

Master Odell's Secret Ex-wife

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Isabel's eyes instantly lit up, but she was still angry and did not utter a word.

Soon, the phone was taken away by a small hand. Liam's cool appearance and Flint's adorable face appeared on the screen. Liam hugged Flint and asked, "Mommy, when will you and Daddy be back tomorrow?"

"We're going back in the morning, so we should reach home at noon."

At that moment, Flint also waved his chubby hand at her. His mouth babbled, obviously wanting her to carry him. His adorable expression melted Sylvia's heart, and she could not help but pucker her mouth and make a kissy noise at him.

Flint immediately burst out into giggles.

Then, Isabel's scoff was heard from the side. It was clear that she was unhappy again.

Sylvia's expression changed, and she quickly said, "Isabel, come here and let Mommy kiss you too." "I'm not that naive." As soon as she spoke, her chubby pouting face squeezed into the screen.

Sylvia held back her laughter and blew a kiss at the screen. After that, she called out to Liam. "Liam, let Mommy kiss you too." Liam's cool little face was right beside Isabel. When he heard that, he did not say anything, but his eyes stared brightly at Sylvia.

Sylvia immediately blew a kiss at him.

On the screen, the three little ones looked bright and adorable.

Isabel stopped pouting and asked in a sweet voice, "Mommy, what gifts did you buy us?"

Sylvia replied, "I bought you some jewelry, Liam some trinkets, and Flint some small toys."

Isabel frowned. "That's all?"

"Yeah. Did you want anything else?" Sylvia asked.

Isabel pouted, her expression clearly disappointed. Liam's little face also became cooler with no emotion at all. Only Flint's eyes shined brightly at her.

Sylvia could not help but ask, "What's wrong? Don't you like these gifts?" Isabel said, "We like all the gifts that you buy, but we like special gifts more," Special gifts?

Sylvia asked, "What kind of special gifts?"

"Um..." Isabel thought about it and said, "Ones that Mommy makes personally." 'Personally made gifts?' Sylvia was confused.

Just as she was very confused, Isabel added, "Because Mommy puts more care into gifts she makes herself."

Sylvia understood.

'It's not that they don't like their gifts. They just don't like gifts that I randomly pick out for them. It's my fault. I was so focused on Sherry's matter the past two days and didn't even call to ask how they were doing. I didn't ask if they had any gifts they wanted and simply bought some when I went shopping. It's a little perfunctory.'

Noticing her emotions, Isabel changed her tone and said, "It's okay. As long as it's from you, Mommy, we'll love it."

Then, she turned to Liam. "Right, Liam?"

"Yeah." He was very cooperative.

Sylvia could not help but laugh. "It's good if you like them."

At the same time, she thought in her heart that she would make something herself when she got back.

'Aunt Tonya said that besides being Sunflower, my carving skills are also quite good. I wonder if I can still carve something despite nine years of my memory being missing.'

Sylvia chatted with them for a long time.

When Odell came out of the room, he took her phone, urged the children to go to bed, and hung up. Finally, he gave the phone back to her and said, "Go wash up."

Sylvia hummed and went to the bathroom. Unexpectedly, her menstruation really started. She had just

taken off her clothes when she saw blood stains on the inner lining.

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Chapter 962 Startled, Sylvia wrapped herself in the bathrobe and walked out.

In the bedroom, Odell was wearing a black robe, and his tall figure sank lazily on the sofa. Seeing her come out without showering, he was stunned and asked, "What's wrong?"

Sylvia said embarrassedly, "I'm on my period." "That's it?" "Yeah."

The light in the bedroom was quite bright, so Odell could see the plea in her eyes at a glance. His eyes narrowed as he said, "Oh, |

see." Then, he picked up the book next to him and read it again.

Sylvia's throat choked. "Um, can you..."

"Can I, what?" He looked at her again with dark eyes.

At this point, Sylvia simply said, "Can you ask someone to buy me a pack of tampons?"

Odell curved his lips in a seductive smile. "What do you think?"

Sylvia blushed and could not help but glare at him. Just as she was about to take her phone to place a delivery order from a supermarket, he suddenly picked up the landline next to him.

The phone was quickly connected. He looked at Sylvia and said to the person on the phone, "Bring up a pack of tampons." Then, he hung up the phone and said to her, "Someone will send it up right away. Go take a shower." "Okay." Sylvia then went to take a shower.

When she finished, she saw a pink box of tampons sitting on the stool by the bathroom door. She quickly took the box and brought it in.

She came out after she was fully dressed. The man was still wearing the black robe and was now sitting on the side of the bed, reading a book.

Sylvia lay on the other side of the bed just like last night.

Soon, the lights in the room were turned off, and there was a rustling noise behind her. He had apparently also laid down. Sylvia closed her eyes and tried to sleep.

However, it did not take long before a dull pain started in her stomach. It was not that painful, but it was very uncomfortable. She frowned and could not help but turn over.

Just when she was so uncomfortable that she could not sleep, a large hand suddenly encircled her from behind, and the man's body pressed against her back.

"Cramps?" he asked in a low voice. Sylvia held her stomach and hummed.

Then, his warm palm found a place on her stomach. Through a thin layer of clothing, the heat from his palm continuously spread to her belly.

Surprisingly, she felt much better. She instantly stopped tossing around and kept her back against his chest without moving. A short while later, he asked softly, "Better?"

Sylvia pursed her lips. "Much better."

Her voice was very clear in the silent night. As Odell rubbed her stomach again, Sylvia could not help but stick to him.

After an unknown amount of time, sleepiness took over and blurred her consciousness. She turned over and faced him, with her cheek on his chest and one arm around his strong waist, sleeping comfortably.

The man's straight figure stiffened for a long time. After a while, when the heat in his body subsided, he breathed out a low sigh. The next day, it was 9 a.m. when Sylvia opened her eyes.

Not far away, the man was sitting on the sofa in his suit, browsing through a document.

When he heard her get up, his deep eyes looked over. "Does your stomach still hurt?"

Sylvia thought of the scene last night when he had rubbed her stomach. She pursed her lips and smiled back at him. "It doesn't hurt anymore." "Good. Get up and wash up. We'll go back after breakfast."

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"Okay."

After washing up and getting dressed, they had breakfast. By the time they finished, it was exactly 10 a.m. Sylvia and Odell walked out of the hotel together.

Jacob and Cliff were already waiting for them, and John's assistant, Peter, had also arrived.

After Peter greeted them, he picked up a beautiful box and said with a smile, "Master Carter and Mrs. Carter, this is a gift that Master Stockton personally chose for you. He is sorry that he couldn't come over to give it to you in person, but this is a little token of his appreciation."

Odell glanced at Cliff who immediately went forward to take the box.

Odell said, "He shouldn't have. Please pass on my thanks to him."

Peter said, "Yes, I'll definitely convey it to Master Stockton."

After the formalities, Sylvia and Odell got into the car, and so did Cliff and Jacob. The black MPV quickly drove into traffic.

Cliff handed over the gift.

Odell glanced at it and gave it to Sylvia.

She weighed the box in her hands. The box was exquisitely wrapped, but she could not hear any movement inside, so she did not know what it was.

The more she looked at it, the more curious she became. “Can I open it and take a look?” Odell frowned. “Open it if you want to. There’s no need to ask me.”

“Oh.”

Sylvia did not hesitate and reached out to open the box. Then, she saw a delicate lighter and a diamond necklace in the shape of a flame inside.

Other than the logo of a luxury brand that was apparent on the lighter and the necklace, Sylvia and Odell’s initials were engraved on them. They were very exquisite and looked like they had been selected with care.

Sylvia looked at them and passed the box over to Odell to let him see as well.

Odell glanced at it and took both the lighter and the diamond necklace out. The lighter was engraved with Sylvia’s initials while his initials were engraved on the necklace.

Rubbing his finger over the engraving, the corners of his shallow lips curled up. “Not bad.” “Do you like it?” he asked her. Sylvia smiled. “I quite like it.”

Odell put the lighter and necklace back into the box, stroked her head with his free hand, and said to Cliff in the passenger seat, “When we go back, contact John’s assistant and say that I’m looking forward to this cooperation with him.”

Cliff’s expression changed as he responded, “Yes, sir.”

Meanwhile, at the entrance of the hotel, a luxury MPV had been parked for almost two hours. The atmosphere was quiet, and the driver kept his mouth closed, not even daring to breathe loudly.

In the backseat, a young man wore a white shirt and slim pants and sat in a dignified posture. He wore a pair of gold-rimmed glasses. At that moment, he was looking at the car in which Sylvia and Odell were sitting.

The car was quickly engulfed in traffic.

He turned his head to look at the woman by his side. She was sitting against the car door, her eyes gazing out. It was obvious that she was looking in the direction Sylvia and Odell’s car had driven away.

The gaze behind his lenses turned cold as he asked, "What, do you want to go back to Westchester with them?"

Sherry immediately withdrew her gaze and looked straight ahead while John curled his lips and laughed.

At that moment, Peter also came over from the hotel entrance. He got into the passenger seat and turned to John, saying respectfully, "Master Stockton, Master Carter accepted the gift and asked me to convey his thanks to you."

John smiled. "I see."

"What did you give them?"

John turned to look at her.

Sherry's face was not only cold, but also wary and defensive. It was as if he had sent them a time bomb.

His expression became chilly subconsciously, and he reached out to cup her chin. "I gave them a very special gift." Smack!

Sherry slapped his hand away directly and glared at him coldly. "What special gift?"

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John shook off the hand that she slapped away. He glanced at the two people in the front row with a grim gaze. "You two, get out."

The driver and Peter hurriedly got out of the car.

Then, his straight figure approached Sherry, and one hand reached for her face again.

Sherry sat in place, her hands clenched into fists by her side as she looked at him coldly. Just when his hand was about to squeeze her face, she suddenly got up.

Bam!

With a heavy sound, she pressed John back against the car

seat. She pinned him down, clutching his collar with both hands, and asked him coldly, "What did you give them?"

Her face was red, and her eyes were full of hatred and killing intent.

John was stunned for a moment. Then, his face returned to normal. "Seems like I've treated you too well these few days." "Cut the crap!" Sherry directly grabbed his neck, her gaze sinister. "Tell me. What exactly did you give them?"

John narrowed his eyes. "Don't you want to help the Fowlers and your childhood friend get through their crisis?" Sherry's gaze stiffened, but only for a moment. She tightened

her grip on his neck again and said coldly, "Syl is my best friend. If you lay a finger on her, I'll drag you to hell with me!" "So, you don't care about the Fowlers and that childhood friend of yours?" he asked.

"Yes, I don't give a damn about them!"

She really looked as if she wanted to strangle him to death. He suddenly curled his lips and laughed. "So, the Fowlers and your childhood friend combined aren't as important as this best friend of yours. If I had known that, I would've gone after that friend instead."

"Don't you dare!" Sherry snorted coldly. "Do you think Odell is a pushover? If you dare to touch Syl, he'll bury your business empire in Glanchester along with you!"

John merely laughed. "You're right. After all, he didn't even spare his own brother."

Sherry froze. Why was he going along with her words?

Seeing her stunned look, John laughed and said, "Sherry Fowler, do you think I'm an idiot?"

She frowned.

"If you can guess it, so can I."

She froze again. The moment she let her guard down momentarily, he suddenly grabbed her hands holding his neck. The next second, she was pushed off the car seat and fell onto the floor.

He loomed over her as she cried out from the impact.

John pinched her face, his expression grim. "You're just a plaything to me. Do you think I'll offend the richest man in Westchester for a plaything?"

Sherry's chest tightened as she pursed her lips.

He lowered his head, approaching her eyes. His gold-rimmed glasses almost pressed against the bridge of her nose. "This time, I'll spare you for the sake of your friend coming all the way to secure the cooperation for me. Next time you dare to make a move against me, I'll chop off both your hands and feed them to the dogs."

After saying that, he squeezed her hand hard. Sherry immediately gnashed her teeth so that she did not cry out.

John snorted, then got up and sat back down again.

Sherry tried to get up by propping herself on the ground, but when she was about to get up, he kicked her in the butt. Bam!

She fell to the ground miserably, then she looked up and glared at him.

John pushed up his glasses and looked at her with a smile.

Sherry gritted her teeth fiercely, swallowed back the curses that reached her throat, then got up and sat back down.

When Sylvia woke up from her nap, the car had already driven into Westchester City. It did not take long for the car to stop outside the old residence.

Sylvia thought about the three little ones, got out of the car, and ran inside without looking back. While running, she called out, "Isabel, Liam, Flint, I'm back!" Her voice was crisp and clear. The birds in the surrounding trees fluttered and flew away.

The man, who had not gotten out of the car yet, was also speechless.

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At that moment, Sylvia's cry drew a response.

"Mommy!" Isabel's loud voice sounded, and she scurried out like a gust of wind.

Immediately after that, Liam and Aunt Tonya, who was carrying Flint, also came out.

Sylvia first hugged Isabel, kissing her chubby face a few times, then took Liam into her arms and did the same to him and Flint. Flint giggled at all the kisses.

Isabel and Liam were confused, obviously not expecting Sylvia to kiss them so fiercely as soon as she came back. However, they were only stunned for a few seconds before smiling silently.

At that moment, Odell's tall figure walked over. Isabel's eyes lit up as she ran to him. "Bad Daddy!" Odell picked her up with one hand and walked over.

"Aah!" Flint, who was in Sylvia's arms, also seemed to miss his father and immediately reached out his chubby little hand toward Odell.

Odell carried him with his other hand.

Seeing the two children being held by their father, Sylvia subconsciously looked at Liam. The little boy's face was very quiet and cold, seemingly not feeling much about his father carrying his sister and brother.

However, Sylvia still reached out and picked him up. Liam's bright eyes were confused before he wrapped an arm around her neck. Obviously, he did not reject her hug.

Odell and she then carried the children into the house.

Jacob and Cliff also followed in with the things that they had brought from Glanchester.

Sylvia handed them the gifts she bought for them. Isabel and Liam opened the gifts.

Sylvia looked at their little faces and asked, "Do you like it?"

Isabel smiled. "Yep. I love it!"

Liam also hummed and directly wore the little watch on his wrist.

As for Flint, who could not even speak yet, he grabbed the toys that Sylvia bought for him and started chewing on them.

The three little ones were very filial to her.

Sylvia could not help the corners of her mouth from curling up when she saw them so happy.

At that moment, the back of her head was suddenly tousled, so she turned her head.

Odell was buttoning his suit as he said, "I have to go to the office. Call me if you need anything."

Sylvia thought that he was busy. "Okay, go ahead."

Then, she turned around and continued playing with the children.

Odell's expression darkened. After a moment, he wargedwonten turned, and walked out. Cliff was already waiting for wat car. He sat alone in the backseat "Drive."

Cliff hurriedly started the car, but Odell frowned and looked annoyed. Not long after that, he took out his phones and called Skylar.

The line rang a few times before connecting,

He asked directly, "Have you found the sorcerer?"

The environment on the other side of the phone was a bit most and Skylar's voice was loud. "I found him, but the old fogey 15:11 easy to communicate with. He won't say a word to me"

"Why won't he talk to you?"

"He asked me for five million as soon as he opened his mouth. I was afraid that he would fool me, so I told him I'll pay him when he teaches me the way to lift the hypnosis, but then he ignored

me.

Odell's expression changed. "I'll transfer the money to you now Tell him that five million is just the deposit. If he successfully passes you the knowledge, give him another five million."

"Um... Master Carter, isn't that too much?"

"If you succeed, I'll double your pay as well." "Right, I'll go find him immediately."

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Chapter 966

Sylvia played with the three little ones until the evening.

In the evening, Isabel and Liam both had a piano lesson. Aunt Tonya brought Flint to bed. Sylvia went to the third floor by herself. There was a big room with three walls facing the sun.

At this time of the day, the orange sunset slanted from the west and landed on the neat and clean table, the floor, and the painting and carving tools on the table.

Aunt Tonya had told her about this place, saying that it was a workshop specially prepared for her.

Although Sylvia had no memory of this place, she had a familiar feeling as soon as she stepped inside. She could not help but look at the complete sets of painting tools, and the two paintings hanging on the wall.

The paintings were framed. Both of them were landscapes, and the artist's signature stamp on the bottom read: Sunflower. The signature stamp was placed in a box in a corner of the table.

Sylvia lifted her hand to touch it, but when she remembered that one of these things belonged to her nine years ago, she quickly withdrew her hand again.

Then, she walked around the table, went to the other side where the carving tools were placed, and sat down. She picked up a small wood block with one hand, the carving knife with the

other, and carved aimlessly.

To her surprise, carving came to her quite smoothly. It seemed that she was born to carve.

'Does that mean that although I crossed over from nine years ago, my body still retains the memory of carving?' The more Sylvia carved, the more excited she became.

Unknowingly, it turned dark. She did not notice the flow of time and continued to be immersed in carving.

Perhaps because she had not touched a carving knife for too long, as she carved, a painful sensation suddenly shot up her wrist. She had accidentally scratched her hand with the carving knife.

Blood instantly oozed from her finger, and she let out a hiss of pain. "What happened?" A man's anxious voice suddenly sounded behind her. Sylvia was immediately startled again.

Before she could turn around and look, Odell walked to her side and picked up her cut finger. After examining it, he took out his cell and made a phone call.

She did not know who he called, but the other party answered quickly. Odell said in a low voice, "Bring the first aid kit to the third floor."

Almost instantly, Sebastian and a maid came in with the first aid kit.

Seeing that Sylvia only cut her finger, Sebastian and the maid sighed with relief at the same time. They put down the kit and went out.

Odell brought the first aid kit over and took out the disinfectant and Band-aid from inside. First, he cleaned her wound, then he put the Band-aid on her finger and advised her, "Don't touch water today."

His voice was grim. "Okay." Sylvia's eyes lit up, and she could not help but ask, "When did you come back?"

"Half an hour ago." He put the kit aside as he spoke, then picked up what she had carved. It was a sunflower that was about to take shape, and it was quite exquisite. His thin lips curled up. "It's quite good."

Sylvia instantly smiled at his compliment. "I think so too. I originally thought that I wouldn't be able to do it." Odell looked down at her with deep eyes.

When he did not say anything, Sylvia asked, "What are you looking at me for?"

"Did you know how to carve nine years ago?"

She shook her head. "I liked to carve erasers when I was in school, but I never played with wood carvings." "So, do you remember anything now?" His eyes burned with anticipation.

She shook her head again. "No."

Odell's expression darkened for a moment, then he put back the unfinished sunflower.

"Come down for dinner," he said.

"No need. I'm not hungry. This flower is almost done, so I'll go down later." Sylvia was still enthusiastic about finishing up. She picked up the carving knife and was about to continue.

The next second, the sunflower was snatched back by a large hand.

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Chapter 967 Odell looked at her with a stern gaze. "You're not allowed to carve anymore. Wait until your hand is better." Sylvia pursed her lips.

Odell frowned again as his expression turned cold. It was clear that his words were not up for discussion, so she had no choice but to put down the carving knife and stood up.

He held one of her hands and led her outside.

When she passed the painting area, she could not help but glance at the two paintings again.

Odell noticed her gaze and looked over.

"Odell, did I really paint those two paintings?"

He looked at her and pursed his lips. "Yeah."

"I'm really amazing."

He held back a smile and said, "If you feel your hands itch, you can paint for the next few days and continue carving when your hands are better."

Sylvia hesitated. "I'd rather not."

The reason why she could carve so smoothly was most likely because she used to carve erasers for fun when she was in school. However, the two paintings in front of her were in no way something that she could have painted nine years ago. Both the skill and the artistic concept of the paintings had been

beyond her reach nine years ago. She had better not ruin her reputation.

Furthermore, for some reason, she did not dare to touch those brushes. A repulsion seemed to throb from her heart. Odell pursed his lips in silence.

Sylvia did not look at the two paintings again and took the initiative to drag him out.

Although she agreed to stay away from carving for the time being, she still could not help but feel tempted.

Thus, the next morning, not long after Odell left for work, Sylvia arrived on the third floor.

The door was transparent. She looked excitedly at the table with the carving tools inside and raised her hand to press the door handle, but it did not budge.

Frowning, she pressed it a few more times before confirming that it was locked. It was clearly unlocked when she came in yesterday.

She turned to the living room, found Sebastian, and asked him, "Sebastian, do you know where the key to the door on the third floor is?"

Sebastian smiled and replied, "There's only one key for the third floor, and Master Carter usually keeps it with him."

'So, the key is with Odell? He locked the door on purpose? He's such a meanie!

Sylvia frowned in displeasure and then asked, "Can you call a locksmith?"

Sebastian looked troubled. "I'm afraid I can't do that. If Master Carter didn't open the door, then it can't be opened." "Alright."

At this time, Isabel and Liam were in class, so Sylvia could only play with Flint.

Fortunately, the little guy was quite interesting. Not only did he not cry or make a fuss, but he was also quiet and obedient. Time with him went by quite fast, and it was the afternoon in a flash. Flint napped for a few hours every afternoon while Liam and Isabel also had to continue their classes.

However, the door of the third floor was still locked. Sylvia was really bored, so she went out. Jacob drove her around. "Where would you like to go?" he asked.

Sylvia thought about it and said, "Let's go for a walk around the Art Academy."

"Sure."

Jacob steadily drove the car.

Sylvia put one hand on her cheek and looked outside.

Aunt Tonya said that she had spent some time over at the Art Academy and that the area was a famous art paradise in Westchester, so she decided to go on a stroll there.

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Chapter 968 Half an hour later, Sylvia arrived at a pedestrian street near the Art Academy

The street architecture and installations exuded a vintage and scholarly feel. Various stores were interspersed with the galleries and several small art stores, among which were two sculpting studios.

Sylvia went in for a stroll.

Some of the carvings were not very skillful, but they had a distinct design. Sylvia bought two trinkets to carry in her hand and then continued to stroll inside.

Unknowingly, she reached the end of the street and entered an open painting exhibition. In front of her was a moderately-sized square filled with paintings of all kinds. Sylvia was confused for a moment, but her steps did not stop as she walked toward the paintings.

Some of the paintings were mature, some were childish, some were introspective , and some were cheerful and with a lot of personalities. It did not seem like they were the work of students of the Art Academy. Instead, they looked like they were painted by a professional.

Sylvia did not think much about it. She drank the lemonade she had just bought and weaved in and out of the aisles to admire the painting.

Then, when she turned the corner at the end of the row, she saw a young woman heading in her direction. The woman wore a white Aine skirt and had long hair. Her makeup was not thick but very delicate, and her posture was elegant.

When Sylvia looked at her, the woman seemed to be staring at Sylvia as well. The woman's gaze was cold and haughty, as if she wanted to smile but could not bring herself to do so. In short, her expression was very unnatural.

Sylvia turned her head to look behind her, but there was no one there. 'Is she looking at me? But I don't know her.' Sylvia looked over toward her again.

The woman was walking toward her with her eyes straight forward. It was obvious that she was going to walk past Sylvia.

'I guess I was mistaken then.' Sylvia did not think much about it and turned around to continue looking at a painting beside her. Lily, who was about to walk over, instantly turned ashen. Then, she coldly snorted and walked away quickly. Sylvia admired painting after painting and did not leave a single one behind.

If something caught her eye, she would look at it a while longer. If it did not catch her eye, she would just glance past it. She did not stop until she had seen all the paintings in the square.

At that moment, she also came to the end of the exhibition, where a group of people with work tags on their chests, seemingly the staff of this painting exhibition, were discussing something. The atmosphere was very lively.

Sylvia threw the cup of lemonade into the trash can next to her and was about to turn around and leave.

However, at that moment, someone in the crowd suddenly called out to her. "Sylvia?"

At once, all of them stopped their discussion and looked at her.

Sylvia also looked over curiously. The man who called her looked like he was in his thirties or forties, with a beard and hair that went past his ears. He looked very scholarly and somewhat unapproachable, but he was looking at her with a glowing gaze. It was clear that he knew her.

However, Sylvia could not remember who he was.

The group of people around him were also staring at her. It seemed they all knew her.

She could not remember any of them. She only recognized the young woman beside him as the one who was staring at her when she was admiring the paintings earlier.

Out of politeness, Sylvia smiled at him. Simon immediately walked up to her and asked with a smile, "Why didn't you tell me you were coming here?" "I was just going on a stroll and happened to come in here."

After she finished speaking, she saw the woman from before walking up to her. The woman smiled at Sylvia.

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The smile was polite and graceful, but it was also condescending.

Sylvia felt awkward, so she did not look at the woman and continued to look at Simon instead.

Simon also looked her up and down. "Sylvia, why do I feel that something's different about you this time?"

Sylvia pursed her lips and was just about to say that she lost her memory when an unpleasant female voice rang out. "Ms. Ross, even if we had some misunderstandings before, you don't have to ignore me, do you?"

Lily's expression still maintained its politeness and elegance, but her gaze was cold and contemptuous.

The air instantly fell silent.

Simon's expression changed, and everyone else was quiet.

Sylvia paused and looked at her. "Do we know each other?"

The atmosphere froze in an instant.

Lily turned ashen. "Sylvia, do you think you can act all high-and mighty now that you have Master Carter to protect you?" 'How dare she talk to me like this in public?! Act high-and mighty?' Sylvia asked directly, "Do you know me?"

Lily glared at her. "What are you talking about?"

Sylvia said, "So, you were looking at me earlier, right? Why did you ignore me then as well? I thought that we didn't know each other."

As soon as she spoke, the atmosphere around them stiffened even more in awkwardness. Everyone looked at Sylvia in disbelief and could not help but look at Lily.

"So, they already met earlier, but Ms. Springsteen ignored her.'

Lily's face turned purple again. She thought that Sylvia was deliberately saying that to make her look bad in public. "Sylvia, it seems that you've been living a happy life with Master Odell lately."

'How dare she trap me like this?!

Her expression changed, and she smiled and said, "You should be recovering well, right? We were just saying that none of the paintings on display today are outstanding. Why don't you paint one for us in public and boost our exhibition's popularity?"

Except for Simon, although everyone else knew that Lily was deliberately making things hard for Sylvia, they still cast expectant looks at her.

Someone echoed, "Yes, Ms. Sunflower . You haven't produced any works for a long time. If you paint on the spot, it'll definitely attract a lot of people."

"Ms. Ross, I'll prepare the brushes and paper for you." In just a few seconds, someone ran to set things up for her.

Sylvia hurriedly backed up and waved her hand. "No, no, I haven't painted for a long time and can't paint well anymore, so I won't make a fool of myself."

"Ms. Ross, all of your paintings in the past were masterpieces. Even if you haven't painted for a long time, your skills must still be extraordinary." Lily smiled at her. "Besides, you're obviously in better shape now than before, so your paintings will definitely be better now."

"Don't be so modest, Ms. Ross. Hurry up and paint."

Sylvia continued to wave. "Thank you for the compliments, but I will pass."

Seeing this, Simon also came over to help her, but he was interrupted by Lily's cold voice. "Ms. Ross, you repeatedly refused so many of us. Is it because you think we don't deserve to see you paint on the spot?"

The air was silent at once as the group of people all stared at Sylvia.

Simon also choked on his words.

Just when everyone thought that Sylvia had no way to refuse, she showed a smile as fake as Lily's and said, "It's not that you're unworthy. It's me that's unworthy."

Then, without giving Lily and the others to organize their reply, she turned around and ran. She fled directly toward the way she came from. She escaped quickly, as if afraid that they would tie her down and force her to paint.

Lily was speechless, and Simon and the others were also at a loss for words. They all stood where they were, stunned.

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[Chapter 970](#)

Chapter 970 Sylvia ran all the way out of the street.

Jacob had been following her from the shadows. When she started to run, he went after her and caught up with her when she finally stopped.

He asked anxiously, "What's wrong, Madam? Did you meet someone who wants to harm you?" Sylvia panted from exhaustion. "N.—no." "Then, why are you running?"

"I met a group of difficult people." Thinking of the young woman who led the group in heckling her earlier, she looked at Jacob and asked, "Do you know who the people who just talked to me were?"

"I know a few. Except for Ms. Springsteen, the others should be from the Westchester Art Association."

'The Art Association? So, the man who was warm and cordial to me earlier was my good friend Simon Foster? As for Ms. Springsteen...

She asked, "Is Ms. Springsteen the woman who stood in front and talked to me?"

Jacob responded, "Yes."

Sylvia frowned. 'No wonder she was acting strangely toward me. She's Lily Springsteen, the eldest daughter of the Springsteen family who had a fake engagement with Odell before.'

"Madam, did Ms. Springsteen say anything to you?"

"Well, she tried to encourage me to draw in public."

"And then?"

"And then | ran."

Jacob looked at her righteous appearance and felt his lips twitch.

It was already dark when she returned home.

Liam and Isabel were still having piano lessons. Flint had also just woken up and flapped his lips, wanting to drink milk. Sylvia fed him and held him in the living room to play.

Ding!

Suddenly, the phone in her pocket rang.

She held Flint with one hand and took out her phone with the other. It was a message from Simon. "Sylvia, are you okay?" Sylvia typed with one hand. "I'm fine. What's wrong?"

Simon replied, "That's good. | just feel that you seemed a little off."

She laughed and replied, "I forgot to tell you, but | have amnesia." Simon typed, "..."

She continued, "I'm sorry. | didn't mean to not recognize you just now."

"So, you really don't know Lily?" "Yeah."

They went on to talk about her memory loss.

After an unknown amount of time, when Sylvia was getting carried away by the conversation, she was suddenly slapped on the head.

"Ow!" She cried out in pain and looked up to see Odell.

He wore a black shirt and slim pants carrying his jacket in one hand. He looked at her somberly. "Who are you chatting with?"

Sylvia replied honestly, "Simon."

"What are you two chatting about so happily?" She did not even notice him after such a long time. "We're talking about my memory loss."

He narrowed his eyes, his expression still unhappy. "How did you get to that topic?"

Sylvia told the story of her meeting Simon in the afternoon. "I went near the Art Academy this noon and met him at an outdoor painting exhibition. Lily and the others kept trying to get me to paint, but | ran away directly, so he sent me a message because he was worried."

Odell's eyes flickered.

He lifted Flint up and handed him to Aunt Tonya, then sat down beside Sylvia and wrapped his long arm around her shoulder, pulling her into his arms.

Then, he asked, "Lily and the others tried getting you to paint?"

"Yeah, but they didn't succeed." "Oh?" Looking at her somewhat smug expression, he smiled and asked, "How did you escape?" "I ran away."

When she said those words, she raised her brows as if she was very proud of herself. It was like she did something very clever. Odell could not help but curl his lips. "Then what?"

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Chapter 971

Chapter 971 "Then, I came back."

Odell smiled and pinched her face, asking, "Why did you suddenly go to see a painting exhibition this afternoon?" Sylvia's eyes flickered. "It's boring just being at home."

Odell pursed his lips silently.

She looked up at him with glowing eyes. "Can you open the door on the third floor?"

"Do you want to continue carving?" He looked at her with a sharp gaze.

Sylvia hurriedly avoided his sight and said, "I want to paint."

"Do you really just want to paint?",

She continued to avoid his eyes and hummed.

Odell smiled. "Sure. I'll open it tomorrow morning before I leave."

"Okay."

The next morning, after Odell left for work, Sylvia arrived on the third floor. She raised her hand and pressed on the door handle. Creak.

The door of the room was pushed open.

Her eyes lit up and she immediately walked in, going past the painting area to the carving section. After walking to that side, the light in her eyes instantly dimmed.

There was not a single carving tool in sight on the wide table in front of her. There was not even a piece of wood. The only things on the table were some carvings that she had finished before.

She looked around and finally fixed her eyes on the locked cabinet behind her. She remembered that the doors of the cabinet had been open the last time she came here.

'Did he lock all the tools for carving into the cabinet? Why is this man so sinister?

Sylvia's heart shattered, and she had no choice but to go to the painting section where a complete set of painting tools were neatly arranged.

Thinking of Simon and the others she met yesterday noon, she remembered the woods Simon had sent to encourage her to paint. Sylvia hesitated, but she set up the drawing board and tried to pick up the brush.

She wanted to paint.

However, her mind was empty. Even after thinking for a long time, she had no idea what to draw. After pressing a few dots on the drawing paper, she put the brush back and got up to

leave.

In the living room, Isabel was playing with Flint, obviously having sneaked out of class.

Aunt Tonya was reprimanding her. "Isabel, your father will be upset if he knows you're skipping class. Go back to class after you finish this game, okay?"

Isabel's hands were furiously mashing the gamepad she was holding, and her large eyes stared at the screen, obviously not listening to Aunt Tonya's words.

Aunt Tonya was about to sigh when she suddenly saw Sylvia come over. She immediately said, "Syl, say something to her." Sylvia smiled. "Let her play." Isabel and Liam had foreign language class in the morning. Furthermore, it was a language that was rarely used.

School was about to start as well, and Isabel and Liam were both going to be in first grade. There were only a few days left in the holidays, so there was no need to force her to study.

Aunt Tonya added, "Syl, you can't spoil her so much. I heard from Sebastian that the children from Odell's cousin's family already know three foreign languages by second grade."

"It's okay. Isabel is still young. There's plenty of time to learn later."

Aunt Tonya sighed at that and said nothing more.

Isabel, who was playing the game without listening to anything else, turned her head and grinned at Sylvia. "Thanks, Mommy!" Sylvia laughed. "You're welcome."

After the little girl finished that round, she dragged Sylvia to her side to play with her. Sylvia then took Flint and played games with Isabel for the rest of the day.

When it was almost evening, Flint got sleepy, so Sylvia took him to her room to sleep. She also fell asleep herself not long after. Night came quietly.

A black MPV stopped outside the main gate, and the tall figure of a man stepped down from the car.

First, he went to the bedroom and saw Sylvia and Flint, who were sleeping. Then, he went to the third floor.

He had locked up everything she used for carving, so the only thing she could do was paint. He wondered if she had painted anything.

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Chapter 972

The door to the third floor was open.

As soon as he entered, he saw the small painting on the easel.

No, to be precise, it was two small circles that seemed to be randomly painted. The rest of it was blank.

The brushes were also casually put away, and the paint was not used at all. The surrounding ground was also clean. It was not hard to figure out that she had only stayed here for a short time before leaving.

'She still can't paint?*

He was silent for a while, turned around, and walked out.

Sylvia was woken up by Flint. He did not cry when he woke up, but he kept pressing his head against Sylvia, his little face particularly cute.

Sylvia kissed him and carried him to the living room.

In the living room, Odell was sitting on the sofa, reading the newspaper. Isabel was snuggled up to him, watching a show with the phone in her hand. Liam was sitting on the other side, reading a book.

Aunt Tonya and Sebastian were both outside, and the atmosphere was quiet.

Then, Isabel noticed Sylvia and Flint.

“Mommy!” She jumped off the sofa and ran over.

Odell also put down the paper and glanced at Liam. “Come over and eat.”

Aunt Tonya heard the commotion and came in from outside, carrying Flint to feed him milk. Sylvia took Isabel and sat at the table with Liam and Odell.

It was already past their usual meal time. They were obviously waiting for her to eat dinner. After sitting down, Sylvia could not help but ask, “Why didn’t you call me?”

Odell gave her a slice of meat. “It’s okay.”

Isabel echoed, “Uh-huh. Liam and I had snacks earlier, so we’re not hungry.”

Sylvia smiled and lowered her head to eat the meat on her plate.

“Were you at home the whole day?” Sylvia looked up and met his deep eyes. “Yeah.” “What did you do?”

“I spent the day playing with Isabel.” Thinking of something, she added, “Isabel and Liam will start school in a few days, so didn’t let Isabel go to class today.”

Odell knew how Isabel usually acted, so he said, “You can make the decision on these matters. There’s no need to report to

me. “Oh.” After dinner, Sylvia took Flint to Isabel and Liam’s room to play with them for a while. Odell also went straight to the study.

Coincidentally, when Sylvia came out with the sleeping Flint late at night, she bumped into Odell, who had just come out from the study, in the corridor. He stopped in his tracks.

She smiled at him. “Are you going to rest too?”

His dark eyes looked at her. “Yeah.”

“Me too.” Sylvia waved at him. “Goodnight.”

It was like saying goodbye to a friend.

Odell's eyes darkened. "Goodnight."

Sylvia carried Flint back to their bedroom while Odell also turned around and went to the guest room on the other side.

The guest room was smaller than the master bedroom, but it was well furnished.

He walked to the window, pushed it up, and took a cigarette from the box before putting it between his lips.

Then, he pulled out his phone and called Skylar, who was far away in Galston. The line rang several times before connecting. Skylar muttered sleepily, "Master Carter, it's 3 a.m. in Galston now. Is there something urgent you need me for?"

"Did the sorcerer teach you how to lift the hypnotism?" "He did, but it's a bit difficult, so I haven't mastered it yet."

Next Chapter

Chapter 973

"When will you learn it?"

"It'll take a few months at the earliest."

Odell frowned and said coldly, "Come back in a month."

"Master Carter, you must be kidding. The sorcerer himself took years to learn this. I'm just an ordinary person, not a god," "Come back within a month and I'll triple your reward."

"Okay, I'll get up and learn now. I'll be back within a month!"

Odell hung up the phone and exhaled another breath of smoke. Then, he extinguished the cigarette and threw it out of the window.

The weather had turned cooler, and the temperature was much lower than before.

Sylvia did not coop herself up at home anymore. Thinking that the two little ones would start school soon, she took them out every day for the next few days to play. They went to the amusement park, watched movies, and played games.

Isabel was overjoyed, and Liam was also quite happy. Flint could only sit in the stroller and watch as they played.

Soon, it was the day for the two children to start school. They were starting first grade at the top elementary school in Westchester. The school was only two kilometers away from the residence.

After eating breakfast, Sylvia carried Flint and sent Isabel and Liam to school with Odell.

The car turned two corners and stopped outside the school.

Today was the first day of school, so there were many parents outside the gates who were sending their children off. Sylvia and Odell quickly sent Isabel and Liam, who were dressed in the school uniform, to the entrance.

Isabel and Liam stopped and looked back at them.

Sylvia handed Flint to Odell, bent down, and touched the little ones' heads. "Kids, from today onward, you're officially elementary school students. Study hard!"

Isabel pouted, her expression slightly disdainful. "Mommy, why are you so cold—fashioned? Liam and I aren't little kids anymore."

Sylvia was speechless. Liam looked at her with a quiet and serious face. "Don't worry, Mommy. I'll look after Isabel."

Sylvia smiled. "Okay, I believe you."

"Hmph." Isabel suddenly pouted. Although she was wearing a school uniform, her chubby face was still cute as hell. Sylvia instantly kissed her on the cheek. "Isabel, Mommy believes in you too."

Isabel's expression instantly improved.

Sylvia kissed Liam as well and said, "It's getting late. Hurry up and go in."

The two little ones walked into the school gate together. They looked back at her, Odell, and Flint once, then walked away.

Sylvia sighed. 'It's only been a few days since I woke up seven years in the future, but I feel as if my children have finally grown up.'

"Let's go back." The man's low and magnetic voice came from behind

Sylvia hummed and went back to the car with him and Flint.

The car that was crowded when they arrived suddenly became empty and quiet.

Sylvia's mood also inexplicably soured. Then, she asked, "Has there been any news about Sherry lately?"

'It's been so many days. I wonder how Sherry is doing in Glanchester Flint crawled toward her from Odell's arms. Odell held his side up with one hand to prevent him from falling down, and replied, Apart from her not being allowed to leave that courtyard, everything is normal."

"Did John do anything to her?"

"John is usually very busy and only goes back once every few days. Every time he goes back, he'll only spend a night there and leave."

"Oh." Sylvia pursed her lips and did not ask again. 'It's good as long as Sherry is fine.

At that moment, Flint also crawled into her arms. The little one seemed to sense her depression. As soon as he got into her arms, he softly pressed against her.

Sylvia's heart warmed, and she could not help but smile. In the seat next to her, Odell looked at her gentle smile and suddenly vaguely saw how she was before she lost her memory.

Whether it was the way she sent Isabel and Liam off at school, or how she was being gentle and loving to Flint at this moment, it all resembled her when she did not have amnesia.

The emotions surged in his eyes, and the next second, he dragged her to his side.

Next Chapter

Chapter 974

He kissed her.

His thin lips clung intimately to hers. It was forceful but also very gentle all at once.

Sylvia did not expect him to suddenly kiss her and was so shocked that her eyes widened.

Jacob was still driving in front, and Flint was still in her arms! What was wrong with this man?

After a while, seeing that he still had no intention to let her go, Sylvia could only reach up and scratch him. Only then did Odell let her go. His dark eyes stared at her face like a hawk, with a strong sense of oppression.

Sylvia wanted to glare at him, but she did not even dare to make eye contact with him. With a blush, she looked at Flint and asked in confusion, "What's wrong with you?"

'Why did you suddenly kiss me?* Odell looked at her shy appearance and gentle tone as if she was a young maiden, and his eyes instantly darkened.

If it were before she lost her memory, she might have blushed as well, but she would have glared at him and punched him directly instead of asking him what was wrong with him so politely.

He said in a low voice, "Sorry, I couldn't hold back."

"It's okay." Sylvia looked at Flint, who was grinning. "Just give me a heads up next time." They were husband and wife anyway, so it was normal to kiss.

Odell pursed his lips. "Okay."

The car soon returned to the old residence.

Sylvia picked Flint up and said to him, "Go to work. I'll get out now."

He looked at her gently. "Mm."

Sylvia's eyes flickered, and she picked up Flint's hand. "Flinty, say bye-bye to Daddy."

Flint giggled.

Odell smiled and reached out to touch the little one's head, and then Sylvia's. "Go inside. I'll be back early after I finish work." "Okay." She hugged Flint and got out of the car.

Jacob then started the car and drove ahead.

Odell looked at the side mirror.

Sylvia was still holding Flint, standing at the spot where she got off the car, her eyes looking his way. His expression could not help but soften, and he pursed his lips. "Drive slower."

"Yes, sir." Jacob quickly slowed down the car.

However, before long, the car turned around the corner, and Sylvia and the child disappeared from the mirror. Odell's expression turned cold. "Drive faster."

Jacob was confused. 'Didn't you just tell me to drive slower ? Why are you suddenly telling me to drive faster now?*' Nevertheless, he did not dare to ask and simply did as he was told.

Odell took out his phone and sent a message to Cliff. "Send me today's itinerary."

He wanted to finish work quickly so that he could go home sooner to be with her and the kids.

With two fewer children in the house, it suddenly became much colder. For some reason, Flint was much more energetic than before. Sylvia played with him all morning, but he was still not sleepy.

After lunch, Sylvia took him to Madam Carter's room. Flint seemed to want to be close to the old woman and reached out toward her as soon as he entered.

Sylvia put him on the bed. The little guy crawled to Madam Carter and bumped his head against her.

Sylvia smiled and said to Madam Carter, "Grandma, Isabel and Liam went to school today. They're in first grade now. I don't know if they can adapt to the first day of class, but they're brilliant, so I don't think anything will be too hard for them..."

She also did not know what was wrong with her, but she spoke like an elderly.

After talking about Isabel and Liam, she talked about Flint." Flinty is a good boy. Look at how much he's nudging you. It's clear that he likes you a lot..."

Just as she was talking, she suddenly heard a cry.

"Mama." Sylvia was stunned and immediately looked at Flint.