

All Sins 81

Chapter 81

Olivia walked with Jacob, and they didn't notice anyone at the door. After a short walk, she stopped and turned to him. "Here will do," she said.

Jacob stopped as well.

They both felt surprised at how short the walk had been, lasting just over ten minutes. They stood together, gazing at each other under the shelter of the umbrella.

Neither of them could decipher the thoughts racing through the other's mind at that moment. The air was still, with nothing but the sound of the wind and rain enveloping them.

Finally, Olivia broke the silence. "You can go now." She only realized that she was choking when she spoke.

Jacob stood still, the rain falling around them. They looked like a couple on a quiet, rainy night, as if they were about to elope.

"Are you sure?" Jacob asked.

"Yes."

They fell silent again, their shadows blending together on the wet ground, as if they couldn't bear to part ways.

Meanwhile, Tyler observed the scene quietly from his car.

The driver sensed the coldness in his silence. He inquired, "Mr. Tyler, should we let her know we're here?"

Tyler continued to watch them in the rain, his voice chilly as he responded, “No. need.”

Unaware of Tyler’s presence, Olivia didn’t notice his car at the entrance.

Normally, she would have spotted it right away, but Jacob’s sudden appearance had caught her off guard.

Suddenly, a car horn sounded amidst the rain, prompting both Olivia and Jacob to turn their heads.

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Panic filled Olivia when she saw Tyler’s car. ‘w why is he here?’ she wondered in a state of confusion. She instinctively looked at Jacob with anxiety in her eyes.

The driver, holding a black umbrella, stepped out of the car and stood by the door, addressing Olivia, “The rain is going to get heavier, Ms. Olivia. Please get in the car soon.”

Olivia’s heart raced as she realized that Tyler usually picked her up on rainy days.

Then, the passenger side door of Tyler’s car swung open, revealing Tyler dressed in black. The driver held the umbrella over him.

Tyler stood in the rain and said, “It’s late, Olivia.

Jacob, who had been standing beside Olivia, also looked at Tyler. His gaze narrowed, reflecting a trace of coldness. The rain continued to pour around them, creating a barrier between the three of them.

Jacob showed respect by addressing Tyler, “Mr. Tyler.”

Tyler responded with a curt acknowledgment before turning his attention to Olivia. "Get in." He then took the umbrella from the driver and walked to her. Let's go."

Olivia looked up, realizing that the umbrella was now shielding her from the rain. "T-Thanks, Tyler."

Tyler said nothing as he led her away.

Once they were inside the car, the driver took the umbrella from Tyler and stowed it away. Tyler then said to Olivia, "You should call me when it rains so that I can pick you up."

Chapter 82

"Sorry, I forgot."

Olivia wanted to look outside to see if Jacob was still there, but the car had already driven a considerable distance away, and she could no longer see him.

Tyler looked gloomy to see her being absentminded. Frowning, he looked away from her and massaged his temples. "I have no right to discipline you. Let's go home."

Tyler's gloomy expression did not go unnoticed by Olivia, and she sensed that something was amiss. He seemed to be upset about something.

Olivia felt a growing tension in the air but couldn't pinpoint the exact reason for Tyler's mood. Was it because she had forgotten to call him or the house when it was raining, or was it because he had to pick her up so late?

Trying to ease the situation, she said, "I'm sorry, Tyler. I won't inconvenience you by forgetting to call or ask for a ride next time. I'll make sure to bring an umbrella.

However, his reaction only grew colder. "Whatever," he muttered.

Olivia felt her heart sink.

Upon their arrival at Sandalwood Palace, a maid came to greet them with an umbrella. Tyler got out of the car first, followed by the driver.

Olivia and the maid entered the living room, but Tyler didn't even spare a glance at her. He simply told the driver, "Go home," removed his wet coat, and headed upstairs.

In his room, Tyler stood there with an expressionless face. He called out to Olivia, his tone strict and unwavering, "Come here, Olivia."

Olivia felt a shiver down her spine at his cold tone. She had to obey, though, so she reluctantly went upstairs.

The maid, sensing Tyler's

calm. He must be really upset this time. Be careful."

calm. He must be really, cautioned Olivia, "Mr. Tyler is usually very

Feeling apprehensive, Olivia hesitated but had no choice but to proceed.

The maid went on, "I'll pour you a glass of water. Bring it to him."

Just like that, Olivia made her way to the study with a glass of water.

Tyler was working at his desk when she entered. She placed the glass of water on

the table and suggested, "Drink some water, Tyler."

He glanced at her coldly and replied, "Just leave it," before returning his

attention to the computer.

Despite his cold response, Olivia continued, "Since you're busy, I won't disturb you." Her lips quivered slightly from her nervousness and shyness. She didn't dare look at him as she turned to leave.

Finally, Tyler stopped what he was doing and gave her a stern look.

As Olivia returned to her room, she felt a sudden pain in her abdomen. Her body began to heat up, and she clung to the door, struggling to bear the discomfort.

Chapter 83

When the maid brought soup to Olivia's room, she found her curled up on the couch. Olivia hadn't turned on the lights, and her face was covered in sweat. The maid quickly approached her and noticed that she was trembling, her clothes soaked.

"What happened, Ms. Olivia?" she asked in panic.

Olivia couldn't speak properly. All she managed to say was, "It hurts..."

The maid immediately left Olivia's room and rushed to the study where Tyler was.

"Mr. Tyler, Ms. Olivia doesn't seem well," she reported urgently.

Tyler was on the phone at that moment but interrupted the call upon hearing that. "What happened?"

The maid pointed at Olivia's room. "She's curled up on the couch and drenched in sweat!"

Tyler ended the phone call abruptly and hurried out of the study. When he entered Olivia's room, he saw her writhing in pain on the couch.

Without hesitation, he held her sweaty face

“What’s wrong?” Noticing her

clutching her lower abdomen, he became worried. “What’s going on?”

Scooping her up from the couch, he ordered the maid, “Get the doctor here right away.”

The maid was alarmed and quickly left the room. Olivia, still in pain, clung to Tyler’s shirt with her sweaty hand as he held her.

Within half an hour, the doctor arrived, and the usually dimly lit house was brightly illuminated that night. After examining Olivia, the doctor turned to Tyler, who was sitting by the bed.

“It’s just menstrual cramps. Nothing serious,” the doctor assured him.

Tyler had been tense throughout the ordeal but finally relaxed upon hearing the diagnosis. He inquired further, “Are you sure there’s nothing else?”

The doctor reaffirmed, “That’s all. I’ll prescribe some painkillers specifically for this.”

At that moment, Olivia had calmed down, her back turned to them as if she had fallen asleep.

“We

need to relieve her pain first,” the doctor recommended.

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The maid received the prescribed painkillers but was alarmed when Olivia remained motionless. Panicking, she said, "What's happening, sir?!"

Tyler quickly went to the bed right after the doctor left. He was upset with the maid panicking. "What's wrong?"

"Ms. Olivia isn't moving. She's not responding to me," the maid explained, growing increasingly anxious.

Tyler attempted to lift Olivia from the bed, but she resisted and pushed him away as soon as he tried. He grabbed her hands firmly, his tone stern as he asked, "Are you throwing a tantrum at me?"

Olivia's resistance faded as she became limp, like a deflated balloon. She was exhausted and felt wronged. She spoke softly and coquettishly, "Everyone bullies

me."

Tyler's stern expression faltered as he realized how terribly he had been treating her. He might have hurt her feelings. What right did he have to treat her this way? She was just a girl longing for love.

Chapter 84

Tyler couldn't help but mock himself inwardly for getting into an argument with a girl who was still in school. He felt foolish for quarreling over such trivial

matters.

As he reflected on his actions, he recalled what Naomi had said to him: "Will you fall for her one day?"

Realizing that he might have been too harsh, Tyler softened his tone and offered an apology, "Olivia, I admit that I acted Irrationally today. Can you forgive me?" He gently wiped the sweat from her pale face and continued, "Take the painkiller. If the pain is still unbearable, we'll go to the hospital."

However, Olivia clutched his shirt again and lifted her tearful eyes to meet his gaze. She looked exhausted from the pain, her vulnerability and coquettishness shining through as she spoke, "Nobody loves me except Jacob, You love Naomi, Mrs. Jones loves Naomi, and Dad loves Naomi too. So many people love her, but what about me? I only have Jacob's love, Can't I have even a little bit? Why are you mad at me?"

The maid, who had been observing silently, was taken aback by Olivia's

emotional outburst. She wondered who this Jacob was and whether Tyler was mad at Olivia because of him.

Tyler, however, remained silent, his expression still. Pity, weakness, and helplessness reflected in Olivia's eyes.

Even though she wanted to break free from his embrace and distance herself from him, he held her tightly. He gently wiped away her tears with his fingers, his chin resting on her head. He continued to apologize, "It's my fault, Olivia. I hurt you today. Forgive me for my recklessness, okay?"

Jacob's unexpected appearance had shattered Olivia's emotional barriers, and she continued to push Tyler away, emotionally drained. "You all have people who love you. I only have Jacob, Why can't I have even a little love?"

Tyler continued to hold her and pressed her head against his chest. Her face was close to his body, and she was unable to move. She sobbed in his embrace, clutching his shirt.

With his other hand, he held her hand and placed it on his chest.

Perhaps from exhaustion, she eventually calmed down after a brief struggle. She sobbed silently while nestled in his embrace, still gripping his shirt.

The maid remained shocked by the emotional scene she had witnessed. She stood there, dumbstruck.

"Sleep now," Tyler whispered softly into Olivia's ear.

She seemed to be under his spell, becoming obedient. Even after he removed his hand from her face, she remained still, leaning on his chest, and soon drifted off to sleep. Curled up in a ball, she looked as if she didn't feel entirely safe even in her sleep.

Tyler tucked her into bed and whispered almost inaudibly, "There will be many people who will love you."

He sat by the bed, his expression still gloomy, as he watched her sleep through the night.

The next morning, when Olivia woke up, she felt embarrassed as she

remembered her outburst from the previous night. What had she said? Why had she acted as if she were drunk?

Feeling mortified, she briefly considered crawling back into bed to hide. After procrastinating for a while, she finally headed downstairs after the maid gently urged her several times.

Approaching Tyler, who was sitting at the dining table, she spoke awkwardly, Tyler, I—I'm sorry about last night. I..." She couldn't bring herself to continue, her face burning with embarrassment.

He set down his coffee mug and looked at her. "Is your stomach still hurting?"

Chapter 85

Olivia felt that this wasn't the first time she had embarrassed herself, so she tried to appear calmer now. "I feel much better now. The first day was more painful, that's all."

Tyler, too, seemed calm. "That's great then, let's eat."

He appeared indifferent, which made Olivia feel like she was being overly immature. She relaxed a bit and took her seat across from him.

At that moment, the maid served a bowl of soup that Olivia wasn't familiar with. She explained, "This is a blood-replenishing soup that Mr. Tyler asked me to prepare."

Olivia looked at the soup and lifted her head to express her gratitude, "Thanks, Tyler."

Tyler didn't make much of it as he set down the newspaper. "Don't drink anything cold for a few days so that you won't get cramps again."

This simple advice from him made Olivia feel unexpectedly warm. She held the warm bowl in her hands and decided to let go of the negative emotions from the previous day. She finished the soup, which tasted rather unappetizing.

After her meal, she heard the meowing of a cat from outside. When she went to investigate, she found a kitten stumbling around in the garden. She picked it up.

The maid followed her and asked, "Why is there a kitten here?"

Olivia smiled as she replied, "I think it was just born. There's still a dried umbilical cord on it."

Just then, Tyler heard the cat's meows as he came downstairs after changing. He saw Olivia squatting in the bushes, holding a fluffy little creature.

As he approached, Olivia looked up. "Look, Tyler. It's a cat." She extended her arms, showing him the soft little thing.

Tyler found the scene rather cute. He glanced at the kitten. "I think it's less than a month old."

The meowing sounded pitiful, and Olivia commented, "I guess it can't find its mother." Her heart went out to the kitten.

Tyler knew that girls like her couldn't resist fluffy things. He instantly understood her intentions. "You want to keep it?"

Olivia hesitated for a moment. She was aware that there was no sign of pets in the house, and she wasn't sure if Tyler had any interest in cats.

"Can I?" she eventually asked with hesitation.

Olivia couldn't tell what he was thinking from his face. She noticed he didn't seem to be interested in cats.

The maid had reservations upon hearing Olivia's request. "W-Will it have parasites? They say it's not advisable to keep cats in a household with pregnant women. Even though we don't have any here, could cat hair cause allergies?"

Olivia felt a pang when the maid mentioned "pregnant women."

Her grip on the kitten loosened. Although she wasn't pregnant, she was preparing for it, and this decision could potentially affect the child and Naomi...

The anticipation in her eyes vanished instantly.

Tyler fell silent instinctively. After a while, he said, "Let's take it to a pet store nearby."

Olivia shuddered as she held the kitten. She knew she couldn't keep it, as it posed a threat to her health.

The maid nodded and reached for the kitten. "Please give it to me, Ms. Olivia."

Olivia closed her eyes and stopped looking at the kitten. She gently placed it in the maid's hands. The kitten began to meow even louder, struggling in the process.

She kept her eyes shut.

Chapter 86

Naturally, Tyler noticed that Olivia had closed her eyes, refusing to let go of the kitten. He unexpectedly spoke up as the maid was about to leave with it. "Wait."

The maid had no idea why he had suddenly called out to her.

"Let it stay. Just clean the house more often," he said.

She was rather surprised. "You... want to keep it?"

Even Olivia was surprised. She stood still for a moment, staring at him.

With certainty, he replied, "Yes, let's keep it."

Before Olivia could fully process what had just happened, he told her, "You should go to school now, or you'll be late."

Grinning with joy, she responded, "Okay. Thanks, Tyler!"

He said nothing more and returned to the living room.

She eagerly took the kitten from the maid. "It's so cute. What should I feed it? Goat milk?"

Naturally, Tyler, who had walked back to the living room, heard Olivia's laughter. It was strange how his mood had unexpectedly improved.

Olivia took good care of the kitten, and her days had been filled with happiness. She would spend time with it every day, either feeding it or grooming its fur.

After school, when she returned to Sandalwood Palace, the maid was in the kitchen. She noticed Olivia's cheerful mood and asked, "Ms. Olivia, Ms. Naomi said she'd like some soup. Do you have time to deliver it to her?"

Olivia hadn't even had a chance to put down her bag. She hesitated for a moment. "Sure... It's been a while since I visited her."

"Great." The maid went on, "The driver's outside. Just get in the car." Still busy with cooking, she returned inside after handing Olivia the insulated container.

Although Olivia was concerned about her kitten, she figured everything would be fine since she had checked on it in the morning. She got into the car with the

soup.

When Olivia arrived at Naomi's hospital room, she found her reading. "Olivia."

Naomi appeared surprised to see her. "Why is it you who brought me soup today, Olivia?"

Olivia put the container in front of her. "The maid is busy, so I brought it to you,"

Naomi looked at her, her smile gentle. There was nothing strange in her behavior. "How's school and life?"

Olivia averted her gaze, worried that Naomi might ask her if she was pregnant. " Pretty good."

Naomi nodded. "Is Tyler treating you well?"

Olivia was caught off guard.

Naomi gently held her hand and, noticing her reaction, said, "Alright, forget I asked." Changing the subject, she gazed at the container. "I've been craving that soup."

Worried that she might be hungry, Olivia quickly opened it and poured the soup into a bowl. "Drink it while it's hot."

Naomi smiled and reached for the bowl. But just as she was about to grab it, she was startled.

Olivia noticed that and asked, "What's wrong, Naomi?"

"Nothing." She smiled, then just as she was about to take a sip, she suddenly sneezed repeatedly.

However, after the sneezing fit, Naomi clutched her chest and her face turned pale. She began to pant heavily.

Chapter 87

Noticing that something was wrong, Olivia shouted, "Nurse, doctor!"

No nurses or doctors arrived, but Mrs. Jones rushed into the room, dropping whatever she was holding in her hands when she saw the distressing scene. She hurried to Naomi, who was now twitching uncontrollably, and exclaimed, "What happened? How did this happen?"

Confused and frightened, Olivia watched in disbelief. She kept replaying the events in her mind, trying to make sense of it all. Just moments ago, Naomi had been talking and smiling, and now she was trembling and twitching.

"I don't know."

At that moment, Darren burst into the room, alarmed. "What happened?" He rushed to Naomi's side and immediately realized there was no time to figure out the cause when he saw her condition deteriorating rapidly.

Mrs. Jones dashed out of the room, her panicked cry echoing through the corridor, "Doctor! Someone, please get the doctor!"

Darren held Naomi, his voice shaking with fear. "Naomi! What happened to you?"

Olivia followed Mrs. Jones. Within just a couple of minutes, a team of doctors and nurses hurried into the room, swiftly attending to Naomi, who continued to twitch.

Mrs. Jones was sobbing uncontrollably as the medical staff checked Naomi's heartbeat and breathing.

The doctor urgently inquired, "Has anyone been in contact with animals?"

Both Darren and Mrs. Jones shook their heads frantically. They had not come into contact with any animals, and they had seen Naomi start twitching as soon as they entered the room.

Desperately, Mrs. Jones cried out, "We haven't had any pets, and we haven't touched any animals!"

"Not even cats or dogs?" the doctor pressed.

Olivia was dumbstruck when she heard that.

A cat... She had a cat.

The doctor's expression turned even more serious. "We don't have time to investigate this now. Our priority is to save her life."

Another emergency rescue was underway for Naomi.

Before anyone could react, the medical staff hurried them out of the ward. The situation was incredibly urgent and frightening, with doctors and nurses

frantically working to stabilize Naomi

Frozen in place, Olivia felt helpless and lost, not knowing what to do.

Mrs. Jones clung to Naomi's bed, desperate to be by her daughter's side as they rushed her into the emergency room. However, she couldn't keep up with the medical team, and she collapsed at the door.

Just then, the elevator doors opened, and Tyler stepped out. When he saw the commotion and the medical staff tending to Naomi, he immediately joined them.

Olivia couldn't hear what the doctor said to him, but she saw Tyler enter the elevator with the medical team, his expression grave.

Within moments, the hospital room fell eerily silent. Naomi was the only patient staying there, receiving the full attention of the staff.

On the floor outside the room, Mrs. Jones remained seated. Darren approached to help her and asked, "Are you alright?"

Chapter 88

Mrs. Jones continued to sob uncontrollably, unable to stop her tears.

Darren tried his best to comfort her. "She'll be alright, don't worry. Tyler has brought in the best doctors." Despite his words of reassurance, his own voice trembled, sounding more like he was comforting himself.

Mrs. Jones, still crying, turned her gaze toward Olivia, her eyes filled with confusion and fear. She hesitated before asking, "Did you come into contact with cats or dogs?"

Olivia's hands trembled, and she was slow to respond to the question.

Mrs. Jones asked again, "Did you touch cats or dogs?"

Finally, after a long pause, Olivia managed to stammer, "I... rescued a k..."

Before she could finish, Mrs. Jones grabbed her arms forcefully, her grip tight. and unyielding.

Darren was alarmed by his wife's actions, and he quickly intervened. "What are you doing?! Why are you grabbing Olivia?"

Ignoring her husband, Mrs. Jones' face contorted with anger and blame. She shouted at Olivia, "You know what? I shouldn't have brought you home all those years ago. I did it out of pity, because you were young and motherless. But the fortune teller warned me that we can only have one daughter! Just as I suspected, you've brought bad luck to Naomi! You want her dead, don't you?!"

Mrs. Jones unleashed all the pent-up resentment she had harbored for years. She let her emotions pour out in an uncontrollable torrent of anger.

Olivia stood there in silence, her face pale, absorbing the accusations hurled at her.

Mrs. Jones continued, her voice laced with bitterness, "You've been trying for so long, but you're still not pregnant. You don't want Naomi to recover, do you?!" She shook Olivia forcefully, demanding answers. "Tell me! Tell me now!"

Olivia felt her body weakening under the weight of Mrs. Jones's anger. Darren tried to intervene, urging his wife to stop. "Julia!"

However, Julia ignored her husband's pleas and persisted in accusing Olivia. "I won't forgive you if anything happens to Naomi!"

Olivia didn't cry, nor did she move. She allowed Julia to vent her anger and frustration on her, bearing the verbal assault in silence.

Nearly an hour passed before the emergency room doors finally opened. Julia rushed over to the doctor. "Doctor! How is my daughter?"

Wearing a somber expression, the doctor delivered the news. "She's stable for now, but she's in a coma."

Olivia was stunned to hear that.

Julia turned her accusing gaze toward her once more, adding more fuel to the fire. "You did this on purpose, didn't you? You want to take her place!"

Olivia, her eyes wide with disbelief, shuddered at the accusation. She found it hard to believe that Julia could say such hurtful things.

She took a step back, shaking her head as she tried to explain, "I washed my hands and changed my clothes before coming here. I had no idea this would happen, Aunt. I really..." She wanted to explain, but how could Julia believe her?

Julia approached her, coming to a halt in front of her, her gaze locking onto hers.

Just as Olivia was about to explain further, Julia abruptly raised her hand and delivered a resounding slap across Olivia's face. The loud sound echoed through the corridor.

The sound echoed through the corridor, and Olivia's cheek bore the unmistakable mark of the slap.

Outside the emergency room, Tyler witnessed the entire scene, his expression hidden from view.

Chapter 89

"No matter what, you're guilty of what happened to Naomil"

Darren grabbed Julia. "Forget it, Julia. She didn't do it on purpose!"

"I'd kill her if she did!"

Darren wanted to say more, but he chose to remain silent, realizing that he had the least right to speak in this matter. He understood Julia's anger and vengeance.

Observing the situation, Tyler, who had been quietly watching, decided to approach.

Seeing Tyler, Darren looked relieved, hoping that he might bring some sense into the situation. He exclaimed, "Tyler is here."

Julia, her anger subsiding, walked toward Tyler, her voice trembling with worry. "Tyler, is Naomi awake? When will she wake up?" All the rage that had filled her moments ago vanished without a trace, replaced by deep concern.

He replied, "We don't know yet."

Julia's worry intensified. "Will she stay in a coma?"

"Not sure."

Panicking, Julia exclaimed, "Oh, no! What do we do now?"

While she was in distress, Tyler's gaze shifted toward Olivia. Julia noticed his diverted attention and followed his gaze.

Realizing that Tyler had noticed her, Julia felt awkward about the confrontation that had taken place in his presence. She understood that family matters should not be aired in front of outsiders, but she felt it was none of his business. Besides, she did not accuse Olivia.

Tyler broke the silence by providing some information. "Naomi's allergy might not be triggered by animal hair. They're still investigating."

Julia was taken aback by his unexpected statement. She had expected him to side with her, but his response was neutral and factual. He did not take anyone's side; instead, he merely stated the current situation.

Julia now felt uncomfortable stirring up a commotion in front of Tyler. She said awkwardly, "I know I was too impulsive. Is the doctor looking for the cause?"

"We'll see when Naomi wakes up." With that, Tyler glanced at Olivia briefly, then averted his gaze and left the area as his secretary arrived. They were likely

discussing a new treatment plan for Naomi.

Once Tyler had departed, Julia's attention returned to Olivia.

Concerned that Julia might lash out again, Darren grabbed her. "Okay, Naomi's life is our top priority now. Stop it. It was terrible that Tyler witnessed all of this."

Indeed, Julia's earlier words had been harsh and hurtful. However, she firmly believed that Naomi belonged to the Harris family, and no one could threaten her position.

Despite their prestigious reputation, the Jones family didn't want to create a

public spectacle. Julia managed to calm down and walked quickly to the doctor's office.

Darren remained behind, looking troubled. He approached Olivia, who had a swollen cheek from the earlier slap, and said, "Olivia, although Julia was impulsive, she was just worried. Forgive her."

It was a rare moment for Darren to offer Olivia comfort, but his words lacked warmth. Olivia remained composed, showing no signs of pain as she responded, "I know."

Darren sighed and left her alone. That was the only thing he could offer her.

Chapter 90

That night, the lights in Naomi's ward remained on until the middle of the night. Olivia had been standing and waiting anxiously. It was around 3 A.M. when she finally came out of the emergency room.

Naturally, Tyler stayed by her side throughout the ordeal. The medical staff had been moving briskly, and he seemed too preoccupied to notice Olivia, who had been quietly standing in a corner. Or perhaps he had noticed her but chose not to give her any attention.

Outside, the world was shrouded in darkness, contrasting sharply with Tyler's worried, serious, and tired appearance.

From her spot in the corner, Olivia watched as the hospital bed, with Naomi lying unconscious, was wheeled past her. Another person walked past her as well.

Her eyes remained fixed on the breathing machine attached to Naomi's bed and on Naomi herself, who looked deathly pale. Olivia fell into a heavy silence, overwhelmed by sadness.

But she was also filled with relief that Naomi was going to be fine. If anything had happened to her, Olivia knew that she could never forgive herself, regardless of Julia's feelings.

Shortly thereafter, Tyler's driver located Olivia. "It's late, Ms. Olivia. I'll take you home."

She asked, "Can I see Naomi? It won't take long."

The driver paused, considering her request. Perhaps he was moved by her pitiful appearance, as he eventually agreed to take her back to Naomi's ward.

Upon entering the ward, Olivia saw Darren and Julia standing beside Naomi's bed. Tyler was speaking softly to Naomi, his hand gently caressing her cheek.

Naomi was awake, but she appeared weak and drained. Her gaze shifted toward Olivia, who was standing at the door.

The moment she looked, they looked over too.

Naomi smiled at her and said, "I'm alright, Olivia. Go home and rest."

Olivia realized that she shouldn't enter the room. Hospital wards had strict rules about disinfection, and too many visitors could pose a risk to Naomi's health.

Knowing that it was best to keep her distance, she turned and left the room.

The moment she left, Tyler lowered his head and said to Naomi, "Rest now."

Naomi then shut her eyes.

Once they were home, Olivia felt utterly exhausted. She was still unclear about what had happened, and as she entered the living room, she nearly stumbled. Fortunately, the driver was quick to support her.

It was almost 4 A.M., and she knew the driver must be tired as well. She said to him, "Thank you for bringing me home. Please go and rest now."

Concerned, he asked, "Are you sure you're okay?"

She said softly, "I'm fine."

Understanding her wishes, the driver left promptly.

Alone in her room, Olivia sank to the floor as soon as she closed the door. She buried her face in her arms and allowed herself to cry, releasing all the pent-up emotions from the tumultuous night.

