first three of the nine years.”

The corners of Sherry’s mouth twitched. “So you only remember the events before he slapped you sixty times and kicked you out before taking the children away?”

“Yeah.”

“Okay, I got it.”

At the same time, in the building next door, John sat before the dining table alone.

Before him, a sumptuous breakfast had been laid out.

He was on his phone, listening to a live recording of the conversation next door.

His phone was connected to the receiver in the living hall, and

he could hear every word that Sherry and Sylvia spoke.

His brows furrowed when he heard Sylvia talking about the sixty slaps.

When he had first dated Sherry, he heard many complaints about Odell. Originally, he had only thought that Odell did not like his wife, hence the silent treatment. He had not expected the man to have snatched his kids away, slapped his wife sixty times and chased her out of the house.

As expected of Odell Carter of Westchester. He was a ruthless person indeed.

Chapter 988 After chatting for a while, the servants brought in breakfast.

The breakfast that was served contained all the specialties of Glenchester and was very sumptuous.

Simultaneously, the two of them looked at the table of food, so Sylvia missed the flash of shock and surprise in Sherry's eyes.

"Come on, Syl. Let's eat."

She grabbed Sylvia's hand and pulled her over to the table.

Sylvia was also starving as she followed her over. But, hadn't Sherry said that she had lost her appetite?

After a while, Sylvia's eyes swept over the empty plates on the table that Sherry had furiously wiped clean and felt baffled by it.

"Burp." Sherry let out a huge belch and giggled. "I don't know why but my appetite came back when I saw you, Syl."

Sylvia remained quiet.

John, who was eating next door, was left speechless. "Hmph."

After breakfast, Sylvia asked, "Sherry, why is John keeping you here?"

Sherry sat with her back against the sun. "I told you before, I cheated on him."

"It doesn't mean he can keep you here for this long. It's against the law. It's unlawful imprisonment!" Sylvia said as she frowned.

Sherry lowered her head. "Actually, I'm staying here voluntarily."

"Why?" Sylvia was baffled.

"He helped the Fowler family before. So in exchange, I have to do whatever he tells me to do."

"I thought you cut ties with your family."

"Yeah. That's what I thought too," Sherry let out a sarcastic laugh to herself and said, "Maybe I'm just cheap then."

She could have turned her back on the Fowler family. After all, her parents resented her and treated her like garbage. However, when they had knelt before her, begging for her help, and even proclaiming that they would jump off a building if she refused, her emotions had taken over and she had agreed to help.

Sylvia sighed and softened her voice. "I see. Don't be like that. Tell me what happened. Maybe I can help you."

"A lot has happened, and it's too much to be summarized in a few words. Don't worry. When I repay my debt, things will be fine," Sherry said.

Sylvia tightened her lips and stopped asking.

The man next door sat on the couch elegantly as he eavesdropped. The words put a grin on his face.

Repay her debt?

"Sherry, you'll never be able to satisfactorily repay me in this lifetime."

It was then that the butler came in. He walked to his master respectfully and said, "Sir, Master Carter is here."

John picked up his glasses and put a gentle smile on his face.

He got up, tidied his collar and said, "Tell him I'll be right there."

"Yes, sir."

Sylvia and Sherry were chatting when footsteps sounded from the door.

Sherry was sitting by the window when she saw two men walking towards the door and it shocked her.

She immediately said, "Sylvia, Odell is here."

The look in Sylvia's eyes turned cold.

"If you don't want to see him, go hide in that room." Sherry pointed at the second bedroom.

"Okay."

Sylvia got up and ran to the room that Sherry was pointing at.

The moment she locked the door, Odell and John came in.

The two men blocked the sun from the door with their towering figures.

Sherry got up and looked at them cautiously.

Odell scanned the place but did not see Sylvia.

John asked with a smile, "Sherry, where's Mrs. Carter?"

Sherry glanced at Odell and said in a small voice, "Syl said that she doesn't want to see him now."

"I am not asking if she wants to see him, I am asking where she is," said John as he maintained his smile.

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Sherry could not help but glare at John as she said, "I said, she doesn't want to see him."

John's smile faded.

Odell looked at the door to the guest room that was the only one with the door closed. "Master Stockton, Ms. Fowler, I'd like to talk to her alone, please."

John followed his gaze to the guest room and the smile returned to his face. "Sure."

Odell went over to the closed door.

Sherry's expression changed. She tried to stop Odell but John held her back.

She tried to struggle but John forcefully cupped her face. "Stop it. Come out with me."

He then carried her out of the living hall.

The other servants followed them out and the whole house went quiet.

Odell went up to the door and knocked.

Sylvia was leaning on the wall beside the door.

“Sylvia,” he said.

Sylvia did not answer.

Odell frowned and spoke in a deep voice. “I know it’s my fault. I

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wronged you for the first three years.”

He had received a call from Ben as he was traveling to Glenchester. Ben said he had been forced to take Sylvia to Sherry’s place. He had also mentioned that Sylvia only remembered what had happened in the first few years.

Sylvia tightened her lips. “Go back. I don’t want to see you now.”

“It’s not convenient for you to be here. Please come back with me. You don’t have to see or stay with me. We can meet again when you calm down.”

He sounded gentle and patient, unlike the man she remembered

from the three years of memories that she had of him.

Sylvia shut her eyes. She knew what had happened after those three years but for now, all she had were the memories of those three years, and she could not forgive him based on that.

“It’s convenient enough for me to be here. Just go back.”

Odell paused for a moment. “The kids will miss you if they don’t see you.”

Sylvia frowned. The adorable faces of her children appeared in her mind and made her chest feel tight.

A moment later, she said, “I’ll call them.”

“Are you really not coming back with me?” he asked, the tone of voice sounding heavier.

Annoyed, Sylvia said, “Yeah!”

“Are you going to be the third wheel here?”

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What? What was that supposed to mean? Was he trying to make her angry?

Sylvia coldly snorted, “Yeah! I’m going to be the third wheel!”



“Fine...”

He turned and left.

Sylvia could hear his footsteps as he left since there was only one door between them.

She frowned but did not do anything.

Odell left the living hall and headed to the yard.

Sherry was being restrained by John as they waited for Odell.

John smiled when Odell came out. “Master Carter, where’s Mrs. Carter? Didn’t she follow you out?”

Odell stared at him. “She’s not in the mood and she wants to stay with Ms. Fowler for several more days.”

John’s smile froze.

Meanwhile, Sherry’s eyes lit up.

Odell did not seem to notice the displeasure on John’s face at the news and he added, “I’ll have to trouble you and Ms. Fowler for two more days. I’ll come to pick her up and take her back when she’s feeling better. I won’t let her stay here for too long.”

John forced a smile on his face. “You’re being too courteous, Master Carter. You are my most important collaborator and

your wife is Sherry’s best friend, after all. Sherry needs some company as well, so I’m glad that Mrs. Carter is willing to stay to accompany her for a few more days.”

Odell smiled in return. “As long as you’re okay with it, Master Stockton.”

Sherry rolled her eyes.

Chapter 990

Not long after Odell left, Sylvia came out of the room.

Sherry and John were in the living room.

Sherry went over to her side as soon as she came out.

John smiled. “Mrs. Carter, Master Carter has already gone home. You can stay here for a few days in peace. If there’s anything you need, just tell Arnold, the butler.”

Sylvia was not overly fond of John either but she maintained her manners and thanked him. “I appreciate that, Master Stockton.”

“Don’t mention it.” John got up and glanced at his watch. “Please excuse me as I have work to attend to.”

He then looked at Sherry. “Sherry, please look after Mrs. Carter.”

“I don’t need you to remind me of that,” Sherry retorted.

John's gaze turned frosty for a second, but he maintained his smile and said to Sylvia, "Mrs. Carter."  
"Master Stockton."

John then went out.

The moment his figure disappeared through the door, Shery cursed loudly, "That f\*cking b\*stard. Hypocrite!"

Sylvia merely watched in silence.

Chapter 990

After John left, Sylvia called Aunt Tonya and the kids.

Isabel and Liam answered the call instantly as they were worried about her.

Liam, who was not much of a talker, only asked where she was.

Isabel tried to persuade her to come back and even asked her why she had left.

Sylvia was honest with her kids this time. She told them she had only recovered the memories of the first three years out of the nine.

Isabel knew what had happened in those three years and she had told Liam about it before, so the both of them went quiet.

A while later, Liam said, "Mommy, I'll take good care of Izzy and Flint, don't worry."

Isabel hummed in agreement.

The promise warmed Sylvia's heart. "Izzy, Liam, you guys have to go to school, okay? I'll be back in a few days."

"We will," they answered.

Sylvia then talked to Aunt Tonya and told her what happened. She did not want Aunt Tonya to worry about her.

Aunt Tonya simply told her to be careful and hung up.

Sylvia put her phone away, intending on looking for Sherry. However, she did not see her friend in the living hall.

"Sherry?"

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She received no response.

Sylvia walked outside and continued calling her friend. "Sherry, where are you?"

"I'm outside!"

Sherry's voice came from outside the yard.

Sylvia went out and saw Sherry sitting under a thick pine tree. She was holding a needle and thread as she embroidered flowers onto a piece of cloth.

Sylvia's eyes widened in shock.

Sherry waved at her. "Come over here. It's cooler here."

Sylvia reluctantly walked over and looked at the items in Sherry's hands with disbelief.

Sherry quickly began to sew again as if she had to catch up on her project

Sylvia sat down beside her and watched her skillfully sew. She asked, "Since when did you pick up this hobby?"

Sherry was usually not patient enough to be good at crafts. She did not even have the patience to pick a dress while shopping with her, let alone handle a needle and thread.

Sherry paused for a moment before she said, "I was bored here, so I picked up a hobby."

"Really?"

"Yeah."

Sherry hastened her sewing.

To Sylvia, it looked like Sherry was stabbing at someone with resentment instead of sewing something with love.