

# Master Odell's Secret Ex-Wife

## MASTER ODELL'S SECRET EX-WIFE CHAPTER 1121-1130

Chapter 1121 Sherry did not continue to sit. She pushed the door open and got out of the car. Peter walked up to her and smiled. He said politely, "Miss Fowler, Master Stockton is inviting you to go over." Sherry crossed her arms in front of her chest. She stared at him coldly. "Where's he inviting me to?" "I'm not sure either. You'll know once you get inside the car." "Why's he looking for me?" Peter maintained his smile. "I'm not certain about that either." Sherry smirked before she raised her leg and kicked him. Peter had not expected her to hit him, so he was caught off guard and kicked aside. Sherry immediately ran away before his eyes. She passed through the middle of the two black sedans and ran to the roadside. Peter gasped. He quickly shouted to the people he had brought with him. "Get out of the car and go after her now!" A team of bodyguards got out of the car and went after Sherry. By that time, Sherry had already run into a small decorative forest that was by the roadside. She hurried through the forest quickly in order to throw them off. She could not afford to be taken back. She did not want to meet John or have any more entanglements with him. She gradually picked up speed. The wind blew past her ears and swept her fringe off her forehead. At that moment, she could hear the sound of footsteps of the group of people who were getting closer to her. Sherry turned back to have a look. A group of bodyguards was approaching her. They would be able to catch up to her in seconds. When she turned her head back to face the front and was about to speed up, she ran into something. Her vision blacked out for a moment, and she bounced backward. However, an arm circled her waist at that moment and caught her figure that was about to fall. A familiar scent wafted over from over the top of her head. Confused, Sherry raised her head and encountered a pair of laughing eyes with an evil gleam to them. The gold-rimmed glasses did nothing to hide John's delight. Sherry's face paled. With one arm encircled around her waist, John caressed her face with the other. He said with a smile, "Why are you in a rush? I'm here. I won't run away." Sherry was speechless. F\*ck! "Move your paws away!" She yelled at him. John chuckled. Then, he lifted her by the waist. Sherry found herself hanging over his shoulder. She struggled to get down, but John trapped her legs. She punched him. "Stupid John, let me down!" John ignored her. He ignored her resistance and walked forward. Soon, they got out of the forest and came

to the roadside. A dark blue sports car was parked there. Sherry turned to take a look. Was John going to throw her into the car? 1 Could she take the opportunity to run away after he threw her in? However, just as that idea formed in her mind, John halted his footsteps and looked toward Peter. Peter sensed John's gaze. He immediately said to two bodyguards, "Take the thing out." Two bodyguards revealed the ropes that they held behind their backs. After that, they walked up to John. One of them tied Sherry's hands together while the other secured Sherry's legs. Sherry said, "...Stupid John, f\*ck you mmh..." Before she could scold him any further, Peter sealed her mouth with tape. Then, he smiled and said, "I'm sorry, Ms. Fowler." Sherry's voice was muffled as she tried to shout, "Mmmh! Bunch of stupid dogs! They'd better wait and see! Bang. Suddenly, she was thrown onto the passenger seat and the back of her head hit the car seat. Sherry turned her head to glare at John as she felt the urge to beat him up to death. Her eyes were wide and round. Her eyeballs looked like they were going to pop out. John bent over and pinched her face while laughing. Then, he put on the seatbelt for her. The dark blue sports car sped along the road and drove toward the suburbs south of Glanchester City.

#### **MASTER ODELL'S SECRET EX-WIFE CHAPTER 1121**

Chapter 1122 The car finally stopped after almost an hour had passed. Surrounded by majestic natural scenery, a modern villa had been built in the middle of this landscape. A wide creek flowed in front of the villa and there was a hill behind it too. The surrounding environment had been manually cleared while preserving the natural scenery. It was very clean and tidy. There were not even bits of grass on the bluestone path. The car stopped in front of the villa. John got out of the car without waiting for the security guards who were guarding the villa to walk over. He walked around the car to Sherry's side. He opened the door and pulled Sherry out. John lifted Sherry up in front of him, carrying her bridal – style. Her limbs were still tied up, and her mouth was sealed. The only thing she could do was glare at him with her eyes. John smiled at her and quickened his footsteps, as he headed inside the villa. Soon, they walked through the courtyard and arrived at the bright, spacious living area. Thump. John threw Sherry onto the sofa. He bent over and moved closer to her the moment she sat up. "Mmmf!" She wanted him to release her ropes quickly! John caressed Sherry's face and continuously pinched her face, probably because he found her angry face

intriguing. He then touched the tape over her mouth. Tear! The tape was torn away in an instant. Sherry felt as if the fine hair on her face had been ripped off together. She frowned in pain. "Stupid John, release me now!" John raised her chin. He asked with a smile, "Release you and let you get back together with your first love?" Sherry's expression changed. "Did you follow me?" John ignored her. He muttered to himself, "Sherry, I truly planned to let you go. Unfortunately, Mason's appearance made me think of what you did to me in the past. I'm in a bad mood now." Sherry's brows were knitted into a tight frown. "How many years has it been? Why is a man like you so petty?" "Huh..." John pinched her chin tightly and the smile on his face suddenly turned cold. "Sherry, I broke all ties with the Stockton family for you back then. To give you a better life, I was forced to kneel in public. Never mind that you hated me for not being able to give you a comfortable life, but you also cheated on me with Mason! What do you take me for? A fool?". His voice lowered as he spoke. The gleam in his eyes grew colder, and his eyes were slightly bloodshot. He was cold and intimidating. Sherry shuddered. Instinctively, she wanted to turn her head, but John grabbed her chin hard. She had no choice but to face him. John sneered. "Why? Don't you dare to look me in the eye?" Sherry lowered her gaze. "I wronged you back then, but you've already become the wealthiest person in Glanchester City by now. You've also locked me up for over a year. For over a year, I labored while eating only bread and canned vegetables." "So you want me to erase everything once and for all?" Sherry looked toward him. "Can you?" Her eyes were red and watery. John was stunned. After a few seconds, he smirked and said, "No. Don't even dream of it for the rest of your life." Sherry gritted her teeth. She said, "I just went to have a cup of tea with Mason today. I never thought of getting back together with him. I only drank tea with him to make things clear to him." John rubbed her face. He said with a smile, "Sherry, your lying skills have improved. You don't even blush now." Sherry glared at him.

## **MASTER ODELL'S SECRET EX-WIFE CHAPTER 1122**

Chapter 1123 "When I left the Stockton family that year and lived outside in a rented house with you, you said you would be with me forever, for better or worse. You even swore to the heavens. Did you forget?". Sherry pressed her lips

together. John smiled and said, "You should ask me to believe in your other words only after you fulfill your promise." Sherry's chest felt stuffy, as if her breath was stuck inside. She was unable to let out that breath. After some time, she said, "You got married today. You already have a wife." "Mm. So?" Sherry looked toward him and met his eyes, which were filled with hostility. She said, "I can't be with you. If I do, I'll be a homewrecker!" "Oh. So?" John's smile deepened. She felt a surge of anger go to her head. She could not hold it back anymore and shouted, "Release me! I don't want to be your mistress!" John caressed her face while grinning. "With what you did to me back then, how is it fair if I don't make you do what you refuse to do?". After speaking, his handsome face suddenly moved closer to her eyes and his lips covered hers. Sherry recalled the memory of John kissing his bride, Shannon, on the stage in the hotel just a few hours ago. She felt disgusted and immediately closed her mouth. John laughed. Then, he forced her mouth open with his hand. "Mmmf..." Sherry's lips were blocked by John. Only after a long while did he release her. Seeing that her face was flushed, he smiled and said, "No wonder men like having an affair. The taste of a mistress isn't bad indeed." A wave of fury was stuck in her throat. Before it could come out, tears sprang out of her eyes first. The man's pleased expression momentarily became stunned. Sherry's hands were still bound. She could not wipe her tears, so she simply let the tears flow all over her face. "Make it quick. Please kill me." She would rather be a dog than a homewrecker. She would rather die than be the mistress that came between him and Shannon. John was taken aback. He only snapped back to his senses after being in a daze for some time. He touched her face and said, "It's not that I can't let you go, as long as..." There were hints of gentleness in his deep voice. Sherry did not catch it. She was simply tempted by the meaning of his words. She asked immediately, "If what? What other conditions do you have? Say it now!" The expression on her face showed her desperation. John's gaze darkened. Then, he smirked. "I'll let you go if you return the money you owe me." Sherry frowned. "When did I borrow your money?" John released her face and turned to sit on the sofa. Sherry sat up too. She saw him taking out a document from his shirt pocket. She immediately wiggled like a worm to his side and looked at the document. The document was spread open. It was the contract that Sherry had signed with John over a year

ago when she went to beg for his help for the sake of the Fowler family and the Brown family. Back then, the Fowler and Brown families had only been in Glanchester City for a short time. They wanted a foothold in Glanchester City's business world, so they had worked on a huge project. That project had sounded great but had needed a large investment in its early stages. The amount had been larger than they had imagined. Although they had almost thrown in all their savings, it had still not been enough. At that time, the project had already started. The funds that had been invested could not be taken back. There had been no choice but to continue it. However, they ran out of money. They did not have many connections as they had only just recently arrived in Glanchester City too. They had thought of every way but still could not gather enough money. If they had not been able to get the money, not only would they go bankrupt, but they would also have to carry a huge debt. Therefore, they had thought of John, who had become the wealthiest man. Matthew and Janine, who had never cared about Sherry, had gone to look for her.

### **MASTER ODELL'S SECRET EX-WIFE CHAPTER 1123**

Chapter 1124 Sherry still remembered the memory of the time when she had found John five years ago. It had been her first time meeting him after almost five years. She had met him in his office of over 1000 square feet. John wore a bespoke suit as he sat elegantly behind his office table. Sherry was led into the office by his secretary. She had barely taken a few steps before the secretary told her to stop. The secretary even gave her a kind reminder. "Ms. Fowler, Master Stockton doesn't like people being too near him. Just stand here. It's better not to go near him." After speaking, the secretary left. Sherry stood on the spot, flustered. She looked toward John with a timid gaze. Her distance from him was only about 15 feet, but it felt like there were mountains and seas between them. She stood while he sat. However, she felt like she was looking up at him. Her mind had gone blank at that time. She did not know what to say, and her hands and legs felt cold and stiff. It was John who had spoken first. The corners of his mouth lifted into a gentle smile, yet he was obviously more mature and composed compared to five years earlier. He had become more difficult to read as well. It was as if his gold-rimmed glasses had hidden his true self. John said,

"It's been a while." Sherry moved her mouth a few times before she replied stiffly, 'Long time no see.' After that, the atmosphere turned quiet. John maintained his smile. He asked, "Was there a reason that you're looking for me?" His tone was polite and distant. He was now totally different from the sincere, passionate person she had been with in the rental house back then. At that time, Sherry had thought that it would be a hopeless cause for her to beg him to help the Fowler and the Brown families. However, she still bit the bullet and said, "I... I came to look for you because of something." "What is it?" John crossed his hands in front of his chest and leaned against the leather chair. He had a lazy posture while still carrying himself with a high and mighty air. Sherry continued to press forward. "My dad came to Glanchester City and started a project. The project has good prospects. I... I just want to ask if you'd be interested in investing in it." "The joint project by the Fowler family and the Brown family?" Sherry's expression changed. She met his smiling eyes that seemed to have seen through everything. She replied stiffly, "Mm." John continued smiling. "I already heard of that project. However, they seem to be in dire need of money now. The project will be terminated if they can't gather enough money within a week. They'll have to face a huge debt crisis too." Sherry replied, "...Yes." "So you're here looking for me to invest money in them?" John looked toward her with a sharp gaze. Sherry felt a lump in her throat. She knew that she did not have the right to look for him. After feeling a lump in her throat for some time, she said, "You'll earn money if you invest in this project. If you're not interested, then just forget it." After speaking, she turned and was about to leave. However, John suddenly said, "Sherry, this isn't the right attitude to beg someone to do something." Sherry looked toward him right away. He was still sitting elegantly in his leather chair. Although there was a smile on his face, the way he was looking at her made her feel like an ant on the ground. Sherry felt uncomfortable all over. However, she thought of Matthew and Janine, who had kneeled to her. At the end of the day, they were still her biological parents. That spurred her on to say, "I beg you. Could you please help them?" The look on John's face showed that he was momentarily stunned. Next, he stood up from the chair. His slender figure walked toward her and he very quickly stood before her. John was taller than Sherry by a head's length. When he was in front of her, he blocked all the light sources in front of her.

## **MASTER ODELL'S SECRET EX-WIFE CHAPTER 1124**

Chapter 1125 The look in Sherry's eyes grew timid. She instinctively wanted to step back, but John cupped her chin. His fingers were cool. Sherry froze, as if she had been electrocuted. John smiled and said, "I remember that Mason is the eldest son of the Brown family." Recalling her break up with John back then, Sherry's face paled. "Yes.". He lowered his head and moved closer to her. "You cheated on me with him that year and turned me into the laughing stock of the entire Westchester City. Do you think that I would be willing to help you with this?" "He... He's Shannon's fiance now. Besides, only the three of us know what happened between us back then. No one else knows." "Ha." John sneered. He exerted more force with his fingers that were cupping her chin. "Sherry, should I be grateful that the two of you didn't expose that matter?" Sherry frowned in pain. She pushed his hand away and took two steps backward. She said hastily, "I didn't mean that. I just want to tell you that you didn't become the laughing stock of Westchester City." John's expression changed. A smile very quickly appeared on his face. "Even so, why should I help you guys?" "Forget it if you're not willing to help." Sherry did not want to talk to him anymore. She simply wanted to leave as soon as possible. When she reached the door, she heard John saying, "It's not that I can't help you." Sherry's steps halted. She turned back to look at him. John smiled and said, "But I have a condition." "What condition?" John smiled without saying a word. Sherry waited in his office for about ten minutes. His senior secretary brought a document in. The secretary's expression was different from when he had led her into the office. The secretary eyed her with a complicated gaze once he entered. Sherry did not really care about it. All she wanted to know was what document it was that John wanted her to sign. After glancing through the document, John had the secretary pass it to her. Sherry saw one page full of text. All of the business terms were worded in a way that was pleasing to read, but only contained one meaning. He was willing to invest in the Fowler and Brown families' project, but she had to be his lover and be obedient to him. She would not be allowed to disobey him. The agreement's termination date would only be decided when he became bored with her. Sherry still remembered John's gaze back then. He had looked at her as if she was a plaything that he could toss aside at any time. His gaze was evil and lazy. At that

time, she had picked the document up, feeling a strong urge to throw it in his face. However, thinking of Matthew and Janine, she held herself back and put her signature down on the document. After that, John told the secretary to leave and pulled her into the room that he used to rest. Later, Sherry had been taken to the Stockton family's house and locked inside those living quarters. Every day, she would dig up soil, pluck grass, or do embroidery. Her three meals had basically consisted of bread, canned vegetables, and oatmeal. She could only have good food when he occasionally took her out to social engagements. The memory flashback ended. Sherry saw her signature from the past on the document. She said coldly, "You said it yourself that you would let me go after you and Shannon get married. This agreement has already ended!" "When did I say that?" John smiled and asked, "Is there a document with my signature that says the agreement has ended? Or do you have a recording of me saying that?" Sherry gritted her teeth and glared at him. John sneered. "Even if I said it before, I haven't gotten bored of you yet." After speaking, he touched her face. "I'm still very interested in you now. What should I do?" Sherry said, "...Move your filthy hands away!" John withdrew his hand and placed the document back into his shirt pocket. Then, he said to her, "Back then, I invested about a billion dollars in the Fowler family and the Brown family's project."

#### **MASTER ODELL'S SECRET EX-WIFE CHAPTER 1125**

Chapter 1126 A billion? Where was Sherry supposed to find that kind of money? She blinked before blurting out, "Sure, you invested a billion dollars, but the project has been doing well for the past year. You must have made good money." John replied with a smile, "Yeah, a little. It's only two hundred million. I'm still eight hundred million away from gaining back the principal." Sherry pursed her lips. She did not have a hundred million, much less eight hundred million. The look on her face tempted him to pinch her cheeks once more. "Don't you have anything to say?" Pressing her lips together, Sherry said, "The Fowlers and Browns owe you the money. Demand it from them." He gave her cheeks a good squeeze. "That may be so, but you were the one who signed the contract." Sherry took a deep breath. "... I have been with you for more than a year. That should count as something." "Ha." He snickered while sizing her up in a devilish

manner. "You give yourself too much credit, Sherry, but your looks are only above average in today's market. Even at the highest market value, you're worth about a million for a year plus. It's not even a fraction of the eight hundred million." Sherry was speechless. Market? Market value? Bottling up her spite, Sherry shot him a dirty look. "I sewed for you every single day! That's at least a few hundred pieces." John looked at her with a grin. "Oh, that's right. I threw your embroideries away, right next to the trash can on the sidewalk. Even the strays passing by wouldn't look at them." Sherry was furious! She could let the call girl comment slide but to insult the masterpieces that she had painstakingly stayed up all night doing was another thing. Fueled by anger like never before, Sherry clenched her hands that were still tied up as she gritted her teeth and glared at him. John curled his lips and smiled at her in delight. "Ah!" With a shout, she thrust her head forward and rammed into him. Wham! The man's straight silhouette tumbled backward and fell onto the sofa. Sherry quickly pounced on him and sat down with her butt on top of him. With her bound hands, she whacked his face. "John, you j\*rk! I'm going to take you down with me!" Overtaken by a certain emotion, the man lifted his arm. His hand grabbed her wrist and pulled her off. Thump. Sherry crashed onto him. John swiftly held her down against his chest with his free hand. Sherry was trapped within his arms. She lifted her head and stared daggers at him. He was coughing until his face was red, probably due to her headbutt. It did not take long before John recovered. Now that she was immobilized, John's lips curled. "You have a hard head, Sherry." Sherry sneered. "It must be fun to use it as a soccer ball." He caressed her hair. Although the color had drained from her face, Sherry hid it with a scoff. "Maybe. But you seem to have a solid head too. I wonder if it's good for soccer. How about I test that out for you?" John narrowed his eyes. "What are you trying to pull?" Curling her lips, Sherry abruptly lifted her chin and put all force into bashing his forehead. John was stunned into silence. He winced as he shifted his head to the side. Wham! Sherry left a depression on the sofa. With a scoff, she instantly lifted her head again.

Chapter 1127 Out of nowhere, a hand pressed onto the back of Sherry's head. With her face pressed against the fabric of the sofa, Sherry could hardly move. She yelled at John, "D\*mn it, John! Get your stinking hands off me!" John pulled back and got off the sofa. With one hand pressing against her head and another on her ass, John pinned Sherry down. Watching as her legs kicked up in the air from being held down, a feeling of helplessness flashed in John's deep eyes under his messy fringe. Had he pushed her too far? To think she had tried to use her head as a weapon... Sherry was still putting up a fight. "D\*mn it, John! If you had the balls, you'd let me go. Let's see who has the tougher head!" Smack. John slapped her head. Sherry yelled, "... You can crush me, but you can't crush my spirit! Hit me again, and I'll knock you out!" Smack. He whacked her again on the back of her head. Sherry, who was still being held down on the sofa by her head and bum, was speechless. Before she could find the words to blast him, John remarked with a smile, "You're free to go when you clear your debt of eight hundred million. Otherwise, don't even think about going anywhere else." He then released her. Sherry rolled over, tumbling off the sofa to the ground. By the time she had sat up, all Sherry saw was John walking out of the living room. Sherry breathed out and brought her hands that were still tied up before her face to undo the knot with her teeth. Having succeeded, she proceeded to untie the rope around her ankles. John was long gone so Sherry ran out of the living room, only to find eight bodyguards standing at the door. Since most of them were familiar faces, they had to be employees of the Stocktons. With Sherry fast approaching, these bodyguards immediately blocked off the door. Giving them an icy stare, Sherry made her way back to her room. The villa had a tiny lawn, bordered by a semi-transparent wall towering at least three meters in height. There were on tap no trees by the wall to hold onto and climb. A three-story villa stood tall behind the lawn. The only window that could open was on the third floor in the back, but the altitude was twenty meters from the ground up. Literally taking the plunge was death or paralysis waiting to happen. Sherry wandered around all the rooms in the house before returning to the living room, looking bummed out. Sitting her bottom on the floor, she grimaced and looked in the direction of the front door. Was she going to be locked up in here? Before, she had become John's secret lover while he was still single and available. Although

she had had a problem with the restricted meals and lack of freedom, Sherry had been fine with everything else. Nevertheless, he was now married to Shannon. Sherry wanted no part of becoming the other woman that would come between the couple. Never mind the public chastisement if word were to get out, Sherry felt sick to her stomach about it too. With that in mind, Sherry closed her eyes and drew a deep breath. She stayed in the seated position until sundown. A strange maid entered the house, pushing a meal cart of food before her. Sherry got a good whiff of the food before the food even made it to her. Her belly rumbled like thunder. Gulping, Sherry turned her head away. The maid placed the dishes on the dining table before calling her over. "Ms. Fowler, dinner is ready. Please enjoy." Sherry remained still, shutting her eyes to the maid. The maid tried calling out to her again to no avail. In the end, the maid walked away. She came to the front door and told a bodyguard, "Dave, Ms. Fowler's refusing the food." Dave was the head of the bodyguards, responsible for stopping Sherry from leaving and housekeeping. Dumbstruck by the update, Dave proceeded to give John a call.

#### **MASTER ODELL'S SECRET EX-WIFE CHAPTER 1127**

Chapter 1128 The most prosperous central business district of Glanchester. This was where Stockton Tower was located. Meanwhile, a meeting was going on in a spacious conference room. The man, who had just gotten hitched that afternoon, sat on the head of the table dressed in a suit. Sitting at the foot, a group of executives took turns to take the floor and report on the numbers. Beep. Suddenly, John's phone on the table vibrated. The executives immediately closed their mouths and quietly stared at John. Having glanced at the caller ID, John picked up the phone and smiled at them. "Excuse me. I need to take this call. Please give me a sec." The group smiled in return. John got up and exited the conference room. Placing the phone against his ear, he asked, "What did she do again?" On the other line, the bodyguard was truthful with his reply. "Ms. Fowler's refusing food." John furrowed his brows. Refusing food? Instead of giving her bread and canned vegetables, John had instructed that a sumptuous meal be prepared for her. Yet, she was refusing to eat. Was she going on a hunger strike? With a smirk, he responded, "Give her something extra." Avilla in

the suburbs. Sherry continued to remain in her sitting position without casting a glance at the dining table. Time went by, and soon the footsteps of the maid drew close. The scent of alcohol wafted in the air before she could even turn her head to the source of the sound. It was the aroma of fine wine. The wine bottle had clearly been cracked open! Unable to resist, Sherry looked over. The maid carried a tray holding a decanter filled with wine and a wine glass. Finally getting Sherry's attention, the maid beamed as she said, "Come and enjoy the food, Ms. Fowler. You should eat it while it's still warm." Sherry clenched her fists. She had a drinking problem. Nevertheless, thanks to John detaining her at the Stockton residence for more than a year, Sherry had pretty much kicked her addiction to alcohol. Although Sherry was tempted to drink the wine, she was not bothered if she did not. Turning her head away, Sherry fixed her gaze somewhere else. The maid was dumbfounded. She had thought that Ms. Fowler would start eating if the wine was brought out. Placing the wine on the table, the maid tried to get Sherry's attention. Seeing that she could not get a reaction from Sherry, the maid walked away. Silence returned to the living room. It was unclear how much time had gone by, but drowsiness eventually swept over Sherry. She got up, lay down on the sofa, and hugged a pillow to sleep. The quietness served as a lullaby, lulling her into a deep sleep. Eventually, a sudden flurry of footsteps from the front door broke the silence. The oncoming footsteps stopped in front of the girl. Sherry was lost in deep slumber. Then, she was picked up from the sofa. Sherry winced and opened her eyes to find herself being carried into a bedroom. Who else was lifting her if not for John? Sherry was kicking up a fuss to get down when he flung her to the bed. With his slender figure towering over her, John clutched onto her chin and stated with a smile, "Don't even think about threatening me with a hunger strike. Dying of hunger won't get you out of here." Giving him a bitter smile, Sherry glared at him. "I'd rather starve to death than be your mistress!" Huh. Amused, John burst out laughing. "You? Starve to death? When pigs fly." Sherry was silent. Her rage could be seen in her flushed face.

#### **MASTER ODELL'S SECRET EX-WIFE CHAPTER 1128**

Chapter 1129 John caressed her face. "Look. Your face is red from lying." Sherry retorted, "As if!" "No need to shout out loud. It's only the two of us here." As he

spoke, his eyes wandered to her collar. Sherry's face changed as she tried to push him away. "D\* mn it, John! Get off me!" Curling his lips, John grabbed her by the collar and pulled off her blouse. Sherry put up a fight right away. Maintaining the curve of his lips, John neutralized her attacks with ease and pressed his lips against hers. The more she refused to become his mistress , the more he would make her his kept woman. Soon, the room was filled with Sherry's muffled struggles. The more intimate the two of them became, a sharp gasp interrupted the intimacy. The man froze. Seizing her chance, Sherry pushed him away and kicked him off the bed. Next, she jumped out of the bed in a flash and bolted to the floor-to-ceiling window. After falling off the bed, John sat up with a cut on the edge of his lips. Seeing that she was opening the window, his pupils dilated as he cried, "Stop, Sherry!" Without hesitation , Sherry swung the window open and jumped off. It did not take long before a loud crash echoed from downstairs. John's muscles stiffened involuntarily as the color drained from his face. The d\*mn woman! Getting on his feet, he quickly took large strides to make his way downstairs. There was a ten-meter drop from the bedroom to the surface level. Sherry lay on the ground, hugging her legs as she curled up into a ball. The pain forced the tears out of her. Ow! It hurt so bad! Picking up on the commotion, the bodyguards had hurried over. Sherry gasped in pain and uttered in a trembling voice, "O -One of you... Please punch me and knock me out!" It was getting to be more than she could take. The ground was soft and muddy. It had not appeared to have a hard surface, so why did it hurt like hell? The bodyguards did not know how to respond. Meanwhile, a silhouette emerged from behind the bodyguards and approached Sherry in no time. Sherry lost her cool. "Get away! Don't touch me... Ow-" She was picked up while in mid-sentence. John carried her out while barking out an order at a bodyguard. "Get the car!" The bodyguard did as he was told. Overwhelmed by the excruciating ache, Sherry could not muster the strength to fight. She whined in agony as John lifted her into a car. The car drove to the nearest hospital. Sherry slumped against John, putting her weight on him. Although she did not want to make a sound, she was unable to control her twitching and the tears that flowed from her eyes. Jesus Christ. Had she known that it would hurt so much, she would not have jumped. Next to her, the man's always amiable and smiling face was hidden behind a cloud of gloom

under the dim light. The jerking against his chest and sporadic whimpers saw him clenching his fists. John remained as still as a statue. The car pulled up outside a hospital. Although the hospital might not compare to the ones in the city, the healthcare facilities were pretty comprehensive. After the bodyguard parked the car, John carried Sherry out and marched into the hospital. Soon, Sherry was wheeled into the emergency room. She was only brought out following a thorough examination and bandaging. There was a brace along her spine and a splint over her leg. Likely due to the treatment, Sherry still felt the pain, albeit not in agony as she had been earlier. Sherry lay stiffly in bed, unwilling to take a chance to move a finger. She stared at the ceiling with a blank face. John immediately came to her side when she was wheeled out. He checked on her from head to toe before turning his attention to the doctor. "How's she doing?" The doctor was a young man who appeared to be acquainted with John. He replied with a smile, "Mr. Stockton, the patient will be okay. She threw her back and hurt her leg from the fall. There's some fracture."

#### **MASTER ODELL'S SECRET EX-WIFE CHAPTER 1129**

Chapter 1130 The tension on John's face eased in an instant. John's lips curled as he said with a smile, "Thank you, doctor." The doctor waved his arm. "It's part of my job as a doctor. It's already an honor to be able to meet with you today, Mr. Stockton." It appeared that the doctor was a fanboy of John. Sherry made a face. The doctor then turned to Sherry. "Miss, you're on bed rest. Try not to move around so much." "Got it. Thank you, doctor." After a pause, Sherry added, "Ah. Just so you know. I'm John's sister. Please call me Ms. Stockton." The doctor, "... John, ..." Did she not know that the hospital required the registration of personal information before treatment? Stillness filled the air momentarily. The doctor glanced at John before responding to Sherry with a grin, "Sure, Ms. Stockton." Sherry did not stay for too long as she was soon wheeled out of the hospital. Their ride back had been swapped for an MPV. It was spacious enough to accommodate Sherry together with the stretcher. Sitting by her bed, John's gaze fixed upon her face without an expression on her face. Sherry stared at the roof of the car, pursing her lips and looking detached. The car remained quiet the whole way. When the car came to a stop, a bodyguard went over to open the

door. John stood up and took a fleeting glance at Sherry. "Bring her to her room." He then got out. A few bodyguards immediately carried her out of the vehicle. It was a dark night, and the hums and chirps broke the silence. In no time, Sherry was wheeled into the bedroom. The bodyguards lifted her onto the bed before leaving the room. Silence befell the room, and all was still for a long time. It did not seem the man had any intention of entering the room. Letting down her guard, Sherry soon drifted off into dreamland. An hour later, the door was pushed open, and a tall figure entered. He approached the bed and studied her face in the dark for a while before leaving. He went to the living room. The maid and bodyguards were on standby there. They turned their heads toward the looming presence in reverence. Running his eyes across the room, John asked, "Do you remember everything that I just said?" The leader of the bodyguards immediately replied, "Yes, we did. Don't worry. We won't let anything happen to Ms. Fowler or let her out of here unless instructed." "Okay. You're dismissed." The group dispersed and returned to their posts. John strode outside. His usual MPV ride was parked outside. Getting into the car, he leaned back against the seat and closed his eyes. His face reflected exhaustion. The driver inquired in a low voice, "Mr. Stockton, should I take you home?" "To the airport." Dumbstruck, the driver had to ask, "The airport? At this hour?" Had he not just gotten married today? "I'm going away for a while for some out-of-town business. You can return home after sending me to the airport. If my mom or Julie asks, please convey the same message to them." The driver pressed his lips together. "What about your wife-" "Tell her the same thing." "Sure. Got it." The driver started the car. John rested his eyes for a moment before pulling out his phone and dialing a number.

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