

All Sins 181

Chapter 181

Olivia left with Tyler, but she staggered the moment she turned around.

He noticed her struggle but said nothing, simply holding her hand for support as they walked away. Outwardly, they seemed fine, but Claude sensed the tension brewing between them.

Olivia's mind was a blur. She couldn't even recall who they spoke to later on. Tyler took charge of the conversations, while Olivia felt like a mere bystander.

At 11 pm, they finally returned to their room at the Harris' residence. Olivia's legs felt numb as she collapsed onto the bed. Tyler wasted no time removing his tie and coat.

"Are you going to change?" he asked, glancing at her.

She didn't respond, and he went to the bathroom, leaving her behind.

Hearing the sound of running water, Olivia slipped off her heels, revealing the marks they had left on her feet. Yet, she felt no pain.

Nearly 20 minutes later, Tyler emerged from the bathroom, noticing Olivia by the bed. "I ran you a warm bath. Go on," he offered.

He usually took showers, while Olivia preferred taking a bath. That would mean he drew the bath especially for her.

She remained motionless, and Tyler sat nearby, rubbing his sore neck with a sigh.

Olivia wasn't the only one exhausted from the event; Tyler felt the weight of his responsibilities. Finally, Olivia stirred and made her way to the bathroom as Tyler sat massaging his temples.

After half an hour, she emerged from the bath to find Tyler reading in bed, a common sight.

She sat quietly for a while before Tyler suggested, "Let's sleep," turning off the lights without further words.

In the darkness, Olivia lay still for a few minutes before lying down. The moment she did that, Tyler pulled her into his embrace.

Shocked, she attempted to protest, but he silenced her with a kiss. She kept struggling in his embrace, moaning while resisting him.

Despite Olivia's resistance, her struggles seemed to excite Tyler in the darkness.

He held her tighter, his gaze fixed on her tear-streaked face. Her teary eyes, flushed cheeks, and trembling form only seemed to entice him further.

"No," she whispered, her voice barely audible.

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However, their lips drew closer despite Olivia's protests. Each movement brought them closer until they kissed fiercely.

Tyler's expression darkened as he felt Olivia's resistance. She wanted to plead with him to stop, but he silenced her with a forceful kiss before she could speak.

Desperately, Olivia struggled against him, and Tyler pulled away abruptly.

She knew exactly what he desired, and she resisted, reminding him, "We're doing IVF soon."

If that happened, they would cease all physical contact in the future.

But how was it possible that their intimacy would come to an absolute stop?

Tyler hugged her even tighter hearing that, so tight that she couldn't escape. He was completely different from how he was during the day. He grabbed her chin and lifted it up, whispering into her ear, "Do you know how long I watched you earlier?"

"Half an hour. I looked at you for half an hour. Am I losing my mind?"

"Can you stop?" Every word he said was triggering Olivia. She couldn't bear to hear any more, not even a single word.

But Tyler persisted, "Why should I?"

Eventually, Olivia relented, leaning into his embrace.

When Olivia got downstairs, it was 10 a.m. Fortunately, everyone at home woke up late because they were exhausted yesterday, but she didn't see Tyler.

"Is Tyler not up yet?" Maisy asked.

"He had a few drinks last night," Olivia replied quickly.

He rarely slept late. Everyone at home knew that, except on occasions when he had indulged in alcohol or had spent a night in intimate company...

"He must be exhausted then," Maisy remarked with a knowing look.

Olivia panicked, she just couldn't be at ease.

"Don't push yourself if you're tired, Olivia. You don't need to help around the house," Ana reassured her with a smile.

Olivia remained silent, keeping her head down.

Just then, Tyler came downstairs. Ana and Maisy stopped talking.

Taking his seat, Tyler announced, "We won't be having lunch here. We're heading back to

Sandalwood Palace."

Ana and Maisy exchanged glances but said nothing. Since the banquet was over, of course it didn't matter whether they stayed or not.

"Keith went out early, and you're leaving with Olivia too. It seems I'll only eat with Ana today," Maisy said.

"Mm-hmm, enjoy," Tyler said casually, pouring himself a glass of water.

Olivia sat quietly next to him, avoiding eye contact.

After breakfast, they packed up and left. Tyler focused on his documents in the car while Olivia sat beside him.

Just then, his phone rang. It was from the hospital.

“Let’s drop you off at Sandalwood Palace first,” he said to Olivia.

Olivia knew he was going to the hospital. “Okay, Tyler,” she replied, nodding.

They maintained their usual distance in the car, their conversation neutral.

As they headed toward Sandalwood Palace, Olivia received a call from Hillary urging her to get a check - up at the hospital immediately.

Olivia was shocked at the sudden request, stammering, “R-Right now?”

Tyler looked over when he heard that.

“Yes, right now. Isn’t the banquet at the Harrises over?” Hillary asked.

The reason was that Ana had a dispute with the Joneses, so they weren’t invited, nor were they informed about the banquet. This was why Hillary didn’t expect the Harrises to throw such a grand

one.

After learning about it that morning, Hillary couldn’t contain herself. She was impatient for Olivia to become pregnant, not willing to wait even a moment longer.

But how could Olivia master the courage for the check-up? Doing so would surely reveal to Hillary that she and Tyler had been intimate last night.

She had no idea what kind of examination she would be doing at the hospital, so she panicked and stammered, “D-Do I have to do that so early? I’m not ready.”

“Is it early? I don’t think so. Get over here now.”

Before Olivia could respond, Tyler intervened, taking the phone. “Are you at the hospital?” he asked.

Hillary hesitated upon hearing Tyler’s voice on the other end.

“Tyler?” she said, clearly surprised.

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“Yes, it’s me. We’ve just left my family home,” Tyler replied.

Hillary’s tone changed instantly. “I’m asking Olivia to get ready for a body check–up today.”

“She’ll do it in two days,” Tyler said calmly.

Hillary thought she heard him wrong. “Tyler...”

Cutting her off, Tyler reiterated, “There are still matters we need to handle after the banquet.”

Hillary fell silent, not daring to defy his stance. “Alright, she’ll do it in two days,” she relented finally.

“Mm–hmm,” Tyler affirmed shortly before ending the call.

Handing the phone back to Olivia, he offered, “You can say no if you’re not ready for it yet.”

Olivia held her phone quietly, while Tyler said nothing more.

When they arrived at Sandalwood Palace, Olivia got out of the car while Tyler remained seated, watching her for a moment before rolling up the window and driving off.

The maid greeted Olivia upon her arrival. "Miss..." She paused, correcting herself. "Ma'am."

In truth, Olivia was uncomfortable with the situation. She felt uneasy being around her. Initially moving in as a guest due to her sister's invitation, she now found herself in the unexpected position of being the lady of the house.

She avoided the maid's gaze, feeling like an imposter in her own home.

"I'm tired, so I'll go to the bedroom now to rest," Olivia quickly said..

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The maid nodded understandingly. "Of course."

Olivia headed straight upstairs, where she remained for the rest of the day.

That evening, when Tyler returned home, he asked the maid, "Where is she?"

"She's been upstairs since coming home. She hasn't come down or eaten anything," the maid reported.

Without a word, Tyler nodded and headed upstairs. Initially intending to go to the master bedroom, he changed course at the last moment, entering Olivia's room instead.

Startled, Olivia sat up as Tyler opened the door. He stood at the doorway, then approached her, stopping by the bed.

"Freshen up and join me for dinner," he said.

Having slept most of the day, Olivia looked disoriented, resembling a child unwilling to get out of bed.

She didn't sleep much last night, so she was exhausted.

After a moment's hesitation, Olivia nodded. "Okay," she agreed softly.

Tyler's shadow loomed over her. He soon left her, taking his shadow with him. She stayed seated, bathed in the dim light filtering through the curtains.

Dinner was served by the maid, who had abandoned her previous formalities and treated Olivia with cautious respect.

Olivia, taken aback by the sudden change, ate in silence.

"She said you didn't come down for dinner today," Tyler remarked from across the table.

"I wasn't hungry," Olivia replied simply.

"Are you sick?"

"No."

Tyler didn't press further. "Just eat," he instructed, picking up the cutlery and starting to eat. Finally, Olivia began to eat too.

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The maid was confused by their unchanged behavior toward each other. Observing them silently, she soon left the dining hall.

Tyler, lacking appetite, set his cutlery aside after a few bites. "Have more fish and beef liver. They're good for you," he advised Olivia.

But Olivia remained silent, her appetite nonexistent.

He didn't force her, letting her be.

As Olivia rose from her seat, she announced, "I'm going to rest, Tyler."

"Mm-hmm, go ahead," he replied, nodding.

She left without another word.

Alone at the table, Tyler sipped his water, his mind troubled.

Later that night, Olivia began vomiting violently. Hearing the noise from his study, Tyler rushed to

her room and found her on the bathroom floor.

Concerned, he lifted her and asked, "What's wrong?"

Weakly, Olivia replied, "I'm okay," but pushed him away, seemingly blaming him for letting her

catch a cold.

Feeling her feverish body, Tyler carried her, but she resisted, shoving him away. With a stern tone, he held her wrist and commanded, "Don't move."

Olivia stopped struggling as he carried her to the bed and called for the maid to bring medicine and

water.

As he held Olivia, Tyler asked, "Where does it hurt?"

Her bloodshot eyes met his, but she didn't respond.

Tyler continued to hold her. When the maid arrived with the medicine, she asked, "What happened to her?"

"Give me the medicine," Tyler said, ignoring her question and taking the medicine.

"Maybe we should check her temperature first. If she doesn't have a fever, giving her fever medicine could be harmful," the maid advised.

Tyler thought what she said made sense, so he got her to bring the thermometer over. Placing it under Olivia's arm, he waited anxiously as she lay still in his embrace.

Tyler's expression darkened. Meanwhile, the maid watched them nearby, thinking, 'Did they fight?'

Minutes later, he checked the thermometer, frowning when he found her temperature normal.

"Does she have a fever?" the maid asked.

Olivia looked at him too.

Turning to Olivia, Tyler asked, "What did you eat yesterday?"

Olivia, looking pale, admitted, "I didn't eat." She had not eaten yesterday because she was exhausted.

"And you didn't eat today before dinner, right?"

Avoiding his gaze, Olivia murmured, "No."

"Is it stomach pain from not eating? Should we give her gastric medicine?" the maid suggested. But Tyler remained silent, deep in thought.

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A moment later, Tyler asked, "Should I call the doctor?"

Confused by his suggestion, Olivia assumed he wanted to check her stomach pain. "No need for the doctor. I'll feel better with the medicine," she replied.

She didn't wish to cause a fuss, so she reached out and took the medicine from the maid.

But Tyler stopped her, holding her hand.

Looking up at him, Olivia was taken aback when he insisted, "Let's have the doctor examine you."

Before she could protest further, Tyler gave the order, "Call the doctor."

"I'll call the traditional doctor, Mr. Tyler. He specializes in treating gastric pain," the maid offered, leaving the room to make the call.

Olivia remained in Tyler's embrace, attempting to sit up in bed. He allowed her to adjust herself, watching her closely.

"Would you like some water?" he asked.

After a prolonged silence, she finally spoke, "No need."

Despite her refusal, Tyler fetched a glass of water. As he approached, Olivia felt queasy and tried to rise from the bed.

Concerned, Tyler frowned. "Do you feel like throwing up again?"

Trying to suppress the feeling, Olivia reassured him with her hoarse voice, "No."

Nevertheless, Tyler brought the water to her lips, and she drank it quickly to ease her discomfort.

Relaxing against the bedhead, Olivia panted lightly, feeling a bit relieved.

Water droplets glistened on her pale pink lips. Tyler felt the urge to wipe them away, but just as he reached out, the maid entered. Approaching the bed, she announced, "Sir, the doctor will be here in about ten minutes."

Tyler nodded and instructed, "Okay, make her ginger tea in the meantime"

"Sure," the maid replied.

As Olivia lay in bed, she tried to recall her recent meals, wondering why she felt so sick despite eating little. Was it a cold she caught last night?

Memories of the previous night filled her with resentment toward Tyler. She pulled the blanket up and looked away from him.

Tyler put down the glass and said to her, "Drink some ginger tea later. It'll help."

Closing her eyes, Olivia said, "I think I caught a cold last night." Her voice was weak and hoarse.

Tyler caught the nuance in her tone and responded, “Whether it’s a cold or not, you’ll still need to undergo the examination.”

Olivia felt terrible. How could the doctor find anything? She lost the desire to speak and chose to remain silent.

Respecting her silence, Tyler let her rest.

Ten minutes later, the doctor arrived, and Tyler rose from the bedside.

“What happened?” The doctor inquired.

“She’s been feeling ill since breakfast. Could you check if she has a cold?” Tyler requested.

The doctor listened and then asked, “Did you check her temperature?”

“I did. Her temperature’s normal,” Tyler said.

“Okay, let me examine her,” the doctor said, turning his attention to Olivia. “Let me see your tongue.

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Olivia felt uneasy hearing what the doctor said. Despite her discomfort, she complied when he asked to see her tongue. After a moment of hesitation, she slowly extended her tongue, feeling awkward and self-conscious.

Examining her tongue, the doctor remarked, “Her stomach should be fine.”

Quickly closing her mouth, Olivia sat in silence, feeling awkward and embarrassed at sticking out her tongue.

The doctor proceeded to check other parts of her body before requesting, "Give me your hand. I'll check your pulse."

Handing her hand over, Olivia allowed the doctor to check her pulse. After a moment of silence, he asked, "How old are you?"

"Twenty-two."

Tyler stood next to the doctor, watching as the doctor checked Olivia's pulse, his expression serious.

The doctor nodded thoughtfully and inquired, "When was your last menstrual period?"

Olivia hesitated. Her stomach wasn't feeling well, so why did the doctor ask that?

"I-It's been over a month since I got it."

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As he removed his hand, the doctor fell silent, leaving Olivia and Tyler waiting anxiously. Breaking the silence, the doctor declared firmly, "You're pregnant."

Both Tyler and Olivia were stunned by the revelation. Olivia couldn't believe it; she stared at the

doctor in disbelief.

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"It can't be... How is that possible?" Olivia protested instinctively.

Undeterred by her denial, the doctor reiterated, "You're pregnant. When was the last time you two had intercourse?"

Speechless, Olivia struggled to recall their last intimate encounter. Her mind was a blur, and she wasn't ready to process this news.

Tyler answered the doctor, "We do it every now and then."

Confirming his suspicion, the doctor continued, "The baby is almost a month old."

Olivia felt like the ground was slipping from beneath her. She couldn't comprehend how she could be pregnant when conceiving naturally seemed impossible.

Tyler fell into a momentary silence. Meanwhile, the maid stood there, completely oblivious to the context of their conversation.

Olivia felt as if there was thunder roaring in her ears, overwhelmed by the sudden prospect of pregnancy. She was entirely unprepared for and did not anticipate this possibility.

"I'll take her to the hospital for a check-up," Tyler said flatly.

"It's best to do that. Her morning sickness seems to come early, and it's quite serious," the doctor advised.

“Hmm, sure. Thank you,” Tyler said to the doctor in all seriousness.

The doctor left without further comment or prescribing any medication, and Tyler had the maid escort him out.

A heavy silence filled the room once they were alone.

Olivia felt weakness in her arms and legs, unable to say a single word for what felt like an eternity,

Tyler sat by the bed, silently observing her for a long stretch before suggesting, “Let’s get a confirmation at the hospital.”

She didn’t respond to him.

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Of course, Tyler understood that the idea of a child stirred nothing but fear in her. To Olivia, at her age, the concept of motherhood was alien and distant.

He gently patted her head and stroked her hair. “Don’t be scared. We’ll just see if it’s true, okay?” Finally, Olivia looked at him, her voice filled with confusion, “How did I suddenly get pregnant?”

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Neither did Tyler expect Olivia to be pregnant at this time. However, he got a hunch the moment she vomited.

“Let’s just confirm it,” he suggested, trying to steady her nerves.

Terrified and unsure of what to do, Olivia’s mind raced with worry and confusion.

Tyler hugged her, offering comfort as she cried, her face lifted to his.

“Why now?” She’d rather do IVF; she was more ready for that.

Holding her even tighter, Tyler responded to her desperate question, “Sometimes fate sends us unexpected blessings.”

Olivia cried even harder now, her silent sobs wracking her body as Tyler gently wiped away her tears, his expression calm and reassuring.

“Do you not like that?”

Closing her eyes, Olivia’s tears continued to fall as she clung to him, her grip tightening on his shirt as he continued hugging her.

When the maid came back, Tyler quickly instructed, “Pack some undergarments and documents, then come with me,” before carrying Olivia into the car.

Understanding that they were going to the hospital, she nodded. Panic set in as she hurriedly packed, and then made her way downstairs to join them.

As they sped away, Ana arrived at the house, puzzled by their sudden departure, her thoughts filled with questions.

Where were they heading to in such a rush?

At the hospital, Olivia underwent a lot of tests and examinations before being admitted to a private ward. Meanwhile, Tyler anxiously awaited news outside.

When the doctor finally approached him with the results, Tyler’s emotions were difficult to read as he

absorbed the news.

“The test confirms she’s pregnant, about six weeks along,” said the doctor.

After receiving the documents from the doctor, Tyler looked over the ultrasound images. He couldn’t tell what he was feeling the moment he saw the tiny embryo on the ultrasound. It was an indescribable emotion.

“The pregnancy is still in its early stages and fragile, so she’ll need to remain in the hospital for observation for a few days.”

“Alright, let her rest here,” Tyler agreed after a long time.

Tyler entered the ward five minutes later. Olivia was leaning on the bed, her eyes fixated on the doctor following behind. She then looked at Tyler, who sat next to the bed.

“You’re really pregnant,” he said.

A mix of emotions flooded Olivia as she processed the news, feeling a heavy weight settle in her heart.

Tyler took the ultrasound picture from the doctor and handed it to her. “This is our baby. Take a look at it.”

However, Olivia’s hands remained on the blanket, frozen in place. She dared not move, she dared not touch the ultrasound picture.

Tyler, understanding the depth of her fear, gently took her hand and guided it to hold the ultrasound picture. Then, he pointed to the small shape on it. “It’s right here.”

Olivia looked down, observing the image. To her, it appeared as nothing more than a dark void with a tiny bean-shaped form. Overwhelmed by fear, she quickly withdrew her hand.

“She’s still young. Please comfort her,” the doctor said.

Tyler said calmly, “You’ll have to stay at the hospital for now as the baby is still unstable. Don’t be afraid.”

Olivia held the blanket tighter, absorbing his words.

After the doctor left, Olivia finally broke the silence, “I still have to attend school.”

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1/2

“I’ll call the school,” Tyler said.

Olivia felt scared and in denial. She held onto the blanket tighter and tighter.

Tyler hugged her again, trying to comfort her. “Don’t be scared, okay? The baby’s here. We should be happy.”

Closing her eyes, Olivia buried her face in his shoulder.

Tyler could no longer hold back. He carried her from the bed and put her on his lap, holding her close so she couldn’t make a sound.

It was a chaotic day for both of them.

The maid watched them from the side, finding the situation conflicting and strange. Nonetheless, she spoke up, "She needs to eat properly since she's pregnant, sir. She hasn't been eating. I'll go home and make her some soup."

Tyler had been comforting Olivia, so he simply nodded. "Go ahead."

"She's still young. She'll feel better after she calms down," the maid added.

"Mm-hmm."

After the maid left, she ran into Ana, who had followed them there. Surprised, the maid stuttered, "M - Ma'am."

Ana glanced at the ward, concerned. "What happened? Why is Olivia admitted?"

The maid wasn't sure if she should break the news to her.

Ana persisted, staring at her. Unable to keep it a secret, the maid blurted out, "M-Ms. Olivia is pregnant, ma'am."

"She's pregnant?" Ana frowned.

"Yes, they just found out. She's over a month pregnant."

Ana's frown quickly turned into joy. "So I'm going to be a grandma?"

"That's right, ma'am."

Ana was over the moon. "I knew it. How could she be infertile when she's so young?!" She continued, "Tell the good news to Maisy and Keith right away. Make some soup. Do you know which ones?"

Hesitant, the maid knew she couldn't disobey Ana's instructions. "Yes, ma'am."

Rushing off to inform the Harris family, the maid left Ana still smiling.

Ana walked into the ward, her smile widening upon seeing Tyler comforting Olivia.

Tyler's expression darkened when he saw Ana enter, while Olivia panicked, pushing him to get out of his embrace. Naturally, he let her go.

After sitting on the bed properly, Olivia said, "Aunt Ana."

Ana's smile grew brighter as she approached Olivia. "Why are you still calling me that? You're

pregnant with our grandchild. You should call me 'mom' from now on."

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Olivia was confused about how Ana found out about her pregnancy so quickly. The latter appeared almost as soon as she got a confirmation from the doctor, which made Olivia even more panicked.

Tyler also looked troubled as he watched Ana.

But Ana's attention was solely on Olivia. She asked again, "What? You still don't want to call me that?"

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Feeling pressured, Olivia eventually called out politely, "Mom."

Ana's smile widened upon hearing that. She approached Olivia with joy in her voice and held her hand as if it were the most precious thing in the world.

“Since you’re pregnant, you should rest at the hospital. Focus on that only. Are you feeling nauseous? Unwell?” Ana asked gently.

“I—I’m okay,” Olivia replied stiffly, overwhelmed by Ana’s concern.

Ana went on, “I’ve asked the maid to make you soup. You should replenish the nutrients in your body during this time.”

Olivia stayed silent, her heart in chaos, not in the right mind to talk to Ana.

But how would Ana care about what she felt? She kept going, “You’re still young, and the baby’s unstable. You and Tyler should be careful. Avoid falling and hurting the baby.”

Olivia remained anxious.

Ana could see Olivia was in distress. Otherwise, Tyler wouldn’t be hugging and comforting her.

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After reminding Olivia of what she should watch out for, Ana got up from the bed. She turned to Tyler and said, “Congratulations, on becoming a dad, Tyler.”

Tyler didn’t respond, his face void of emotion. Ana sincerely congratulated him, but it didn’t seem to matter to him.

“You sure are fast with the news, “he commented.

“Of course. I’m going to be a grandma, how can I not be happy?” She didn’t even have to do anything about it. Everything just fell into place naturally.

Tyler could sense her joy without even looking at her face. His own expression remained cold.

Just then, his phone rang. It was from the Harrises. He glanced at Ana, who still had a smile on her face.

He looked away and left the ward.

As soon as Tyler left, Ana turned her attention back to Olivia, her face kind and gentle. "Tyler likes you more than I imagined."

Olivia gripped the blanket and closed her eyes in silence.

Ana went on, "I've told your grandma the news. Just focus on keeping yourself healthy."

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Almost three minutes later, Tyler returned after hanging up the call. Ana knew she shouldn't she grabbed her bag and walked over to him. "I'm going home. I'll visit tomorrow. Take good care of

her."

She smiled at him. "Sorry for interrupting the two of you."

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"I won't see you off then," Tyler said indifferently as Ana smiled and left.

Realizing how weak Olivia still was, he told her, "Go ahead and rest."

Olivia responded briefly, still feeling dazed from earlier vomiting. She lay in bed while Tyler sat nearby, keeping watch over her.

Gripping the blanket tightly, she closed her eyes, her back turned to him. Despite her pretense, she remained alert, listening to every sound in the room.

Tyler didn't call her out on pretending to sleep. He remained quietly by her side, giving her space.

The night passed in silence. The next morning, Maisy arrived to take care of Olivia.

Olivia felt blank when she saw Maisy, momentarily forgetting where she was and recoiling.

Thinking she had frightened Olivia, Maisy hurriedly reassured her, "What's wrong, Olivia? It's me, Grandma. Did I scare you?"

Olivia took some time to calm down. Realizing why Maisy was there, she sighed in relief, "I—I was confused. I'm sorry, Grandma."

As Tyler entered the room, his attention turned to Maisy. He approached her, asking, "Why are you here?" He had been away for a while.

Maisy smiled. "I'm going to have a great-grandchild soon, so of course I have to be here. Your dad will come later."

The unborn child was the Harrises' greatest joy.

"I've called him and asked him not to come. Olivia needs rest, she shouldn't be meeting too many people," Tyler stated plainly.

"Okay, okay. The baby and Olivia are the most important right now. It's good that fewer people come,

Maisy agreed.

Tyler went to get breakfast, accompanied by Linda carrying a couple of thermos.

“Okay, I won’t stay. Take good care of Olivia. She’s young, you should watch out for her,” Maisy said.

“Mm–hmm, you may leave.”

Maisy nodded. “Okay, okay. I’ll get going now.” She patted Olivia’s hand and said kindly, “Tell us if you don’t feel well, Olivia. Don’t keep everything to yourself.”

Olivia nodded gratefully, “Thanks, Grandma.”

Her chaotic heart had calmed somewhat since the night before. She hadn’t expected Maisy to arrive so soon. It showed how important the child was to the Harrises.

Nonetheless, Olivia discreetly pinched the back of her hand, thinking maybe this was just a dream.

As Tyler escorted Maisy out of the room, Linda began pouring soup for Olivia. When he returned, he

said, “I bought soup without any fishy smell. Drink some.”