

All Sins 191

Chapter 191

Olivia couldn't stomach anything fishy at the moment. Thankfully, when Linda opened the thermos, she didn't detect any fishy smell, and she didn't feel sick.

"Okay," she said.

Linda handed her the soup, and Olivia took a few sips. She hadn't eaten much since yesterday morning and felt weak from hunger, but she finished the soup despite lacking an appetite.

After finishing the soup, Tyler suggested, "Eat some porridge. It has beans and sugar."

But Olivia had lost her appetite completely after finishing the soup. She watched as Linda served her the porridge, feeling hesitant.

Observing her, Tyler said, "You should eat some, even if it's just a little."

Olivia looked down. She was so quiet that she seemed non-existent. Still, she took the porridge from Linda and forced herself to eat it.

Tyler watched her, noticing when she finally stopped after a few mouthfuls. He didn't push her to eat more and asked Linda to take the bowl away.

Once Linda left, Olivia asked, "Did you tell Naomi already?" She thought her family should be the first to know about her pregnancy, especially Hillary.

"I will."

Just then, Olivia's phone rang. It was Hillary calling.

Olivia hesitated. Hillary didn't know about the pregnancy yet, and Olivia expected her to push for another IVF appointment.

Tyler noticed Olivia's reluctance and said, "Answer it." He wanted her to tell Hillary about the pregnancy.

Knowing they couldn't keep it a secret forever, Olivia answered the call. After all, it was great news to the Joneses.

Hillary sounded impatient, asking, "How do you feel today? Are you ready for the check-up now? I'm sure you've run out of excuses, right?"

Olivia hesitated for a moment, then said firmly, "I'm pregnant, Aunt Hillary."

Hillary was silent, stunned, in the living room.

"The baby is over a month old now," Olivia added to emphasize the news.

Hillary looked stiff at first before confirming, "You're pregnant?"

"Yes, the natural way," Olivia answered.

Hillary mumbled, "You're pregnant... You're finally pregnant. That's great news." She smiled in relief, overjoyed, "Where are you now?"

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"I'm at the hospital. The doctor said I need rest."

"I'm coming over! Stay in bed!" Hillary exclaimed. Then she remembered something. "No, no. I must tell Naomi first. She must know about this."

Olivia's voice weakened, sensing Hillary's emotions. "Okay."

Hillary called Darren immediately before rushing to the hospital.

Naomi had been stable for the past few days but remained confined to her ward. As Hillary entered, she announced excitedly, "Naomi, Olivia is pregnant! She's pregnant!"

Naomi had just put the pills into her mouth and hadn't swallowed them yet.

"It was a natural pregnancy! She's over a month pregnant now!" Hillary continued, unable to contain her excitement.

Stunned, Naomi looked at Hillary. It took a moment for the news to sink in before she finally swallowed the pills. "Olivia is... pregnant?"

"Yes, isn't it great? No more worries about IVF!" Hillary exclaimed, almost jumping with joy.

However, Naomi was fixated on the phrase "natural pregnancy." "I read a book that says women get pregnant easier when they're in love."

Hillary's excitement faded, and she frowned. "What are you talking about?"

Naomi's mind was filled with all sorts of images, and she couldn't muster any happiness. "So Olivia got pregnant when she and Tyler were in love?"

Suddenly comprehending, Hillary concealed her excitement. "Naomi, it's wonderful news that Olivia's pregnant. Why are you saying all this?"

Naomi's heart ached. "I can't be happy about this, Mom. All I can think of is Tyler and Olivia together.

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She felt horrible. The man she loved was becoming a father, but the child was not hers.

Hillary sighed, sitting on Naomi's bed. "Naomi, it's a blessing that Olivia's pregnant, especially for you. Don't overthink it. Why would you care about this when you and Tyler are in love? He's been spending time with you at the hospital. If he's really in love with Olivia, why would he invest his time in you?"

Naomi asked, "Is he happy about becoming a father?"

"I haven't spoken to him. Olivia told me the news," Hillary replied.

Naomi nodded. "Hmm, then I guess he'll call me."

"He will, don't worry. I'm sure he'll come."

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guess

Olivia needs intensive care now. Will he have time for me?"

"He'll come. Trust me."

After ending the call, Tyler stood by Olivia's bed for a while. "I'm heading out. I'll have the maid stay with you. Call me if you need anything."

Olivia knew he was going to visit Naomi. Since Hillary got the news, Naomi would find out soon. Naturally, he'd have to tell her himself.

She said softly, "Hmm, got it. Go ahead, Tyler."

However, he stood still hearing that.

Confused, Olivia asked, "Why aren't you leaving?"

"I can go tomorrow," Tyler said, causing Olivia's hands to tremble.

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Olivia reassured Tyler, "It's okay, Tyler. Just go ahead, I'm all good here."

But as soon as she spoke, she felt terribly sick. She didn't have time to move before she vomited intensely in bed.

Feeling like she was going to die, her chest tightened, and she vomited as if she was expelling all her organs.

Tyler rushed to her side, grabbing a trash can and allowing her to vomit. He patted her back, frowning in concern, waiting for her to calm down.

After almost three minutes of vomiting, Olivia suddenly pushed his hands away and rushed to the bathroom, vomiting again.

Hearing the commotion, the maid entered, asking, "What's wrong, sir?"

Tyler's expression was cold as he replied, "Get the doctor." He then followed Olivia to the bathroom

Olivia vomited more than ten times that morning, leaving her weak and almost vomiting blood.

In the end, Tyler had to carry her back to bed, patting her head as he frowned. "Are you feeling any better? Still nauseous?"

She looked like she was at death's door, pale and tearful, with no strength left.

The doctor was present, and Tyler looked at him anxiously. "Is there any solution?"

"We can only manage her symptoms with medication. But we must be cautious not to harm the baby," the doctor explained.

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The maid added, "I've never seen such a severe reaction before. She has lost her appetite recently. How can she keep anything down?"

Tyler's frown deepened.

"She still needs to eat, even if she's vomiting. We'll try medication first," the doctor suggested.

"Do that then," Tyler agreed.

The doctor left to get the medicine.

Olivia lay still, gripping the blanket tightly.

"Get her a glass of water," Tyler said to the maid, who quickly complied.

Handing Olivia the glass, Tyler said, "Gargle your mouth."

The maid recalled something and interjected, "Mr. Tyler, didn't you say you had to go out this morning? It's almost noon now. You should go and let me take care of her."

Tyler ignored her and lifted Olivia from the bed, then brought the water to her lips. "Open your mouth."

Too weak to comply, Olivia felt like she was fading away.

He leaned down and gently encouraged her, "Come on, be a good girl."

Leaning against his chest, Olivia managed to sip some water for gargling. The maid brought a bowl.

After gargling, Tyler asked, "Do you feel better now?"

But before Olivia could answer, she felt sick again. Wanting to push him away, she felt his firm grip, letting her slump forward.

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Naomi had been waiting for Tyler to come since morning, but as night fell, he still hadn't.

Hillary, worried about Naomi's emotional state, decided to stay with her instead of visiting Olivia. She found it strange that Tyler hadn't appeared all day.

When Naomi woke up around 10 the next morning, Tyler finally arrived. He seemed troubled as he

entered.

Naomi sat up in bed and called out, "Tyler."

Lost in thought, Tyler only looked up when he heard her voice. He made his way to her bed, his expression tense.

Looking at him, Naomi asked cautiously, "I heard Olivia is... pregnant. Is it true?" Although she already knew the answer, she wanted confirmation from him.

Tyler, looking weary, nodded. "Yes, she's six weeks along."

Naomi smiled faintly. "I thought you'd tell me the news yesterday, but I already knew," she paused briefly before continuing, "I waited for you all day yesterday."

"Olivia was really sick yesterday," Tyler explained.

Naomi felt as if her heart was stabbed when she heard that. "I see. She's pregnant, so it makes sense for you to take care of her."

Tyler sensed something off in her tone. Observing her expression, he realized she was behaving like that because of him. He stopped frowning, and he looked calm now.

"She's still unwell, but the maid is looking after her. She'll get better soon."

Naomi smiled. "She's so young to be pregnant. Have you sorted out everything for her at school?" She asked out of sisterly concern for Olivia's well-being beyond the pregnancy.

Tyler's response was flat. "Yes, I've arranged for her to take a leave of absence from school. It's all good."

“That’s good. She’s my sister, after all. I don’t want this to disrupt her life,” Naomi said.

However, they fell into silence after that.

Naomi struggled to find the right words. Suddenly, she blurted out, “I can’t believe you’re going to be a father, Tyler. Are you happy about the baby?”.

But she regretted her words almost immediately. In the next moment, Tyler’s gaze turned as sharp and cold as an arrow, piercing through her with a look that chilled her to the bone.

Feeling the sting of his gaze, Naomi quickly apologized, “I’m sorry, Tyler.”

Tyler remained silent, not reacting as he usually would.

Sensing the tension, Naomi changed the subject after a few minutes of silence. “Should I... visit Olivia?

”

Tyler noticed she changed the subject. He advised, “Taking care of yourself is your top priority now.”

“Y–You’re right, I can’t leave the hospital like this,” Naomi conceded, feeling the distance between them like a vast galaxy.

In a swift move, Tyler sat beside her. “Okay. Have you taken

your

medicine?”

Later that night, Olivia began to feel better. Hillary and Darren visited her.

As they entered her ward, Tyler returned from visiting Naomi. The maid attending to Olivia noticed him standing at the door and called out, "Mr. Tyler."

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Hillary turned around to see who had entered behind her, momentarily freezing with the soup in her hands before smiling. "Tyler, I didn't realize you were here."

Darren also glanced at Tyler.

Tyler replied, "I've just visited Naomi." He then asked the couple, "Are you guys here to visit Olivia?"

"We brought her some soup," Darren said.

"Please, go ahead. I have some things to take care of," Tyler said, stepping aside.

"Alright," Darren responded, smiling.

Before leaving, Tyler glanced at Olivia. She appeared frail in the bed, sitting there in silence.

Olivia, looking pale and unwell, called out to them, "Dad, Aunt Hillary."

Though she was happy to see them, her joy was muted by her sickness. It had been a while since she last saw them.

Darren approached her bed, asking, "Feeling any better now? Are you still feeling unwell?"

Having lost weight from days of vomiting, Olivia tried to reassure him, "I'm okay, I feel alright."

Darren's face lit up, and he held her hands. "Well done, Olivia."

Forcing a smile, Olivia was about to respond when Hillary approached with a thermos.

“Have some soup. I made it for you, it’s still warm,” she offered.

But as soon as the thermos was opened, the smell of meat triggered Olivia, and she recoiled, covering her nose.

Hillary and Darren were shocked by her sudden reaction.

In the hallway, Tyler stopped smoking upon hearing the commotion. Peering into the ward, he saw Olivia bending over in discomfort.

He hesitated for a moment, considering intervening, but he stayed put as he observed Hillary and Darren attending to her.

Olivia’s sensitivity to meat caused her to start vomiting again, prompting the maid to rush over. After a while, the vomiting ceased.

“What’s wrong?” Hillary asked.

The maid instantly replied, “Ms. Olivia has been feeling nauseous. She can’t tolerate the smell of meat, even in soup.”

Seeing Olivia’s weakened state, Hillary asked, “Then what has she been eating?”

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“Mainly vegetables.”

“That won’t do. She needs meat. It’s crucial for her nutrition at this stage / 11Mary Weeded, disregarding Olivia’s discomfort:

Indifferent to Olivia’s feelings, Hillary persisted in offering her the soup. This triggered the Hanes Olivia had been fighting to suppress. Controlling herself as she eyed the spoonful of soup, she remained motionless.

Darren intervened, holding Hillary back “Don’t force her. She’s still sick

“But she must drink it. The baby needs it,” Hillary pressed on. She then coaxed Olivia again, “I made this myself, Olivia: Drink it now,”

Trying to suppress her nausea, Olivia stared at the spoonful of soup in silence.

“Come on, Olivia, drink it quickly. You’ll feel better after this. You need to eat more after vomiting,” Hillary urged.

Summoning all her strength, Olivia reluctantly opened her mouth and swallowed the soup.

Act Fast: Free Bonus Time is Running Out!

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Hillary smiled as she watched Olivia drinking the soup. “That’s it, good job. Your stomach will settle down if you keep drinking,” Hillary encouraged.

Olivia continued to sip the soup.

Concerned, Darren asked, “Do you feel better now?”

Olivia nodded, managing a weak smile. "Yes, much better."

Darren sighed in relief. "That's good to hear."

"I'll bring you more soup tomorrow," offered Hillary.

"Okay," Olivia agreed, showing no resistance.

Hillary fed her another spoonful of soup.

At that moment, Tyler entered the room. Hillary paused and turned to him. "Tyler, let me take care of her. I'm worried the maid won't do a good job."

Olivia tensed up at her words.

However, Tyler promptly dismissed Hillary's suggestion. "We have professionals here taking care of her. Don't worry."

To Hillary, the child represented Naomi's life. She persisted, "It's okay, I'll take better care of her than the professionals."

Tyler was growing irritated by her stubbornness to interfere.

Sensing the tension, Darren interjected, "Well, they're not called professionals for nothing. They're trained to care for pregnant women. They're definitely better than you, so stop meddling."

Caught off guard by Tyler's stern expression, Hillary swallowed her words. After a moment, she said, "Alright, I'll visit her often then."

Tyler, wanting to avoid confrontation, said, "Visit her when she's feeling better. Right now, she needs rest."

Hillary went along with him. "Of course, I understand."

"It's getting late. You should head home," Tyler suggested.

Resigned, Darren guided Hillary out. "Let's go. We'll come back to see Olivia when she's feeling stronger."

Turning to Tyler, Hillary said, "We'll leave then."

"Mm-hmm." Tyler got the maid to see them off.

Once they had left, the ward fell silent again. Olivia felt less stressed now.

Observing Olivia, Tyler noticed the thermos of soup by the bedside. He instructed the maid, "Throw the soup away."

The maid hesitated, mentioning, "But it was brought by Mrs. Jones..."

Tyler didn't respond. The maid, understanding his intent after looking at him for a long time, took the thermos to throw the soup.

Feeling relieved as the soup's smell disappeared, Olivia perked up.

Tyler proposed, "Let's skip eating for now. How about I take you out tonight?"

But she remained silent. Tyler gently lifted her weakened face and stared at her.

Just as he was about to speak again, Olivia couldn't hold back and began to vomit once more.

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Olivia vomited all the soup she drank, struggling to catch her breath.

Tyler gently held her face. "Are you feeling any better now?"

Lost in a daze, Olivia couldn't immediately respond. Tyler studied her expression, recognizing the distress on her face.

He caressed her pale face and wiped away the traces of vomit from the corner of her lips. Cradling her face, he pulled her into a tight embrace.

Sobbing softly, Olivia felt the warmth of his hand against her cheek, tears streaming down her face and onto his palm.

"You'll start feeling better soon," he assured her, his heart aching at her suffering

Nobody had told her that pregnancy would be so hard. Seeking solace, she sought refuge in his embrace, continuing to cry.

Tyler hugged her even tighter, his hand lightly resting on her still-flat abdomen.

Olivia, drained of energy, wondered how much longer she would endure this ordeal, feeling numb within his embrace.

Meanwhile, Tyler's eyes grew cold as he contemplated their situation.

Despite avoiding the soups Hillary had brought, Olivia's condition didn't improve. Tyler arranged for a nutritionist and enforced a mainly vegetarian diet for her.

After spending several days in the hospital, Olivia returned to Sandalwood Palace, but her illness persisted, leaving her with no appetite.

The maid persistently urged her to eat more, prompting Olivia to force down a few mouthfuls simply to appease her.

That afternoon, Olivia slept until 4 pm. Upon waking, the maid approached nervously. "Is there anything you'd like to eat?"

"No," Olivia replied, still no appetite.

"Then perhaps something to drink?" the maid suggested.

Again, Olivia declined.

Sitting listlessly, she suddenly asked, "Where's my phone?"

The maid went to get her phone from a drawer and handed it to her.

"You may leave. I'd like to be alone," Olivia requested.

Reluctant but obedient, the maid complied. "Okay."

As soon as she left, Olivia turned on her phone, and countless text messages popped up. They were classmates and friends from the club, asking her about her absence,

She was aware that Tyler had arranged for her leave of absence after finding out that she was pregnant.

In that instant, the gravity of her situation dawned on her: the existence of the child would mean the end of her university life.

Unwilling to face the questions from the text messages, she locked her phone. However, after a few moments of contemplation, she unlocked it, noticing a missed call from Claude a couple of days ago. Just as she was about to call him, Sophie's call came through unexpectedly.

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Olivia's heart raced. Since Claude knew about her and Tyler, Sophie must've found out too.

She wondered how she would be received—with disdain, disgust, or worse?

Lost in her thoughts, she hesitated. However, as Sophie was about to hang up, she made the decision to answer. She knew all too well that confronting this situation was inevitable sooner or later. There was no way that she could escape.

Olivia braced herself and answered, her voice hoarse, "Hello, Soof."

To her surprise, Sophie's tone was not what she had expected. "Olivia! Why did you quit school? I've been trying to reach you for days! Is everything alright?"

Surprised yet relieved that Sophie wasn't asking about her marriage to Tyler, Olivia felt a weight lift from her shoulders. "I... haven't been feeling well. I need some time to rest."

Could it be that Sophie didn't know? Did Claude not tell her?

Concerned, Sophie persisted, "What's wrong? Is it serious? I'll come over right away."

Olivia quickly reassured her, “No, I’m fine. I just need to rest at home for a while.”

“Okay. Let me know when you’re feeling better,” Sophie said, sensing that Olivia didn’t want her to probe further.

“Mm–hmm. And please inform our classmates for me,” Olivia added.

“Sure, I will,” Sophie replied.

With thoughts still weighing on her mind, Olivia kept her conversation with Sophie brief and ended the call. After a moment of hesitation, she resolved to call Claude.

After a few rings, Claude finally answered, his tone distant. “Who is this?”

Olivia tightened her grip on her phone, feeling the aloofness in his voice. She wanted to hang up, but she managed to say, “It’s me, Claude.”

Naturally, he wasn’t smiling. He wasn’t happy to get a call from her.

He asked, “How’s married life? Are you happy? It’s quite the shock you married your sister’s former fiancé. How does that feel? Do you see him as your husband, or do you think of him as your sister’s past lover?”

Olivia felt choked by his harsh words. She closed her eyes, letting his words wound her in silence.

Claude waited almost two minutes for her to reply before stating, “If you have nothing to say, I’m hanging up.”

“Claude!”

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Claude froze.

“I’m sorry that I didn’t tell you. I didn’t hide it from you intentionally,” Olivia said, her voice trembling slightly. “Thank you for not telling Soof about it.”

Indeed, he hadn’t informed Sophie. Even though the Harrises had sent an invitation to his family, Sophie was unaware of her best friend’s wedding banquet.

Claude’s silence hung heavy in the air. He then asked, “Can you tell me the reason that you did that, Olivia? You knew about Tyler and Naomi, why did you...?”

Olivia couldn’t bring herself to respond. She sat in stunned silence, her thoughts racing as Claude’s words sank in.

“Olivia, is this what you want for your life? How old are you? Are you really ruining your life like this?”

Claude’s voice broke through her shock, his words piercing.

As she struggled to process his accusations, Claude continued, his tone laced with concern. “Are you dismissing yourself just to save Naomi?”

Olivia’s eyes widened in shock. He knew?

He knew everything?

Claude’s revelations hit her like a tidal wave. “I investigated Naomi’s condition. She’s basically dying... Tyler did everything he could to find suitable bone marrow for her. He even went abroad in search of it, but he didn’t find any. You’re her sister by blood, the only one who might be able to save

her. Apart from saving Naomi, I can’t think of any other reasons for you to be with Tyler.”

Olivia's breath caught in her throat, her hands trembling as she struggled to maintain her composure. She remained silent, unable to find the words to respond.

"So, are you going to give birth to a child with him to save Naomi?"

She felt her ears ringing, and her hands turned limp. She almost dropped her phone but managed to sit up straight on the bed with effort. Gazing out, she peered into the vast darkness beyond the

window.

Claude was right about everything, except one crucial detail—she was already pregnant.

Olivia's breath came in ragged gasps, her mind reeling.

His voice cut through the silence once more. "Tyler is doing everything he can to save Naomi because he loves her. What's your role in this? You'll only be hurt, do you understand?"

Olivia felt a pang of guilt as Claude's words struck home. He was blaming her, blaming her for not loving herself.

But as reality crashed down around her, Olivia found herself snapping back to the present. "I'm sorry,

Claude," she whispered.

Claude couldn't believe she apologized to him. "Should you apologize to me?"

Olivia's pale lips trembled as she struggled to find the right words. "But there's nothing else that we could do. Naomi would die if we don't do this."

"Olivia, you're the most important person in the world, even though she's your sister."

With those final words, Claude hung up, leaving Olivia alone with her thoughts. She listened to the silence that followed, her phone slipping from her hand and landing softly on the bed.

Later that night, Tyler returned home to find the maid waiting for him in the living room.

"Did she eat?" he asked.

"She didn't eat much today," the maid replied.

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"Where's she?" Tyler asked.

"She's sleeping."

Tyler frowned, checking the time. It was only 7 pm. He didn't question further and headed upstairs.

Opening Olivia's door, he found her lying still on the bed, seemingly in a deep sleep.

He had spent the entire morning by her side, leaving only around 11 am. He observed her for a moment, noting her lack of movement.

The maid, standing nearby, offered, "Should I wake her up?"

"No, let her sleep," Tyler decided before leaving the room and closing the door behind him.

Olivia's health had been deteriorating lately. She was constantly drowsy and had little appetite. She appeared worn out.

The Harris family was worried about her, sending a couple of doctors to check on her. However, they refrained from prescribing any medication, fearing its effects on the child. All they recommended was rest.

Ana suggested having Olivia stay with her, but Tyler dismissed the idea without hesitation, showing no leniency.

Though he was well aware of Olivia's condition, Tyler kept his emotions in check, allowing her to do as she pleased without adding to her stress.

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After nearly five days at Sandalwood Palace, Tyler proposed one morning, "Should I take you out for a walk?"

Exhausted, Olivia declined, saying, "No need. I'm fine staying in the room."

"The weather's nice today. We could use some sun and fresh air," Tyler countered.

But Olivia wasn't interested. "I can get sunlight in the room."

Tyler stared at her face, noting she had lost a lot of weight. "Alright then. Just let me know if you feel unwell."

Hillary had been worried about the child too. After hearing that Olivia hadn't been eating properly since returning from the hospital, she arrived unannounced, startling Tyler and Olivia.

The maid quickly went upstairs and informed Tyler of Hillary's presence, and Olivia tensed.

Without hesitation, Hillary entered the room. "Tyler, I heard Olivia is still refusing to eat?" she remarked, her gaze fixed on Olivia's weakened state. Worried about a potential miscarriage, she scolded, "I've told you, you need to eat meat. How will you get any nutrients otherwise?"

Turning to the maid, she instructed, "Bring me a bowl. Olivia must drink the soup I brought."

The maid, taken aback by Hillary's order, hesitated before complying with her request.

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Hillary urged, "Go now."

Once the soup was brought, Hillary opened the thermos in front of Olivia, the fishy smell filling, the room.

Olivia pressed her hand to her belly, the scent overwhelming her senses.