

All Sins 151

Chapter 151

Olivia quickly clarified, "We're just friends. It's not what you think, Soof-"

Before she could finish, a voice called out from the cafeteria. "Soof."

Sophie turned to see her brother Claude at the door, accompanied by a university guide.

Olivia didn't expect Claude to come all the way here just to see her. She felt glad but also surprised.

Claude told the guide, "I have something I need to sort out, I won't be joining you for lunch."

The guide responded, "No problem. The cafeteria food's decent. You can try them."

Claude nodded, and the guide left.

One of Sophie's friends exclaimed when she saw Claude, "Whose brother is that? He's hot!"

Claude, in a white shirt and black pants, effortlessly drew attention. He was the type most women would like.

Approaching their table, he asked Sophie, "Having lunch?"

Sophia looked confused. "What are you doing here?"

"I've got some work here. Thought I'd drop by to say hi," Claude explained gently, then glanced at Olivia, who was gripping the table's edge. He called out, "Olivia."

Sophia observed her brother's face and then Olivia's, sensing that something was going on between them.

Olivia released her grip on the table and replied, "Thanks for earlier, Claude."

Claude didn't seem bothered. "Not at all. I didn't think things through."

Sophie wondered what 'earlier' meant. She watched them closely.

Claude then asked, "Can I have a word in private, Olivia?"

Olivia didn't know what he wanted but felt it would be rude not to respond, "Um.. okay."

Claude told Sophie, "I'm gonna talk to Olivia. Enjoy your lunch."

Sophie never refused her brother. Though it seemed odd, she agreed, "Sure."

And so, Olivia and Claude left the cafeteria, walking around campus. After some time, Claude questioned, "Anything happened lately?"

"No."

"Why didn't you reply to my messages?"

"I've been... busy," Olivia replied.

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Olivia walked alongside Claude, murmuring, "Yeah, I have a lot of assignments, so I haven't had the time to reply."

Claude fell silent at her explanation, then glanced into the distance, saying, "Alright. I got a bit

worried when you didn't reply. That's why I came to see Soof.

Though Olivia appeared calm on the outside, her thoughts were swirling in chaos.

After a while, they reached the gate, and Olivia's phone began to ring. She didn't notice, but Claude did and alerted her, "Your phone is ringing, Olivia."

Hurriedly, Olivia took her phone out of her pocket, not bothering to check the caller before bringing it to her ear. Tyler's voice came through, "Are you at the university?"

His question sent a jolt through Olivia, freezing her in place.

Claude noticed her reaction and observed her closely as she struggled with anxiety. Trying to play it cool, Olivia replied casually, "Yeah."

"We might need to go to Harris Residence later. I'm outside the gates," Tyler informed her.

Looking up, Olivia realized they were indeed at the gates, and Claude caught her odd expression, keeping his eyes on her.

When Olivia finally grasped the situation, she told the person on the line, "Okay, I'm coming right over." She quickly ended the call and turned to Claude, "Claude, I... I've got something to attend to, so I need to leave."

Claude's usually gentle expression furrowed with concern. He sensed something was off with Olivia, but he said, "Alright, sure, go ahead. I just wanted to see you."

Olivia nodded, "Okay," and hurried forward, clutching her phone tightly.

Tyler sat in the car parked outside the gates, exactly where Olivia and Claude had been walking. He must have seen them together.

Claude saw Tyler's car too.

As Olivia got into the car beside Tyler, she greeted him, "Hi, Tyler."

She thought he didn't see Claude, but his eyes were on him.

When Tyler heard his name, he glanced away and then back at Olivia.

Curious, Olivia asked, "Why are we going to Harris Residence?" Since she hadn't seen him that morning, she didn't expect to see him now, but here he was, picking her up from school.

Tyler simply replied, "We're just going to have a meal."

There was a palpable tension between them, now that their dynamics had changed.

"Claude is here too?"

Olivia didn't answer his question, but he didn't repeat himself. Their car then drove away.

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Claude stood and watched from afar.

When they arrived at Harris Residence, Tyler helped Olivia out.

Curious about the meal, Olivia watched as they approached the main door. A man approached Tyler, saying, "Your father's been waiting."

Tyler's expression remained cold as he replied, "Okay," then turned to Olivia. "It's just a simple meal."

"Oh." Olivia frowned, unsure of what was happening. She had never met Tyler's father and wasn't expecting to meet him today.

Inside, Olivia spotted a man at the end of the dining table—Tyler's father, Keith Harris.

Nervously, Olivia walked beside Tyler, feeling the scrutiny of everyone at the table as they stopped. Keith spoke up, "Why haven't we heard about your wedding?"

Ana, sitting beside Keith, looked at Tyler with a smile.

Maisy glanced at Olivia's belly, asking, "Are you pregnant? Is that why you rushed into marriage?"

Olivia thought their registration was a secret. Now, it appeared the whole family was in the know, leaving her uneasy. She couldn't help but speculate how things would turn out once the Harrises became involved.

Feeling exposed, she denied it quickly, "No, Grandma, I'm not pregnant. We just—"

But Maisie cut her off, "Not pregnant? So you got married because you're in love? That's wonderful. I support that."

Olivia was at a loss for words.

Although Keith was surprised and upset about the sudden marriage, since it was done, he couldn't say much, especially seeing Olivia's meek demeanor. He suggested, "Even though you're registered, you should still have a wedding ceremony, with gifts and jewelry."

Olivia felt more anxious, glancing at Tyler.

Tyler's cousin chimed in, "We want wedding cake!"

Under the scrutiny and pressure, Tyler spoke quietly, "Olivia hasn't graduated yet, so we want to keep it low-key. But I'll give her gifts and jewelry."

Olivia's hand trembled.

Keith had a few things to say about them not having a ceremony, but he conceded, "I'll leave it up to you. But there should still be some formalities."

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As Keith suggested they take their seats, Ana said, "We can plan the ceremony later, but we should inform the necessary people. Tyler, when should we invite our close friends for dinner?"

Olivia, already seated, froze

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After Tyler heard that, he was silent for a while, then he said, "I'll do that if I can find time this week."

Tyler knew what his mother was up to.

Ana smiled. "Great, it's settled then."

It took Olivia a moment to compose herself before Keith, sitting across from her, said, "We should invite our close friends for dinner. It's only right."

He then wanted to speak with Tyler, so Olivia went upstairs alone.

This visit was different from her usual visits. Olivia stood at the door to her usual room, but a maid approached her from behind. "Mrs. Olivia, your room is now over there. You shouldn't stay here anymore."

Turning, Olivia saw the maid gesturing at Tyler's room. Olivia had been staying in the guest room before, but it didn't seem like it because she often found items belonging to a woman.

Curious, she asked, "Who used to stay in this room?"

The maid looked uneasy but replied, "It's just the guest room."

Olivia sensed the maid wasn't being entirely truthful, but she simply nodded. "Alright." She then walked away and entered the room next door.

A couple of minutes later, Tyler entered. Olivia turned at the sound of his footsteps.

Explaining herself, she said, "The maid directed me to your room."

Tyler didn't seem bothered by her presence. "The room next door used to be Morgan's."

Morgan Harris. Olivia heard the name again and looked up at him.

Tyler took a seat and didn't elaborate on Morgan. After a pause, he added, "Just stay here for now. It won't be for long."

Did he mean they were staying here tonight?

Olivia remained silent, but Tyler's expression remained neutral as if lost in thought.

After some time, the maid knocked on their door. "Mr. Tyler, the car's ready."

As Tyler got up, he said to Olivia, "Let's go."

Wasn't he just saying they'd stay here? Olivia felt confused but followed silently.

They drove to a jewelry store. Under the bright lights, Tyler told Olivia, "Pick anything you want."

Olivia finally understood what was going on. She thought for a moment before replying, "Okay."

Exiting the car, they were greeted by the jeweler. "Hello, Mr. Tyler, Mrs. Olivia," the jeweler said with

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Olivia stopped in her tracks when she heard "Mrs. Tyler."

Tyler glanced at her and, to keep up appearances, put his arm around her waist. "Let's go."

Once inside, he withdrew his hand.

The jeweler approached Olivia. "Mrs. Olivia, have a look at our newly arrived wedding rings."

Olivia never imagined she'd be ring shopping with Tyler, so she remained silent.

Tyler gestured to her. "Take a look around."

The jeweler guided Olivia to the display counter, then brought out a ring with a shiny diamond. The moment it appeared, it caught Olivia's eye.

It was breathtaking, and Tyler noticed her reaction.

The jeweler explained, "This is a rare pink gem. The cut is exquisite, and the pink hue looks adorable. It suits you perfectly."

The men's ring next to the pink diamond was more understated.

Olivia shook her head. "No, I don't like this type of ring."

Tyler said, "Try it on."

As if hearing a royal decree, the jeweler slid the ring onto Olivia's finger.

Olivia felt overwhelmed. The pink diamond, surrounded by smaller diamonds, left her speechless.

"It's so beautiful," the other workers remarked.

Feeling uncomfortable with the extravagance, Olivia asked the jeweler to remove it. "This is too much. and draws too much attention."

The jeweler hesitated, then glanced at Tyler before complying and presenting other designs.

Some were too mature, while others were too simple.

Knowing it was just a browsing session, Olivia didn't show much interest. She let the jeweler try on various rings.

Suddenly, Tyler spoke up, "We'll take the pink diamond."

Surprised, Olivia looked at him. “Tyler, the pink diamond...” She wanted to express her concern that it might overshadow the men’s ring. She wasn’t supposed to be the main character in their marriage but rather an accessory.

The jeweler seemed to have read her mind, so she smiled and said, “Do you think the ring is taking the attention away from the men’s ring? That was the intention of the design. The men’s ring was there as the protector, just like what Mr. Tyler would do as your husband.”

Olivia felt awkward but relaxed upon hearing this explanation.

Tyler didn’t react and just stared at the pair of rings. “We’ll take them,” he said to the jeweler

“Of course, Mr. Tyler

Olivia grabbed his wrist. “Isn’t this too expensive?”

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Tyler raised his eyebrows. “Do you think I can’t afford this?”

Feeling self-conscious with so many people around, Olivia quickly withdrew her hand and replied, “No.”

Tyler maintained his gaze on Olivia but addressed the jeweler. “We’ll take them.”

The jeweler wrapped the rings up, and another employee began displaying earrings, bracelets, and necklaces.

Feeling overwhelmed by the rings, Olivia lost interest in the other jewelry. She stood beside Tyler like a mannequin as the employees adorned her with various pieces.

Tyler, recognizing that men weren’t the focus of jewelry, silently observed Olivia trying on necklaces.

A clever employee allowed Tyler to choose. "Mr. Tyler, which necklace do you think suits Mrs. Olivia best?"

Tyler examined a few options before selecting a simple necklace encrusted with white diamonds. The one with the white diamonds."

The employee smiled and nodded. "This necklace complements the rings well. Since Mrs. Olivia is young, it's best to go for a design that doesn't age her. You made an excellent choice."

After placing the necklace around Olivia's neck and the ring on her finger, they found the set matched perfectly, exuding purity and liveliness.

Tyler agreed, pleased with the selection. The earrings and bracelets that came later were delicate and simple.

Choosing the jewelry took the entire afternoon. Olivia found it surprising that Tyler spent so much time with her, especially in such a boring place as a jewelry store.

Once finished, the store informed them that their purchase would be delivered to Harris Residence within half an hour, in a safe.

In the car, Olivia said quietly, "I really don't need any of those. It's just for show."

Tyler raised his eyebrows. "We bought them, so just wear them." He then turned to the driver, instructing him, "Let's go."

Olivia gripped her skirt tightly as Tyler stared out of the window. They stopped interacting.

When they arrived at Harris Residence, Olivia and Tyler got out of the car, where Maisy awaited in the living room. Spotting them, she inquired eagerly, "Did you find something? Did you choose the biggest and best?"

Olivia stood behind Tyler, feeling bashful. "Yes... We found something"

Maise beamed. "Wonderful. It's important to pick what suits you. Just let Tyler know if you need anything. He's not one to skimp."

Reflecting, Olivia wondered if Tyler had ever been frugal. He didn't strike her as the type.

She didn't know what to say except, "Okay. Thanks, Grandma."

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Maisy continued smiling.

Suddenly, there was a commotion in the back garden, indicating the arrival of many guests-

relatives and close friends of the family.

Tyler frowned and, after a moment, instructed, "You should go rest upstairs."

Olivia nodded. "Okay." Preferring to avoid meeting the relatives, she retreated upstairs, leaving Tyler to look back at Maisy.

Maisy said to him, "Olivia is a good girl. You should treat her right."

Tyler's expression was neutral. "Don't worry about that," He then went to the garden.

A few minutes later, there was a knock on the door. It was the people from the jewelry store and the maid, carrying a safe.

One of the delivery men asked, "Where do we leave this, Mrs. Olivia?"

Olivia, seated on the couch, pondered for a moment. Gesturing toward the table, she replied, "Put it there."

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The man placed the items they bought on the table and said, "That's all, Mrs. Olivia. Thank you again. for your patronage. We'll head out."

"Okay."

Once the delivery was complete, Olivia stood by the table, gazing at the ring. She knew it would likely remain in the box forever, untouched..

Ana, eager to announce her son's marriage to the world, had invited friends and family over.

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Tyler watched Ana with a cold expression. Catching his eye, Ana beckoned him, smiling. "Tyler, the guests are here. Come say hi.'

Though the noise from downstairs filled the air, Olivia remained in the room.

Before dinner, Tyler went upstairs, finding Olivia still seated on the couch. Upon seeing him, she rose and informed him, "The jewelry, was delivered. I didn't know where to keep such valuable items, so I had them leave them on the table.

At that moment, Tyler's cousin entered the room. Spotting the jewelry, her jaw dropped. "The Heart of Sakura!" She took the ring with envy evident in her voice. "You managed to buy it."

Olivia was taken aback by his cousin's reaction, unsure why she was so astonished.

“Do you know how expensive this is? This is the most precious item in the entire store.”

None of the items had price tags, so when Olivia heard that, she was stunned.

Tyler, displeased with his cousin’s abrupt entrance, scolded her, “Where are your manners?”

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Colleen stuck her tongue out. “Tyler, I’m just showing my love to your wife. Can’t I peek into your room to see her? Just a quick visit?”

Tyler’s expression remained unchanged. “Knock before you come in.”

“Fine, fine,

“Colleen relented. She then turned her attention to the jewelry on the table, particularly the ring. “Since you bought the ring, why aren’t you wearing it? Is it just going to stay in the box?”

Neither Tyler nor Olivia responded.

Noticing their silence, Colleen pressed on. “Why bother buying it if you’re not going to wear it?”

Tyler walked over, took his ring, put it on his ring finger, and then glanced at Colleen. “Happy now, Ms. Colleen?”

Colleen looked at Olivia.

Initially hesitant, Olivia eventually approached the table, retrieved her ring, and placed it on her finger as well.

Colleen then grabbed Olivia's hand and inspected it. "I wouldn't expect anything less from you it comes to wedding rings. This is stunning and suits Olivia perfectly."

Unable to pull away, Olivia stood still as Colleen examined her ring.

Tyler intervened, "Alright, go downstairs and play."

when

"Why are you kicking me out, Tyler?" Colleen protested, but eventually released Olivia's hand. Olivia quickly pulled it away.

Just then, the maid announced that dinner was served. Despite Colleen's displeasure, she bid Olivia farewell. "I'll come see you again, Olivia," she promised before going downstairs.

Left alone in the room, Olivia wanted to remove her ring, but as she began to do so, Tyler stopped her. "Keep it on for now," he instructed before leaving the room without removing his own ring.

Olivia thought about it. Not wearing the ring could lead to speculation among the numerous guests present, especially with another party to follow. They needed to do what was necessary.

She looked at the ring, then put it back onto her finger.

Dinner was served in the garden, with maids presenting dish after dish. Olivia accompanied Tyler, mingling with the guests at each table.

As they moved through the garden, Olivia held onto Tyler's arm with her left hand, while Tyler held a wine glass in his left, their rings glinting in the light.

A lot of people congratulated them, to which Tyler and Olivia graciously replied with smiles and thank

-yous.

The elders of the Harris family were particularly warm toward Olivia, holding her hand and complimenting Tyler. "Tyler, I didn't expect you to marry so soon. Your wife is very beautiful."

Receiving such kindness from the relatives, Olivia didn't resist as the older ladies held her hand, simply playing along.

Tyler smiled at their compliments. "Thank you for your kind words to her."

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The elders showered Olivia with gifts, leaving her feeling overwhelmed. She glanced at Tyler, who simply instructed her to accept them.

As the dinner dragged on for three hours, Olivia grew increasingly exhausted, Tyler, having drunk wine, appeared weary as well.

Returning to their room, Olivia noticed Tyler's red eyes. "Are you alright? If you're hungry, I can ask the maid to bring something up," she offered.

Tyler, appearing somewhat intoxicated, replied with a curt "Yes," before unbuttoning his shirt and collapsing onto the couch. He rested his forehead on his hand, looking pale and drained under the harsh light.

Concerned, Olivia watched him silently.

The room was quiet, and after standing there for some time, Olivia began to feel the onset of fatigue, and her skin became sticky. This unfamiliar room made her feel uneasy. She turned to Tyler and asked, "Can I take a shower?"

Tyler, still resting his head in his hand, mumbled a nonchalant "Yes," without opening his eyes.

After a quick shower, Olivia emerged to find food on the table and Tyler still in the same position. She asked softly, "Did you ask the maid to bring food?"

Tyler finally opened his bloodshot eyes, causing Olivia to gasp in shock. "Are you sure you're alright, Tyler?"

Unaffected by her concern, Tyler casually glanced at her. "Can you get me a glass of water?"

Recalling how Tyler had been the only one drinking during the gathering, Olivia hurried to fetch water. Unsure of his preference, she returned with a glass and placed it beside him.

"It's warm."

Tyler took the glass and downed it, his Adam's apple bobbing visibly. The ring on his finger caught the light, making him appear more like a married man. His expression seemed to grow colder with the presence of the ring.

"Feeling better?"

Tyler handed the empty glass to her. "Yes."

"You want more?"

"Hot."

Confused by his response, Olivia fetched another glass. But as she handed it to him, Tyler's gaze seemed to pierce through her, sending a chill down her spine.

"Your phone is ringing," he suddenly said.

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Olivia was startled by Tyler's abrupt statement about her phone. She turned to see her phone.

vibrating on the dresser, realizing she had missed a call from Claude. Gripping her phone tightly, she hesitated.

Tyler watched her. "Not answering?"

Olivia covered the phone and said, "Just a telemarketer."

Tyler didn't press further and glanced away. Olivia offered him the glass again. "Have one more glass.

Suddenly, Tyler stood up, looming over her. Olivia felt overwhelmed by his presence, backward.

stumbling

Despite her wobbling, Tyler remained impassive. "It's getting late, I'm going to sleep," he stated coldly as he walked past her to the bathroom.

She could feel his coldness. Lowering her gaze, she pressed her lips together, while Tyler entered the bathroom.

Once Tyler emerged from the bathroom and settled into bed, Olivia tidied up the room and switched off the light before joining him. Despite lying side by side, they felt miles apart.

Olivia lay awake, staring into the darkness. She couldn't remember how she fell asleep that night.

The next morning, Olivia woke to find the other side of the bed empty.

"Mrs. Olivia, it's 10 am."

Hearing a knock on the door, she realized it was already 10 am. She jumped out of bed and said, "Okay, I'll be out soon."

It was 10 am. Why didn't Tyler wake her up? Olivia didn't understand.

She hurriedly cleaned up in the bathroom and rushed downstairs, finding the house quiet and empty.

Olivia said to the maid, "I'm sorry for getting up late."

The maid smiled. "It's fine. Just pay more attention next time."

"Okay." Olivia nodded, feeling terrible.

"You should go have breakfast," the maid said before walking away.

But Olivia had no appetite. As she stepped outside, she spotted Tyler playing golf on the lawn.

When Tyler saw her walk over, his hand paused, and his attention shifted entirely to her. He accepted a towel from the maid standing beside him as Olivia reached him.

He was about to speak when Olivia interrupted with, "Why didn't you wake me?"

Tyler stopped drying his sweat and frowned.

Olivia's eyes welled up with tears as she quickly retracted, "Never mind."

It was already 10 am when she woke up, and everyone had finished breakfast. What did this imply?