

Olivia F 1383

Chapter 1383

Wayne was a completely different person than when he was in Raka. Back then, he was arrogant and unhinged.

He always had his collar unbuttoned and a cigarette in his mouth like a ruffian.

At that moment, he wore a black suit with a white flower in his breast pocket. His hair was carefully styled.

He stood out even among a group of men in black suits. His presence made the atmosphere feel more solemn.

Judging from his bloodshot eyes, Wayne really cared about the person in the grave.

Olivia was surprised. Intel on Wayne didn't indicate that he was connected to anyone in Arlandia.

And if this person meant so much to him, why would the person be buried in Aldenvine and not Raka?

Olivia was nervous, but she managed to keep a straight face.

"I didn't expect to see you here, Mr. Maxwell. And the grave you're visiting belongs to..."

She was just making small talk so the atmosphere wouldn't be so awkward.

Unexpectedly, Wayne told his bodyguards to move aside.

"If you're so curious, why don't you come and take a look for yourself, Ms. Fordham?"

Olivia waved her hands frantically. "Honestly, I'm not that curious. Also, it's getting dark out. I have to get home."

"It's okay. I have to go to the Heath residence in a bit. I can give you a ride."

Olivia was rendered speechless.

It seemed like Wayne came here in private. That was why the media didn't talk about his arrival and why she didn't know about it.

She just didn't understand why he would visit the Heath residence of his own accord. Was he here to talk to Mason about her because she stole his ring?

But Olivia quickly dismissed that thought. They weren't kids at a playground. Wayne probably had important business to discuss with Mason.

The bodyguards moved to the side. Ike moved forward and blocked her path. Then, he gestured toward the grave.

They were in the graveyard, but there were cameras everywhere. Also, they were in Aldenvine, her

turf. She had nothing to fear.

So, Olivia walked toward the grave. It would seem like this meeting was a complete coincidence.

As she approached Wayne, the wind carried her scent toward him. The smell was the same that

Ophelia had.

He hadn't smelled it for some time. He felt a little worked up upon smelling it.

After Olivia left, he tried many different fragrances with herbal options, but none were the same. None were even remotely similar.

Olivia's scent, like her person, was one of a kind.

Then, she saw the name—Leroy Thompson.

It was a complete stranger to her. She tried looking into her memory to confirm if she had seen the name before.

"Mr. Maxwell, I really need to be going..."

"Don't you want to know how he died?"

Olivia licked her parched lips. "Honestly, I'm not that interested in your past. Sorry."

"Maybe you know that I killed Ethan's closest friend. But do you know that he killed my closest friend,

too?

"Ms. Fordham, all lives are equal in this world."