

Olivia F 1387

Chapter 1387

The three people in the car were shocked by this sudden development. Olivia would already be dead if the windows weren't bulletproof.

"Watch out!"

That bullet was an armor-piercing round. It wasn't enough to punch through the window, but it was embedded into it. Cracked appeared all around the bullet.

Then, a second bullet and a third one followed.

The glass finally broke with a loud crash. Wayne reacted quickly. When the first shot was fired, he immediately pulled Olivia down to the floor of the car and pressed against her.

The gunshots didn't stop coming. They broke through the left window and even shot through the one on the right.

Even the doors were being riddled with bullets. It was total chaos.

Ike steadied the car.

"Be careful, Mr. Maxwell!"

Wayne turned his gaze to look at Olivia, who was under him. He thought a woman would be nervous in

such a situation.

Unexpectedly, she looked angry. She yelled, "I told you I didn't want to get in your car!"

Olivia was incredibly unlucky. Sometimes, she even thought she was cursed.

There was also an assassination attempt that one time she was out with Ethan. She almost died that time, too. Another attempt on Mason's life happened when she was present.

At that very moment, there was yet again an assassination attempt while she was in Wayne's car.

Why was her life so hard? She had barely enjoyed a few days of peace.

Wayne smiled as he looked at her troubled expression. "You're truly a fascinating one."

"You'd better take care of yourself first."

Wayne's expression became tender all of a sudden. "It would be great if we could die together, too."

Olivia headbutted Wayne on the forehead. Both of their heads throbbed from the impact.

"Stop that bullshit! I don't want to die alongside you!"

Olivia was rendered speechless. How could he joke at a time like this?

The enemy was so vicious. It was clear they were determined to kill him. She was already in the car,

and it was too late to get out.

If the enemy were too violent, she would end up dead, too.

She hadn't even spoken to her children yet!

Wayne wasn't acting like a nation's leader at all. He didn't care if he lived or died. Instead, he was quite captivated by Olivia, who was in such close proximity.

Her black, glossy hair was spread out on the leather cushion, cascading beautifully all over.

Olivia didn't put on any makeup that day. Wayne could see how good her skin was as they were so close. He felt an urge to reach out and touch her.

Wayne was the type of person who preferred to act before thinking. His finger was already poking

Olivia's pouting face when that thought popped up in his mind.

"What are you doing?"

Wayne also realized that this wasn't the time to do something like that.

"Well, I just thought that your face looked like it was elastic."

Olivia bellowed, "Are you out of your mind?"

"Don't you already know the answer to that?"

Wayne wasn't in the mood for pretenses anymore as he smirked at her.

"Also, since you're already divorced, why don't you try it with me?"

Olivia covered his mouth. "Shut up, you pervert!"