

Master Odells 931

Chapter 931

It did not take long for Sylvia to get sleepy as well. Just as she was about to drift off to sleep, her phone suddenly rang.

A message from Sherry popped up on the display: "Sylvia, help!"

Sylvia sprang to attention immediately. She texted back: "What's going on? Where are you now?"

Sherry replied: "I'm in Glanchester."

Glanchester?

The popular tourist destination next to Westchester City?

Sylvia asked frantically: "Which part of Glanchester? What happened? Are you ok?"

After that, radio silence again.

Sylvia immediately called her only to find out the number was unavailable. The phone was turned off!

Sylvia could not sit still after that. She paced around frantically and tried to call Sherry again to no avail.

She flipped through her contact list again. There was not a single person she remembered that could be of any help to her. The only person who could help her was Odell.

After troubling over the idea for several seconds, she bit the bullet and called Odell.

It rang only twice before the call was answered.

Odell's deep, bass-heavy voice resounded. "What's up?"

Sylvia stammered anxiously, "Something happened to Sherry. She texted me just now asking for help, then she disappeared again after only sending a few more texts to me. She mentioned that she's in Glanchester. Do you know anyone over there? Can you help me find her?"

After a moment of silence, Odell answered, "She must be with Master Stockton."

Sylvia was startled by this response. "Master Stockton? Do you mean John Stockton? Why would she be with him?"

"They dated in the past. There's some history between them."

Sylvia hurriedly asked, "What kind of history? What did Sherry do to him? What will he do to Sherry?"

"Don't worry, Sherry shouldn't be in danger."

"Are you sure he's not going to hurt Sherry?"

"Yeah." Odell assured her. "I'll have someone dig up more information and let you know as soon as there's any news."

Sylvia was relieved by this. "Okay, thank you."

Odell was quiet for several seconds, then he said softly, "You're welcome."

Even though what Odell told her was very reassuring, Sylvia was still feeling very restless.

All she remembered were events from nine years ago.

Even back then, she had heard about a certain Master Stockton. She could vaguely recall there being a marriage arrangement between the Stockton family and Sherry's family. However, today was the first she ever heard of the two dating. Furthermore, she had never even met John Stockton and did not know what he was like.

If Sherry was with him, she prayed that he would not hurt her.

Ding!

Suddenly, her phone rang.

It was Odell.

She quickly answered it and asked without skipping a beat, "Did you find anything?"

"Yeah, Sherry is locked up in one of his villas in Glanchester."

"How is she doing?"

"She's fine."

"Are you sure about that?"

"Yes, I'm very sure she's fine." Odell reassured confidently.

Sylvia breathed a sigh of relief. "Alright, that's good."

Odell was silent.

Seeing that he was not going to hang up himself, Sylvia decided she would wrap it up. "Thank you, I'll let you get back to your work."

"Yeah."

With that, she hung up.

She thought about it for a moment and decided to open the web browser and enter the keyword "John Stockton" into the search bar.

Immediately afterward, the search result "John Stockton, the richest man in Glanchester" popped up on the display. She began reading

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There were no pictures of John online. There was not much information either and all Sylvia could find were brief details.

For instance, there were details about him getting banished from the Stockton family around six years ago, for reasons unknown. What happened to him after that was a complete mystery, up until two years

ago when he suddenly re-emerged as the wealthiest plutocrat in Glanchester. He had single handedly built up the tourism and entertainment industry in Glanchester and made the city a leader in these sectors.

Shortly after that, the Stockton family, who had been on a steady decline since his departure, decided to relocate from Westchester City to Glanchester.

John was accepted back into the family and revived them to their previous glory and more. They were now the icon of Glanchester.

There was a particular remark that caught Sylvia's attention which wrote: Benevolent and ruthless beyond imagination.

She wrinkled her brows upon noting this. These two terms were antonyms. How could they be used to describe the same person?

Perhaps his appearance was gracious and kind but deep down, he was vicious and cruel?

Odell did mention there was some history between John and Sherry.

Since he had Sherry locked up in his villa, he must not be harboring good intentions even if he did not directly hurt Sherry. Why else would she contact Sylvia for help otherwise?

Aunt Tonya had mentioned that Sherry had helped her on many occasions over the past few years.

Even if she forgot all of these events, she could still recall her friendship with Sherry even as far back as nine years ago. She could not sit by idly and watch as Sherry got tormented all alone in what was essentially a jail cell.

She did not want to trouble Odell anymore. Besides, his territory was Westchester City so he should not have to be troubled to make demands on John Stockton.

She thought about it and decided that she would go to Glanchester herself to look for Sherry.

The day passed quickly.

She devised a rather simple plan. First, she would go to Glanchester and figure out where the villa Sherry was imprisoned in was. Then, she would sneak inside and break her out once she managed to locate her.

Right after she had decided to go forward with the plan, she heard the screech of the brake of a car that stopped outside the gate.

Isabel, who was next to her, hopped off the couch and exclaimed excitedly, "Baddie Daddy is back!"

Sylvia's eyes glowed up. She rose from the couch with Flint in her arms.

She turned to Liam who was still sitting calmly on the couch, reading a book. Then, she asked him, "Liam, aren't you going to greet your father?"

Liam replied, "Isabel can do it."

It was just Dad anyway, there was no need to welcome him.

Upon noticing Liam's cool attitude, Sylvia suddenly felt conflicted and unsure if she should welcome Odell.

Soon, Odell walked in with Isabel in his arms.

Sylvia smiled. "Good evening."

Odell smiled faintly as well. "Hey, how are things at home today?"

"Pretty good."

"I see."

There was a sudden awkwardness.

Sylvia thought she should say something. "How're things in the company?"

"Good."

"Ah."

Again, there was an awkward silence.

"Sigh..." Isabel suddenly sighed and climbed off Odell, then she motioned at Sylvia. "Mommy, I'll take Flint. Liam and I can play with him."

It looked like the girl wanted to give her and Odell some privacy.

Sylvia took the hint and handed Flint to her.

Isabel took her baby brother and quickly went to Liam.

It was Sylvia and Odell left standing by the doorway.

Sylvia mentioned, "Dinner is almost ready. Come on in."

Odell stood like a sculpture with his coat hung across his shoulder.

He looked stoically at her. It was impossible to tell what was on his mind.

Sylvia thought for a moment and offered. "Want me to get your coat?"

He pursed his lips, a powerless look surfaced in his eyes.

"Come here." After another brief pause, he added, "Come in front of me."

"What for?" Sylvia asked with stark curiosity. Odell frowned again with a deep look in his eyes.

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Sylvia took two steps forward and stopped in front of Odell.

He cupped her face in one hand and gently brushed her cheeks with his fingers. The warmth on his fingertips seemed to transfer over. He asked in a cautious voice, "Are you still worried about Sherry?"

Sylvia froze, partly because she was afraid of upsetting him by drawing away, but also because she was stunned by how he seemed to read what was on her mind.

“Yeah, I’m quite worried about her,” she answered him truthfully.

He informed, “I asked around. She’s doing fairly well apart from the fact that she’s not allowed to leave the villa.”

“Is John hard on her?”

“That’s private. I don’t know much about that.”

Sylvia frowned.

Noticing this, Odell informed, “He still has feelings for her and won’t do anything terrible to her.”

“Really?”

“Yes.”

“But Aunt Tonya mentioned that back then when there was a misunderstanding between us. You also...”
Sylvia quickly zipped her lips when she realized that she was treading on dangerous territory

Odell narrowed his eyes. “What?”

His voice was still calm and gentle, and it did not seem like he was upset.

Sylvia cautiously darted a glance at him.

He had a gentle glow in his eyes. It even seemed like he found something humorous in what she said.

She continued, “You kept me imprisoned and broke my leg.”

His expression darkened.

She tried to rescind what she said, “I won’t bring this up again if you don’t like hearing about it.”

“That’s not what I meant,” he clarified, although it was true that he did not like hearing about his past wrongdoings.

He took a half step forward and closed the gap between the two of them. They would be skin-to-skin if he shifted just a little closer.

He held her chin in his hands and whispered, “I admit that I was in the wrong, but John is nothing like me. Furthermore, their situation is completely different from ours so believe me, Sherry will be fine.”

His voice was soft and convincing.

Sylvia pursed her lips and muttered, “Okay.”

After dinner, Odell went to his study.

Sylvia played with Liam and Isabel for a while before taking Flint back to her room.

After she showered, she entertained Flint for a while until the boy fell asleep, then she lay on the bed as well.

Sherry continued to occupy her thoughts.

She tossed and turned for a long time. She decided that she had to go to Glanchester to see Sherry and make sure she was alright. Only then would she come home.

As soon as she hatched the idea, she drifted off to sleep.

Meanwhile, on the balcony.

There was a glass wall separating the balcony from the bedroom.

Odell had been standing by the balcony for some time.

The balcony was connected to the study where he came from. He had been standing out here since Sylvia put Flint to bed and saw how she tossed and turned endlessly in bed.

He was relieved when he saw how Sylvia finally managed to fall asleep.

He stood for a while and only stepped into the bedroom after making sure Sylvia was soundly asleep.

The first thing he did was lean closer to plant a kiss on her forehead. After that, he turned off the bedside lamp for her and left.

After returning to the guest room where he was temporarily using, he reached for his phone and contacted Cliff.

Cliff picked up within the first few rings. Odell immediately went to the matter at heart. "Do you still have the proposal letter for cooperation that we received from John Stockton's team in Glanchester?"

Cliff informed, "Yes, I kept it in the drawer in your office."

"Alright, I want you to contact John's team first thing tomorrow morning. Tell them that I'll be swinging by Glanchester in two days for a quick survey."

Cliff asked curiously, "Sir, I thought you don't have high expectations for that particular project?" "Which is why I'm doing a survey."

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Cliff was still perplexed. Even though the project was not a minor one, it was not impotent enough to warrant an in-person survey from the leader of Carter Corporation. It would have made more sense to send someone over to dig up the details.

Still, Odell must have his reasons for wanting to do it himself. Cliff knew his place and did not pester him with more questions. "Okay, I'll let them know first thing tomorrow morning."

After hanging up, Odell put the phone beside the bed and looked out the window gloomily.

If his suspicions were correct, the reason Sylvia tossed and turned in bed and had trouble falling asleep was that she was worried about Sherry.

He knew that John would welcome him in person when he visited Glanchester. It would be a good chance for him to talk to him about Sherry and gauge how he felt toward Sherry. This was the least he could do to put Sylvia at rest.

A day later, in the evening.

Sylvia was on her phone and was just about to buy a train ticket to Glanchester tomorrow when she heard a car stopping outside the house.

Isabel took Flint with her and went outside while chanting “Baddie Daddy”.

Sylvia hurriedly put away her phone.

She figured it would be fine if she told Odell only after the fact.

Shortly after, Odell showed up inside the house with Flint in his arms and Isabel trailing after.

Sylvia smiled politely. “You’re back.”

Odell returned a faint smile. “Yeah.”

“I have something to tell you.”

“I have something to tell you-”

Both of them spoke at the same time and stopped at the same time as well.

Odell chuckled. “What were you going to tell me?”

“I think you should go first.” She realized she had not composed what she was going to say in her head.

Odell cast a strange look at her before handing Flint to Isabel. “Take your brother and go to Liam, Mommy and Daddy need to talk.”

“Okay.” Isabel took Flint as she was instructed and went off to find Liam.

Odell drew closer to Sylvia in a few steps and gently informed her, “I’m going to Glanchester tomorrow morning. I’ll probably be there for about two days.”

Sylvia’s expression shifted dramatically. “You’re going to Glanchester?”

“Yeah, going on a business trip.”

Sylvia made a look and asked timidly, “Can I go with you?”

Her eyes were sparkling with anticipation.

Something shifted in Odell’s eyes. He pinched her cheeks and asked in a raspy voice, “You want to go with me?”

Sylvia could feel her cheeks burning. She wanted to retreat from his touch but could not.

She met his alluring gaze and muttered, “Hm.”

Odell smiled. “We’re leaving at eight tomorrow morning so get some early rest tonight.”

Sylvia smiled. "Okay."

"So, what were you going to tell me?" Odell suddenly remembered and asked while still brushing Sylvia's cheeks.

Sylvia hesitated for a moment then brushed it off. "I forgot."

Since he was going to take her to Glanchester anyway, there was no longer a need to tell him about her plans to go to Glanchester herself.

Besides, he mentioned he was going to Glanchester for a business trip. It would only distract him if she told him about her plans of looking for Sherry at John's place.

Odell narrowed his eyes into a slit. "You're sure you forgot?"

"Yeah." She avoided his gaze.

"Tell me when you remember."

"Okay."

The next day, Sylvia opened her eyes before the alarm on her phone even went off.

She had packed her luggage last night.

After washing up, she tied her hair up and put on a set of comfortable clothes, then she lugged the suitcase behind her and went to the living room.

It was still rather early so the children were still sleeping.

Two housemaids were cleaning the living room.

Odell had been waiting for her. He wore a freshly ironed suit and was sitting on the couch reading a newspaper while drinking coffee.

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Odell was ready for the trip as well. His suitcase was right next to the couch.

Sylvia put her suitcase next to his and greeted him with a bright smile, "Good morning."

Odell turned to her and muttered, "Morning."

Then, he put down the newspaper and rose from his couch to approach her. He rested a large palm on her head and beckoned, "Come on, let's eat breakfast."

Sylvia went to the dining table with him.

The thought that she would be heading to Glanchester to look for Sherry filled her with anticipation. She ate as fast as she could and pushed the plate away as soon as she had eaten enough.

Odell glanced at her. "Are you full?"

"Yeah." Noticing that Odell was about to set his spoon and fork down, she quickly stated, "Take your time if you're not full yet. Don't worry about me."

“I’m full, too.” He wiped his hands and his lips with a towel, then got up. “Come on, let’s go now.”

He held out a hand toward her.

She hesitated briefly before placing her hand on his.

Three hours later, the car exited the highway and entered the city center of Glanchester.

Sylvia kept looking out the window.

The city was certainly an exemplary tourist destination. The city view was wonderful, and the streets were filled with greenery and art.

Odell sat next to her and maintained the same pose the entire drive here. He silently looked at the way she continuously gaped at the view outside.

Shortly after that, they stopped outside a five-star hotel.

Odell raised a hand and gently tapped Sylvia’s head. “Here it is.”

“Oh.”

Sylvia pushed the door open and went outside.

Odell followed her out of the car.

The entrance of the hotel was nothing short of majestic. It was as if they had been transported to the middle of a forest. There was even a man-made waterfall by the lobby.

Sylvia was astounded by what she saw, and she opened the camera on her phone and approached the entrance.

Odell trailed after her. They had only taken a handful of steps when several officials dressed in suits and leather shoes approached them. Each one with a welcoming smile on their face.

A young man at the head of the group stretched out his right

hand toward Odell and greeted him politely and formally, “Good morning, Master Carter. I’m Mr. Stockton’s assistant. My name is Peter Johnson but you can call me Peter. Mr. Stockton was going to receive you in person but unfortunately, something urgent came up that he had to attend to. He should be able to meet you by noon and regrets that he couldn’t receive you in person.”

“Alright.” Odell shook hands with Peter. From the corner of his eye, he could see Sylvia who was taking a selfie by the hotel’s entrance.

Peter added, “Master Carter, we’ve already reserved a room for you. This way please.”

Odell chuckled.

It was not directed at Peter. He was merely amused by the sight of Sylvia taking a selfie.

She put on a very smug pose and was trying to align the frame for a perfect selfie.

She suddenly untied her hair, perhaps she thought her hair did not look good tied up. After she took several pictures, she changed angles and began clicking away again, making sure to alternate expressions in between each shot. She was completely mischievous.

Odell observed her closely and smiled.

Peter followed his line of sight and noticed Sylvia.

She was wearing a t-shirt, along with a pair of jeans and white sneakers. At first glance, one would think that she was a twenty

year-old girl.

Was the legendary Master Carter not already married?

Word was that his wife was a close friend of his boss' woman.

He thought for a moment before turning to Odell to enquire , " Master Carter, is that lady your friend?"

Odell stated, "She's my wife."

Peter was taken aback by this as he smiled and complimented," She looks very young. I'd have thought that she was twenty years old."

Odell's expression darkened.

Sylvia was indeed twenty years old in her present state.

The sharp-eyed Peter immediately noticed the sudden change in Odell's demeanor. He immediately became very flustered. Had he said something wrong?

Did he not like being told that his wife was very youthful?

He cast a glance at Cliff as if signaling for help.

Cliff returned a look to signal that this was a risky topic.

Peter took the hint and promptly changed the subject. "Master Carter, what sort of food do you and your wife like? We have all sorts of authentic restaurants here in Glanchester and I'm sure every single one of them will delight you. Just let me know what kind of food you two prefer and I'll have everything arranged for you. We'll bring you to the restaurant after I show you to your hotel room."

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Odell considered briefly. "Whatever is the specialty in Glanchester."

Sylvia was not a picky eater anyway, so she could stomach any food that tasted good.

She had more than enough of her favorite food back in Westchester City. Since they were in Glanchester , they should try whatever the local specialty was.

Peter nodded. Then he turned and gave instructions to the others who came with him.

Meanwhile, Sylvia had been ravidly taking pictures. It was only after she finally took some pictures that she was satisfied with when she finally felt several pairs of eyes on her.

There was Odell and Cliff, along with several men in suits. They were probably the ones Odell was meeting up with to discuss business.

She immediately put away her phone and trotted back to Odell.

She whispered cautiously, "I'm sorry, am I taking up your time?"

Odell brushed the hair from her forehead and tucked it behind her ear. Then he took her hand and answered her, "No."

"Mrs. Carter, good to see you. My name is Peter Johnson. You can call me Peter," Peter greeted her with a brilliant smile.

Sylvia smiled back at him. "Hello, Peter."

"Master Carter, Mrs. Carter, this way please. I'll show you to your room." He turned and led them into the hotel.

Odell took Sylvia's hand and entered the hotel with them. Then they took the elevator to the presidential suite on the top floor.

The room befitted the name of the presidential suite. The decorations were the epitome of luxury living, and every single thing they would ever need could be found, ranging from a bedroom, study, living room, bathroom, and even a private gym. The only minor problem was there was only one bedroom.

Peter asked with a smile, "Master Carter, Mrs. Carter, does this work for you two?"

Odell looked at Sylvia.

Sylvia smiled and informed, "It's wonderful."

It was the best room they could have got in the city. She thought she would come off as ungrateful if she pointed out the lack of an additional bedroom.

"Wonderful indeed. Please let us know if there's anything else you two need."

"Alright, thanks for the help."

Peter was pleasantly surprised by how polite Sylvia was and responded with a smile, "No problem at all. The pleasure is mine."

After that, he informed, "We've made reservations for you two at the restaurant. Would you like to catch some rest first before going, or do you want to leave now?"

Sylvia turned to Odell.

Odell stared back at her with a look in his eyes that suggested that she could make the call.

"Let's go now then." The sooner they came back from lunch, the sooner Odell could attend to his work, and the sooner she could find out which villa John kept Sherry cooped up in.

Peter took them to a local restaurant where the furnishings were cozy and homely.

During the meal, Peter decided to give a toast. Sylvia frowned upon noting this.

Odell darted a look at Cliff.

Cliff took the hint and immediately informed, "Peter, Master Carter and Mrs. Carter aren't very fond of alcohol."

Peter was very understanding and swiftly apologized, "I see, I apologize for being so sudden."

He shot a quick look at his colleagues.

His colleagues took the hint and nodded.

The rest of the meal was relatively silent.

From time to time, Peter would exchange some small talk with Cliff. Apart from that, the rest of the table only stole occasional

glances at Odell and Sylvia.

Odell was taking his time with the meal, making sure to put some food on Sylvia's plate from time to time.

His sole focus was Sylvia.

Sylvia barely noticed Peter and the others observing her as she was wholly focused on the food.

It was indescribably delicious.

She never expected to eat such delicacy in Glanchester.

She only diverted her focus from the plate after she had finished everything.

Odell asked with a smile, "Are you full?"

"Uh-huh." "Let's go then."

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"Alright."

Sylvia said and rose with Odell. However, moments before they stepped out of the room, she suddenly felt an urge to pee. She stated with slight embarrassment, "I need to go to the bathroom."

Odell smiled and let go of her hand. "Go, I'll be waiting for you here."

She quickly shuffled to the bathroom.

After she came out of the toilet, she overheard the tail end of what was Peter saying something to Odell, "...On the way to the hotel, he should arrive in about ten minutes."

Odell, "Alright."

He took Sylvia's hand when he saw her. "Let's go. John is about to reach the hotel. We'll go meet him first, then you can explore the city after that."

Sylvia obliged. "Alright."

Their driver took them to the hotel after that.

After they got out of the car, they walked toward the lobby. That was when Sylvia suddenly mentioned, "Odell, why don't you go on ahead? I'll just walk around and check out the city."

Odell looked at her.

Sylvia flashed an innocent smile at him.

He turned to Jacob who came along with them to serve as driver and bodyguard and instructed, "You go with her."

Sylvia protested hastily, "It's alright, I'll just walk by myself,"

Before she could even finish her sentence, she noticed how a look of gloom overtook Odell's face.

She promptly zipped her lips.

Odell instructed, "Keep your phone on and come back once you're done exploring."

Sylvia assured him. "I got it."

She was not a child.

After that, Odell stepped into the hotel.

Cliff and Peter trailed after him. The only one left was Jacob.

"Madam, where would you like to go?" Jacob asked with a kind smile.

"Hold on, let me take a look," she said as she reached for her phone.

She found a list of the properties John owned on the internet. It would appear that he had dozens of properties scattered all over the country so she eventually narrowed it down to a handful of properties he owned in Glanchester specifically.

These included some condominiums located in less than ideal locations in the city, a certain villa inside a very upper-class district, as well as a larger villa with a yard located in the suburbs.

Odell previously mentioned that Sherry was kept in a villa.

She wagered that Sherry would not be housed in the villa in the city district since there were so many prying eyes about as John would not want to risk people finding out about him keeping a frail woman imprisoned. Going by that rhetoric, Sylvia homed in on the villa located in the suburbs.

With that out of the way, she turned to Jacob. "Let's head to the suburbs. I'd like to check out the area."

"Alright Ma'am, I'll go get the car right now. Please wait for a moment."

"Okay."

Jacob was a steady driver and within half an hour, they arrived at the street Sylvia specifically appointed.

It was a rather reputable street in Glanchester, known for its beautiful view of the mountain. Most of the villas in the area were privately owned and there were not many places she could walk around without security clearance. No outsiders were allowed to enter unless they had been directly verified.

Despite that, she tried to enter. As soon as she walked toward one of the villas, a giant and intimidating-looking security guard appeared and cut off her path.

She quickly took a step back and asked with a polite smile, "Think I could go in and take a look?"

"You can't enter without a permit."

"What kind of permit?"

The security guard glared at her menacingly and did not answer.

Sylvia pursed her lips. Just as she was puzzled over what to do, she suddenly heard someone calling her name from a distance.

"Sylvia?" A short distance away from her was a red sports car that had just emerged from the private district. A handsome young man pried his head out the window and called for her.

The security guard standing in front of Sylvia immediately stepped back.

Sylvia was startled by this. She quickly composed herself and approached the car.

She was hoping that she could recognize this man. Unfortunately, upon drawing closer, she still had no recollection of who the man was.

Thankfully, the man initiated before she did. "It's only been seven or eight months? You forgot about me already?"

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Sylvia chuckled awkwardly and mentioned, "Something happened a short while ago and I lost my memory."

She had explained this to so many people that she had the entire monologue memorized.

Zach was understandably baffled by this. "Wait, you lost your memory?"

"Yes, I forgot everything that happened the last nine years. It's not that I intentionally forgot who you were."

"I guess that makes sense, you look different from when I saw you the last time." Zach sighed and sounded slightly disappointed, then he suddenly asked when a thought occurred to him, "Do you recall there being this man called Odell?"

Sylvia was not expecting this question of all things but answered truthfully, "I do, we've known each other since we were very young. I already knew him nine years ago."

"I see." He sighed again, seemingly disappointed and frustrated. Suddenly, a strange smile formed on his face as he asked, "Are you still with him now?"

"Why are you asking this?" Sylvia was rather confused by his behavior.

Meanwhile, Jacob had been following Sylvia the entire time. He stepped next to her and glared at Zach with a vigilant look in his eyes.

Zach rubbed his nose and laughed it off. "I was just curious."

"Oh." Sylvia seemed to not notice anything strange and answered, "We're still together."

Zach sighed meekly, "I see."

Sylvia was still intent on looking for Sherry and decided to ask him, "What's your name? Why are you here?"

Zach brushed a loose strand of hair off his forehead and introduced himself, "The name is Zach Hadwin. I'm living here currently because there's this ongoing project at my house in the city center so I figured I'd move here for a bit."

After he answered the question, he turned to ask Sylvia, "How about you? Why are you here?"

Sylvia stated, "I thought the scenery here looks pretty nice so I came here to look around."

Zach smiled and offered, "Do you want to go inside?"

Sylvia jumped at the opportunity. "Yes, can you bring me inside?"

"I can, but I can only bring you one of you. This place is very strict and only allows one outsider at a time." He glanced coyly at Jacob as he said this.

Jacob tried to persuade Sylvia. "Madam, why don't you go somewhere else for a walk? There are many beautiful places in Glanchester. This isn't the only place you can sightsee."

Sylvia frowned and protested. "But I want to check out this place specifically."

Jacob seemed very troubled by this. He looked at Zach who was putting on his best display of a harmless smile, then he turned back to Sylvia. "We don't know who this person is. I can't just let you wander off by yourself with him. What am I supposed to tell Master Carter if something happened to you?"

Zach seemed slightly upset by this. "Hey now, sir. My dad is involved with Carter Corporation and I've given you my name already. What do you mean by you don't know who I am?"

Jacob looked at him with a frown.

Sylvia spoke, "Jacob, he doesn't look like a bad guy at all. Don't worry, I'll come right out after I take a lap inside. Nothing will go wrong."

She did not want to be treated like a toddler.

Besides, she saw the name Zach Hadwin in her contacts. It seemed like they even chatted a few times and judging by the looks of it, it seemed like he had helped her out in the past even if she did not remember anything from their past dealings.

With that, she turned and approached Zach's car before Jacob could even get a word out.

Zach winked at Jacob and revved the engine.

The red sports car drove past the checkpoint unobstructed and entered the district that was filled with fauna.

The view inside was indescribably beautiful.

Having said that, the view was not what Sylvia came for. She briefly glanced around the area before asking, "How many villas

are there in this area?"

"Six in total." Zach slowed the car down and established eye contact with her using the rearview mirror. "You're planning to buy a place here?"

"No, I was just curious." After a brief hesitation, she asked again, "Are all of them sold already?"

"As far as I know, all of them were sold during the early construction stages." "Do you know any of the owners of the other five villas?"

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"Yeah, I know a few."

"Who are they?" Sylvia asked with an expectant look in her eyes as she wanted to know more.

Zach smirked. "I thought you were here to sightsee. Why are you asking me all this?"

"I was just curious."

"Ah." He handled the steering wheel and made no further comment.

It seemed like he was not intending to answer her questions.

Sylvia considered for a moment and blurted out, "Do you know John Stockton?"

"The richest man in Glanchester. Who doesn't know him?"

"I think he lives here too. Do you know which one of these villas belongs to him?"

Zach burst out chuckling by this point.

He parked the car on the side of the road, and turned to Sylvia with a smile on his face though his demeanor was otherwise serious. "Sylvia, you didn't come here to sightsee, did you?"

Sylvia dropped the act. There was no point in feigning it since he already knew, so she nodded.

Zach's expression softened. "Why are you asking about John?"

Are you looking for him?"

"I'm not here for him. I'm here for something else."

"He's the richest man here in Glanchester . Even my family has several ongoing projects with his company so I cannot risk getting on his bad side. If you don't tell me what exactly you're here for, I'm afraid I can't tell you which one of these villas is his."

They had been inside here for some time and yet there was no sight of any houses or even gates, which was a testament to how large this place was. Even if Sylvia got out of the car and tried to locate John's place herself, she would only either get lost or get caught by the security forces eventually.

She chose the honest approach. "I have a friend named Sherry and she's kept locked up by John. I need to find her."

"Why did John keep your friend locked up?"

"They dated many years ago and it looks like there's some history between them. I was worried that he'd bring harm to her."

Zach ruminated on this information and stated, "I doubt it. I've seen him a few times and he's as gentlemanly as he comes. I'd even say he's very kind."

"He and you are business partners. It's not the same with Sherry."

"True." Zach looked at her and stated solemnly, "Still, the security facilities are top-of-the-line, and I'd certainly expect his house to be more closely guarded than ours. I don't think you can sneak in yourself."

Sylvia considered for a moment and asked, "Is there any way I can sneak inside?"

There was a gleam in her eyes. She seemed like she was ready to infiltrate like an assassin.

Zach laughed at her confidence and proceeded to tell her, "None. You can't even get in even if you turned into a fly."

Sylvia frowned.

Was it that hard?

"You just want to see her and won't do anything else?" Zach asked suddenly.

"Yes, but if she doesn't feel safe inside, then I'll find a way to break her out." She supposed she would have to ask Odell for help if it came to that.

"The madam of the house is going to hold a party here tomorrow afternoon and I was invited as well. I could take you inside."

Sylvia's eyes brightened. "Okay, thank you."

"However, you'll have to go as my female companion. I'm usually a lone wolf so if we attend together tomorrow, people will inevitably get the wrong idea concerning the nature of our relationship, if you know what I mean." After a pause, he looked at her with an intriguing look and asked, "Are you sure Master Carter won't get angry if he finds out?"

“He won’t get angry because he won’t find out,” Sylvia stated confidently.

He would be busy with his work tomorrow, so he had no time to monitor her tomorrow.

“Alright, come here tomorrow past noon. I’ll take you inside.” “Alright.”

Chapter 940

After the two had come to an agreement, Zach took Sylvia out to the entrance.

Jacob was standing guard waiting for her and the moment he saw her, he ran up to her and nervously inspected her up and down, worried that something had happened to her while she was gone.

Sylvia smiled and reassured him. “I’m fine, I just took a lap inside.”

Jacob breathed a sigh of relief and asked, “Madam, do you want to go anywhere else?”

“No, let’s go back to the hotel.”

“Okay.”

Inside the penthouse suite of the hotel.

Both Cliff and Peter were standing by the entrance to the study with their backs perched straight and at attention.

The door was closed. Not a word coming from inside the study could be heard.

Meanwhile, the two men were seated by a tea table inside the study.

Both of them sat on a leather-bound chair, facing each other.

There were two tea cups as well as a sheet of letter of collaboration set on the table.

Odell briefly stated his options and expectations concerning their collaboration.

John listened attentively and at last, remarked with a smile. “As expected of Master Carter, the leader of the renowned Carter Corporation. You’ve raised some very concise and good points. I’ll have my team review the points you’ve made and make changes accordingly.”

Odell nodded and took a sip from his cup.

John followed suit and took a sip of tea as well, then he suddenly asked, “I heard that you came here with your wife. How come she’s not around?”

“She went to tour the city.”

“I see, there are many fascinating destinations in Glanchester . I’ll appoint an experienced tour guide to take your wife around the city so she can get the best experience possible during her time here.”

“No need for the trouble. I’ll just go with her and explore on our own.”

John smiled and stated, “It seems like you two get along even better than I thought.”

Odell smiled softly and turned to him. "Master Stockton, you're around the same age as me, aren't you? Aren't you going to look for a wife of your own sometime soon?"

John seemed to falter at the mention of this. After a few seconds of silence, he stated solemnly, "I'm not interested in that at the moment."

"You're not interested in women either?"

"Oh, I'm just like any other man, of course, I'm attracted to women."

"Is that so? Are you dating anyone currently?"

"I wouldn't call it a girlfriend." Something cold gleamed in his eyes for a split instant before he remarked, "It's just casual."

Odell picked up his teacup and took a sip.

"Master Carter, do you have anything to add to this agreement?"

"None for the moment."

"Alright." He added with a smile. "There's going to be a party that my mother is hosting at my home tomorrow afternoon. She heard that you came to Glanchester and specifically instructed me to invite you as well. Are you free tomorrow by any chance?"

Odell considered for a moment and asked, "What time does it start?"

"Three o'clock."

"I believe I should be able to make it."

"Perfect, see you tomorrow afternoon then."

"Alright."

John did not linger much longer and promptly left after that.

Meanwhile, Sylvia just got out of the car and entered the hotel.

She went to the elevator.

Ding!

The elevator door opened shortly after and two handsome young men in suits walked out.

The man who seemed the superior of the two wore a dark green suit. He was tall and built like an Olympian. Despite his handsome and gentle features, he seemed to exude a sinister aura that was a sharp contrast to his appearance. It had a way of intimidating others around him.

Sylvia glanced at him, then the person standing behind him quickly caught her eyes.

She was taken aback. "Peter?"

Peter smiled politely at her. "Hello there, Mrs. Carter."

Hearing this, John took a closer look at Sylvia.

He smiled politely at her.

Sylvia felt a strange, oppressive feeling looming atop her when he smiled at her.

She made a point of smiling back at him to keep up appearances, then she walked into the elevator.

The elevator doors shut quickly after that.