

## All Sins 291

### Chapter 291

Olivia instantly stopped walking when she saw Keith. She hadn't seen him much since she moved into the Harris' home, and his sudden appearance surprised her.

Feeling a bit scared and unsure, Olivia hesitated, wondering if she should say hello.

Tyler, noticing her hesitation, asked, "Don't you recognize him?"

Snapping back to reality, Olivia decided to approach and mistakenly called out, "Mr. Keith."

Keith looked displeased at being addressed that way.

Tyler stared at her too.

Realizing her error, Olivia quickly corrected herself, "D-Dad."

Keith, not one to hold grudges and knowing Olivia was carrying his grandchild, softened his expression. "How's the baby? I heard you were feeling really sick before."

Under both their gazes, Olivia replied, "The baby's fine now, Dad. I haven't been sick lately."

Keith, happy to hear his grandchild was well, smiled and said, "That's good to hear."

He seemed to be in a hurry to leave, so he walked away shortly after.

Once Keith was gone, Tyler's expression turned gentle as he asked Olivia, "Where did you go today?"

Nervously, she answered, "I just had the driver drive me around."

"Go rest then," he said.

"Okay, Tyler."

When Olivia reached the living room, she saw maids carrying a broken picture frame. The sight of the photo inside hit her hard.

She stopped, frozen.

The maids, noticing her, continued to the trash can and threw the frame away, making a loud thud as it dropped. Olivia shuddered and looked toward the door.

Tyler, still near the door, talked to the driver about Olivia's whereabouts that day.

He noticed Olivia standing in the living room, staring at something not far away from him, then at the trash can where the photo had been thrown. His face showed no emotion as he glanced at the discarded photograph and then back at Olivia.

Seeing his gaze, Olivia panicked and hurried upstairs.

It was Morgan's photo, the one she saw in her room last time.

Tyler watched her go, his expression unchanged. He then turned to the driver, who said, Mr. Tyler, Ms. Olivia went to a plaza today. She met..."

He wasn't sure if he should reveal more.

Tyler noticed how troubled he looked. "Who did she meet?"

“She met Claude,” the driver finally said, nervous under Tyler’s scrutinizing look

“Did they plan to meet there?” Tyler asked calmly.

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The driver, Adam Corrs, said, “No, they just happened to meet there. It’s the same place where we found her last time she disappeared. Claude got to her before we did.”

“Seems like it was a coincidence,” Tyler said without much emotion.

Adam didn’t say anything more, while Tyler walked off to the living room, seemingly distracted.

Olivia felt really sad when she went back to her room, but she didn’t know why. She was upset about how the maids threw away Morgan’s photo and how Tyler didn’t seem to care about it either.

Just then, Tyler walked in and asked, “What are you thinking about?”

Olivia, surprised by his sudden appearance, replied, “Nothing, just feeling a bit tired.”

He moved closer and asked, “Is this about Morgan’s photo?”

She quickly said, “No.”

He continued, “Morgan’s death anniversary is in a few days. If you’re scared, stay at Sandalwood Palace in the meantime.”

Confused, Olivia asked, “Why throw away her photo, Tyler? Wasn’t that her memorial picture?”

Tyler calmly said, “She’s gone. We need to eventually clear out her things. They just take up space.”

Olivia widened her eyes, shocked to hear him say that.

Seeing her reaction, Tyler covered her with a blanket and gently asked, "Did the photo scare you?"

Trying to keep some distance, Olivia answered, "No, Tyler."

He stared at her, while she lowered her head, not knowing what else to say. She didn't know how he would react, and her heart was beating slowly. She didn't even look at him.

Just as she felt it hard to breathe, Tyler stopped coming closer. He said, "Take a rest if you're tired."

"Mm-hmm, I will, Tyler," she replied, keeping her distance.

Tyler had been busy lately because Morgan's death anniversary was in two days.

The Harris family did little for it, just sending a few maids to the grave. Olivia noticed nobody seemed really sad; life went on as usual.

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Two days later, Olivia received a text from Claude: [Let's go and see the maple trees, Olivia]

Tyler was washing up in the bathroom, while she was sitting in bed. She was surprised and wondered how Claude got her new number.

She stared at her phone for a long time.

When she heard some noise in the bathroom, she looked toward the door and quickly hid her phone.

Tyler came out, and seeing she was still in bed, he asked, "Do you want them to send you breakfast?"

"I'll eat downstairs, Tyler," Olivia decided. "Okay," he said, without further comment.

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Tyler headed to the dressing room right after that.

Olivia was still holding her phone, visibly shaking.

When Tyler came back, he had changed into a shirt and suit but hadn't tied his tie yet. Sitting on the bed, he looked at Olivia and started talking about something unexpected. "Do you know why we keep Morgan's death anniversary so simple?"

Olivia was confused about why he was bringing this up now.

He continued, "It's because Morgan chose to end her life for love, which is not something our family celebrates. She made her choice, and we believe she should face the consequences. Dying for a man is not something we think deserves our remembrance."

After a couple of seconds, Tyler looked at Olivia. "You know who the man I'm talking about is, right?"

Olivia hesitated before answering, "I-It's Claude.

"That's right."

"H-How did she die?"

"She jumped off a building right in front of him."

Hearing this made Olivia feel cold and tense.

Tyler described the scene matter-of-factly and without emotion, “She jumped from the 23rd floor. It was a terrible and bloody scene.

Olivia was scared and drenched in sweat.

Tyler noticed her fear and smiled slightly. “Did I scare you?”

Olivia had many questions about why Morgan would do such a thing, especially since she knew Claude and Morgan were once engaged, linking their families closely. But she was

too afraid to ask.

After some time, she shook her head. “N–No.”

Tyler patted her head. “Didn’t I tell you to stay away from Claude?”

Hearing this made Olivia feel even more anxious. “Mm–hmm...”

After their talk, Tyler got ready to leave the room, reminding Olivia, “Rest more.”

Olivia was still shuddering. She couldn’t stop thinking about what Tyler had told her about Morgan’s death.

Downstairs, Tyler got a call from Naomi.

“I’m sorry, Tyler. It was my fault,” she apologized.

They hadn’t fixed things between them since their argument and were not talking much.

She went on, “I’d like to say sorry to Olivia too. Has her phone number changed? I can’t reach her.”

When Tyler heard this, he stopped for a moment and replied, "Her phone might be broken. You don't need to say sorry to her. She's your sister, and it's up to your family if she should come back home. You should sort it out."

Then, he asked, "The baby's more stable now. Did your parents talk to her about moving back?"

It seemed like he was trying to encourage Naomi's family to make a decision.

Naomi quickly replied, "She should stay there. The most important thing is for the baby to be healthy."

This time, she sounded like she really meant what she said.

Tyler expected this and responded flatly.

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"I wasn't thinking clearly before. I've been thinking a lot about how I acted, Tyler

Right after she said that, Naomi started coughing. Tyler's expression turned serious, and after a short pause, he finally spoke, "I'll visit you,"

"Okay," Naomi replied weakly, her coughing easing

Tyler hadn't visited her since their argument.

Olivia had been sitting in bed, replaying Tyler's words from the morning and the confrontation with Claude and the Harrises in her mind. Now, Claude's message felt like a thorn in her side.

When Nina brought her breakfast, Olivia looked up at her.

“Mr. Tyler left the house early. He told me to bring this to you,” Nina said, smiling,

“He went out?”

“Yes.”

“Did he say where he was going?”

Nina set down the food and answered, “No, he didn’t mention it.”

Understanding that Tyler was probably busy, Olivia didn’t press further. “You don’t have to stay. I’ll manage to eat,” she told Nina.

“Alright, just call if you need anything,” Nina replied before leaving.

Alone, Olivia took her phone out from under the blanket and stared at it. Holding the phone tightly, she saw the message again.

[I’ll stay home today, Claude. I don’t feel well.]

Claude was standing at the base of Maple Tree Mountain, looking down at his phone.

He stood quietly for a moment, then with a sad and resigned smile, he put his phone away and started to walk up the mountain alone.

Olivia felt uneasy after sending Claude the text.

Even if something bad happened to Morgan because of him, Claude had always been kind to her, never causing her harm. She questioned whether it was fair to label him as bad just because of Morgan’s fate.



Olivia gripped her phone and kept scratching it.

As she wrestled with her thoughts, Olivia got another message. It was from Claude.

[I've been feeling down.]

That's all he wrote. Olivia bit her lip as she read it, and then she turned off her phone.

Deciding to get out of bed, she went downstairs and saw Ana sitting on the couch, staring at a lit candle.

Just then, a maid handed Ana an invitation. She looked at it briefly before setting it aside.

Olivia stood there, curious about the invitation.

Ana finally spoke up, "There's an event tomorrow. You should dress up and come with me."

Since marrying into the family, Ana has always made sure Olivia was included in various social events.

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Olivia wasn't sure what event it was this time. She didn't feel brave enough to ask Ana for more details, so she just agreed with whatever was planned by saying, "Okay, Mom."

Ana then got up from the couch and left the living room.

Sometime later, Olivia looked at the invitation lying on the table. It read, "Exclusive Invitation by Yancey Bank."

Knowing that this bank was owned by the Pearce family made Olivia think. Would that mean they were going to the Pearces' event tomorrow?

Feeling anxious, Olivia couldn't help but clench her hands.

Just then, Nina, perhaps noticing Olivia's unease, came over with a shawl and draped it around her, saying, "Please don't catch a cold."

The weather had indeed turned chillier recently, and Nina took extra care to wrap Olivia warmly, almost like a dumpling.

That night, when Tyler got back, Olivia had already gone to sleep. She had spent the day at a flower arranging social with some affluent ladies, following Ana. It was so tiring that she went to bed right after dinner.

Tyler glanced toward the bed at Olivia but then left quietly.

Suddenly, Olivia woke up, disturbed by the smell of disinfectant in the air. Her sense of smell had become very sensitive since she became pregnant, and she could smell

anything close by quite strongly.

Squinting in the dim light, she noticed a silhouette in the dark.

It was Tyler, picking up a phone call. Olivia could hear a woman's voice, likely Naomi's, asking if Tyler had made it home.

Tyler, on his way to the bathroom, replied indifferently, "I've just gotten home."

Naomi then asked, "What about Olivia? Is she sleeping?"

Standing near the window, Tyler lit a cigarette and responded with a simple, "Mm- hmm, I think she is."

"That's great. Take good care of her for me."

Tyler started smoking, blowing smoke from his thin lips. The cold breeze outside carried the smoke away.

Naomi hung up after he gave a short response. He locked his phone and looked down from the window.

Olivia, who had been listening in, tried to comfort herself in the dark, feeling the chill.

Unaware that Olivia was awake, Tyler went to the bathroom after smoking only half of the cigarette. When he returned, Olivia pretended to be asleep, hugging herself tightly. under the covers, trying to ward off the cold and the lingering smell of disinfectant.

Although they were married, Olivia knew her place was still Naomi's. She told herself not to develop feelings for Tyler, even if she was carrying his child.

It felt wrong to her to intrude on his relationship with Naomi.

Tyler, not turning on any lights and thinking Olivia was asleep, got into bed. He noticed. Olivia sleeping at the very edge and moved closer to bring her into his arms, feeling the warmth and softness of her.

His breathing started to quicken.

Feeling his embrace, Olivia, now fully awake and surprised, softly called out to him, Tyler," even as she tried to gently push him away.

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Tyler remained still, holding Olivia close and breathing in the scent of her hair. They hadn't crossed boundaries, especially since Olivia had been going through a delicate

pregnancy.

When she tried to push him away, he caressed her head and said softly, "You've reached three months now."

Indeed, her pregnancy was considered stable now.

Olivia tensed up at his words. "You can't do that. I'm pregnant," she whispered, unaware of how seductive her soft voice was affecting him.

In the darkness, Tyler looked at her, his hand still resting gently on her head.

Olivia shoved him and said, "I'm sleeping on the couch."

Even when she tried to leave for the couch, Tyler held her close, making it impossible for her to move without fearing for the baby's safety.

"You'll hurt the baby, Tyler," she warned as they stayed close in the dark, their breaths overlapping with each other.

Tyler simply sighed and reassured her, "Sleep, I won't touch you now. I'll wait."

His words surprised her, but she slowly relaxed in his embrace.

Resting his chin on her head with a sigh, Tyler gently moved his hand to her waist. "Has your belly grown more?" he asked softly.

Olivia felt a mix of emotions, her heart sinking slightly. While her belly gradually enlarged, the rest of her remained slender.

After a pause, she responded, "It won't grow so fast."

Outside, the chill of the night contrasted with the warmth of Tyler's embrace, where she felt comfort and softness.

Tyler felt his body relax at the sound of her voice.

All Olivia wished was that he would let her go as soon as possible, but she dared not struggle.

When Tyler's hand moved to her lower abdomen, she tensed up, more sensitive than

usual. "They say you shouldn't touch the belly," she mentioned, hinting at the advice she'd heard.

Surprised, Tyler stopped immediately and pulled her close in a gentle embrace instead. Where did she learn all this out of nowhere?

"Okay, let's sleep."

Olivia remained quiet in his arms for a moment before speaking up, "I'm not scared anymore, Tyler. I think I can sleep by myself now."

Previously, she'd felt so vulnerable that only his embrace could soothe her into sleep, dispelling any anxiety and fear. But recently, she had begun to feel more independent, wanting to sleep alone, especially as she became more aware of her growing bump.

"I'd like to sleep on my own. With the baby growing, I'm worried about causing any harm."

Hearing her, Tyler opened his eyes wide and looked at her.

Olivia wiggled in his arms. Her attempt to keep her distance was obvious.

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Tyler looked at Olivia for a while. She seemed sad.

How would he not notice her emotions these days? He was revealing his feelings in his eyes too

But he didn't say anything.

Olivia went on, "I know you want to keep the baby safe, and you're its father. But I'm feeling a lot better now, so you don't have to worry so much and be around me all the time,"

She felt they should keep some distance between them, even though Tyler was the father of the baby. His job was to look after the baby's well-being, but that shouldn't be an excuse to get intimate with her.

If they got too close, it would be stepping over a line.

Tyler let Olivia go. After a bit, he simply said, "Let's sleep."

Olivia quickly made sure there was a lot of space between them in bed, moving as far away from him as she could.

Tyler was already up when she woke up in the morning. Nina came in with a reminder. "Sir, Ms. Ana said Olivia should get up early. They're going to Yancey Bank's 20th anniversary."

Olivia was still lying in bed, while Tyler had already changed. He asked, "Yancey Bank's 20th anniversary?"

He thought for a moment, and Nina stayed by the door. "Yes. The Pearces sent an invitation."

The Harris and Pearce families had a weird relationship. They seemed close only when they worked together, but otherwise, there was a distance.

The Harrises always showed up at the Pearces' events, whether it was for family or business. The same went for the Pearces.

But Olivia felt the Harrises weren't really into it.

Tyler said to her, "Got it. You may leave now."

Nina left, and Tyler turned to Olivia. "Did Mom ask you to go with her?"

They'd been a bit awkward around each other since the night before, mainly because of Olivia. Tyler acted like nothing had changed.

"Mm-hmm," she replied.

He didn't ask anything else and went to get his coat. Then he said, "Be careful there. It's going to be packed, and I'm worried someone might bump into you."

Olivia nodded, gripping the blanket. She said hesitantly, "I... I don't want to go.

She was afraid of running into Claude if she went.

Tyler, who was fixing his tie, looked at her and noticed she was distracted. He walked

over and gently patted her head. "Why don't you want to go?"

Startled by his sudden approach, Olivia stared at him with wide eyes.

She paused for a while before whispering, "It's nothing."

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Tyler stopped asking. He had lost interest.

Olivia went to the Pearces' event with Ana. The hotel where it was held was luxurious and full of people.

Ana was their VIP, and family members greeted them warmly as soon as they arrived. Olivia didn't know who these people were, but someone called out to Ana, which made Olivia think they might be Claude's parents.

Ana smiled a little when she saw them, not seeming too surprised to be greeted this way. "Katrina, Jordan."

They shook hands enthusiastically, seemingly close. But the warm moment was brief, and they quickly let go of each other's hands.

Katrina said, "Thank you for coming, Ana. The 20th anniversary is also to celebrate Claude taking charge of Yancey Bank."

Ana seemed a bit proud and not too excited, just giving a faint smile and saying, "We're

too excited, just giving a faint smile and saying, family, so no need for such formal welcomes."

Jordan Pearce, the president of Yancey Bank and Claude's father, sighed. "Claude wasn't thinking clearly back then."

Everyone felt the tension when he said that. Even Olivia herself felt awkward.



But Ana quickly moved on and said, "Congratulations on the 20th anniversary," ending the topic right there.

Katrina and Jordan didn't say anything more, and everyone around, dressed up nicely, didn't want to dwell on past issues.

"Let's go, Ana. Let's sit over there."

Naturally, Ana followed the couple's lead. Olivia, a bit lost in thought, was noticed by Katrina who asked, "You must be

Olivia?

Startled, Olivia looked to Ana for guidance.

Ana made the introductions, "This is Mr. Jordan and Ms. Katrina. This is your first time meeting them, isn't it?"

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Olivia turned to them and greeted politely, "Hello, Mr. Jordan and Ms. Katrina."

They looked pleased to meet her.

"Tyler's wife is quite polite and well-mannered," Katrina mentioned to Ana.

Ana agreed, smiling, "She's fine, definitely polite."

Olivia wasn't good at small talk, especially on such an occasion. After a brief exchange, they focused on leading Ana away and didn't linger on Olivia.

Following behind, Olivia's attention was caught by a familiar voice. Just a few steps ahead, she heard, "Uncle, Aunty."

Looking in the direction of the voice, she saw Sophie and Jacob standing there, holding hands.

"Olivia?" Sophie called out to her.

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Olivia didn't expect to run into Sophie and Jacob at the event. She felt a bit uncomfortable, but it passed quickly.

Ana knew Sophie, but not Jacob. She watched them from a distance before turning to Olivia.

Sophie rushed over to Olivia with Jacob close behind. Jacob also waved to Katrina and Jordan, calling them "Uncle" and "Aunty."

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He was dressed in looking very different from before. Standing there with Sophie and a glass of wine in his hand, he seemed to fit right in with the Pearces.

Katrina and Jordan were pleased to hear Jacob, and Katrina immediately asked Sophie, "Do you all know each other?"

Sophie glanced at Ana, standing by Olivia, and told Katrina, "Yes. Olivia and I are classmates and best friends."

Ana smiled and suggested, "Since you're friends, you should catch up."

But Olivia, staying close to Ana, said, "It's okay. I'll stay with you."

Sophie was taken aback, hoping Olivia would be happy to see her.

Ana nodded then explained, "Olivia can't wander around the party with you because she's pregnant. Please understand."

Sophie was shocked by the news. She looked sympathetically at Olivia, who avoided eye contact, then smiled and responded, "Yeah, we can't really party like before since she's expecting."

Sophie couldn't hide her surprise at Olivia's pregnancy. Jacob, however, showed no reaction.

Ana was curious about Jacob, having never seen him before. She asked Katrina, "And who is... this?"

Katrina introduced them, smiling, "This is Jacob, Sophie's boyfriend."

Jacob politely offered his hand to Ana, saying, "Hello, Mrs. Harris."

Olivia was nervous at this interaction, unsure why she reacted that way. She thought it might be because of their past.

Ana smiled slightly as she shook his hand. "What a polite man you are. You're a good match for Sophie."

Sophie felt proud when Ana complimented him but kept an eye on Olivia the whole time.

Jacob responded modestly, "Thank you, you're too kind."

Ana seemed pleased with Jacob and nodded in approval.

After a while, Jordan noticed they'd been standing too long, especially with Olivia being pregnant. "Let's sit down in the lounge, Ana," he suggested.

"Sounds good," Ana agreed.

They all moved toward the lounge, led by Katrina and Jordan.

Sophie kept watching Olivia as she left with Ana, hoping Olivia would look back at them. But Olivia didn't do that. She stayed close to Ana, head down, as they walked away.

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Sophie looked sad.

Jacob, standing right beside her, sounded a bit cold when he said, "Let's go to your parents."

So, she followed him.

When Olivia and Ana walked into the lounge, a man appeared. As soon as he entered, everything went quiet, especially around Ana.

Seeing Claude, Olivia quickly sank into the couch, trying to hide.

He smiled a little and said to Ana, "Aunt Ana, I'm sorry I couldn't welcome you myself."

Olivia didn't dare look at Ana. She stayed quiet, trying to be respectful, like a very polite daughter-in-law.

Ana asked him, not sounding too friendly, "I heard you went to her grave a few days ago?"

Claude looked gloomy when that was mentioned. "Yeah, I did. I saw the maids your family sent there."

After he said that, Ana, Katrina, and Jordan didn't say much.

Then, Katrina said thoughtfully, "We'll forever be a family, Ana."

Claude didn't say anything to that. He just looked down, looking humble.

Ana laughed a bit. "Of course. Claude will always be my son-in-law." She then picked up her tea and took a sip, very slowly.

"We treat Morgan like our own," Jordan added.

To Olivia, it felt like she was in the middle of a very awkward family reunion. It was like there was this fog around everyone, and no one wanted to clear it up.

The lounge was exceptionally quiet.

Suddenly, Claude said to Olivia, "There's some entertainment outside if you're getting bored."

Everyone turned to look at them, surprised he said something out of the blue.

Olivia was startled. It was unexpected for him to talk to her, and she felt very anxious.

"Claude? Are you talking to Olivia?" Katrina asked.

Claude just chuckled, seeing everyone looking puzzled. "Well, she's our guest. I don't want her to be bored."

Hearing this, Katrina and Jordan seemed to relax.

Ana found it strange but didn't think too much about it. She said to Olivia, "If you're bored, you should go have a look around."

"Show her around, Claude," suggested Katrina.

"Sure," Claude agreed.

Olivia glanced at Ana, her hands shaking a bit.

Ana encouraged her, "Go on."

After hesitating for a bit, Olivia got up. Claude, who was already at the door, told her, "You might not know your way around. Let me show you."

Trying to stay calm and polite, Olivia said, "Thank you."

Then, she left the lounge with Claude leading the way. Ana watched Olivia for a moment before they disappeared.