

## All Sins 341

Chapter 341 Olivia's voice was soft but determined.

Maisy was frustrated but decided it was best not to upset Olivia further, so she agreed, Alright. When your foot is better, we can go somewhere fun. You pick the place."

Olivia nodded in appreciation. "Thank you." 1

After Maisy left Olivia's room, she ran into Ana at the door. Ana could tell something was bothering Maisy and asked, "What's wrong?"

Maisy paused, then sighed. "Just make sure Alisa takes good care of Olivia, alright? We don't want her to go through any more trouble, do we?"

Ana peeked into the room and nodded. "Don't worry, we'll look after her."

Ana then entered Olivia's room and tucked her in with a blanket. She said bluntly, "Don't worry about what others think. Once your baby is born, you'll be in charge here. The Harrises' wealth will belong to your son! That sick girl won't be able to stop you. You and your son will have it all. Nothing can change that!"

Ana's words were direct, hoping to boost Olivia's confidence.

However, Olivia didn't care for any of that. She simply wanted her child to be healthy and safe. She didn't want to be involved in Ana and Naomi's disputes or take over her sister's place as Tyler's wife.

So, she stayed silent.

Ana handed her a bowl of soup, saying, "You're my only daughter-in-law, and I just want what's best for you. Here, try some soup."

Olivia accepted the bowl hesitantly.

Ana stayed with her a little longer before leaving.

Olivia didn't touch her soup. Alisa, puzzled, asked, "Ma'am, aren't you going to eat?" "I don't feel like it," Olivia replied.

As Alisa reached to take the bowl, she accidentally knocked Olivia's phone off the table. She quickly picked it up and checked for any damage, worried about Olivia's reaction.

Olivia simply requested, "Just give it back to me.

Alisa returned the phone

Olivia looked at her phone for a moment and She

Sophie: [How are you doing lately?]

Spin to Claim Your Sur

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Olivia was surprised to get a message from Sophie. It had been a while since they last spoke, and she was using a new phone number. She wondered how Sophie even found it.

Her shock didn't last long, though. Soon, she was more concerned about how to respond. She decided to keep it simple and texted back, [I'm fine.]

Sophie replied quickly, [I got your new number from Claude. Why didn't you tell me? Are you still mad at me or something?]

Olivia wasn't mad; those feelings were in the past. The truth was, things were different now -they weren't on the same level anymore. Olivia felt they had nothing in common these

days.

Holding her phone tightly, she slowly typed, [No. I've just been really busy.]

[How about we meet up?] Sophie texted.

Olivia froze. She didn't know what to say.

[We haven't seen each other for soooo long! | miss you,] Sophie added.

Olivia was confused about her own feelings. She started to type 'I'm still busy,' hesitated, then replaced it with 'We'll do something like that the next time I'm free.'

But she didn't press send. After a long time, she finally settled on, [Alright. Where?]

[A cafe?]

[Okay.]

[Great! I'll text you the location tomorrow. Can't wait to see you!]

Olivia clutched her phone to her chest. Despite everything, Sophie was still someone she felt she could talk to.

The day went by without much happening.

The following day, Olivia felt a bit better. Her foot hurt less, and she managed to walk down the stairs without help, leaving her wheelchair behind.

"Mom?" she called out to Ana. "I'm going out." Ana never really restricted Olivia's movements because she seldom went out impulsively. "Where to?" Ana asked.

"I'm meeting a friend."

"When will you be back?" "Just going for coffee."

"Alright. Just be careful."

"I will."

After Ana left, Olivia got a text from Sophie with the

Olivia chose a loose outfit to wear, hoping to hide her She was slightly was

Sophie noticing. More than anything, she wanted to appear just like any other woman her age.

Chapter 343 Olivia looked down, distracted. "Take care, Ms. Olivia. You can have fun as much and as long as you want. Mrs. Ana is really nice to you, isn't she?"

Olivia knew this was true but chose to stay silent. She thought about not wanting Sophie to see anyone from the Harrises" and told Alisa, "Stay in the car."

"But your foot-"

"It's okay. We're just going to the cafe. It won't be long."

".. Alright. If you say so."

Olivia got out of the car. Although she had said she wouldn't need help, the maid carefully assisted her anyway. Olivia looked at the cafe and walked toward it, lost in thought about what they might talk about over coffee.

She froze when she saw who was at the table. It was Claude.

He stood up quickly when he saw her, towering above her.

Olivia spun around, ready to leave.

“Wait! | asked Sophie to set this up,” he said quickly.

Olivia paused but didn’t turn around.

“How have you been lately?” Claude asked. He had noticed her small shoulders and her thin neck. She wasn’t doing well. Living with a family that wanted for nothing still left her lacking.

“| heard about your sister. How is she?” Claude added. “Please, Claude, let’s not talk again, okay? We shouldn’t see each other,” Olivia said nervously.

Claude reached for her arm. “Olivia, what’s going on?” he asked, his face showing concern.

Olivia worried Alissa might see them together, so she this, Claude.”

But he was persistent. He knew she was scared, so

him. “Let me go,” she whispered.

Claude led her deeper into the cafe, to a quiet corridor. He held her shoulders and looked into her troubled eyes. ““ The were looking for a surrogate mother, and they’re willing to pay a lot for it! Who do you think you are to him? You’re carrying his child while he looks after your sister, doing all sorts of things for her no matter what it takes!”

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“Even if you're only helping to save your sister, he should care more about you! You two are married!”

Olivia didn't understand, or maybe she didn't want to—what she knew for sure was that she

was very upset.

“You're giving up so much for their relationship, but what are you getting in return? A crush that you can't even act on?” She looked

up at him. “No, that's not true!”

“How can they be so thoughtless? How could they expect you, a young woman, not to fall for a man like that—especially after sleeping with him and marrying him?”

“I don't...”

Claude saw her upset face and felt a sharp pain in his heart. How could Tyler and Naomi do this to her? Was she just a pawn in their love story?

He touched her arm gently, feeling sorry for her. “Save yourself, Olivia. I'll help you.”

If he took her away right now—if she left with him—she wouldn't fall deeper in love with Tyler. She could also protect the baby. It was tempting, but Olivia pushed his hand away. “No! Don't say another word!”

“Then...” He whispered in her ear. “Please love me instead.”

Tears filled Olivia's eyes. She looked past him as if she were frozen. Claude waited for her to

respond.

For

a moment, the only sound was Olivia's nervous breathing.

"You only married him because of the baby, right? That means you're free to love anyone. Why not me? Love me, and you won't love him anymore!" Claude kept talking. "That way, you can keep your sister and Tyler's perfect love safe."

Olivia moved back until she hit the wall. She turned her head away and then finally looked at Claude. The hallway was silent, the lights soft. They looked at each other intensely. The atmosphere was heavy, almost boiling.

Olivia felt lost.

Claude moved closer, his hand gently touching her cheeky He whispered "Qnily| dalK@ave

you."

She could smell a hint of gardenia from him. His her.

Their lips were inching closer and closer. They were about to- "Claude!"

Olivia snapped out of the mome and looked Up,

Chapter 345 Claude was gently caressing Olivia's hand when he noticed Sophie staring at them with a shocked expression. He quickly removed his hand and stepped in front of Olivia. "Sophie, what are you doing here?"

Sophie was confused. She knew Olivia was married to Tyler and was expecting his child. So why was her cousin so close to Olivia?

"Don't worry about it, Sophie," Claude said firmly.

Sophie could only see a glimpse of Olivia's shirt from behind Claude. Angry and confused, she shouted, "Claude! How could you? Olivia is with Tyler Harris, of all people!"

Olivia's heart was pounding, but she stayed quiet.

"She's pregnant!" Sophie added, hoping to make her brother see reason. But Claude remained calm. "Like I said, this isn't your concern."

At that moment, a man walked up behind Sophie.

It was Jacob Reeves. His expression turned icy when he saw Olivia hidden behind Claude. He stepped back and stood by Sophie, clearly aligning himself with her.

Sophie was baffled. She had no idea why Claude had wanted her to invite Olivia to lunch, but she had not seen her friend for a while and wanted to drop by for a moment while on a date with Jacob. Who would have thought she would come just in time to catch him almost kissing Olivia?!

From the small gap between Claude's arm and his body, Olivia saw Jacob. He was very close to Sophie, but Olivia couldn't see his face clearly.

She didn't mind, though. Jacob was just an old friend Peewee with seeing

him there.

The place was dimly lit with a soft orange-yellow light that bathed the

four of them. Claude to Jacob, "Please leave us alone for a moment." Jacob fell silent for a while, then nodded and answered respectfully, "Okay, Mr. Claude."

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“Come on,” Jacob said as he turned to Sophie, “Let's go.”

Sophie looked at him but didn't move. Jacob gently pulled her hand, and she stumbled forward a bit, still staring at Olivia. Jacob put his arm around Sophie's s

watched them from behind.

Coulders and led her away from the corridor. Olivia

Claude suddenly turned around. His sharp gaze caught Olivia's attention, and she quickly stepped back to put some distance between them.

Olivia hadn't been in the cafe for long. Alisa, not seeing Olivia inside, got out of the car and peeked through the cafe window. Not finding Olivia, she walked inside and finally spotted

her in the corridor.

“Ms. Olivia!” Alisa exclaimed.

Hearing Alisa seemed to bring Olivia back to reality. She and Claude both turned to look at the maid.

After a moment, Alisa grabbed Olivia's wrist. “You

scared me! | thought you were lost!”

“Let's head home,” Olivia said tiredly. “I'm exhausted.”

Alisa, still new and unaware of the underlying tensions, took Olivia's hand and led her away. Claude watched them go, saying nothing.

Olivia's foot was in pain. Alisa noticed her wince. "Are you alright?"

Olivia remembered how forcefully Claude had pulled her earlier. His grip had been too strong, hurting her foot. Despite the pain, she insisted, "I'm fine."

Just then, the driver came out of the car. Olivia quickly said, "Let's get in the car. I really need to rest."

Alisa found Olivia's rush odd but followed her instructions and helped her into the car with the driver's assistance.

Olivia's mind was overwhelmed with thoughts.

Seeing Olivia's quiet distress, Alisa mistook it for physical discomfort. "Are you okay? Do you have a stomachache?"

"It's nothing," Olivia reassured her.

They returned to the Harrises' residence. Ana and Malsy were in the living room (Olivia bled so soon. They looked up as she entered.

With Alisa's support, Olivia limped through the door. Her foot had made it hard to walk

Ana rushed over, concerned. "What happened?" "Ms. Olivia's foot started hurting after she got back," Alisa explained.

Maisy approached with worry, "How did this happen? NSEC) you must | go to a doctor? Maybe we should call a doctor."

Chapter 347 Malsy stopped when Olivia said, "I just need some rest."

Ana thought Olivia looked strong enough to handle the pain, so she spoke up. "I think she's okay. We should let her go to her room."

Maisy wasn't totally sure. "Is your stomach alright?"

Olivia quickly nodded. "It's fine."

"That's good. Go and rest in your room."

Olivia nodded before Alisa gently helped her up the stairs.

Once in her room, Olivia lay on her bed while Alisa checked her foot. Luckily, it was just a bit swollen around her toe. Alisa started to gently massage her foot.

Olivia was so distracted that she barely noticed what Alisa was doing. She kept hearing a voice in her head telling her that she couldn't leave.

She was only having this baby for her sister. They had all agreed on this from the beginning. Even if she was called "Mrs. Harris," it was just a temporary role.

She knew that, and that's why she never wanted anything more. Once the baby was born, she'd leave with her son, and it would all be over.

Thinking this helped her calm down.

Later that evening, when Tyler got home from work, Olivia was still in bed. Her foot had gotten even more swollen, so they had called a doctor. Maisy was really worried.

Tyler smelled strongly of antiseptic. He was about to shower when he noticed the first-aid kit. Ben, who was in the living room, came up to him.

"Why is the doctor here?" Tyler asked.

“Ms. Olivia went out today and returned with her foot swollen again. Madam Maisy was so worried that she had to call the doctor,” the butler explained.

Tyler looked at Ben and then went upstairs.

Maisy was still checking on Olivia. “Does your foot still hurt?”

The room was crowded, totally different from how empty Naomi’s ward was. A maid saw

Tyler and called out, “Welcome home, sir.”

Maisy and Olivia turned toward the door. Olivia tightened

“You're home,” Maisy said, her voice showing a bit of Know your wife sprained her foot?”

Tyler walked over to the bed. “Y'

haven't

Olivia clutched the blanket tightly.

Tyler looked down into her downcast eyes, waiting for an answer.

Chapter 348 “Ms. Olivia went out today and sprained her ankle again by accident,” Alissa said.

Olivia almost ripped the blanket off. Tyler saw how agitated she was with the blanket and squinted. “Seeing someone, then? Who was it?”

“Um, it was... someone named Sophie. A friend of Ms. Olivia.” Alisa didn’t know much, so she just repeated what she had heard earlier.

Olivia felt her tension melt away quickly. Tyler, on the other hand, watched the maid for a moment before changing the topic to ask the doctor, "Is it serious?"

Olivia felt more at ease.

Maisy was happy. At least this man remembered to ask about his wife's health instead of obsessing over that very ill woman in the hospital.

"She should avoid walking for now and let her foot heal. I recommend staying in bed for a bit," the doctor advised. "I see."

Maisy thought it was rare for Tyler to be home with Olivia, so she decided to give them some privacy. "Alright. If that's everything, we should go, right?"

She glanced at Alisa, hoping she'd catch on. The maid picked up on her cue and helped her leave the room. Maisy was convinced that Olivia, so beautiful and carrying his child, would definitely overshadow any sick woman in the hospital.

The doctor gave Olivia some more advice and told her to use warm compresses on her foot. Tyler listened while Olivia looked down at the floor.

Soon, only Tyler and Olivia were left in the room. The silence was thick. Tyler broke it, saying, "You should follow the doctor's advice."

"Twill

He gave her a long look before leaving. Olivia gripped her wrist tightly. She noticed the scent of antiseptic stronger than ever—her sense of smell had sharpened since becoming

pregnant. Pregnancy had changed her body so much; it all felt very strange.

Tyler was visibly tired from his

constant hospital the water

appear down the drain.

Olivia listened to the sound of running water. met Only past few days  
and had barely spoken. Once Tyler left the bathroom, sheep  
guest room. | can tell Maisy | haven't been sleeping well because of the pregnancy.'

Last time, Tyler had slept on the study's couch, resting his feet on a chair.

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Tyler halted while getting dressed. "No. I'll sleep in the guest room instead."

Olivia's heart skipped a beat. His gaze was the same as ever, yet sometimes she sensed a  
change.

Tyler looked away, ready to leave.

Suddenly, Olivia felt a strange sensation in her belly. Surprised, she touched it.

Tyler, noticing her reaction, turned back. "What?" He looked concerned.

Olivia froze, her hand on her stomach. Tyler observed her for a moment, then approached. "What's  
wrong?" It felt like a butterfly was fluttering inside her. After a pause, Olivia whispered, "The baby...  
He's moving." Tyler frowned. Olivia, looking worried, asked, "Is that bad?"

She was four months along. Tyler stared at her pale face and said, "It's fetal movement, |

believe.”

Olivia was stunned. “This early?” She gently rubbed her belly, looking at her slightly swollen stomach.

A warm glow seemed to surround Olivia. She was in a sleeveless pink nightgown that showed her arms and back. She appeared youthful, but now there was a maternal shine to her. She grinned. “He sure moves around a lot! Must be fun stretching those little hands and feet, huh, little one?”

Olivia’s fears and doubts seemed to vanish as she caressed her belly, connecting with the baby. Tyler’s usually distant look softened as he watched her smile and touch her belly.

Just then, his phone buzzed. He picked it up and checked it.

His expression cooled instantly. was a

Tyler gave Olivia one last look a

left the room

Olivia didn’t notice his departure, absorbed in the

Tyler was already gone.

Her hand stilled, and her smile faded slightly.

Chapter 350 Olivia’s smile returned as she gently rubbed her belly.

The following morning, she woke to find Tyler had already left. Alisa, helping her out, briefly mentioned, “Mr. Tyler left early today.”

“Oh,” Olivia responded simply.

Her phone soon rang, and it was Hillary on the other end. Olivia, puzzled, answered, “Good morning, Aunt Hillary.” “Morning! | hope I’m not disturbing you,” Hillary said in a cheerful tone.

It sounded noisy on Hillary’s side. Olivia was curious about the purpose of the call. “I just woke up.”

“I’m calling to invite you to Naomi and Tyler’s anniversary party. Please come!”

After a moment of silence, Olivia asked, “What anniversary is that?”

“It’s to celebrate their years together!”

Olivia was stunned.

“...Hello? Did you hear me?” Hillary checked.

“Uh, yes. About that,” Olivia quickly replied, “I actually sprained my foot. I’m stuck in bed for now.”

“Oh, that’s too bad. Your sister was really hoping to see you there. By the way, did you hear about the new building Tyler donated to your school for their anniversary? It’s named ‘Naomi Valentina.’ Isn’t that lovely?”

After a pause, Olivia answered, “I see.”

Hillary’s happiness was clear. “Are you sure you don’t want to come?”

“| really can’t, Aunt Hillary. Sorry.”

“| understand. I’ll see if we can find some time to visit you instead. Take care, bye!”



It seemed to Olivia that. Hillary had called just to share these things. Her motive couldn't be more obvious.

Olivia tightened her hold on her phone. 'Naomi Valentina?' That name symbolized strength and well-being, was it not?

She was right; It was a very nice name.

Any upset on Olivia's face disappeared quietly. None of it was her pregnancy and give birth to the child.

Hillary had been suspicious for some time. Naomi's sudden downturn on the day Olivia was a troubling mystery. Naomi's condition had been stable thanks to her doctors, yet she worsened suddenly.

Had Naomi seen something that deeply upset her?

Only Tyler and Olivia knew.

Hillary remembered it was Tyler who had rushed Olive

to the hospital.