

Master Odell's Secret Ex-wife by Eggsoup

Chapter 1080-1110

Chapter 1080 The shuttle car went at a gentle speed so the passengers could appreciate the scenery and buildings on both sides of the road.

After passing through the front garden, they arrived at one of the traditional courtyards in the back.

Shannon had never seen such exquisite garden villas and could not help but look around. However, she only looked out of the corner of her eyes, lest she give Julie the impression that she was ignorant.

Julie sat beside her and looked at her face. Before long, she began to introduce the courtyards to Shannon. "This one is specially provided for guests to stay." "This one is to store miscellaneous items." "The one inside is Queenie's residence."

Following Julie's descriptions, Shannon looked at the courtyards and occasionally responded politely.

Then, the car drove to a courtyard where around four to five bodyguards had been stationed at the door.

Julie's soft introduction stopped for a moment.

Shannon also looked at her in confusion, only to see Julie pursing her lips. Her expression was a little off, as if she could not mention this courtyard.

Shannon's eyes flickered and she asked suspiciously, "Ms. Julie, why are there so many guards in this courtyard? Is someone living there?"

Julie's gaze flashed, and she replied, "N—No one lives here."

At that point, the car also passed by the bodyguards and arrived at the door to the next courtyard.

Julie immediately pointed to the door and said, "Ms. Shannon, this is the courtyard where John usually lives."

Shannon looked over.

The appearance of the courtyard looked no different from others, except for the fact that it was

connected to the courtyard guarded by those five bodyguards. The more Shannon looked at it, the stranger she felt.

'Why did Julie keep her mouth shut about that courtyard?

'Why is that courtyard connected to John's residence?

'If there was some kind of treasure, then he would've just kept it in his own courtyard instead of using a separate one.

'Is there someone locked up inside?'

Shannon narrowed her eyes as a calculating look flashed in her gaze.

'If that's the case, I have to find out what's going on.'

In Sherry's courtyard.

The door was closed, so she had not seen anyone passing by outside.

Her head was buried in her embroidery work.

After an unknown amount of time, the embroidery piece was finally finished. She stretched her back and said to the maid standing by the side, "Go and get me a glass of juice. I'm thirsty."

The maid said expressionlessly, "Master Stockton said you can only drink water."

"You can just get it for me secretly without telling him."

The maid pursed her lips. "Master Stockton is getting married to someone else. I don't understand how you're still in the mood to drink juice."

She headed outside while muttering.

"Wait," Sherry called her.

The maid thought she was going to talk about John's marriage and quickly turned back to look.

Sherry grinned at her. "Help me steal a drumstick or two as well."

The maid was speechless and could not help but stare at Sherry. Sherry made a heart shape with her fingers. "Love 'ya, babe. When I'm free, I'll make you rich and introduce a hunk

to you!" The maid snorted. "Who said I'm going with you?" Not long after, she came back with a tray in her hands. On the tray was a teapot and a teacup with a lid.

Sherry and muttered, "Hurry up and eat. Don't let anyone find out."
Sherry

and the teacup was filled with freshly squeezed orange juice.
"Baby, I love

No data found.
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maid brought dinner to Sherry on time.
It

no food.
Sherry ate until not a single crumb was left and

Queenie.
"Sherry Fowler, are you deaf?" Queenie yelled.

was about to charge at Sherry in anger, but at

No data found.

the screen and saw the text from Shannon.
"John, are you asleep? I

after finishing your work."
His

was the first time they met. If Sherry was correct, Julie used
and

Chapter 1089 "I thought Master Stockton doesn't like women? Why is he dating all of a sudden?"

"I think he's not gay, he's just busy with work."

"Who's that lady? She's cute but not exactly beautiful."

"I heard from a reliable source that the woman is Master Stockton's fiancée, from the Fowler family. I heard her family is quite influential as well."

"I guess only a young lady with a background is worthy of a wonderful man like Master Stockton."

John barely had to deal with scandals or gossip because he did a lot for Glenchester. He single-handedly developed Glenchester from a rural tower to a modern city.

The people of Glenchester respected his contribution, so other than being curious about

the identity of his fiancée, almost everyone gave him their blessing.

Sherry tapped away after a few glances.

John was a cautious man. She had been locked up in the house for more than a year now, yet no one knew about her disappearance. Only Odell was capable enough to find out clues about her imprisonment.

Therefore, John must have allowed himself to be recorded while having dinner with Shannon.

It seemed like he was serious about marrying Shannon.

Sherry continued to scroll on her phone for a while before she grew bored of it. She kept her phone away and went to take a shower.

After that, she lay on the bed and stared blankly at the ceiling before she fell asleep.

When she opened her eyes once more, she found John on top of her.

She thought she was seeing things because before she fell asleep, John was having dinner with Shannon in the video, so why would John be on top of her?

She closed her eyes and opened them again, and his handsome face appeared clearly before her.

Before she realized it, he sealed her lips with a forceful kiss.

Sherry pushed him away but she was too weak.

John continued to kiss her. Her feeble struggle did not deter him at all.

Sherry was forced to pinch the man on the waist.

Fortunately, she was strong enough to stop the man from ravaging her mouth. The man narrowed his eyes at her dangerously.

Sherry boldly stared back. "Get the hell off me, you jerk!"

He tried to rape her while she was asleep!

John curled his lips. He held her hand that pinched his waist and pinned it above her head.

Sherry tried to pinch him with her other hand but it was also stopped and pinned above her head.

His handsome face moved closer to hers.

Sherry turned away and his kiss landed on her cheek instead of her lips.

He frowned out of annoyance and impatience.

He freed one of his hands to pinch her chin and turned it back to himself; he kissed her on the lips.

The struggle lasted for a moment before Sherry bit him on the lower lip.

She bit him fiercely, and it froze him.

Then, he countered by biting her on her upper lip.

"Argh! F*ck!"

She bit harder, he did the same.

Sherry felt like he was going to bite her lip off her face. The pain made her brows furrow and she eventually lost the biting contest.

John released her lip and continued to kiss her.

Chapter 1090 The vigorous love-making lasted until midnight. Sherry's pajamas were scattered across the room. Her hair was messy. She covered herself with the edge of the sheets and watched the man dress himself with teary eyes.

John picked up all his clothes from the floor and dressed himself.

He turned around and grinned widely at Sherry.

"Since you finished your assignment this week, I'll spare you for now. If you're sleeping when I come back, I'll make sure you won't be able to get out of bed for three days."

"Hmph! You better watch your back first!" Sherry retorted.

John bent over and pinched her chin. His finger stroked her lips and said, "Your mouth is really sweet but it will be sweeter if you shut up." Sherry pursed her lips.

John chuckled and walked to the door.

Before John stepped out, Sherry asked out of curiosity, "When are you going to marry Shannon?"

John turned around with a sharp gaze. "Why are you asking?"

Sherry scoffed. "I want to know when I can leave. Spending every second with you disgust me. Give me a time, so that I know when it will end."

John's expression changed multiple times in the span of two seconds.

In the end, he grinned. "Sure." "When?" Sherry looked at him. "Next Saturday, Glenchester Grand Hotel."

He walked out the moment his words subsided.

Bang

The door shut.

The man's figure finally disappeared from Sherry's sight. Sherry clenched her teeth and dragged her exhausted body off the bed. She went to the drawer beside the bed and took a box of pregnancy pills out.

She took one before she headed to the bathroom.

It was a Sunday, which meant six more days until the wedding

Six more days and she could regain her freedom.

Carter Residence, Westchester City.

It was a Monday. After Sylvia saw the kids and Odell out for school and for work respectively, she went back inside the house.

While in the wheelchair, Madam Carter chatted with Aunt Tonya in the living room. ene.

The warm sunlight shone through the window and shed its warm brilliance on them and Flint, who was playing on the carpet. It was a heartwarming scene.

Madam Carter was a lot better than before. She was asking Aunt Tonya how Sylvia and Odell got back together.

She might be an elderly but she gossiped like youngsters on the internet.

Sylvia did not join the gossiping and went up to the third floor instead.

There was one week left until the art competition, yet she had not painted anything that she was happy about.

She could not pinpoint the problem from her paintings.

What happened?

She had a feeling that something was missing from her paintings. She sat in front of the canvas and checked her paintings repeatedly.

Morning went by and she still could not spot anything out of the blue.

It was then Simon texted her, asking if she had produced any new work.

Sylvia sent him a picture of a scenery painting that she painted two days ago.

Simon replied to her with a voice message, saying, "I have a great feeling about this

painting. Your skills and the message you wanted to convey are great! Did something happy happen recently? I felt happy when I looked at your painting.”

Sylvia smiled. “Grandma woke up from a two-year coma. I’m glad.”

“No wonder!”

“Simon, tell me the truth. Is my painting okay?”

“Your painting is vivid and lively, it’s full of hope. This is your level of painting, I really don’t see any problem with it. »

Chapter 1091 “But I have a feeling that something’s missing.”

“Sylvia, are you demanding too much of yourself?”

“I don’t think so. I think the paintings are okay, but it’s just not there. Something’s missing.” A little pause later, Simon continued, “Maybe because you haven’t recovered the six years’ worth of memories?”

Sylvia was stunned.

She remembered she still had six years of blankness in her mind.

Sylvia called Odell after the chat with Simon.

The call got through almost instantly.

She said, “Odell, can you contact Skylar for me? I want to meet her.”

The man paused for a moment. “Why do you want to meet her?”

Sylvia frankly said, “I want to recover the remaining six years of memories, so I want to know if there’s any way to do it.”

“I thought you heard it from Aunt Tonya. Why do you insist on recovering them?”

Sylvia said, “I feel like something is missing from my paintings. Maybe it has something to do with the memories I missed.”

He said in a small voice, “What if you can’t draw after you recover your memories?”

Sylvia was annoyed by his remark. “How is it possible? I can draw now and I sure can draw after I recover my remaining memories.”

She had a feeling Odell did not want her to recover those memories.

A few seconds of silence later, Odell said, “I have a meeting to attend. I’ll call Skylar later.”

“Thank you. I’ll wait.”

Meanwhile, in the office on the highest floor of Carter Tower, the man stood in front of the ceiling-to-floor window, looking at his phone after the call.

He frowned.

He clearly remembered the painting Sylvia painted on Master Springsteen’s event.

After that and until she lost her memories, she avoided everything related to painting or art.

Besides, Skylar said that she could not guarantee that Sylvia could recover the remaining memories. She might only remember what happened in those three years.

Back at Carter residence, Sylvia went downstairs after the call with Odell. She carried Flint and chatted with Madam Carter and Aunt Tonya while waiting for Odell’s news.

The day went by swiftly, but she did not get any updates from Odell even after Isabel and Liam came home from school.

Had Odell been in the meeting for the entire day?

It was almost dark. Sylvia lost her patience and decided to call Odell again. It was then Odell came in through the door. Isabel called, "Daddy is back!" "Daddy! Daddy!" Flint also welcomed his father home. Isabel ran over to her father. Odell hugged her into his arms and went over to Sylvia. Flint tried to crawl out of Sylvia's arms and head to his father's embrace. Odell carried the boy with his idle arm and walked past Sylvia as though she was invisible. Sylvia furrowed her brows. She went up to him and asked, "Odell, had you contacted Skylar?" He sat down on the couch with the two kids in his arms. Isabel then got off and ran to her brother's side. Flint continued to nuzzle against his cheek. Odell patted the boy's back and said, "I just finished work. I didn't get the time to call her." He then picked up a glass of water.

Chapter 1092 Sylvia wanted to urge him to call Skylar but when he started drinking, she paused and swallowed her words back.

Flint, the naughty boy, swung his hands around and knocked the glass in his father's hand.

Odell's hand slipped and the glass of water spilled over his pants.

The baby chuckled happily after creating a mess. Odell looked at the baby. He immediately lifted Flint to save him from the water.

Sylvia immediately carried Flint away.

Odell got up. "I'll go clean up."

"Okay."

Sylvia felt it inappropriate to urge him to call Skylar now. She watched him go up the stairs and planned to talk to him after he cleaned himself up.

However, the man took all the time he got and only came down in fresh new clothes after dinner was served.

Madam Carter came out of her room.

Sylvia did not want to talk about her memory loss in front of Madam Carter to avoid worrying her, so she was forced to put the topic aside again. After dinner, Isabel played with Flint in the living room, while Liam toyed with his little gadget.

Madam Carter watched her great-grandchildren play for a while before she went back to bed.

Sylvia sat beside Odell, wanting to talk to him about recovering her memories.

However, Odell called Cliff all of a sudden. "Cliff, send me the meeting details from this afternoon."

He then looked at Sylvia with slight nervousness. "I might have missed something important during the meeting in the afternoon. Stay with the kids. I have to go to the study room for a while."

Sylvia pursed her lips and watched him go up.

Two hours later, Flint was put to sleep in between Isabel and Liam, who were already snoring in bed.

Sylvia pulled the sheets over them and went out. She walked to Odell's study room, but the door was shut.

She knocked. "Odell, are you done?"

The man's charming voice sounded. "I still have something to do. You go rest, don't wait for me."

Sylvia frowned. "Why don't you give me Skylar's contact? I'll contact her myself."

A few seconds later, Odell answered, "You're not familiar with her. I'll contact her for you. Don't worry, I'll call her after I'm done with work."

Sylvia frowned and wore annoyance on her face.

She had been waiting for him to contact Skylar for the whole day now, yet he did not do it. How could she remain calm after all the waiting?

Calling or texting Skylar would only take a minute or two, at most five.

Could the man refuse to contact Skylar for her?

Sylvia tried to open the door to get a clear answer but it was locked. The doorknob did not budge at all.

Sylvia pursed her lips out of frustration and returned to the bedroom.

The bedroom was equipped with a spacious balcony, and it connected to the other rooms from the outside, including the study room.

Sylvia snuck to the balcony and tiptoed to the study room.

The curtains were not shut. Sylvia leaned on the glass window and looked inside.

The man was sitting behind the desk, slouching.

There was a book in his hand, and since Sylvia was only a few steps away, she saw the title of the book that he was reading: Talks About Architecture.

Sylvia reacted coldly.

She might not know a lot about his work but she knew he was reading a book that was unrelated to work. It was impossible for him to miss something from the meeting earlier.

Knock.

Sylvia knocked on the window.

The man froze for a moment. He quickly turned around and saw Sylvia crossing her arms at him with a glare.

Chapter 1093 His handsome face looked shocked under the light. He curled his lips into a charming smile.

Sylvia continued to glare at him.

Odell put the book down and walked to the window.

He opened the window for her and hugged her into his arms. "Why are you here?"

Sylvia glared at him coldly. "If I didn't come over from the balcony, I wouldn't know that the important thing that you're referring to is reading a book."

He smiled. "I'm waiting for Cliff's reply, so I thought I could kill some time with the book."

The man continued to give excuses.

"If you have the time to read, why can't you contact Skylar for me?" Sylvia wanted to push him away but he hugged her tightly and kept her in his arms.

Sylvia pounded his chest. "Let me go!"

Odell continued to hug her. He looked at her gently and said, "It's late. Skylar might be

asleep. I'll call her tomorrow."

If Odell really wanted to contact someone, he would never care about whether the person was asleep or not.

Sylvia was fed up with his excuses. She raised her hand and said, "Give me your phone."

She wanted to make the call herself.

He continued to feign ignorance and held her hand. "Come on, let's go back to sleep."

"Give me her contact!"

"Let's go back first. We'll talk about it tomorrow."

Sylvia freed her hand from his embrace and reached out to his pocket, attempting to snatch his phone so that she could contact Skylar.

His shirt had no pockets, so she reached out to his pants.

She barely controlled her strength as she was anxious to search for his phone in his pocket. As her hand went deeper, she accidentally grabbed his penis.

Touching the bulging object shocked her. She blushed and immediately retracted her hand.

She was still restrained by his hug, so when she pulled her hand out of his pockets, things got awkward.

She awkwardly looked at him and saw his lust-filled eyes.

"I-I didn't mean it," she stammered.

Odell grinned and whispered, "I know. You don't have to explain."

The moment his words subsided, Sylvia was lifted from the floor.

She squealed out of shock, and then tried to push him away. "Odell, put me down! I didn't mean to hold your thing, I just want to get your phone!"

He ignored her and carried her back to their bedroom.

The moment they stepped inside, he pressed her against the wall and kissed her.

Sylvia was silenced.

'Sleep with me...'

After some vigorous love-making, the room returned to peace and quiet.

Odell stroked her face and whispered, "You wanna go wash up first? Or me?"

Sylvia shut her eyes and turned away.

Odell smiled. He got up and headed to the shower.

The noise of water flowing came from the bathroom.

Sylvia opened her eyes and grabbed his phone.

She slid the screen and it required a password.

She seemed to remember his password, so she tried keying it, but it was incorrect.

She tried two more times but had no luck getting in.

She tossed the phone away and sat up with her arms crossed in front of her chest.

She stared at the bathroom until the man came out of the shower.

Odell saw the grumpy woman glaring at him from the bed, and he found her amusing and cute.

Chapter 1094 He returned to the bed and pinched her cheek. "I'm done. It's your turn."

Sylvia looked at him. "Call Skylar now, or give me her contact."

She sounded demanding.

Odell held her chin and kissed her lips. "Go wash yourself up. We'll call her when you're

done.”

Sylvia’s eyes gleamed. “For real?”

“For real.”

Sylvia jumped out of bed and dashed into the shower. After a quick shower and drying her hair, she came out in her sleeping robes.

“Odell, I’m done. Let’s call Skylar”

Before she could finish, she was stunned by the man sleeping on the bed.

She had never been annoyed this much before.

She clenched her fists and strode to the bed. She sat on his belly and started tickling him. “Odell, wake up! Stop pretending!”

She tickled his neck and armpits for a few seconds before his long arms grabbed her hands. Sylvia lost her balance and fell backward. Next, she found herself underneath his broad chest. Odell stared at her blushing face deeply. He grinned. “You want a second round?”

Sylvia widened her eyes. “You said you’ll call Skylar after I shower!”

“Yeah. I did.”

“Then why are you sleeping?”

“I’m tired.”

Sylvia continued to glare at the man. “Are you trying to keep me from contacting Skylar?”

The man pursed his lips.

Sylvia furrowed her brows. “Why?”

He turned and lay down by her side.

Sylvia crawled to his side and stared into his eyes. “Odell, tell me, why can’t you contact Skylar?” He looked at her deeply. “Do you really have to recover your memories?”

Sylvia said, “I want to know what I’ve been through in those six years.”

“Aunt Tonya told you.”

“She told me, but it’s not real, at least I can’t imagine any of it. She’s not with me either and I’m sure she missed out on a lot of the details.”

Odell wore a heavy look and stared at her in silence.

She asked, “What’s wrong? Are you worrying about something?”

“Mhmm...”

Sylvia was slightly surprised. “What is it?”

“If you recover your memories, and decide to leave me again, what am I supposed to do?”

Sylvia was stunned. She did not expect Odell to refuse to contact Skylar because of this particular reason. A few seconds of silence later, she smiled. “Odell, what are you thinking? I came back from Glenchester with you. Why am I going to leave you again? I went to Glenchester to visit Sherry because I want a few days to clear my mind. I’m not going to really leave you.”

If she really wanted to leave him, she could have left for another city instead of going to Sherry and letting him grasp her whereabouts.

Odell stared at her in silence.

Sylvia ran out of options. She lay on his chest and hugged

him. “Odell, I promise you. I won’t leave you no matter how many years of memories I recovered. Okay?”

His frosty looks softened up a little. He held her cheeks and said, "How are you going to assure me?"

Sylvia was surprised that he did not believe her.

Was she not trustworthy before? Or was he losing a sense of safety around her?

The thought made her ask, "How do you want me to assure you?"

Chapter 1095

His gaze shifted as he stroked her face. "Cliff will deliver a guarantee tomorrow morning. Sign it."

"What guarantee?" Sylvia was slightly confused.

"I want you to guarantee and promise that you'll never leave me."

"Since when did you tell Cliff to do that?"

He pursed his lips. "When you're showering."

The man was thinking about keeping her by his side while she showered?

Everything that had happened was to lure her into his trap?

Sylvia looked at him.

Odell hugged her waist and whispered, "Good girl. It's getting late. Sleep now." Sylvia asked immediately, "What about Skylar? I'll sign whatever guarantee you want, so when are you going to contact her?"

"She'll be here when you sign the guarantee." Sylvia bolted up and stared at him. "You contacted her already?"

He smiled. "I did."

Sylvia was both amused and annoyed at the same time, and it rendered her speechless.

She pouted, glanced at him, and turned her back on him.

The lights were switched off right after that. The man's strong arms then curled around her waist from the back.

Sylvia closed her eyes. The man's rhythmic breathing sounded like a lullaby in her ears and she dozed off to sleep.

The next morning, Odell did not go to work. He stayed at home with Sylvia after sending the kids to school.

A while later, Cliff delivered the guarantee, which was only one page of content.

In summary, Sylvia was to guarantee to never leave Odell no matter how many memories she recovered, or how angry she was or how much she resented him, or else she would need to compensate him one hundred billion.

Sylvia was left speechless by the ridiculous amount of compensation.

She went through the paper and signed her name on the paper.

Odell folded it and then pocketed it.

Sylvia looked at him. "I've signed it. Where's Skylar?"

Cliff said, "Madam, Ms. O'Brian is waiting outside. I'll bring her in right away." Cliff went out and brought Skylar into the house. "Master Carter, Ms. Ross, good morning," Skylar greeted the two as she slowly turned her attention to Sylvia.

Sylvia smiled. "Hi."

"Come on, let's go upstairs." Odell held Sylvia's hand and went up. Skylar and Cliff followed them.

They went to the same storage room, where Skylar previously treated Sylvia.

The room was regularly cleaned, so it was spotless and refreshing even though it did not have a window.

Odell released Sylvia's hand in front of the door.

Sylvia smiled to tell him not to worry.

Skylar said, "Master Carter, don't worry. I'm better than before. Even if I can't help Ms. Ross recover all her memories, I can at least guarantee you nothing will happen to her."

Odell nodded and closed the door for them.

Similar to the previous session, Sylvia and Skylar sat opposite each other.

Skylar chatted with her about trivial things to start things off. Until there was no more distraction, she pulled out the cross necklace.

"Ms. Ross. Relax. We're about to begin."

Sylvia pursed her lips after a deep breath. "Okay."

She stared at the cross waving in front of her.

Slowly, everything around her started to turn blurry except for the cross.

Her consciousness started to fade into the void.

Chapter 1096 Odell's towering figure leaned against the door outside the room.

His brows were furrowed tightly as he waited. As he grew anxious, he took the guarantee letter from his pocket and stared at it blankly.

Cliff said in a small voice, "Sir, don't worry. Madam has signed it. She won't leave you anymore."

Even though the content of the guarantee letter seemed a little outrageous, once Sylvia signed it, it would become a legal document with immediate effect.

Odell rubbed the edge of the paper in silence.

The guarantee was not just a method to scare her and deter her from leaving him, but it was also a consolation he provided for himself.

Even if she remembered the horrible things he had done to her and wanted to leave him again, he would seek another way to keep her by his side, and not use this guarantee letter against her.

Seconds turned into minutes.

An hour went by, and the door finally opened.

Skylar was drenched in sweat when she came out."

Master Carter, she's asleep. You may bring her back to the room."

Odell walked past her and carried the unconscious Sylvia into his arms. He strode back to their bedroom and placed her on the bed carefully.

Then, he sat by her side and watched her in silence.

He stayed by her side until the evening when the two little rascals, who had just come back from school, flung the door open.

Isabel and Liam, together with Flint, popped their heads over the door to have a peek. They saw their father sitting by their mother's side.

Flint waved. "Daddy, Daddy..." Isabel covered her brother's mouth and stopped him from waving. The three of them quietly closed the door and left the two of them alone.

The room returned to peace and quiet.

Odell glanced at his watch. It had been nine hours since the therapy session.

Sylvia had passed out for fifteen hours during the first session, so would she be unconscious for the same amount of time this time, or even longer?

All of a sudden, a series of knocks came from the door. Odell turned and saw Liam at the door. The boy wore a grave expression as he said, "Daddy, go have dinner. I'll stay by Mommy's side." Odell said, "I'm not hungry. You guys go ahead. Take care of Isabel and Flint, and don't worry about Mommy."

Liam went silent for several seconds. "Okay."

He had one last glance at his mother on the bed before he went out. The room returned to silence again.

Odell held Sylvia's hand gently and continued to stay by her side. Sylvia's head was extremely heavy as if it was flooded by water, or swarmed by bees. Even though she was mentally prepared, it was difficult for her to digest that many memories in such a short period of time.

She tried her best to comb through the memories, and things finally started to clear up. The stories she had heard from Aunt Tonya turned into clear images in her mind. After the first three years, she brought Isabel back to Westchester, and they were reunited with Odell. Tara had then framed and accused her of Madam Carter's accident. Her leg had been broken by Odell, and Tara had pushed her into the lake, attempting to kill her.

She could even remember the deadly chills that had crawled across her skin when she had fallen into the water.

No wonder Odell was reluctant about her recovering her memories. She had truly resented him back then!

Some time later, when she finally arranged all her memories, she opened her eyes. Warm sunlight shone through the seam of the curtains, but the man's bloodshot eyes grabbed her attention. Instinctively, Sylvia pulled her hand away and sat herself up on the bed.

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Odell's hands felt empty while he stared at her intently. "Sylvia? How much do you remember?"

His voice sounded gruff.

Sylvia looked at him coldly. "You imprisoned me and broke my leg because of Tara. I remember everything."

Disheartened, Odell looked down. He seemed to have sunk into his own swamp of remorse, draining him of his energy and motivation. It seemed like all she remembered were terrible memories.

Thud!

A punch suddenly landed on his broad chest.

Stunned, Odell looked up at her.

Sylvia said, "What's with that reaction? Can't I grumble a little?"

The expression on his face changed. There was a hint of anticipation, but he was uncertain. "What do you mean?"

"I mean it literally. Can't you understand the human language?" Sylvia curled her lips into a smile. "I remember everything, Odell. Tara almost killed me, Thomas schemed and took me to Galston, I gave birth to Flint, and then fell into his trap again. I remember it all."

Her face looked rather pale under the sunlight , but her smile was brighter than the flowers in the garden.

Odell was stunned for a moment before he hugged her into his arms. He squeezed her tightly and whispered, " You really remember everything?"

Sylvia leaned on his shoulder and voiced her annoyance, " Why should I lie to you?"

Odell released her and lifted her chin.

The two of them locked eyes for a moment before they kissed.

Sylvia put her arms around his neck as all the memories, bad and good, echoed in her mind.

The clearest memory she remembered was when she had been abducted by Thomas, and Odell had tried to save her from the stairs strapped with a time bomb. He knew that only one person could escape alive, yet he had chosen to save her first.

She had married the man twice, and there were many times that she wished she could bite him to death, but at the same time, the man had also supported her and provided her warmth many times.

He had hurt her because Tara had deceived him, so it was unfair for her to cling to the bad memories.

Since both of them loved each other, why not just live a life together?

She could feel his warm breath on the tip of her nose.

While they were kissing, an adorable voice rang out.

"Mommy, Mommy."

Sylvia froze. Odell immediately released her.

The two of them turned to the door and saw Flint, in Liam's arms, waving at them.

Isabel covered her eyes shyly while Liam looked away.

Sylvia blushed. She glared at Odell as if she was complaining about kissing in front of the kids.

Odell smiled and patted her head. He then looked at the peeking trio at the door and said, "You guys go down first. Mommy and I will come down soon."

Sylvia felt embarrassed by the growling in her stomach. Odell smiled. He said to the kids before they went off, " Oh, and tell Sebastian to inform the kitchen to prepare something to eat."

"Got it," Isabel answered and ran towards the living room.

After Liam carried the gurgling Flint away, the room returned to silence.

Odell stroked Sylvia's face and said softly, "Let's get you up to eat."

Sylvia hummed a reply and got out of bed. She went to the bathroom to get changed , but the man followed her around. He waited outside when she cleaned herself up and leaned on the entrance of the closet as she picked some new clothes to wear.

When Sylvia changed into some fresh new clothes, he held her hands.

Chapter 1098

Sylvia went down to the living room with Odell.

The meal was already prepared and the dishes were being served when they came down.

Aunt Tonya came over and asked, "Syl, have you remembered everything?"

Sylvia smiled at her. "Yeah, I remembered everything."

"Great! Thank goodness!" Aunt Tonya cried excitedly. "Come, come sit down. You guys haven't eaten anything for a whole day. Odell hasn't slept as well. Sit down and eat, and you guys can have a good rest."

Sylvia looked at the man beside her in surprise. He looked as frosty as usual, and when Sylvia looked at him, he gripped her hand tighter. "Let's eat."

Sylvia finally realized his voice sounded rough.

No wonder she had woken up to his bloodshot eyes. The man had stayed awake by her side for the entire night.

Her gaze shifted as she hummed a reply and sat down.

A lavish feast was spread out on the table. Sylvia filled her tummy quickly and then said, "I'm still feeling dizzy. Let's go get some rest."

Odell smiled. "Sure."

He held her hand and walked toward the stairs.

When they passed by the living room, Flint called out to them in his adorable voice again.

Sylvia turned around and saw Isabel trying to silence her little brother. Even Liam held the boy's hand back and stopped him from moving.

Isabel immediately said, "Mommy, Daddy, you guys go rest. Leave Flint to me and Liam."

"We'll take good care of Flint," Liam assured.

Flint gurgled in a muffled voice as his mouth and hands were being restrained.

With that, Sylvia nodded with a smile and went upstairs with Odell.

The curtains remained closed.

Odell took off his slippers and shirt, and then pulled her into his arms. He hugged her tightly.

Sylvia leaned on his chest and whispered, "I'm going to sleep. You should get some sleep too."

He hummed a reply.

Sylvia shut her eyes. However, after falling unconscious for a day and a night, she could no longer go back to sleep.

She opened her eyes after a few minutes and saw a pair of deep eyes studying her. Her gaze shifted. "Why aren't you sleeping?"

Having not slept for the whole night, should he not be tired?

Odell looked at her and whispered softly, "I want to have another good look at you."

Sylvia leaned on his chest. "I'm not going anywhere. Sleep."

"Okay."

The room was quiet until Sylvia lifted her head. She felt relief when she saw Odell soundly asleep.

It was just that the embrace was a little too tight for comfort, and staying in the posture would make her body numb.

She reluctantly tried to pull his hand off her waist to turn around, but his strong arm hugged her once more before she could even shift.

Sylvia was once again pulled into his arms. His gruff voice came from above her head.

"Don't go." "I'm not going anywhere. I just want to turn around."

He lifted his hand off her waist the moment her voice subsided.

Sylvia turned her back on him.

He then put his hand on her waist again and hugged her once more. Sylvia pursed her lips and did not move anymore. She started to replay the memories that she had recovered. The good and the bad, everything played like a movie reel in her mind.

Chapter 1099 Sylvia fell asleep after lying idle for an hour or so.

When she woke up, the sky was already dark.

The man beside her had woken up and was staring at her with his deep eyes.

She asked, "When did you wake up?"

He stroked her face. "Just now."

Sylvia looked at the time.

It was 6 o'clock in the evening. They had gone back to rest at around 11 o'clock in the morning, so if he had just woken up, they had probably slept around seven hours.

She sighed a breath of relief and leaned onto his chest.

Odell stroked her head. "Dinner is ready. Let's get up." It was either because of the excessive sleeping or the comfort of his chest, but she was not hungry and refused to wake up. "I don't want to move. I don't feel like getting up." Odell pursed his lips and got out of bed. Before Sylvia could react, he put his hands under her arms and picked her up. Sylvia was surprised when he walked towards the door.

Before they walked downstairs, Sylvia nervously said, "Odell, put me down! I can walk!"

Aunt Tonya, Madam Carter, and the kids were downstairs.

Odell glanced at her bare feet and continued walking down.

Several pairs of eyes sized them up when he carried her down the stairs.

Madam Carter, Aunt Tonya, Sebastian, Liam, Isabel, and even Flint turned to them.

Everyone else smirked except for Flint, who was gurgling. Embarrassed, Sylvia turned away and buried her face in Odell's chest. She also softly pounded his chest to vent her embarrassment.

Odell curled his lips in silence and carried her to the dining table.

After dinner, Odell carried her back to the room. However, the kids followed their parents to the room this time.

Isabel put her hands on her hips and bawled, "Stupid Daddy, Mommy has been sleeping with you for a whole day now. It's our turn!"

Flint babbled, "Gur... Gur..."

Liam carried Flint into the room before Odell could say a word.

Sylvia waved at the kids. "Izzy, Liam, come here."

While Isabel jumped onto the bed immediately, Liam put Flint on the bed before he climbed up himself.

Sylvia hugged everyone in her arms.

Even though Sylvia had remained close with the kids during her amnesia, it was not the same because they had not been part of her memories. Now, with all her memories recovered, she remembered everything they had been through together. It felt like a reunion after a long time.

She kissed each of them on the cheeks after hugging them.

Liam pouted shyly and Isabel cheered like a silly girl. Flint continued to gurgle on her lap.

Odell stood by the bed and watched the mother and kids with a blank expression.

After some snuggling and nuzzling , Flint fell asleep on her lap. Liam and Isabel finally felt tired after a long day.

Odell went over to the bed and carried them up. He put the brother and sister on the floor and then put the baby in the brother's hands.

"Go back to your room and prepare to sleep," he said.

"I want to sleep with Mommy tonight , " Isabel whined with a pout.

Odell glared at her.

"Hmph! Stupid Baddie!" Isabel grumpily stormed out of the room. Liam and Flint went out as well.

Sylvia did not want the kids to go, so she frowned at Odell when they left. "Odell, they are still young. Why are you so fierce to them?"

"If I were fierce, I would have thrown them out when they tried to come in." He then made his way to the bed and approached her. Sylvia instinctively moved backward , but he caught her by the waist and held her chin with his other hand.

Before she got the chance to retreat, he kissed her on the lips.

Chapter 1100 Two days later, after Sylvia fully digested the memories, her mind felt clearer than ever.

Odell had been spending the past two days at home, accompanying her. He would go to the study room to deal with work-related stuff at times but mostly stayed by her side.

Sylvia's phone chimed and attracted not only Sylvia's attention but also Odell's. She picked up the phone and saw a text from Christopher. "Sylvia, are you ready for the competition?" There were only a few more days until the art competition.

She frowned at the text.

Odell was beside her when she read the text. "What's wrong?"

"We are a few more days away from the art competition, and the President is asking if I'm ready for it." His expression changed slightly. "You haven't decided?"

"I don't know if I can do well."

The moment her words subsided, his warm palm patted her head and stroked it. "Why don't you go paint and find out?»

Sylvia looked into his deep eyes.

As her heart pounded, she said, "Okay."

She then replied to Christopher. "Mr. President, I'll give you an answer by tonight."

Christopher replied, "Okay."

She put her phone away and went up to the third floor.

Odell followed her to her painting room.

When she sat down before the easel, Odell sat down behind her, watching her with the kindest gaze. He seemed to want to stay by her side while she painted.

Sylvia felt touched by his caring action, but she said, " Odell, I might take a whole day. Why don't you go work on your things?"

"I'm not busy today."

"Really?" Sylvia pursed her lips.

"Yeah." He smiled.

"Okay."

Sylvia turned to the canvas. After a deep breath, she picked up her brush. A realistic

image appeared in her mind, and she started to paint it accordingly. Strokes with different colors were painted on the canvas one after another.

As time went by, the canvas was soon filled with a tapestry of colors.

Sylvia went into a trance as she was carried away by the painting and concentrated fully on laying the strokes. She did not even notice when Aunt Tonya and Sebastian came up with Flint to look for her and Odell.

Odell told them to leave so that they would not disturb her.

Some time later, when the sunset's brilliance shone through the window and landed on her face, she laid the last stroke on the canvas.

She put the brush down and sighed a breath of relief. She looked at the painting that she finished in that single session and smiled. Then, she turned around and saw the man sitting on the chair.

"I'm done, Odell."

He smiled and walked to her to inspect her painting.

It was a painting of their bedroom with a perspective from the window. In the picture, warm sunshine shone through the curtains and lit up the entire room.

The painting looked simple but was skillfully presented. The first impression was that of warmth, brightness and energy.

He had collected many famous paintings before and had the skills to identify a gem among artworks.

It was not an exaggeration to say that she had painted a great masterpiece.

Sylvia noticed his silence and grew nervous. "How's it?"

He looked at her anticipatory gaze and smiled. "It's really well done."

Chapter 1101 "Compared to the ones I painted some time ago?"

Odell pinched her cheek. "You are the painter. Shouldn't you know better than me?"

Sylvia felt she had done better than her previous work, but she wanted to hear it from a third person's view. "I don't know. You tell me."

Odell bent over and moved his handsome face closer. He looked at her with a bewitching smile and said, "Kiss me and I'll tell you."

Sylvia raised a brow at him. "Odell, I'm being serious here."

"I am too," he said.

Sylvia was left speechless because he did not look serious at all.

She rolled her eyes at him. "If you don't want to tell me, fine. I'll go show it to the President and Simon. They will tell me."

She was clearly not in a lovey-dovey mood. She wanted to return to her painting, but his strong hand held the back of her head, so she was forced to turn back to him. Before she knew it, his handsome face was already in front of her.

"Mmm!"

He kissed her firmly yet delicately on the lips, only releasing her after he had his fun. He looked into her eyes deeply. "It's better than your previous ones."

It was even better than the painting that made her famous.

Sylvia swallowed her complaints and smiled. "Really?"

"Really," he said firmly.

"Okay, I'll go become the judge."

"Sounds great."

Sylvia picked up her phone and texted Christopher.

The art competition was in three days.

After Sylvia informed Christopher of her decision, she received the agenda for the competition.

There was a meeting before the competition to finalize everyone's job scope and duty on that particular day.

Sylvia woke up early for the meeting and went downstairs in fresh new clothes.

When she was at the door, a cool-looking sports car was already waiting in front. In his handsome suit, the man leaned on his car lazily while waiting for her.

Sylvia went to the car and announced, "I'm ready. Let's go."

He opened the door for her before he got into the driver's seat himself. The car then drove off to Westchester Art Association's office.

Half an hour later, the car arrived in front of the art association office. There was still half an hour until the meeting, and other than Sylvia, many people were arriving. Sylvia ran into Lily when she got out of the car.

Lily wore a pair of high heels that complemented her svelte dress. She also had a jacket draping over her shoulders and wore a pair of glasses. Her outfit screamed high society, granting her a frosty demeanor that would keep people away.

Her secretary was behind her. Other than the familiar few who greeted her, the others tried to stay out of her way. When she spotted Sylvia, she lifted her chin arrogantly and wore a vague smile.

Sylvia looked away and pretended she did not see her.

To her surprise, Lily came over and called out to her, "Ms. Ross, are you here for the meeting as well?"

Her condescending tone matched her haughty demeanor.

Sylvia answered out of annoyance, "Do you think I'm here for fun?"

Lily's expression froze for a moment before she curled her lips into a grin. "It seems like you have agreed to become the judge. I'll be looking forward to the work you display on the day itself."

Chapter 1102 Sylvia could not stand her hypocrisy. She ignored Lily and wanted to leave, but it was then that the car window wound down behind her.

The man's handsome face emerged.

"Sylvia, you forgot your bag." He extended his arm, holding her bag out of the window for her.

Sylvia took her bag and said, "Why don't you go back first? I don't know how long the meeting will take."

Odell smiled. "I have a meeting with a partner around the area. Call me when you're done. I'll pick you up."

"Alright." Sylvia then turned around with her bag and went inside.

Odell wound up the window and drove off in front of Lily.

Lily's glamorous figure was stunned on the spot. Even the glasses on her face failed to conceal her disbelief.

The man drove Sylvia here himself and wanted to pick her up after the meeting? Was that not the driver's job?

Her secretary went up to her and said in a small voice, "Ms. Springsteen, it's almost time. Let's go in."

Lily glared at her. "I don't need you to remind me."

The secretary kept her mouth shut immediately. With a grunt, Lily then elegantly walked into the building.

The art competition was in three days, and even if Sylvia could paint something in time, Lily strongly believed that she could not produce a satisfactory piece of work. She looked forward to seeing Sylvia embarrass herself with her poor painting. She would see if Sylvia could continue smiling then!

The black sports car dashed on the road for ten minutes before it stopped in front of a cafe.

Indeed, he had a meeting with someone to talk about work-related stuff, but it had originally been somewhere else. He was the one who changed the location to the nearby cafe at the last minute. He came out after parking the car.

Ding!

His phone suddenly rang.

He glanced at the caller ID before answering it.

"What is it?"

Cliff said, "Sir, I just got news from Glenchester. Master Stockton is really marrying Shannon. Their wedding venue has been decorated for tomorrow."

Odell furrowed his brows. "How's Sherry doing?" "Ms. Fowler is still being kept at the Stocktons !. I heard that she's behaving like usual as if the wedding doesn't affect her at all."

"Mm-hmm. Continue to keep an eye out."

"Sir, should we help her?" "We can't do anything." A quick pause later, he added, "Unless she's in danger, don't do anything just yet."

Sherry's relationship with John was complicated, and it was not something an outsider like him could interfere with. Not even Sylvia could do anything.

While Sylvia was preparing for the art competition, it would be best to not let her know about this so that she could concentrate.

A day later, all kinds of guests thronged the entrance of Glenchester Grand Hotel early in the morning. Not only the locals, but even merchants and businessmen from other cities came all the way here to attend the wedding

Chapter 1103 They were all there to attend the wedding of the richest man in Glenchester, John Stockton.

The whole hotel was booked out for the event, and the hotel staff was prepared for this grand event.

Once the guests arrived, they mingled in groups and started chatting while waiting for the bride and groom to arrive.

Julie and Madam Stockton soon arrived at the hotel.

As John's mother, even if Madam Stockton disagreed with the wedding, she had to attend it. Getting out of the car with Julie's help, she wore a dark green dress coupled

with a fur shawl.

Julie kindly reminded her, "Be careful."

Madam Stockton hummed a reply and said, "Julie, you don't need to take care of me. Go on and serve the guests with Queenie."

"Alright, Mother. Call me if you need me."

Madam Stockton smiled at Julie's kind gesture. "Okay, I will."

She then turned to her daughter. "Queenie, you'd better listen to Julie later. Don't cause any trouble, and keep your mouth shut about Shannon. Understand?"

Queenie pouted but agreed nevertheless. "Yeah. I'm not an idiot."

Shannon would soon become her sister-in-law, and if she continued to badmouth Shannon in front of the public, it would only embarrass herself and her family.

Madam Stockton glared at her. "You'd better behave."

Julie then said, "Mother, don't worry. I will keep an eye out."

Madam Stockton nodded with a smile.

Julie and Queenie then went into the hotel.

Another white MPV arrived and stopped in front of the entrance.

Jannie and Matthew came out of the car.

Jannie's dress was the same color as Madam Stockton's, and she also had a shawl over her shoulder. Matthew wore a handsome suit.

Both of them were slightly surprised to find Madam Stockton outside. Matthew held Jannie's hand and walked over to Madam Stockton to greet her. He smiled and acknowledged her, "Madam Stockton, you just arrived?"

Madam Stockton responded with a frosty look. She glanced at them and went inside without talking to them.

Matthew's smile froze.

Jannie grunted. "What's with that old lady? It was John who wants to marry Shannon! And she made it look like we forced her son to marry our daughter!"

"Stop it. Keep it down," Matthew said, "She has the right to act that way. After all, it's our honor that Shannon can even marry John."

"That's because John loves Shannon! Even if that hag is unhappy with this wedding, she shouldn't use that attitude on us! If she treats us this poorly, how will she treat Shannon in the future?"

Matthew sighed. "Just stop. She might be John's mother, but John is the one in charge of the family. No matter how much she dislikes Shannon, Shannon is already John's wife—it's a fact. I believe she will restrain herself in front of John, and she won't do anything to Shannon."

Jannie sighed a breath of relief. "I guess you're right. When she's older, I guess Shannon will be the one in charge then." Jannie's anger faded upon realizing that Shannon might be the one who would be in charge of the Stocktons in the future. She curled her arm around Matthew's and wore a proud look. "I know Shannon is a capable girl. After all, she won John's heart and married him!"

Sherry had dated John for a while back then, but they did not get married in the end. It was Shannon, her daughter, that was more capable than Sherry.

Matthew smiled and echoed, "Yeah, our baby girl sure is capable."
While speaking about Sherry, Matthew finally remembered her existence. "It has been more than a year, and we still haven't seen Sherry anywhere. What are the private investigators doing? Have they got any clue about her whereabouts?"
Jannie wore a frosty look in response to the topic. "No. Maybe she's in some other city doing god-knows-what."
Matthew might not like Sherry as well, but he was a proud man. If he found out about Sherry being kept at the Stocktons for more than a year as John's secret lover, he would never have agreed to let Shannon marry John.

Sherry's front yard finally opened.
Today was John and Shannon's wedding and also the day
had been waiting in front of the gate since
then.

She walked out of the front yard.

lifted off her shoulders.

regained freedom, a white sports car came over and came to a halt in front of

Sherry was forced to a stop.

reveal a slender figure that emerged

his fair complexion .

They both exchanged stares.

for a few seconds.

a white suit was a first.

at your wedding?" John smiled.

aback.

ride to go out?"

John pointed inside the car without answering

"Get in."

However, Sherry refused to move.

John narrowed his eyes.

in the car.”

Sherry swapped her worried look with

He then closed the door for her.

decorated with roses.

fragrance of the flowers.

side.

go.”

The driver drove through the main avenue of the estate
and reached

the car through.

The car soon joined the traffic on the freeway.

Sherry frowned.

left the estate.

me?”

Was he not giving her a ride?

John smiled.

his collar and asked, “Where are you taking me?” “Why so serious?” John chuckled.

He was not mad at all.

collar.

for the wedding, he said, “Today is my big day, and you’ve lived with me for more

I want you to attend the wedding.

At least, stay for lunch.”

Sherry was shocked.

gloves off, tossed them aside, and sat further away

wedding disgusted her enough, yet the jerk wanted her to attend it?

Sherry bawled, “No! Stop the

teeth and turned away to the window.

had to do was be patient.

Things became quiet for a while.

at the man.

eyes watching her.

lap.

His lips remained curled into a grin.

got.

hidden emotions and dangerous self would erupt at any

cared about when she could leave.

Glenchester Grand Hotel

Only the valet was outside when they arrived.

All the guests had gone inside.

open the doors.

John got out from the other side.

car, a figure in white dress ran past her

It was Shannon in her wedding dress.

ran to John with the happiest

here.”

John pinched her chin and smiled.

our wedding.

I mustn't let you wait.

as soon as possible.”

Sherry was glad that she had not had breakfast, or she would have thrown up.

Shannon continued, “John, the guests are all here.

Everything is ready.

Let's go in." John smiled.

the bodyguard in the passenger seat, "Watch her.

words diverted Shannon's attention into the car.

seconds.

Shannon froze.

"Hello, my dear sister.

Good morning," Sherry teased her.

Shannon's expression changed.

She was baffled by Sherry's appearance.

me here," Sherry said with a smile.

share?"

Shannon's gaze shifted.

don't know what you are talking about."

YT

"Fine." Sherry did

brother-in-law, I will wait until the wedding is over.

it did not conceal the frostiness behind his eyes.

one.

go in."

Shannon looked at his gentle smile and forgot about Sherry's existence.

the two of them walked into the hotel side by side, Sherry got out of the car emotionlessly.

Chapter 1106 The huge wedding venue could house more than "t1663219916005i="">a thousand guests.

Sherry entered the venue under the bodyguard's supervision.

barely recognized any of them.

her or the secrets between her and John, so the chances of her embarrassing herself in front of the public

their grand entrance.

and the staff prepared for the

invisible until the ceremony ended.

from behind her.

she turned around.

jersey, which obviously did not fit the dress code of the ceremony.

tanned skin plus his dimples and warm smile made him look

Sherry wore a smile.

indeed.” Mason smiled.

Sherry cautiously peeked at the bodyguard two

he asked.

past them and some of them glanced at Mason.

Mason Brown, Mrs.

Stockton’s ex-fiance.”

The gossipers then went off without pause.

as if he was not concerned about

best life in the past few years.

I feel relaxed.” Sherry was surprised by his words.

He stared at her.

and my parents are not forcing me

I really like.”

Sherry blinked nervously .

a loud clunk sounded behind her.

secret entrance.

white suit.

frost to his cool looks.

themselves from him.

situation and stepped forward to protect her.

to the side of the red carpet

and Ms.

Fowler are ready on the other side.

have to do is wait for Mr.

Fowler to escort Ms.

of a second before he recovered to his usual humble and kind self.

“Okay.”

He did not look at Sherry or Mason.

of the red carpet.

of the groom.

chatting and turned their attention to John

and Shannon.

was in the corner.

arms.

as if he was unwilling to give his daughter away.

They walked over to John.

into the microphone, “Now, Mr.

eyes got teary at that juncture.

made her tear up as well.

something to him as well.

to John, but his teary eyes stated that

Shannon or something like that.

John smiled.

stage, leaving Matthew wiping his tears alone.

watched the couple walk up the stage.

The spotlight shone on them.

John and the married ladies expressing how awestruck they were about his richest man in Glenchester , which would make her the richest woman in the city.

The ceremony was like any other.

the crowd witnessed the exchange of the wedding rings and instructed the ceremony.

around.

bodyguard stopped her.

“Ms, Fowler, the wedding isn’t over.

from the stage?”.

Sherry said.

“The ceremony is over, but there’s still the banquet.

Sherry clenched her fists.

Mason came over.

“Some goon,” Sherry said angrily and then returned

followed Sherry into the throng of

The banquet was held on the second floor.

the bride and groom.

waiters came over to serve them.

or the bride?"

"I'm just a friend

at Sherry.

of them said to Sherry, "Ms. Fowler, this way,

stopped him and pointed him in another

"Sir, your seat is this way.

Please follow me."

Mason frowned.

Sherry turned around with a smile.

"Mason, you go ahead.

feelings for her, but it was not the time to

before telling him to move on instead of clinging on

the Fowlers and the Stocktons.

Mason's eyes gleamed upon hearing her words.

He nodded and hummed a reply.

He then followed the other waiter to his seat.

bride's family was seated.

seats of the table while the other relatives congratulated

table.

her arrival as if she should not be there.

Matthew was just as shocked as the others.

smile.

chair for Sherry beside Janine.

Matthew and Janine instead.

lesser-known relatives than sat beside Matthew and

Janine wore a frosty look.

Before Sherry could speak though, Janine intervened and

deep breath to suppress his anger.

Sherry's rebellious personality, if she enraged Matthew

He glared at Sherry.

"Since you're here, enjoy the
banquet.

shifted, but she did not speak a word.

family proud.

"I guess we'll have to call Shannon Mrs.

humbly.

"You're too kind.

in the family, so you guys can call her as you did before."

"She's a junior alright, but we can't

his wife."

"Shannon is really capable.

daughter.

I would be thankful." Matthew nodded and waved humbly

of you are too kind. We just taught

her how to find a magnificent man like John.

a charming girl.”

Janine chuckled shyly.

“Oh, you guys flatter me.

Come on, let’s eat.”

Someone raised his glass.

like John.”

Matthew raised his glass and

the proposed toast.

Everyone stared at her.

guys go ahead, don’t mind me.”

Congratulate

couple.

and Janine for further instructions.

her husband.

her.

drained their beverages to the last drop.

attention to Sherry.

“Sherry, I haven’t seen you for a while now.

man who looked well-maintained for his age.

His features resembled that of Janine’s.

She barely remembered the man.

this must be him.

I don’t remember having a young and handsome uncle.

Jake was stunned.

call him young and handsome.

that they were not close?

The others were caught by surprise

dare to voice it out in public? She should have known that it would embarrass him

Both Matthew and Janine responded grimly.

Uncle Jake! How could you not recognize

“Uncle Jake, I’m sorry.

and my mother only brought Shannon home, so I never got the chance to see you
table once more.

Everyone else turned to Janine.

Jake’s expression changed.

to keep his cool.

“It’s okay...

that you don’t recognize me.”

Janine grunted.

you are not happy with me, we can talk about it at home after the banquet.

Don’t embarrass me in front
of everyone!”

Sherry scoffed.

“I didn’t mean to speak at all.

to her while she was eating, so it was not her

Chapter 1110

Janine’s expression froze.

Even Jake, who spoke to Sherry first, was stunned. He asked, “Sherry, are you
unhappy with me or something?”

Sherry smiled. “I didn’t even know you before this, so why should I be unhappy with
you?”

Jake was left speechless.

Janine was trying her best to suppress her anger.

The atmosphere became awkward for a while until Matthew intervened. “It’s enough.
The girl came back when she was already a teen. She was spoilt in the countryside.

Just ignore her and enjoy the banquet.”

Janine rested her anger and said, “Yeah, just ignore her. Let’s eat.”

She turned to Jake to say, “Jake, don’t mind her. Just enjoy the banquet.” The awkwardness faded as the others agreed with the suggestion. Jake grumbled, “You guys shouldn’t have brought her back. Now that Shannon is Mrs. Stockton, if others know that the little savage here is her sister, it will only embarrass the family more.” “Yeah, Jake’s right.”

Sherry clutched her cutlery tightly.

Janine said, “I know, I know. Father wants her back; and you know how his tempers are. We can’t possibly argue with him.”

Sherry looked at her and saw the brightest smile on her face. She had no idea that her own mother would be this gleeful to discredit her. She slightly raised her knife, but before she could pitch it out, Matthew intervened.

“Enough. No matter how rude she is, Sherry is our daughter. We’ll try our best to teach her the right way. Let’s just leave her for now and enjoy the banquet.”

As Sherry’s bitter expression changed, she subtly lowered her hand holding the knife. Meanwhile, Janine sulked in silence. The others zipped their mouths since the man of the family had spoken. They continued to enjoy the banquet and simply ignored Sherry’s existence.

Just when Sherry thought she could make it through the banquet without any more hindrance, The bride and groom came by.

John and Shannon had changed into simpler attire to walk around more comfortably.

John had changed into a black suit with a red bowtie

sitting snugly at his collar while Shannon had changed into a red dress.

There were a few waiters behind them holding trays of champagne.

Everyone at the table stood up, except Sherry. This time around, everyone placed their attention on the bride and groom instead of the black sheep at the table.

John and Shannon went over to Matthew and Janine who wore the brightest smiles on their faces.

John grabbed a glass of champagne and said, “Matthew, Janine, thank you for letting me have Shannon’s hand in marriage. A toast.”

Shannon raised her glass together with her parents. Their glasses clinked before they took a sip.

“John, I’ll leave Shannon in your care. Please take good care of her.”

“I’ll take care of her with everything I’ve got. Don’t worry,” John said.

Janine said to Shannon, “Shannon, you have to be a good wife to John and share the burden, do you understand?”

waiters refilled John and Shannon’s glasses,

Everyone was standing except Sherry.

lowered down.

point that the bread almost fell out of her

difficult time swallowing it.

to her coldly, "Sherry, John and your sister are here for a group.

her profoundly.

brazen resentment she had for her sister.

"

Sorry, I was carried away and didn't

him.

with her glass.

will grow old together.

in one gulp.

helped her swallow the bread and freed

She put the glass down.

"I'm done.

You guys go ahead."

John smiled.

"Great one, sis."

Sherry actually wanted to throw up.

1

Shannon and the others were stunned.

They did not expect John to call Shannon 'sis'.

Both Matthew and Janine were slightly shocked.

fact that Sherry had once dated John.

the others with a smile.

"Everyone, cheers!"

Shannon followed him and raised her glass.

