

Master odells 991

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Sylvia glanced at Sherry's sewing.

It looked like she was sewing a lily. It resembled a flower but it was not exactly beautiful.

All of a sudden, Sherry asked, "Syl, are you hungry?"

The question caught Sylvia off guard. "I'm okay, but I do feel like nibbling on something."

Sylvia was rather bored.

Sherry then turned to the maid. "Hey, didn't you hear her? Syl wants something to eat. Hurry up and bring some snacks over."

The maid frowned, seemingly reluctant to go.

Sherry became agitated. "Are you deaf? That b*stard John told us to take care of Syl. Don't you know who Syl's husband is?"

The maid glanced at Sylvia before she went off.

Sherry then turned to smile at Sylvia. The change in her expression was faster than turning a page of a book.

"Hold on, Syl. The maid will bring something over." Sylvia looked at her friend. "Sherry, are you hiding something from me?"

Sherry had never been a bully before, so why had she been so angry at the maid?

She was also not someone who would love embroidery.

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Sherry's gaze shifted. She smiled. "It's nothing. What could I possibly keep from you?"

"Really?"

"Yeah. Of course." She continued to sew her lily. "I still have to sew. You go ahead and entertain yourself. Don't disturb me."

Sylvia frowned.

She wondered if Sherry was completely engrossed in her embroidery or if she was just trying to hide her emotions by lowering her head.

The maid soon brought over some snacks and placed them on the table.

The maid respectfully said, "Mrs. Carter, please help yourself."

Sylvia smiled at her.

There were some local pastries, a fruit platter and some cakes.

Before Sylvia could reach for the cake, Sherry grabbed a piece and shoved it into her mouth.

Surprised, Sylvia looked at Sherry.

Sherry gobbled up the cake in the blink of an eye, ate two more pieces of oranges and continued to sew with her dirty hands.

The white cloth that she was sewing on became stained with oil from her hands.

Sylvia frowned.

After a while, Sherry continued to eat. This time, she ate even

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more than before. Within a few minutes, half of the fruits and cakes were gone.

She asked, "Syl, why aren't you eating? Don't you like them?"

"I suddenly don't feel like eating any more."

"Really?"

"Yeah."

Sherry grinned widely, showing her teeth stuffed with food. "Then can I have all the cakes?"

Sylvia fought hard to suppress her unusual feeling. "Yeah, go ahead."

Sherry gobbled all the food in minutes. After she had licked her fingers clean, she asked, "Syl, is there anything else you want to eat?"

"Why don't you just say what you want to eat?"

Sherry looked surprised. "Uhm... I'm done eating but I feel like having a glass of wine."

Before Sylvia said anything, the maid intervened. "No. Master Stockton clearly stated that you are not allowed to have any alcohol. If he finds out that I served you any alcoholic beverages, he will fire me!"

Sherry turned to her. "Did I give you permission to speak?!"

The maid was not afraid of her at all. She grunted and continued, "I am doing this for your own good. If you don't want

to

"Shut up! I'll slap you to death if you don't!" Sherry bolted up all of a sudden.

The maid begrudgingly stepped back.

Sherry sat back down and smiled at Sylvia. "Sylvia, don't listen to her. I'm an alcoholic, John is not allowing me to drink out of concern for me."

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Sylvia stared at the empty plates in silence.

"Syl? Why aren't you saying anything?" Sherry looked at her cautiously.

"Sherry, is it true that John doesn't feed you? Did he also force you to do all this embroidery work?" Sylvia asked coldly.

Sherry's expression froze. "No, no. I would have starved to death if he didn't feed me. I'm doing embroidery to pass the time."

"What about your phone? Did he confiscate it?" Sylvia asked.

Sherry pursed her lips and she started to get teary.

Sylvia's brows furrowed. She got up and sat beside her friend." Sherry, please tell me the truth or I'll be angry."

Sherry hugged her friend around the waist and wept. "That b*stard is inhuman! He eats like a king every day but feeds me leftovers! I haven't even eaten any meat in such a long time!

"He even forced me to sew all this nonsense. I have to sew ten of these each week. He also forced me to do gardening! Look at the flowers there, I planted all of them with my own hands!"

Sylvia looked at the garden next to them.

The grass and flowers were a mess. Some of the grass had grown even taller than the flowers.

When she first came here, she had wondered why the garden was in a mess. Now, she learned that it had all been done by

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Sherry.

Sylvia choked on her emotions. She patted her friend on the back to console her.

Sherry cried, "If I can't finish the tasks that he has assigned, my meals will get worse the following week. I might only get two meals per day!"

Sylvia was rather speechless. She had thought of the many ways that John could torture Sherry but this unusual way had never crossed her mind.

She waited for Sherry to calm down before asking in a small voice, "He doesn't give you any meat?"

In grievance, Sherry cried out, "Yeah. Not even one bite."

She was reduced to being like a beggar on the street who was asking for mercy.

Sylvia's brows furrowed, but before she could say anything else, the maid quickly interjected in displeasure.

"You're the one who goes against Master Stockton's orders. Master Stockton made it clear that if you behaved, you would get to eat. You even ate a whole pork knuckle the other day!"

Sherry's weeping paused, and she glared at the maid. "Are you asking for a beating?"

The maid immediately stepped back, but she refused to stay quiet. She said, "Mrs. Carter, please talk some sense into her. I've tried everything. Master Stockton wouldn't do this if she could follow orders or be less rebellious. She brought this all upon herself."

"You little piece of shit! I must be treating you a little too well."

Sherry instantly bolted up and rushed over. She was looking particularly energetic now that she had just eaten well.

The maid immediately ran away.

Sherry chased the maid to the entrance before the bodyguards stopped her. She put her hands on her hips and yelled at the fleeing maid, "You better not come back or I'll slap you to death!"

Sylvia watched in silence.

Sherry returned after a while and sat beside her friend with her head down.

"Sigh. I have only sewn three this week. I have seven more to go."

She continued embroidering the ugly lily on the white cloth.

Sylvia went back to her seat and asked, "Do you need any help?"

"No. That b*stard doesn't allow me to get any help. If he finds out, I'll have to sew another ten."

Sylvia tightened her lips.

Time went by.

The sun had set over the horizon by the time they returned to the living hall.

Sylvia continued to watch Sherry sew.

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The maid soon brought dinner over.

Fearing that Sherry might scold or beat her, she quickly made her exit after serving dinner.

Sherry tossed the needle and cloth aside before grabbing Sylvia and pulling her over to the dining table.

Footsteps came from the door as soon as they sat down.

The maid respectfully greeted the person. "Good evening, Master Stockton."

Sherry's face suddenly turned pale and she put down her cutlery.

Sylvia turned to look at the entrance.

John, who was wearing a white shirt, walked over.

He smiled at Sylvia. "Please, Mrs. Carter, make yourself at home."

He then sat down beside Sherry.

Sylvia's lips tightened as she sat down.

The maid brought a new set of cutlery over.

John picked his spoon up and smiled. "Mrs. Carter, please help yourself."

He smiled gently and talked politely.

If Sherry had not already told her what happened, Sylvia would

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never have believed that the man was such a hypocrite.

Out of respect for the host, she thanked John and started to eat. From time to time, she would sneak peeks at Sherry.

Only after John began to eat did Sherry begin to eat a small piece of vegetable.

She did not dare reach for the meat that was served on the table.

Sylvia frowned and put some pieces of meat onto Sherry's plate, pretending that she did not know about what John had done.

She smiled. "Sherry, have some meat. You look a lot thinner than the last time I saw you. Don't just chew on the broccoli."

Sherry's eyes lit up. "It's not that I don't want to eat meat, but I've just started to enjoy being a vegetarian."

Despite saying so, she gobbled a piece of steak.

John smiled. "Mrs. Carter is right. Don't just eat the vegetables. She might think I'm torturing you."

After saying that, he put several pieces of meat onto her plate as well and looked at her gently. Sherry choked. It was either due to a sudden happiness or the disgusting hypocrisy that the man was showing.

She turned away just in time to avoid spitting out the chewed meat that was covered in her saliva onto the table but it landed

on John's face instead.

The saliva covered bits of chewed meat slid off John's face onto his white shirt and dropped to the floor.

Sylvia and the maid at the entrance were left speechless.

Sherry's eyes widened in shock. John was stunned.

The atmosphere went silent for several seconds, but it felt like ages.

Just as Sylvia was trying to think of a way to escape the awkward situation, Sherry's mouth widened into a grin before she burst into laughter.

The more she laughed, the more hysterical she became until her stomach started to hurt.

All at once, the whole house was filled with her laughter.

Unsurprisingly, John's expression darkened, but he maintained the courtesy and politeness of a host.

Forcing a smile on his face as he looked at Sylvia, he said, "Mrs. Carter, I don't think I can continue to have dinner with you as I have to get myself cleaned up. Please go back to your room and I will tell the maid to send you a new serving of dinner later."

Even a blind man could tell that he wanted to punish Sherry.

Sylvia feigned ignorance and smiled. "It's okay. You go ahead. Sherry and I can continue on our own. You don't need to prepare another serving for me."

John maintained his smile. "Sherry's face is also dirty and she has to get herself cleaned up as well."

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Sylvia glanced at Sherry's clean face. "You guys go ahead then. There's no need to worry about me. There's another guest room over there. I can spend the night there so I won't have to go back to the previous room. I won't be a nuisance to either of you."

She refused to leave. She had a feeling John was angry enough to kill Sherry at this moment. She had to stay on to keep her friend safe.

John's smile disappeared. "Mrs. Carter, are you insisting on staying?"

Sylvia's gaze shifted.

Sherry slammed the table and yelled, "You b*stard! Your anger is aimed at me, so don't talk to my friend like that!"

John took his glasses off and rubbed the lens with his fingers.

All at once, the atmosphere became gloomy.

Sylvia felt the chills running down her back. She said, "Sherry, I'm fine. Please calm down."

"Mrs. Carter, I think it's better if you leave the room first."

Now that John was looking at her without his glasses, the grim and viciousness of a mature man could clearly be seen.

As though he had seen through Sylvia's thoughts, he said, "Don't worry. I'm a gentleman, I won't hit a woman."

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Since John had already given his assurance, it would only make things worse between the two of them if Sylvia insisted on staying

Sylvia got up and looked at Sherry.

Sherry remained seated with her arms crossed and acted as if she was not afraid of the man. "Syl, just go. He won't do anything to me."

Sylvia tightened her lips and left.

As soon as she stepped out of the living hall, she heard a loud crash, as if the whole dining table had been overturned.

She turned around but the maid blocked her way.

The maid said, "Don't worry, Mrs. Carter. It's a common occurrence around here. Nothing bad will happen."

"Are they always like that?" she asked.

The maid sighed. "Yeah. I really don't understand Ms. Fowler. Countless women wish to win Master Stockton's heart, yet she does the exact opposite. She even tries to provoke him and make him mad. I believe that she spat on Master Stockton's face on purpose."

Sylvia remained quiet. With her understanding of her friend, she, too, believed Sherry had done it on purpose.

The loud sounds quieted down after a while.

Sylvia sighed and left.

The maid followed her out and continued, "Mrs. Carter. Please

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try to advise Ms. Fowler when you come over tomorrow. I am really worried that she might get herself killed when Master Stockton's patience runs out. I knew she's a good person deep down inside but she's behaving stupidly in front of the man."

Sylvia chuckled helplessly.

Earlier that day, she had thought that Sherry and the maid were enemies but now, it seemed more like a love-hate relationship.

"You don't know Sherry. She's not stupid."

"Then why does she insist on continually making Master Stockton mad?"

Sylvia remained silent.

If she was correct, Sherry was probably doing everything on purpose just to exhaust his patience, in the hopes that he might throw her out of the house.

Back in the living hall, all the plates and cutlery had been scattered all over the floor.

John lifted Sherry up from her seat as soon as Sylvia left. The dining table had been knocked over as she struggled to free herself from being restrained by him.

The man carried her to the bathroom and pinned her down in the shower.

The warm shower washed over their bodies like the pouring rain.

He cupped her chin and kissed her, as his arms tightened

around her waist and he bent her backwards. He paused and chuckled. "It seems like you enjoy taking a shower with me."

"F*ck-Ugh!"

He silenced her with another kiss,

The kiss lasted for some time before he finally released her lips.

Sherry slipped out of his arms like a slippery fish and tried to run outside.

John sneered. He quickly strode towards her and grabbed her by the waist.

Splash!

Before she knew it, she was tossed into the water-filled tub.

The maid brought Sylvia a new serving of dinner after returning to her room.

She only had a few bites as she had lost her appetite after what had happened.

A bodyguard had been stationed outside her door.

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Sylvia wanted to go out, so she told him. "I'm not going to see Sherry. Can I go out for a walk?"

The bodyguard said, "Mrs. Carter, Master Stockton stated that you are not allowed to leave the premises tonight. Please forgive me."

Sylvia had no choice but to turn around and go back into the room.

She returned to the bed and video-called her kids.

They seemed to be waiting for her call as they immediately answered within seconds.

Three adorable faces appeared on her phone screen.

"Mommy, have you eaten?" Isabel asked.

“Mommy, Mommy...” Flint murmured.

Liam watched in silence.

Sylvia smiled. “I just ate dinner.”

Isabel pouted. “Are you living well over there?”

“It’s pretty good. Here, I’ll give you a tour of my room,” said Sylvia as she turned the phone camera around to show them the room.

“Mhmm. It’s okay, it’s a little plain though,” said Isabel.

Flint, “Mommy, Mommy...”

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Sylvia smiled. “Isabel, did you and Liam behave well at school today?”

Isabel instantly lifted her chubby little face to say, “Of course!”

Sylvia chatted with them until it was time for them to go to bed.

Back at the Carter residence, the three little rascals were disheartened when the call ended.

Isabel turned to the man who had been sitting beside them but had refused to show himself during the call. “Silly Daddy, when are you going to bring Mommy back?”

Odell got up and took Flint from Liam’s arms. “Go to bed. I’ll check up on you two later.”

“Hmph!” Isabel pouted.

Liam sullenly pouted as well.

Odell carried Flint out of the room.

Ding!

Sylvia received a text shortly after she had put her phone down.

It was from Odell.

He had sent her a picture of Flint drinking milk from his bottle, followed by a text message. “Isabel and Liam are asleep. Flint is a good boy as well. I’ll put him to bed after this bottle. Everything is fine here. Don’t worry.”

Sylvia heaved a sigh of relief but soon grunted out of annoyance.

The man was trying to coax her by using the kids again but had underestimated her resolution.

She refused to soften up this time.

She tossed the phone away and went to the bathroom.

The next morning, Sylvia hid two buns from her breakfast and brought them to Sherry's place.

John should have gone to work, leaving only one maid to clean the table.

Sherry seemed to have eaten but for some reason, she was lying on the couch listlessly.

Sylvia went over and put her hand on the forehead.

Her temperature was fine and she was not having a fever but it did not explain why she looked so listless.

"What's wrong? Are you feeling unwell?"

Sherry put her hands on her stomach and groaned. "That b* stard only gave me a piece of bread."

After the vigorous and exhausting sex the night before, she had only been given a piece of bread with no butter as breakfast!

Even a dog had a better breakfast than her!

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Sylvia was speechless for a moment before she gave Sherry the buns she snuck for her.

Sherry gobbled the buns like a hungry wolf.

She got up after finishing the buns and hugged Sylvia tightly." Syl, thank goodness you're here! Or I'll be dead!"

Sylvia pursed her lips helplessly when she noticed the red marks around Sherry's neck.

Sherry came back from the dead and looked more energetic after gobbling the buns. She looked alive.

Sylvia accompanied her to the yard and watched her sew.

Sherry sewed quicker today, but it was sloppy. She finished the ugly lily from yesterday in under an hour.

She then picked up another piece of cloth and stared at it for a while. She said to Sylvia, "Syl, why don't you help me draft something?"

She had no idea what to sew and could not paint, so she asked her friend for help.

Sylvia took the piece of cloth and asked, "What do you want to sew?"

Sherry pondered. "A sunflower? Make it simple."

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"Alright."

Sylvia grabbed the pencil and started drafting.

Maybe because of the beautiful sun and refreshing air, she got into her drawing trance quickly and easily drafted a simple yet meticulous sunflower.

Sherry widened her eyes in delight. "Syl, are you a witch? What spell did you cast on the pencil? How could you draw such a realistic sunflower in just a few strokes?"

Sylvia giggled. "If you're an art student, you could too."

She did not expect to draw an entire sunflower but it was not something sophisticated in her professional view.

"I learned drawing for three years."

Sylvia remained silent while looking at the poorly sewn lily.

Sherry claimed that she learned drawing for three years, yet the lily was the best she could do. .

Sherry took the drafted sunflower and started sewing on it.

The needle poked through the cloth and sewed the yellow threads along the drafted line. The sunflower was soon colored with yellow threads.

Morning went by in the blink of an eye. The maid brought lunch over at noon. After serving the dishes on the table, she called the ladies in for lunch. "Ms. Fowler, Mrs. Carter, it's lunchtime."

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Sherry put down the needle and thread and went over to the table with Sylvia.

Lunch was a feast. There were meat, vegetables, and soup. A total of eight dishes were served just for the two of them.

It was a lot better than lunch yesterday as many of the dishes were Sherry's favorite.

Sylvia glanced over the table of dishes.

Was the feast prepared because she was here? Or was she just an excuse to prepare the meal for Sherry?

"Syl, don't just stand there. Sit down and eat!" Sherry shoved a piece of meat into her mouth.

Sylvia smiled and sat down beside her.

While they were enjoying lunch, two ladies came in from the door.

One of the young ladies wore a yellow mini dress that complemented her golden wavy hair, making her look like a princess.

She looked at Sylvia and Sherry arrogantly the moment she stepped in.

She shouted at Sherry, "Sherry, did my brother permit you to have meat? The dishes are prepared for Mrs. Carter! You're not allowed to eat any of them!"

Before Sherry and Sylvia could say a word, the other young lady in the white dress calmed and persuaded her softly, "Queenie,

we're here to visit Mrs. Carter. Ms. Fowler is Mrs. Carter's friend, mind your manners."

Queenie retorted in annoyance, "I'm not talking to Mrs. Carter like that."

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Julie furrowed her brows. She seemed afraid of Queenie, and even though she disagreed, she dared not stop her friend.

Queenie grunted and stared at Sherry, who was still chewing on meat. "Sherry, I'm talking to you! Are you deaf?!"

Sherry ignored her. She tugged Sylvia's sleeve and said, "Sylvia, let's eat. Ignore her."

Sylvia awkwardly tightened her lips.

Queenie strode forward to the table. "Sherry, what's with that attitude? Don't forget you're just a stripper from a club!"

She went up to Sherry and tried to slap her face.

Sylvia frowned coldly.

Julie screamed out of shock. "Queenie, calm down!"

Slap!

A loud slap sounded, but it was not Sherry that was slapped. It was Queenie.

Before Queenie could land her slap, Sherry got up and slapped her first. The strong slap turned her face and almost knocked her off her balance.

Everything plunged into silence for a moment.

Julie nervously went up to Queenie. "Queenie, are you alright?"

With her hand covering her face, Queenie glared at Sherry in

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disbelief. "Y-You slapped me?!" "Why couldn't I?" Sherry raised a brow and crossed her arms." I'd slap you again even if your mother is here." Queenie widened her eyes in disbelief.

Julie was shocked. "Ms. Fowler, I know Queenie is being rude, but she's still the daughter of the Stockton family and her mother is a respected figure. Please watch your words."

Sherry grunted. "Who the hell are you?"

Julie's face turned pale as she was rendered speechless. Queenie shook Julie's hands off and shouted, "Sherry, you b* tch! I'll tear that dirty mouth off your face!"

She threw herself at Sherry, who stood still like a rock.

Sylvia bolted up and stood before Sherry, protecting her from Queenie.

Queenie's hand froze when Sylvia intervened. She screamed, "Move!"

Sylvia maintained her manners and said, "Ms. Stockton, please calm down. I'll move when you behave."

Queenie shouted out of annoyance, "This isn't Westchester City. I'm not scared of you, even if you're Mrs. Carter. You're in my territory, Glenchester. If you don't move, I'll slap you too!" Sylvia pursed her lips. "You can try."

Julie immediately pulled Queenie away. "Queenie, control yourself! Mrs. Carter is a guest. Your brother told the servants to

take good care of her. Don't do it."

Queenie grunted angrily and glared at Sylvia and Sherry. She then ran out of the door with teary eyes and cried, "I'll go tell Mom! I want her dead!"

Julie immediately apologized to Sylvia. "Mrs. Carter, Queenie is still young. Please forgive her manners."

She glanced at Sherry before she went chasing after Queenie.

Everything returned to peace and quiet..

Sherry tugged Sylvia's arm. "Syl, let's eat. The soup is getting cold."

Sylvia lost her mood and appetite. She asked, "Sherry, who are those two?"

Sherry pursed her lips. "That b*tch who scolded me is Queenie, John's sister. The one with a little more sense is Julie, John's sister-in-law."

"Is Queenie always this mean to you?"

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"I rarely see her around. Her brother usually keeps her away. This is probably the third time I see her since I came here."

Sherry served a bowl of soup for Sylvia. "Don't you worry about me. I've seen a lot of girls like her and I won't let her climb on top of my head and do whatever she wants!"

Sylvia sighed when she thought about Sherry slapping Queenie earlier. She was still worried. "You just slapped her. What if she tells Madam Stockton about it? Will she do anything to you?"

"Don't worry." Sherry shoved a piece of shrimp into her mouth. "Madam Stockton might call me things behind my back but she won't do anything to me. The best she could do is tell John about it and let him deal with me."

Sherry knew the Stockon family well.

Sylvia sighed and let the concerns slip.

Maybe because Queenie snitched on Sherry, John came back before it was dark.

Sylvia was in the yard with Sherry, watching her sew.

Sherry had a glance at the man approaching and continued sewing. She sewed a lot faster than before, seemingly trying to ignore the man.

John smiled. "Mrs. Carter, it's getting late. Why don't you go

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back to have some rest? I have something to talk to Sherry about, alone."

Sherry smiled profoundly at Sylvia. "I'll see you tomorrow, Syl."

The smile was a signal to tell her not to worry.

Sylvia nodded and left, leaving the two alone in the yard.

Sherry continued sewing.

John walked up to her and saw her sewing the sunflower.

Her sewing was bad but it did not diminish the beautiful shape of the sunflower. It seemed to be from an artist's hand.

"You drew this sunflower?"

Sherry ignored him and continued to sew.

John grinned. "Answer me, or I'll make you sew ten more this week."

Sherry looked at him. "Do you think I can draw something this beautiful?"

"No."

"Then why the f*ck do you ask?"

The man was used to the woman's vulgarities. He looked at her and continued, "Mrs. Carter drew it for you?"

"Of course, she did. Syl is the world-renowned artist, Ms. Sunflower," Sherry excitedly said.

"She's Ms. Sunflower?" John found the revelation surprising. "But I heard she's not doing well in the past two years. She didn't

produce any paintings at all."

"Bullsh*t!" Sherry bolted up and shouted, "Syl is just not in the mood. When she's better, she'll paint something even better."

John smiled. "Let's hope so."

"Don't. Because it will definitely happen!"

John narrowed his eyes at Sherry's mysterious confidence. "Why are you so sure about it?"

"She's my best friend, and I believe her."

"So with your best friend around, you got the nerves to slap Queenie?"

His smile faded at the end of the sentence.

Sherry's gaze shifted but just for a moment. She lifted her face arrogantly and smiled. "I'll slap that girl whether Syl is around or

not."

"Hmph." John chuckled. "It seems like you're quite capable, Sherry."

"Of course, I am. Who do you think I a-Ugh!"

John clutched her face before she could finish her sentence.

His frosty gaze was glaring through the glasses. He said coldly, "I supposed so. When you left me back then, you were a lot fiercer than one simple slap on a girl's face."

Chapter 999 Maybe because of the tightening clutch over her face or the skip of a beat in her heart, Sherry frowned.

She gasped and gulped before she looked into that frosty gaze. She forced a smile and said, "It's been so many years, and you're still clinging on to that? Do you hate me that much, or are you still thinking about me?"

John tightened his clutch the moment her words subsided.

There was only grimness on his handsome face.

"Sherry, am I being too lenient to the point that you misunderstood your place?"

The intense pain made Sherry feel like her cheekbone was breaking. She said with gnashing teeth, "Strangle me to death or let me out of here. If you can't do both of them, you miss me."

John pursed his lips. His glasses no longer concealed his terrible mood.

He said, "Strangling you to death will only stain my hand with your blood. Don't even try to agitate or provoke me to release you. I'll keep you here for life and make sure you don't eat or sleep well. I want you to suffer like never before!"

"Hmph! You just love my beautiful face and body! You really know how to find an excuse."

John was furious. His veins started popping at his forehead.

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He lowered his head closer to her face. "Sherry, one more word and I'll break your teeth!"

He might not be able to strangle her to death but breaking her teeth was completely viable.

Sherry shut her mouth immediately.

The man's grim expression softened a little.

He scoffed. "You better behave and stop provoking me. Or I'll send your friend away and make sure you never see her again."

Sherry glared at him with gnashing teeth.

John stared at her distorted face. He slightly softened his clutch and asked, "What did you call me inside?"

"You piece of sh*t, good-for-nothing, b*stard, prick, jerk, f*cker!"

John's expression turned grim.

"You're the one who asked me what I call you inside," she said.

"How obedient of you," John said with curled lips.

Sherry curled her lips too.

He maintained his smile and said, "I'll reward you with no meals for tonight and tomorrow morning. Ten more sewings this week."

Sherry's face turned pale. "You f*ck..."

"One more f*ck and you lose tomorrow's dinner."

Sherry tightened her lips.

"Good girl." John chuckled.

He released her and returned to the house.

Sherry punched and kicked the air madly after he left.

The sky slowly turned dark, and so did the mansion.

Sherry put all her sewing tools into the box and went back to the living hall.

John had taken off his jacket and was drinking tea on the couch.

Sherry had a glance at him. She sat down at the furthest spot and continued sewing.

The living hall was quiet until the maid delivered dinner.

The maid set up the cutleries at the table and served a feast.

She also put a decanter with wine on the table.

Sherry sniffed the aroma of wine from the couch. She stared at it and gulped anxiously.

John glanced at her before he walked over to the table.

He had two glasses of wine before starting to eat elegantly before Sherry.

Chapter 1000 Sherry gulped as she watched. John ignored her scorching gaze and continued eating and drinking.

Half of the wine in the decanter was gone before dinner even finished.

Sherry clenched her fists and glared at the man.

John finally looked at her with an evil smile. "You want some?"

"Yes!" She had yearned for the taste of wine for a while now.

John smiled. "Then watch me drink."

He poured himself another glass and drained it to the last drop.

"You prick," Sherry said.

The last drop of wine in the decanter was soon poured into his glass. He leaned back and swirled the wine while looking at her in delight.

Sherry's patience was at her limit.

She bolted up and dashed toward him like the wind. John grinned and put the glass near his mouth.

Sherry widened her eyes. "Leave some for me!"

She strode faster to his side and tried to snatch the glass.

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However, she was one step too late. The last drop had fallen into his mouth when she touched the glass.

All she got was an empty glass.

She tossed it on the table. She put her hands around his neck and screamed, "You b*stard, give me back the wine!"

John grinned.

The lighting highlighted the drop of red on his lips. The last drop of wine and its reflection captured Sherry's attention.

Sherry's eyes gleamed as though she had found the nectar of the gods. She pressed her lips onto his and sucked whatever she could.

Unfortunately, it was too little, but she still got a taste of it.

She sucked on his lips for a while until the taste was gone. She recovered from her alcohol frenzy and wanted to push him away.

To her surprise, the man held the back of her head and stopped her from moving.

She was pressed against his lips again.

"Mhmm!"

She screamed in a muffled voice.

The man silenced her by sealing her lips and robbed any chance for her to speak. He pried her lips open for more.

A while later, he stood up with her in his arms, causing the chair to fall backward.

Sherry seized the window and shouted, "You prick! Put me down! I don't want to f*ck you tonight! I have to sew! Put me down!"

John ignored her, allowing her to scream as loud as she wanted. He carried her into the room and slammed the door

shut.

Sherry's scream went silent the moment the door closed.

Meanwhile, in the other guest room, Sylvia received dinner from the maid shortly after she returned.

Like yesterday, she called her kids after dinner.

The call got through in a second, and three adorable kids appeared on the screen.

Isabel grinned. "Mommy!"

"Mommy, Mommy!" Flint murmured. Liam smiled in silence but he looked as adorable as the other two.

Sylvia smiled. "How are you guys today?" "We are good boys and good girl!"

Sylvia chatted with them for an hour before ending the call.