

## All Sins 141

### Chapter 141

Olivia stared at the maid's shocked expression, perplexed.

"Where did you hear that name?" the maid asked slowly.

"Who's Morgan?" Olivia asked again.

"It's... Mr. Tyler's sister. She's dead."

Olivia was speechless. Before she could react, the maid hurried away.

Olivia had wondered about Morgan's connection to Tyler, but as his sister? She had never heard about this before. No one had mentioned it since she moved in with the Harrises. The mystery surrounding Morgan made Olivia think there might be a bigger secret at play.

Could... Claude be connected to Morgan's death?

Tyler sat in his study, smoking in the dark. All one could see was the glowing tip of his cigarette and the smoke around him. After who knows how many cigarettes, he stubbed out the last one.

Olivia lay in bed, her mind racing. She gripped her blanket tightly, listening to soft footsteps outside. She heard Tyler ask, "Is she asleep?"

"Yes, she is."

It was 4 am, and Tyler was still up!

Olivia held her breath until the footsteps faded.

She began to doze off when she heard more noise. She opened her eyes, confused. The maid sounded alarmed. "Should we wake her up?"

In the distance, car engines roared.

"No, wake until morning!" Tyler said, his voice strained.

Olivia checked the clock—it was only 6 am. Where was Tyler going so early? She jumped out of bed

and saw Tyler rushing to a car.

Her phone rang. She hurried to answer.

It was Mrs. Jones. Her voice was quivering slightly. "N—Naomi... Naomi is... She's—"

Olivia's phone slipped from her hand and fell onto the floor.

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Olivia rushed down the stairs, desperately trying to catch up to Tyler's departing car. "Wait! Wait for me!" she screamed.

But the car didn't stop, and it seemed like nobody noticed her.

The maid hurried out of the door after hearing the commotion. "Ms. Olivia!"

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"Is there any other car I can use?" Olivia asked frantically.

“The d–driver’s gone home, Ms. Olivia. You should just wait till m–morning. Mr. Tyler could–”

“I’ll take a cab!”

Before the maid could stop her, Olivia darted into the night.

When Olivia arrived, it was already 7:30 pm, and the sky was beginning to brighten.

She hurried to Naomi’s room, but found it empty, with only the curtains billowing and an eerie chill in the air. There was no sign of any nurses.

Panic rising, Olivia dashed to the nurses’ counter, but it was deserted too. It felt like she was the only person left in the world.

She ran toward the ER, where the light above the door was red. Just then, she spotted a middle–aged woman coming out, crying uncontrollably.

“M–Mrs. Jones?” Olivia called out tentatively.”

The woman collapsed to the floor.

“Mrs. Jones!” Olivia cried, rushing to her side.

Hillary grabbed Olivia’s wrist, tears streaming down her face. “Your sister... Naomi... She’s gone...”

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That couldn’t be true! That was impossible! Naomi had just been talking to her this morning!

Another figure emerged from the ER.

“Dad!” Olivia exclaimed.

Darren hurried over to help his wife. “Please, get up.”

Hillary bawled in his arms. “What are we going to do?! Why is this happening?”

“She’s

Their moment was interrupted by a doctor stepping out. Removing his mask, he announced, fine, sir, ma’am. We managed to save her, but... I can’t guarantee the same next time. Please bear that

in mind.”

Darren and Hillary stopped crying, and then Hillary seized the doctor’s hand. “Save her! Please, save

her!”

“We’re going to need umbilical cord blood, ma’am,” the doctor explained.

Hillary’s gaze fell onto Olivia before she pleaded, “You need to do it now! An IVP! She can’t wait any longer!” she cried hysterically.

Olivia stood frozen as another person emerged from the ER.

Hillary staggered toward him. “Tyler, please, just do an IVF already! I don’t care if it needs a marriage certificate. She needs a child right now!”

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Olivia stumbled backward in disbelief. How could Mrs. Jones say this?! How could she possibly stomach all of this?!

She glanced at Tyler, whose expression remained impassive as he looked at Hillary, waiting for his response.

“I know you’re worried about Naomi, but have you thought about the consequences in the long run? We can’t be certain this child is the solution,” he finally replied.

“But time is running out! What long-term consequences matter if Naomi’s gone?! We’re all in this together! It’s our shared future!” Hillary cried, then turned sharply to Olivia.

Olivia shook her head instinctively, but it didn’t stop Hillary from collapsing to her knees in front of her. “Only an IVF can save her! You know this! Do you want Naomi to die? Do you want your sister to die? I’ll die if she does! She’s my only daughter!”

Darren hurried to her side and held her before she collapsed completely.

Olivia’s eyes flicked to Tyler, but his expression gave nothing away—or did it? She shivered, helpless. “Just... get a marriage certificate, alright? It’s just a formality. We do this so we can have a child, right?”

Darren said, but his low voice betrayed his lack of confidence.

Naomi was wheeled out of the ER, and Tyler followed immediately, as if escaping the conversation.

The doctor instructed him, “She needs to stay in the ICU.”

Olivia looked at Naomi, her heart sinking. Tubes were everywhere, and her face was ashen—fighting for her life.

“Understood. I’ll come with you.

As they left, Hillary chased after them, crying, “Naomi! Naomi!”

Unable to keep up, she turned and grabbed Olivia instead. “You see this?! None of this would have happened if you never joined us! You brought all of this bad luck to us! You owe her! You owe her. everything!”

There was no pleading left in her tone, only hatred.

A part of Olivia wondered if Hillary was right. Was she the cause of all this misfortune?

“Enough!” Darren pulled Hillary away. “This has nothing to do with Olivia, and you know it!”

“Easy for you to say! You’re the one who couldn’t keep it in your pants and fathered a child outside. our marriage! And now you’re telling me it has nothing to do with her?!”

Darren was left speechless.

Olivia couldn’t remember how she left the hallway that day. All she could remember was Hillary’s

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Naomi remained in critical condition, unable to leave the ICU for days. Tyler was stuck there too, by her side.

Even the maid prayed for her recovery.

Meanwhile, Olivia hadn't set foot in the hospital. She stayed holed up in Sandalwood Palace, hardly eating and refusing to leave her room. Despite the maids' efforts to coax her out with food, she ignored them all.

Then, on Saturday morning, she received a text from Claude: [Good things will come when the time is right. They always do.]

She stared at the word 'good' without replying-

Just then, Darren called. She blinked and answered, "Dad."

"Olivia? Your sister's out of the ICU now. She's stable, thankfully.

"T-Thank God," she breathed. "And thank you, Dad, for taking care of her."

"Are you okay?"

His concern caught her off guard, such gestures being rare from him. "I'm f-fine. I'll visit her."

"That'd be great."

Olivia listened to the beep as the call ended, then slowly lowered the phone.

At 10 AM, Olivia arrived at Naomi's new room, only to find everyone gathered outside. No one could enter—Naomi's room had become an ICU itself.

Darren and his wife were there, both silent. Olivia sensed she was being summoned for a reason. Hillary didn't seem as hostile as before, but there was still tension.

Naomi held Tyler's hand and said weakly, "I... I just want us... to be together... A child..."

Even saying those words was a struggle. A tear slid down her cheek. She didn't want to die. She didn't want to leave Tyler.

Even if it meant that her sister would become Tyler's wife.

Tyler gazed at her, his eyes full of sorrow. He touched her cheek, now gaunt. "I'll do whatever it takes to keep you alive, Naomi."

Tears welled up in her eyes again. Being together was all that mattered.

"Do you still love me?" she asked. She had never suspected the strength of their love, but right now, she wanted confirmation.

Tyler was silent for a moment before he finally replied, "Definitely."

Naomi sobbed quietly, and he patted her back. "You'll be fine. You will."

About half an hour later, Tyler left the room.

Julia approached him right away. "I talked to Olivia. She agreed to the IVF."

then turned abruptly to Olivia.

He looked up,

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Olivia didn't protest when Hillary spoke. Tyler then turned to Hillary and asked, "Is she agreeing to this on her own?"



“Why don’t you ask her?” Hillary replied, gesturing to Olivia.

Enduring Hillary’s intense gaze, Olivia lowered her head and eventually approached Tyler. “I’m okay with it.”

Hillary smirked, Darren appeared torn with guilt.

Tyler showed no reaction. “You know the sort of document an IVF needs, right?”

“I know.”

“And you’re still sure about this?” Tyler questioned, noting Hillary’s watchful eyes on Olivia.

“Yes,” Olivia replied.

Tyler knew Hillary was pressuring her, but her quick agreement also took him aback. “Do you realize how young you are?”

Was she aware of the potential consequences of jeopardizing her own future like this?

Hillary noticed Olivia’s hesitation and intervened, “It’s just a certificate, isn’t it? It can be annulled once Naomi recovers. The sisters are close, so of course Olivia’s sure of her decision.”

But who would believe a young college woman suddenly having a marriage certificate? Olivia remained silent, realizing no one cared about her, not when Naomi’s life was at stake.

“Mrs. Jones is right. I’m sure of it,” she said.

Tyler’s expression darkened. “No, you need more time to think.”

Hillary was frustrated by Tyler's constant questioning. Why couldn't he just accept it?

The doctor approached and called for Tyler, who left without another word, brushing past Olivia.

Hillary stepped closer to Olivia, her tone harsh, "You owe Naomi, don't you forget that!"

Feeling the weight of Hillary's words, Olivia closed her eyes. If glares could kill, she'd be gone.

Ana watched everything from the end of the hallway, unnoticed.

She smiled. The marriage drew closer each day, a necessary sacrifice to save Naomi.

Turning away, Ana left the hospital.

That night, Olivia returned to Sandalwood Palace. Tyler's assistant had been waiting for her.

"Mr. Tyler wants you to reconsider carefully," the assistant relayed.

Olivia understood it was Tyler giving her one last chance.

She trembled. "Do I even have a choice?"

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The assistant waited patiently for Olivia to make up her mind. After some time, Olivia spoke up, "I've made my decision. I'm sure about it."

"So, you're going ahead with the marriage procedures?" the assistant clarified.

"Yes."

“Alright, I’ll inform Mr. Tyler of your decision. Please get ready.” The assistant meant for Olivia to gather her papers and documents.

As the assistant left in her car, Olivia’s face was pale with nerves.

A concerned maid approached her. “Are you alright?” she asked, worried.

Olivia stared at her silently.

“Are you okay, Ms. Olivia?” the maid asked again, gently touching her shoulder.

Pushing the maid’s hand away, Olivia replied, “I’m just a bit tired. I’m going to bed.”

That night, Tyler didn’t return home. Olivia lay awake, unable to sleep until morning.

Even on the third day, Tyler hadn’t come back. It was noon when she heard a car engine, signaling Tyler’s return. She hid in her room.

The door opened, but when she looked up, it wasn’t Tyler. It was his personal assistant.

Clearly surprised to find Olivia curled up in her room, the assistant asked, “Um... Ms. Olivia, have you prepared your documents?”

“Huh?” Olivia was taken aback. “I’m going to do it alone?”

The assistant explained, “The procedure can start today. Mr. Tyler will join you shortly. He’s at the hospital right now.”

Olivia hadn’t expected things to move so quickly. She didn’t know how to react.

After a long pause, the assistant looked at her expectantly. Olivia knew she couldn't delay any longer. "I'll get changed."

Having stayed home for so long, Olivia looked a bit disheveled and not quite presentable for the occasion.

"I'll wait outside," the assistant said.

Olivia never imagined her marriage would be like this—to a man she barely knew, who had once only glanced at her when she was fifteen. He was a stranger then.

And now, in a bizarre turn of events, he was going to be her husband.

She left her room in a simple dress and minimal makeup. Despite everything, her youthfulness

brought out her beauty.

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Even the assistant seemed a bit stunned, but she quickly regained her composure. "Okay. Follow me."

Olivia followed her into her car. The assistant asked, "Do you have everything you need?"

"Yes," Olivia confirmed.

"Good."

As they drove to the county clerk's office, they passed by couples waiting together. Olivia was the only one there alone.

The assistant kept glancing at her phone before reassuring Olivia, “Ms. Naomi might be facing some difficulties. Just hold on a bit longer.”

Olivia had long lost any emotional connection to the event. It mattered little to her. “I understand.”

Strangely enough, before meeting Tyler, Olivia encountered Hillary. Even the assistant was taken aback by her presence. “Mrs. Jones?”

Hillary wasted no time approaching Olivia. “Excuse me, but I need to speak with her privately.”

The assistant hesitated but eventually nodded. She cast a wary glance at Olivia before leaving them alone.

In truth, the assistant was too anxious to leave Olivia alone with her. What was Hillary’s purpose? Nonetheless, she left after casting a brief, seconds–long look at Olivia.

Olivia remained seated. She didn’t even greet her.

The hall was bustling with noise, yet Hillary’s voice cut through clearly. “This marriage is solely for the IVF procedure. It means nothing more, do you understand? Don’t you dare cross that line!”

Olivia remained calm.

“Did you hear me?!” Hillary pressed.

“Yes.”

“Your mother owes me this much,” Hillary continued. “And you’re paying her debt.” With that, she walked away, leaving Olivia feeling trapped.

Outside, the assistant waited anxiously. She hadn't expected Hillary's conversation to end so quickly and approached Olivia.

Hillary, at least courteous to Tyler's staff, remarked, "I just reminded her of her responsibilities. That's all."

The assistant stared at her for a long time. "I see."

Hillary left in her car.

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The assistant returned to the hall, hoping to gauge something from Olivia's expression. But Olivia remained so quiet that it was as if she was merely a whisper in the air.

Tyler's car arrived about a dozen minutes later. The assistant went to meet him and informed him, Mrs. Jones was here earlier."

Tyler stopped in his tracks, staring at the assistant. After a long pause, he muttered, "I see."

Olivia sensed someone approaching from behind. Noticing it wasn't the assistant, she wanted to glance up.

"Did you bring all the necessary papers?" she heard him ask, causing her to freeze. However, she managed to compose herself quickly.

"Yes,"

"Let's go."

Their conversation was short, as if it were just another business transaction. They walked down the hallway without exchanging a single glance.

After processing their documents, the clerk instructed, "Now, sign here, and you'll be legally married."

Olivia stared at the paper in front of her. Tyler didn't move his pen either.

The assistant watched them from a distance, unable to decipher their thoughts.

Tyler was the first to sign, his signature exuding elegance and confidence, as if he were signing a business contract.

Olivia didn't move. Tyler moved closer to her and said, "Take all the time you need to think about this. You've still got the chance to regret this and change your mind. Though, to be fair, signing this wouldn't affect your life in any significant way either."

Olivia took a long time before finally signing. Her signature lacked the polish of Tyler's—it looked almost childlike.

"Congratulations," the clerk said mechanically before returning to his computer.

Olivia couldn't muster a response. Her ears were ringing. The reality of being "married" at twenty-three hit her like a ton of bricks.

Tyler remained impassive to the clerk's words. After a moment, he spoke, "I'll have my assistant drive you home."

Shaken out of her daze, Olivia nodded. "Okay."

Neither of them moved from their seats.

The clerk glanced up from his computer, only to find these two sitting motionlessly in their seats. Even he was growing confused.

The assistant finally approached Olivia. "Ms. Olivia? Allow me."

The ringing in Olivia's ears grew louder, giving her a headache. She wondered if it was due to anxiety or the emotional whirlwind she was experiencing. Clutching onto her chair, she stammered, "O-Okay,

Tyler stood beside her, studying her face. He looked a little sullen.

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Olivia followed them out of the office. The assistant suggested, "You should head back to Sandalwood Palace, right?"

"Right," Olivia agreed.

She went home in a separate car from Tyler's.

On the way, Olivia remained in a daze, feeling drained of energy. She arrived home feeling just as lost.

Her mission completed, the assistant bade her farewell after some small talk.

So... was this officially the start of her married life? Olivia couldn't help but smirk at the absurdity of it all.

The atmosphere at home felt icy, making it hard to breathe. That night, Olivia spent it alone in her

room.



For the next few days, Olivia didn't see Tyler at all. Then, on the fifth day, she was awakened by a noise downstairs.

Clutching her blanket, she listened intently. The maids were asleep, so who could it be at this hour?

Fearing it might be a thief, Olivia tiptoed downstairs, feeling anxious. The darkness made her tense, her mind racing with thoughts of serial killers, home invaders, and god-knows-what else.

"W-Who's there?" she called out nervously as she reached the bottom of the stairs.

The light flicked on, and Olivia froze when she saw who it was. Tyler?

Tyler didn't seem surprised, just tired. "What? Who else did you think it could be?" he asked.

Olivia remained silent, her imagination running wild.

"Did I scare you?" he asked, knowing she must have suspected something else.

Olivia shook her head. It was the first time they'd seen each other since getting "married."

"Sorry, I've been busy at the hospital lately, coming home late. Must have woken you up plenty of times."

Olivia shook her head, silently dismissing his apology.

Tyler was about to hang his coat, but seeing Olivia standing there, he changed his mind and climbed the stairs to her. "It's late. Let's go rest," he suggested.

Feeling a bit more assured now that it was Tyler, Olivia agreed, "Yeah, you should rest early too. Goodnight."

The change in their relationship left them both feeling awkward.

As Olivia turned to leave, she paused. "You must be really tired lately, huh?" she remarked.

In the dim light, Tyler looked somewhat indifferent. "It's fine."

"Um... I think I'm going to bed," she said after his curt answer. "Wait," Tyler suddenly blurted out, "Olivia?"

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Olivia stopped in her tracks and turned around.

Tyler looked at her for a long time before continuing, "I mean, get some rest."

He walked past her and disappeared into his room, leaving Olivia puzzled.

The next day, class proceeded as usual. Unlike before, Olivia didn't seek out updates about Naomi

after class.

Noticing Olivia alone in the corridor, Sophie rushed over and grabbed her shoulders from behind. She hadn't seen her friend for a long time.

Olivia was startled. "S-Sophie?!"

"Where have you been these past few days? I couldn't find you anywhere!" Sophie exclaimed.

“Something... happened at home.”

“Hey,” Sophie began, studying Olivia’s face, “You don’t look too good. Are you okay?”

Olivia checked her appearance on her phone’s screen. “Um, I’ve been having trouble sleeping.”

“What happened, girl? Mr. Tyler called me a few days ago in the middle of the night!” Sophie pressed, sensing something was off about her friend—she was too quiet and acting too strangely.

“I... I just went home,” Olivia answered anxiously, not eager to divulge more details.

But Sophie’s curiosity, wasn’t easily crushed. “You didn’t happen to hang out with Claude, did you? Because he was also missing that day!” she questioned.

Olivia looked even more panicked. “N—No way!”

Luckily, their clubmates had arrived, diverting Sophie’s attention. “Hey, you two! Come on, let’s have lunch together!”

“Okay!” Sophie gently pulled Olivia along, and they headed to the cafeteria, grabbing their food and finding a table.

Sophie spotted a newspaper and picked it up excitedly. “Guys, have you seen this?”

Olivia looked at the paper. It was an advertisement for a pair of rings. She didn’t understand why Sophie was so thrilled,

“These wedding rings are amazing! I want to get a pair like this when I get married!” Sophie exclaimed.

The others joined in, expressing their excitement. “Yeah, these are really popular right now. Many

celebrities have them!”

Olivia stared at the rings. They were unique, able to be worn separately or clicked together. She studied her hand quietly, deciding she would never get something like that.

While Sophie was chatting with their friends, her phone rang suddenly. She answered it and then glanced at Olivia with a curious expression.

“She’s with us, Claude. At school. Yeah, she’s here,” Sophie confirmed. “That’s great. Come over here!”

She ended the call and turned to Olivia with interest. “Claude is on his way to see us. He’s already on campus.”

Olivia hadn’t responded to any of Claude’s messages, so she was surprised he called his sister. Her palms grew sweaty with anxiety.

“Olivia, be honest. What’s going on between you and my brother?” Sophie asked.