

All Sins 41

Chapter 41

Tyler paid no attention to Naomi. Instead, he turned to Olivia and said, "Go back to your ward, Olivia."

Realizing her position as an outsider in this situation, Olivia stiffly nodded and turned to leave, leaving the room in silence once more.

Tyler then turned his attention to Mrs. Jones and Darren. "I'd like to speak to her privately." Understanding that they shouldn't interfere, both of them nodded and left the room.

Once they were alone, Tyler looked at Naomi. Tears had been streaming down her face while he maintained a stern expression. "Since this is what you want, I'll do it properly."

Back in her ward, Olivia lay on her bed feeling like her heart had sunk into a bottomless abyss. She couldn't help but feel trapped, as if there was no way out of this situation.

In less than half an hour, Tyler's secretary, Linda, arrived. She approached Olivia's bed and spoke gently, "Ms. Olivia, Mr. Tyler asked me to pack your things. Is there anything specific you need from your school or home?"

The rapidity of the situation caught Olivia off guard, leaving her momentarily speechless.

Linda asked again, "Ms. Olivia?"

Coming back to her senses, Olivia replied in a daze, "Anything is fine."

Linda nodded and got to work, packing Olivia's belongings in the ward.

Olivia watched, still processing the speed of these events. She couldn't believe how quickly things had escalated—she wasn't ready. With a hint of hesitation, she asked, "Do we need to pack right now?"

Linda, standing by the couch, replied, "Aren't you returning to school tomorrow? While we're packing the rest of your belongings, Mr. Tyler hopes that you'll stay at his place tonight to familiarize yourself there."

Olivia's mind raced. She wasn't prepared for this sudden change. She felt like she was caught in the middle of something she didn't fully understand. Fear, panic, and unease overwhelmed her as she considered the unfamiliar territory that awaited her.

Linda waited for Olivia's response.

After a moment of internal struggle, Olivia managed to say, "Okay." She then closed her eyes, battling

the turmoil within.

Linda completed the packing roughly half an hour later and returned to Olivia. "We can leave now, Ms. Olivia."

Olivia was startled. She asked before leaving, "Are we going with Tyler?"

"He may need to stay with Ms. Naomi at the hospital for now."

Slightly relieved by this information, Olivia refrained from asking further questions. She felt better about the situation knowing that Tyler wouldn't be present at the house.

That night, Olivia was brought to Tyler's home, the Sandalwood Palace, where she had been once before. Standing in the living room, she looked around, sensing an ominous darkness that seemed ready to engulf her.

The house appeared enormous and labyrinthine, and she feared getting lost in its unfamiliar halls.

Linda, sensing Olivia's hesitation, offered, "I'll take you to your room upstairs."

Olivia accepted the guidance with a simple “Sure.”

Linda led Olivia upstairs, briefly familiarizing her with the house. As it was late, they didn’t engage in much conversation.

After spending half an hour with Olivia, Linda left her alone in her room. Olivia felt a sense of trepidation about being in such a massive house all by herself.

In a hurry, she entered one of the rooms, not caring about its purpose. The room was dimly lit, and as she moved to turn on the lights, she heard a car pull into the driveway followed by footsteps in the living room.

“You’re home, Mr. Tyler.”

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Olivia froze when she heard the footsteps downstairs. Could it be Tyler? Had he come home?

She clung to the door, a bit surprised that her fear had lessened a bit. Slowly, she left the dimly lit, unfamiliar room.

As Olivia emerged from the room, Tyler walked into the living room, where he was greeted by the housemaid. They started talking when he spotted Olivia, who had just left the room.

He paused and locked eyes with her from downstairs. Olivia gazed back at him.

Tyler slowly ascended the stairs, approaching her until he stood before her. “If you need anything, just let me know,” he said, referring to anything she might require in the house.

Hearing that, Olivia felt uneasy.

Tyler continued, "You can set any conditions you'd like, as long as I can meet them."

After a moment of contemplation, Olivia replied, "Tyler, Naomi is my sister. I don't need any conditions or compensation from you. Also, I hope that you won't... be mad at her."

Although she knew she shouldn't meddle in their affairs, Olivia didn't want their relationship to deteriorate because of her.

Tyler, however, seemed reluctant to discuss Naomi further. He gave a brief response and said, "It's late, go get some rest."

That was all he had to say. He turned and entered a nearby room, leaving Olivia standing there.

Soon after, the housemaid approached Olivia and offered to show her to her room. "Ms. Olivia, let me take you to your room."

Olivia had no idea if she had said something wrong. She shuddered before answering the maid, "Okay."

The housemaid led her to a room and explained, "This is your room. Mr. Tyler's room is next door. If you need anything, feel free to call for me."

No longer feeling alone, Olivia felt a sense of relief. "Okay."

The housemaid added, "Mr. Tyler asked me to bring you a glass of milk later tonight."

Olivia hadn't expected that level of consideration from Tyler, but she gave a short response, "Thank you."

The next morning, Olivia descended the grand staircase after getting out of bed. The house, with its vastness, seemed to amplify the sound of her light footsteps.

When she reached the dining area, she saw Tyler having breakfast. He was dressed casually in home attire, but his expression remained serious.

Engrossed in reading a newspaper, he looked up as Olivia approached. "Did you sleep well?"

Olivia gazed down at her feet. "It was okay."

He closed the newspaper and continued, "I wasn't sure what you might like, so I had the maid prepare a little of everything."

Olivia glanced at the assortment of dishes set out just for the two of them, and it felt somewhat overwhelming. Not wanting to trouble him, she replied, "You don't need to go through so much trouble for me, Tyler. I can eat whatever is available."

Tyler said flatly, "Sit down."

They began eating in silence, the room filled with an unspoken tension.

After a while, Tyler spoke up, "I usually have work to attend to and social commitments, so I won't be home most of the time. Is that okay with you?"

Olivia pondered for a moment and considered herself fortunate to be staying there. "I—It's alright, I have school anyway."

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"Hmmm, sure. I'll send you to school."

Olivia declined his offer. “No need, Tyler, I can go on my own, I’ll take public transportation.”

Tyler respected her choice; he didn’t want her to feel constrained in his home. “Alright, just make yourself at home. I’ll try to come home earlier tonight.”

Olivia nodded in response, but she froze halfway through her nod. She couldn’t help but wonder if she was reading too much into his words. The cutlery in her hands suddenly felt heavier.

When Olivia returned to Sandalwood Palace that evening, Tyler was still out. The maid welcomed her, saying, “Welcome back, Ms. Olivia.”

Concerned about dinner, Olivia asked, “Are you busy preparing dinner?”

The maid was surprised to hear that, but she replied right away, “I haven’t made dinner yet. Can you wait?”

Olivia realized she misunderstood her, so she said, “No, I’d like to help since I have nothing to do.”

The maid sensed Olivia’s unease in the large house. After a brief pause, she agreed, “Sure, come with me.”

Olivia accompanied the maid to the kitchen after setting down her bag. Together, they started preparing dinner.

Compared to her sister Naomi, who was pampered, Olivia had learned how to do many things while living with her grandmother. She was quite skilled in the kitchen.

While they were cooking, the maid shared a piece of information with Olivia. “Ms. Naomi loves floral cookies. I’ve been baking them for her for over ten years.”

Olivia's hands, which were kneading dough, froze as she heard that.

At 9 P.M., Tyler finally returned home. The maid suggested, "Ms. Olivia, why don't you help me welcome Mr. Tyler?"

Quickly washing her hands, Olivia headed to the living room.

Tyler had just entered the room when Olivia, who didn't realize there was flour on her cheeks, called out, "Tyler."

He happened to arrive in the living room. Olivia did not realize that there was flour on her cheeks. She called out to him, "Tyler."

Noticing that she had been busy in the kitchen, Tyler inquired, "Why are you cooking?"

Feeling a bit embarrassed, Olivia explained, "I didn't have much to do, so I decided to help in the kitchen while waiting for you to come home."

"Olivia, if you ever feel uncomfortable here, don't hesitate to let me know. There's no pressure at all."

Even though she didn't feel uncomfortable, Olivia nodded and returned to the kitchen.

Tyler watched her leave. He then removed his shoes and went upstairs.

When he went into the room, he saw white lingerie and a dress on the bed. He realized that this was Olivia's room, and he left right away.

Tyler usually opted to sleep in the second bedroom, conveniently close to his study. He'd often retreat there after finishing his work. However, the maid, thinking it improper to offer the master bedroom to Olivia, prepared his usual room for her instead.

Making his way to the master bedroom, Tyler changed and then headed downstairs for dinner.

Olivia was already there, placing a bowl of soup she made in front of him. "I made this, Tyler. Try it," she said, her voice tinged with uncertainty. She quickly pulled her hands back after setting down the bowl.

Seeing her in an apron, with flour dusting the tip of her nose and her hair slightly tousled, Tyler felt a warmth inside. He pondered whether this feeling stemmed from his emotions or was simply a reflection of the person Olivia was.

He looked away, his expression turning stoic. He chose not to mention the flour on her nose.

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Tyler scooped up a spoonful of soup and tasted it.

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Olivia watched him with anticipation and asked, "How is it?"

The soup had a delightful sweetness and the fragrance of truffle oil. But Tyler responded in a matter-of-fact tone, "Not bad."

Olivia couldn't tell if he was just being polite, and her disappointment showed in her flat response,

Oh."

Tyler noticed the change in her tone but acted as though he didn't, asking, "What's wrong?"

She shook her head and replied, "Nothing," before taking her seat across from him.

The maid brought in the dishes and shared a bit of information with Olivia. "Mr. Tyler is hardly ever home for dinner. This is the first time in half a year.

Olivia was taken aback and looked at Tyler for confirmation.

Setting down his spoon, Tyler explained, "I'm usually busy entertaining. But since it's your first day here, I should at least have dinner with you."

Olivia felt touched. "You don't have to do that, Tyler. Just stick to your routine. I can manage on my own." Despite the imposing size of the house, she offered to be by herself.

The maid informed him which dishes Olivia had prepared, and he tasted each one.

Olivia was not sure if he liked them or not. She stared at him, relieved to see no signs of displeasure.

As dinner came to an end, Olivia's heart raced, and she felt increasingly flustered. She stood by the table, unsure of what to do.

As if not noticing her awkwardness, Tyler asked, "Do you want to take a walk?"

She shook her head. "I'll help with the dishes."

Tyler let her go, but he called her back, saying, "Wait."

Olivia stopped and turned toward him, wondering why he had called her back.

He could no longer hold back. He walked toward her, gently lifting her chin with his hand and patting the tip of her nose. "There's flour on it."

Olivia felt like she was suffocating as he drew near, her nose tingling from his touch. She felt too embarrassed to meet his gaze, so she nodded in response.

Tyler, sensing her nervousness, said, "Go."

Even though he didn't make things difficult for her, Olivia still felt flustered. She quickly headed to the kitchen, feeling lucky that the maid hadn't witnessed the interaction.

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Tyler, on the other hand, went to the study.

After finishing the dishes, Olivia stood in the living room for a while, lost in thought. The maid came out of the kitchen and approached her, asking, "Why are you standing here, Ms. Olivia?"

Snapping out of her reverie, Olivia replied, "Oh, nothing," and added, "I'm going to take a shower." She clutched the side of her dress, feeling resigned to her situation.

As she entered the room, she glanced at the lingerie and dress laid out on the bed. She thought for a bit before heading to the bathroom.

By the time she finished her shower, it was already 8 P.M. She waited on the bed, listening for Tyler's footsteps outside. However, by 10 P.M., there were no signs of him, only the sound of the lights being turned off.

Tyler had been tirelessly working in the study, engrossed in a virtual meeting after taking a shower. It was around 11 P.M. when he began to feel tired and massaged his temples, contemplating whether it was time to go to bed.

Just then, a sound came from the door, catching his attention. He looked toward the entrance, where someone in a white nightdress walked in.

Tyler stopped massaging his temples the moment he saw Olivia coming in. He raised his eyebrows and asked, "Olivia?"

Olivia stopped in front of him. "Aren't you sleeping yet, Tyler? I've been waiting for you."

He had not planned to sleep with her tonight, and he didn't expect her to approach him. He gazed at her with an unchanging expression and replied, "I'm going to bed,"

Olivia gripped her dress nervously. "Then .."

o back to your room," Tyler cut her off abruptly. His face remained impassive, giving no indication of his thoughts.

She looks up at him, confusion in her eyes, She couldn't discern his intentions.

Tyler turned his attention back to his computer, dismissing her. "I'm still working"

An idea flickered in Olivia's mind, but she couldn't reconcile his contradictory statements. She stood there, her eyes wide with bewilderment.

Tyler ignored her and kept typing on the keyboard.

"Didn't Naomi..."

Impatient, Tyler glanced at her and snapped, "Go to your room."

Olivia, teary-eyed, felt helpless in front of his stern expression. After what felt like an eternity, she finally regained her composure and relaxed her body. Looking down, she gave a brief response before quietly leaving.

Tyler took a sip of his coffee and returned to his work, dealing with the documents expressionlessly.

Back in her room, Olivia didn't turn on the lights. She clubbed into bed, closed her eyes, and clutched the blanket.

Feeling her dignity was crushed, she drifted in and out of sleep. Just as she was about to fall asleep, a heavy and warm body pressed against her.

Her eyes snapped open, and her sleepiness vanished. She gripped the blanket tightly, fear taking hold.

Suddenly, warm lips met hers. The kiss felt intimate, and Olivia was taken aback.

"Tyler..."

Despite the intimacy, the kiss continued for a while before Tyler broke it off, moving to plant soft kisses on the tip of her nose. He lingered where the flour had been.

"Grab my neck," he whispered into her ear.

At first, Olivia hesitated, her cheeks flushed. She even looked away briefly before complying, reaching out to grasp his neck.

With her securely in his arms, Tyler lifted her from the bed.

Bending his head down, he continued to kiss her passionately, as if savoring something precious in

his embrace.

Chapter 46

Olivia couldn't help but wonder if she might be infertile. After all, despite trying for a long time, she hadn't been able to get pregnant.

In a choked voice, she said, "I know you have no interest in me, but we will only be free as soon as I get pregnant. You and Naomi will be together forever by then, and you'll stop fighting."

Her words seemed to add fuel to the fire. Tyler looked at her with a grim expression as he heard her pitiful plea.

She didn't know why she had said it, but she meant nothing more than her plea for his understanding.

He remained silent and continued kissing her, though it was clear he was trying to control and suppress his emotions.

The next morning, Olivia helped the maid cook again, but her mind was clearly elsewhere. Her hands moved mechanically, and she didn't seem to be fully aware of her actions.

The maid noticed that she had placed tomato skins into a bowl, saying, "Ms. Olivia, you might cut your hand!"

Suddenly, Olivia's hand slipped, and she saw blood welling up from a cut on her fingertip. The pain startled her, causing her to drop the tomato and knife into the sink with a loud clatter. She quickly brought her bleeding finger to her lips.

Tyler, who had been sitting at the dining table reading the newspaper, heard the commotion. He immediately set the newspaper aside and rushed into the kitchen.

The maid was clearly concerned about Olivia's bleeding finger as she checked the injury. "Oh no, it's bleeding!"

Tyler, now in the kitchen, saw Olivia sucking on her injured finger. Her lips were stained with the redness of her own blood. She appeared slightly panicked but quickly looked away.

The maid quickly informed Tyler about Olivia's wound when he entered the kitchen. "Mr. Tyler, Ms. Olivia accidentally cut her finger while she was cutting the tomato."

Without much warmth in his tone, Tyler said, "Get the first aid kit to stop the bleeding and clean her wound."

Olivia remained standing, her back to him, and she didn't make eye contact.

He looked at her for a few seconds, then left when the maid brought the first aid kit over.

After the maid cleaned Olivia's wound, she instructed her to stay away from the kitchen. Olivia obediently sat down at the dining table when she noticed Tyler.

It was still dark outside since it was only six in the morning. Silence enveloped them; neither of them

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spoke.

Tyler set aside the newspaper he had been reading and asked, "Is the cut deep?" It sounded like he was asking out of courtesy.

Olivia bit her lip and shook her head. "It doesn't hurt." She avoided eye contact, and her eyelashes trembled slightly in the gentle glow of the room.

Tyler gave a flat response, and they lapsed into silence once again. He resumed reading his newspaper.

Shortly afterward, the maid brought the first dish to the table and then returned to the kitchen. Wondering why they were up so early and appeared to have not slept much, she continued preparing food.

Tyler put down the newspaper when the food was served. He noticed Olivia was still sitting there. Let's eat. You can take a nap later."

Olivia had a class in two hours, but her feelings were difficult to discern. Her pale face was tinged with a faint blush, resembling a delicate porcelain doll with a touch of color.

"Okay," she replied.

They ate their breakfast in silence while the maid continued to serve each dish.

By 8 A.M., Tyler offered to drive Olivia to school. This time, she accepted his offer as it was more convenient than taking public transportation, which might make her late for class.

With the driver at the wheel and Tyler engrossed in documents, Olivia gazed out the window at the beautiful morning sunlight, painting the world in golden hues.

Tyler, still focused on his documents, asked casually, "Is your finger really alright?" Although his eyes remained on the documents, he listened closely for her response.

She turned her attention from the window and replied softly, "I'm really fine." Curiously, she added, "Does Naomi feel better today?"

“I’m going to the hospital after dropping you off at school,” he answered..

Olivia sensed that their argument must have been resolved since he was visiting Naomi. She whispered, “She’ll feel much better as long as you’re not mad at her.”

Tyler didn’t respond to that.

As they arrived at the school, Olivia reached for the door handle but momentarily forgot about the cut on her finger. She gasped in pain just as she touched the handle.

Quickly, Tyler reached out and grabbed her hand.

Their eyes locked, and they both looked surprised, followed by an awkward yet romantic silence. Olivia, in particular, hadn’t expected him to hold her hand, and he hadn’t anticipated doing so either.

For a few moments, they just stared into each other’s eyes. Olivia didn’t dare to pull her hand away and kept her gaze down in silence.

After a while, Tyler didn’t release her hand immediately. Instead, he simply said, “Watch out.”

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Olivia slowly withdrew her hand. “I forgot about it.”

Tyler also pulled his hand back. “Alright, go to school now.”

“Okay, Tyler.”

She got out of the car politely, now much more cautious, keeping a watchful eye on her injured finger.

Tyler drove away after she entered the school.

As Olivia walked into the school building, she could still feel the warmth on her wrist where Tyler had held her hand. She wanted to shake off that feeling, but it seemed as if it had left an imprint on her skin.

In the afternoon, she decided to skip school with her friend Sophie, as the classes were not particularly important. Instead, they went shopping together.

Sophie asked Olivia, "So, where do you live now?"

Olivia was browsing through a dress rack when she replied, "Oh, I'm staying at home."

"I thought you've been staying on campus recently," Sophie said, looking at a dress.

Olivia sighed softly. "No, I've been staying at home."

While they were strolling down the street, they passed by a pharmacy with an eye-catching poster on the door. Olivia's gaze was drawn to it as if she were under a spell.

"Promote ovulation, a helping hand in your pregnancy," read the catchphrase on the poster.

Sophie noticed Olivia's gaze on the poster and asked, "What are you looking at?"

Caught off guard, Olivia panicked. "Nothing."

Sophie didn't seem to sense anything unusual and simply grabbed Olivia's hand. "Let's check out the store over there. I heard they have new arrivals."

Olivia allowed herself to be led away, but she stopped abruptly as they reached the store. “Sophie, I just remembered there’s something I need to buy. Wait for me here, I’ll be back soon.”

Without giving Sophie a chance to inquire further, Olivia hurried away and disappeared from the store.

She returned five minutes later. Sophie was busy examining herself in the mirror. Upon seeing Olivia return, she asked, “What did you buy?”

Olivia shook her head. “Nothing much, just some cold medicine.”

Sophie was shocked. “You have a cold again?!”

“No, go ahead and try on the clothes.” Worried that Sophie might press for more information, Olivia wanted to change the topic.

Back at Sandalwood Palace in the evening, the maid—worried that Olivia would help in the kitchen again said to her, “Ms. Olivia, just rest. I don’t need help.”

“Okay.”

Though Olivia had wanted to kill time, she accepted the maid’s refusal. Feeling a bit bored, she ventured upstairs to change her clothes.

Today, the maid had prepared a batch of floral cookies, and Olivia had planned to share them with her friends.

Fearing she might forget to put them in her bag in the morning, the maid called upstairs, "Ms. Olivia, I've made some floral cookies. Can I put them in your bag?"

Still in the process of changing, Olivia shouted back, "Sure, please put them in my bag."

The maid opened Olivia's bag, which was resting on the couch, and discovered a box of medication. Puzzled, she examined it closely. "What's this?"

As she contemplated the unfamiliar box of medication, she heard the sound of a car engine outside.

Wondering why Tyler had come home early that day, she decided to leave the medicine on the table and went to the door to see what was happening.

Chapter 48

Tyler spotted the maid as he entered the house and asked, "Is Olivia home?"

The maid replied with a warm smile, "Yes, she's here. She's changing upstairs."

Tyler nodded and proceeded to make his way upstairs. However, as he passed through the living room, something on the coffee table next to the couch caught his eye. He abruptly stopped and reached for a box of medicine.

The maid suddenly remembered that she had taken the medication out of Olivia's bag and quickly explained, "Sir, I removed it from Ms. Olivia's bag."

Tyler's calm face became tense as he questioned, "This is hers?"

"M-Mmm-huum, it's hers."

His expression turned cold. "Is she upstairs?"

The maid found his behavior odd but answered, "Yes... She's in her room."

Without further delay, Tyler proceeded upstairs.

In the meantime, Olivia had just finished changing. She was at her vanity, removing her earrings, when the door suddenly swung open. Startled, she turned her gaze toward the door.

She quickly stood up and stammered, "T-Tyler."

He stood in the doorway, his back to the light, casting a shadow over his stern face. Olivia was bewildered by his sudden appearance and his serious expression.

Tyler, holding something in his hand, asked curtly, "What's this?"

Olivia's eyes widened as she saw what he was holding. Emotions surged within her, and she rushed toward him, desperately trying to take it from him. However, he deftly lifted it out of her reach, dodging her attempt.

Panicking, Olivia implored, "Give it to me, Tyler."

He held it just out of her grasp and continued to stare at her. "Are you planning to take this?"

Feeling ashamed, Olivia couldn't bring herself to answer.

Tyler then placed the box of medication directly in front of her and pressed, "Do you even know what's in this?"

Olivia was still confused. Tyler's expression turned stern as he continued, "This contains an aphrodisiac. Was I not performing well in bed for you?"

Her face flushed with embarrassment, Olivia panicked and muttered, "It says that it can help with conceiving. I didn't realize--"

"Do you understand the harm this could cause to your body?" he interrupted.

Olivia had thought it was just a regular supplement, and her shyness prevented her from looking at him directly. Her cheeks were burning as she admitted, "I really didn't know."

Although Tyler was furious upon discovering the medication, he managed to restrain his anger. With patience, he told Olivia, "Olivia, conceiving should happen naturally. Using something like this is extreme, and I don't want to see such things at home again. Remember that."

"O-Okay," she replied timidly.

He looked away coldly and left the room, the oppressive atmosphere dissipating with his departure.

At dinner, Olivia appeared visibly defeated. She kept her gaze down and silently focused on her food.

Tyler remained silent as well, and the maid wisely refrained from asking about the situation. After dinner, Tyler headed upstairs, and Olivia followed suit, her spirits clearly deflated.

Chapter 49

They were lying in bed together late at night, with Tyler's arms wrapped around Olivia.

After they had their intimate moment, Olivia couldn't bear to meet Tyler's gaze. She knew he was looking at her, and tears welled up in her eyes..

Tyler finally released his hold on her, leaving a gap between them. Olivia Immediately wrapped herself in the blanket, attempting to create a physical barrier between them.

However, Tyler scooped her up into his arms a moment later, and she reluctantly opened her eyes.

He said, "Let's take a shower."

Following their shower, they dressed and returned to their normal selves.

Olivia stood by the side of the bed and said, "I'm going back to my room."

Tyler remained seated on the bed, smoking, and simply responded with a curt nod. Smoke clouded his enigmatic expression.

Olivia lingered in his room for a moment, contemplating, before quietly retreating to her own room.

Tyler continued smoking in his room. It was 1 A.M. when Olivia finally returned to her own room.

The next morning, both of them woke up early and coincidentally left their rooms at the same time, running into each other in the hallway.

Olivia halted upon seeing Tyler and called out to him, "Tyler."

He looked at her and nodded in acknowledgment.

Their exchange was brief, but Olivia initiated further conversation, saying, "I'm going to help in the kitchen."

Tyler responded, "Didn't you hurt your finger? You should pack your things and get ready for school."

He had already dressed in slacks and a shirt, while Olivia was still in her pajamas. She nodded obediently in response.

He then went downstairs.

It was almost time for school, so Olivia returned to her room to freshen up and change.

As Tyler read the newspaper in his usual manner, the maid, while serving his breakfast, inquired, "Is Ms. Olivia not coming down?"

Tyler also found it odd. He glanced towards the room upstairs and replied, "Maybe she's still getting ready."

The maid went back to the kitchen after that.

Tyler continued reading for a few more minutes until he heard the sound of the door opening

upstairs. Olivia appeared to be searching for something downstairs but couldn't find it. After a brief attempt, she closed her door.

He sensed something was off, so he set aside the newspaper and headed upstairs. He knocked on Olivia's door, and after a long pause, she finally opened it.

Olivia looked at him, visibly distressed.

Concerned, he asked, "What's wrong?"

Olivia struggled to put her feelings into words, her voice quivering as she couldn't bring herself to explain what had happened.

Tyler immediately noticed that Olivia was struggling with the dress she was wearing.

He observed her for a moment before she finally spoke up, somewhat embarrassed, "The zipper is caught in my hair."

Despite the minor issue, it was urgent for her, and she had been sweating after struggling with it for a while. She contemplated cutting her hair but couldn't find any scissors as she wasn't familiar with the place. She was frantically searching for a solution.

Tyler, appearing unfazed, responded, "Turn around, let me take a look."

Olivia hesitated briefly, staring at him before eventually complying. She had only managed to pull the zipper halfway up, leaving half of her back exposed. There were handprints on her dress and a faint, pink mark on her ear.

Tyler glanced at her ear but focused on gently moving her hair aside. After finding out the source of the problem, he slowly zipped up the dress.

In this moment, he was standing over her, while she remained beneath him, the room filled with silence.

Once he finished, he stated matter-of-factly, "You're good to go."

Olivia wrapped her arms around herself and stayed in the same position. She thanked him softly, "Thank you."

"Don't worry about it." Tyler removed his hands from her back before leaving the room.

Meanwhile, the maid had noticed their absence from the dining table and decided to investigate. She came upstairs and caught a glimpse of the situation, remarking, "Breakfast is ready, sir."

Tyler headed downstairs, and the maid stared at them as they ate.

Since it was getting late, Tyler offered to drop Olivia off at school again. He asked, maintaining his courteous demeanor, "Shall I pick you up in the evening?"

“I can go home on my own, Tyler.”

He nodded and said, “Alright, call me if you need anything.”

She nodded and got out of the car.

Tyler, dressed in a suit, and Olivia, in white sneakers and a simple dress, presented a somewhat contrasting image. It was as if a senior was dropping off a junior at school—they seemed to come from different worlds.

Tyler’s car garnered a bit of attention at the school, prompting Olivia to consider coming to school on her own the next day.

Once he left, Olivia went to her class. However, as soon as she entered, her phone rang. It was a call

from Naomi.

She bit her lip, recognizing the caller. She wasn’t sure how to face Naomi at this moment but eventually answered, “Hello, Naomi. I’m in class. What’s up?”

Naomi’s voice was tinged with sadness as she asked, “Has Tyler been busy, Olivia? It’s been two days

since he last visited me.”

Olivia felt her heart race when she heard Naomi’s words.

Chapter 50

Olivia sensed that something was amiss with Naomi. “What’s wrong, Naomi?” She knew that Tyler and Naomi had been having a dispute but believed they were on good terms since Tyler mentioned visiting her recently.

Naomi confided, "I know he must still be mad at me."

Olivia thought Tyler might be sleeping with her the past two nights out of spite. Trying to comfort her, she replied, "Don't worry. I don't think he's really mad at you."

"Hmm, okay," Naomi responded, "Go to class, Olivia."

With no more to say, Olivia agreed, "Okay."

As she was about to hang up, Naomi surprisingly asked, "Oh, Olivia, did you guys do it the past few days?"

Caught off guard by the question, Olivia hesitated and then answered honestly, "We... did."

There was silence from Naomi's end, making Olivia unsure of how she felt about it.

Eventually, Naomi politely stated, "Okay, don't worry. Go on with your thing."

The phone call left Olivia feeling uneasy. She decided to send Tyler a text once she reached her classroom.

"Tyler, have you not made up with Naomi?" She held her phone tightly after sending the message, feeling drained amidst the classroom chatter.

Worried about the situation, Olivia visited the hospital after school. When she arrived at the ward, she was taken aback.

Inside, Tyler was present, and Naomi was sobbing while hugging him.

Olivia was relieved to see that Tyler wasn't mad at Naomi since his love for her was evident. Nothing was more important than their happiness.

She silently observed from the doorway, and Tyler eventually noticed her. Their eyes met briefly, and she quietly departed.

He remained standing there after her departure, his gaze cast downwards, his expression filled with melancholy as he observed Naomi.

When Olivia arrived home, Tyler was still out. He was only home when it was close to 1 A.M. He must have been with Naomi at the hospital.

She walked out of the room when she heard the sound in the corridor. They happened to see each other.

Taking the initiative, she inquired, "You've made up with Naomi, right?" Concern and care were

evident in her voice.

It was late, so he looked tired. His response was concise, "Mm-hmm, we're fine. She likes to act up sometimes, that's all."

Olivia was relieved to hear that. "That's great."

However, Tyler's expression quickly turned cold, and he curtly added, "Okay, go to bed. Leave me be."

Sensing his coldness, Olivia stood there, nodding silently.

Tyler brushed past her and returned to his room without so much as a glance in her direction. The scent of disinfectant from Naomi's hospital room lingered on him.

Olivia returned to her room while repressing what she was feeling. Standing in the dark room, she couldn't help but feel the urge to cry.