

Master Odell's Secret Ex-wife Chapter 16

Chapter 16 Odell finally let go with a smug expression when he saw Sylvia becoming distressed. Meanwhile, Sylvia ground her teeth and swallowed her resentment.

"What the hell are you doing sneaking around here?" Odell questioned her. Sylvia answered calmly, "I miss the boy and want to see him." Odell snorted. "Well, isn't that nice?" He then got up and instructed the bodyguards, "Take her to my car." Sylvia's face changed as she asked, "Odell, why are you taking me to your car? Are you going to do something to your dear ex-wife?"

She said this with a sly, seductive wink.

Looking at her delicate and fair face, one was reminded of just how charming she was. "You think too highly of yourself," Odell replied stonily. "Then, why are you bringing me to your car all tied up?"

"I can do whatever I want."

"So, are you saying that you're trying to take advantage of me?" Sylvia said with a sigh as if she was deeply disappointed by how callous he was. Odell's face turned stormy. "Shut your trap right now!"

"Alright, it's not like I can resist since you're taking me hostage anyway," Sylvia remarked with a nonchalant shrug.

Odell struggled to contain the words he wanted to spit into her face.

After that, he bent down in front of her until their faces were inches apart. The glaring daggers in his eyes seemed to slice through her. He declared icily, "I have zero interest in you. Keep messing around and I'll slice your tongue off."

Sylvia pulled away from him.

She could not let him keep having his way with her.

Having to deal with him was not the main concern here. She was thinking about Isabel who was at home waiting for news of Liam.

She could not have Isabel worrying about her, so she composed herself quickly and her eyes were colored with humor as she baited him. "I don't believe you."

Odell scowled.

"I'll believe you if you let me go," Sylvia continued.

Odell was taken aback.

After a few seconds of silence, he began to grin. His smile was bewitching and seemed to carry a hidden meaning

Sylvia's first instinct was to wrest herself away again.

He immediately grabbed her face and echoed the same thing she had said to him some time ago, "It doesn't matter whether you believe me or not."

Sylvia felt a lump in her throat while the smile disappeared from her face. She asked boldly, "Can't I just see the boy?"

"No."

"I'm Liam's mother."

"He doesn't need a mother like you."

His voice was toneless and void of emotions.

Sylvia felt something tugging at her heart.

Liam didn't need a mother like her? How was it that Odell thought so lowly of her?

Sylvia turned her head away, feeling so infuriated that she refused to even look at him.

Odell observed the way she turned away and was momentarily baffled by this display.

How dare this woman have the audacity to disrespect him like this?! He immediately shouted to the bodyguard, "Take her to my car right this moment!"

"Right away, sir!"

Several minutes later, Sylvia was jostled through the back exit of the property and thrown into the back of his car. To her astonishment, she looked up and saw Tara sitting there gracefully.

Tara asked Odell who got into the car, "Odell, why did you tie her up?"

Odell glanced at Sylvia, whose movements were completely restricted. He answered matter-of-factly, "It's easier to deal with her when we get back."

"Is this a good idea? At the end of the day, she is Liam's mother," Tara hissed softly.

Odell seemed repelled by the sheer suggestion of this. "Liam doesn't need a mother like her." Tara seemed to want to say something, but she thought better than to oppose Odell. In the end, she took a deep breath and gulped the words down, then she turned to Sylvia with a sympathetic look.

Sylvia held back a sneer and mocked, "Tara, if pity me so much, you'd ask your man to let me go instead of expressing fake sympathy."

Tara's expression shifted. "Sylvia, Odell has already made up his mind, so I won't say anything else. Besides, you're the one in the wrong. If I were you, I'd apologize instead of being so stubborn."

Sylvia chuckled. "Heh..."

The way she chuckled at this remark was full of sarcasm.

Tara's amiable facade was slowly fading away as she asked with a strained smile, "Sylvia, what are you laughing about?" "I'm laughing at you," Sylvia stated as if Odell was not present in the car with them, "You've

been with Odell for so many years and was his mistress for even far longer than that, yet you still don't have the authority or guts to confront him?"

While Tara found herself speechless, the vexation immediately became apparent on her features.

Sylvia continued saying with a sigh, "What a shame. It seems to me that he doesn't love you all that much either."

"You..."

Tara almost lost her temper with the wicked woman. She took a deep breath and turned to Odell with an aggrieved look. "Odell..."

Odell took a deep breath and instructed the bodyguard outside, "Get a piece of tape and seal her mouth."

The bodyguard did as he was told. He had only taken several steps when another bodyguard emerged from the house in a hurry. "Master Odell, bad news! The young master just passed out from a raging fever!" Odell's face sank, and he immediately unbuckled his seat belt and ran out of the car. Sylvia also sat up. However, she could not wrench herself free from the ropes tying her down. Shortly after Odell left, Tara turned to her with a grimace. "Sylvia, aren't you desperate to see your son?" Sylvia answered with a narrowed gaze, "Why? Are you going to untie these ropes for me?"

"That won't do. If I do that, Odell will be pissed." Tara laughed.

"Then, why did you even bother asking me?" Sylvia rebuked her harshly. "In the few years that we haven't met, you sure have turned into a vulgar woman," Tara scoffed.

Sylvia. "In the few years that we haven't met, you still haven't grown out of being a bitch."

Tara had to scramble for words for several painful seconds before responding, "Sylvia, you'd better not get ahead of yourself. All I have to do is say a word to Odell, and he will have you slapped sixty times again and banish you from Westchester City. You'll never get to come back again!"

"I'm sure you've been busy whispering into his ears and slandering me. Why hasn't he banished me from Westchester City yet?" Sylvia mocked, "It seems that he doesn't love you that much."

"You bitch!" Tara erupted, raising her hand to Sylvia and arcing it to slap her.

Just when her palm was inches away from striking Sylvia, she suddenly felt another hand grab her arm firmly.

It was Sylvia's hand that had somehow wrung itself free from the ropes!

Tara's eyes widened in shock. "How did you-"

Smack!

Sylvia slapped Tara's face with her backhand. Tara was dumbfounded. Sylvia grinned with satisfaction. "Tara, consider this slap an interest from the sixty slaps you set me up with three years ago. I'll return every single one of them in time. Just you wait." In the middle of the sentence, Sylvia freed herself of the ropes and proceeded to tie knots around Tara's neck and wrists and had her bound to the car. Then, she stepped out of the car and left without hesitation.

Meanwhile, Tara struggled desperately in the car.

The more she struggled, the tighter the ropes clung to her body to the point that she was having difficulty breathing. She became upset and frustrated, and screamed out loud, "Just you wait, you bitch!"