

All Sins 91

Chapter 91

In the morning, Olivia heard a car pulling up in front of the house, but she hesitated to go downstairs. She knew exactly who had returned home.

After a while, she finally mustered the courage to get out of bed. She cautiously opened her bedroom door and spotted Tyler walking into the living room.

The maid had been in a state of panic since morning, well aware of the gravity of the situation. She rushed to Tyler immediately and began apologizing, "I'm so sorry, Mr. Tyler. It's my fault. I asked Ms. Olivia to deliver the soup to Ms. Naomi, and I was busy..."

Tyler halted in his tracks and cast a chilling gaze at the maid. It was a single, icy look that sent shivers down her spine. "If something like this happens again, you'll be fired."

Olivia had always thought he was a gentle person, but she was wrong. It was her first time seeing him talk to someone like that.

The old maid didn't dare to say another word and nodded fervently. "I'm sorry, Mr. Tyler. I'll be more careful next time."

Without another word, he turned away and continued towards the living room. The maid, however, couldn't help but ask, "And what about the... cat, Mr. Tyler?"

Upstairs, Olivia held her breath upon hearing the question. She became tense, waiting for his

response.

Tyler stopped once more and replied coldly, "Get rid of it."

Olivia's tense body relaxed at that moment. The moment she had been dreading had arrived. His words were like a cold arrow piercing her heart.

"Sure, Mr. Tyler. I'll get rid of it right away," the maid said. She turned on her heel and headed to the backyard to deal with the cat.

Olivia hurriedly descended the stairs and coincidentally stopped in front of Tyler and the did.

Tyler was taken aback by her presence, as he hadn't expected to see her at that moment.

Olivia knew she had nearly caused Naomi's life-threatening situation. She also understood that the cat's presence had played a role in the incident. But it felt cruel to dispose of the cat in such a manner.

She stood before them, torn between pleading for the cat's life or suggesting that it be given to someone else. However, she couldn't bring herself to voice her thoughts. She considered herself to be the guilty party, and even thinking of such things made her feel like a terrible person.

She stood silently before him for a long while and, instead of discussing the cat, she inquired, "Tyler, how is Naomi?"

Having just arrived home, Tyler appeared exhausted. He replied flatly to her question, "She's stable

for now."

A surge of relief washed over her, though the concern she had been suppressing seemed to drain her energy completely. "That's good to hear."

The maid observed the two of them and, not receiving any contrary orders, proceeded to the backyard to deal with the cat.

Tyler, without any comment about Olivia's behavior, walked past her and ascended the stairs to his

room.

Olivia stood still. She felt the urge to cry, but it was as if something was stuck in her throat, preventing her from shedding tears.

After he had gone upstairs, she heard a faint meowing.

Shortly afterward, the maid returned from the backyard, the cat nowhere in sight.

During lunch, Olivia did not come downstairs. She didn't respond to the maid's calls, no matter how many times she knocked on her door.

In the evening, when the maid knocked on her door again, Olivia remained unresponsive. Suspecting something was amiss, the maid made her way to Tyler's room. A short while later, the previously locked door to Olivia's room was opened.

Tyler stood at the doorway, and the maid stood behind him, worried.

Olivia sat motionless on her bed, uttering not a word. Silence enveloped her room.

Tyler never said anything about her behavior, instead saying, "Bring food here," to the maid.

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Tyler went on, "Also, bring some anti-inflammatory ointment."

The maid went downstairs right away.

Turning his attention back to Olivia, he walked into her room and said, "Why didn't you answer the door, hmm?"

Olivia remained silent, offering no response.

Tyler tried again, "Don't you want to eat?" His voice remained flat, not as cold as it had been with the maid.

Just then, the maid returned with the first aid kit. Tyler instructed her, "You can leave after placing it on the table."

Without hesitation, the maid left the room.

Once they were alone, Tyler picked up the first aid kit and approached Olivia's bedside. He reached for the anti-inflammatory ointment and began to open it. "I was the one who decided to keep the cat. It's my problem. I've dealt with it."

As he prepared to apply the ointment to her face, Olivia instinctively moved away, dodging his touch.

Tyler paused, frowning as he looked at her.

Olivia looked frail as she softly said, "I'm fine, Tyler. I just don't feel like eating, that's all." She maintained a certain distance from him, seemingly reluctant to let him get closer.

Tyler observed her closely, his gaze unwavering. After a lengthy pause, he asked, "Are you angry with me?"

Olivia spoke softly, "No, don't misunderstand, Tyler."

Tyler fixed his eyes on her, his voice soft yet tinged with displeasure as he said, "Olivia."

She kept her head down, avoiding eye contact.

Suppressing his emotions, Tyler said softly, "I'm sorry, Olivia. It's my fault. Please don't make it difficult. Can I apply the ointment to help with the swelling?"

Olivia instinctively moved away again, putting more distance between them.

Tyler let out a subtle sigh, placing the ointment back down. "Do you think I shouldn't have gotten rid of the cat?"

Her lips trembled slightly as she replied, "I really didn't think that."

With patience, Tyler told her, "I understand that it may not have been the cat's fault. Can you stop being mad?"

She then said, "Can you stop overthinking, Tyler?"

Tyler sensed that something was truly bothering her. He sat on the bed, quietly observing her. They remained seated across from each other in silence, the divide between them growing.

He had no idea what had caused her distress, but he noticed the dark circles under her eyes and the swelling on her cheek.

Suddenly, he recalled Julia's words earlier, and his expression turned cold.

Gradually, he began to put some distance between them, moving away from Olivia. "If you get hungry, let the maid know."

Olivia replied obediently, "Okay."

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Tyler stopped bothering Olivia. After looking at her for a long time, he got up and left. The door clicked shut behind him.

As soon as he left, Olivia slumped, her thoughts weighed down by Julia's words and the memory of the slap.

The following day, she visited the hospital and stood outside Naomi's room. Tyler and Julia were present as well.

Olivia didn't make eye contact with anyone as she walked in. She immediately offered her apologies, "I'm sorry, Naomi."

Everyone, including Tyler, who sat by the bedside, turned their attention toward her.

Naomi responded gently, "What are you apologizing for, Olivia? This is my fault. How can I blame you for this?"

Naturally, Naomi had learned about the situation. She turned to Julia and questioned, "Mom, why did you hit Olivia? It might not have been caused by animal hair." She felt guilty about the incident.

Julia did feel regret for her actions the other day. However, her emotions had gotten the best of her, and she couldn't control herself. She awkwardly admitted, "I acted impulsively, Naomi."

Naomi then turned to Tyler. "Why didn't you stop her, Tyler? Olivia suffered so much."

Tyler's voice remained flat and calm as he explained, "I was in the emergency room."

Only then did Naomi remember that Tyler had been with her in the emergency room. She sighed and said, "Right, I forgot about that. I thought you would've protected her," she continued, "My mom went too far. How could she hit Olivia?"

Tyler had little reaction to her comments. He comforted her, "She didn't do it on purpose."

In truth, Naomi had been observing Tyler's expressions throughout the conversation. She noticed that not only did he not seem to care, but he even seemed to side with Julia. This put her at ease.

Naomi then pressured Julia into apologizing, "Apologize to Olivia, Mom."

Julia, reluctant to upset Naomi and affect her health further, approached Olivia. "Olivia, I was too impulsive the other day. Don't be mad at me."

Indeed, the doctors had not definitively attributed the allergy to animal hair. Given her current frail state, they couldn't rule out animal hair as the cause, but there were many other potential factors they couldn't confirm yet.

"It's my fault, Aunt," Olivia responded to her apology.

Julia was unsure what else to say. She was not one to easily apologize to anyone and had only done so for Naomi's sake.

Just then, Naomi asked, "Did you keep a cat, Olivia?"

Olivia looked up, quickly explaining, "It was a rescue, not something I bought."

However, Naomi found Olivia's explanation lacking. Tyler, who typically didn't like animals, had surprisingly agreed to have a cat in the house.

He chimed in, "Mm-hmm, it was a kitten that had just been born. We were planning to take it to a pet

store later.”

“Olivia adores animals. But I heard that you got rid of it after what happened to me?”

Olivia cast her eyes downward in response.

Tyler looked at Naomi and stated, “It’s better not to keep pets at home.”

Naomi felt relieved and responded half-heartedly, “It was just a cat. Why blame it? Olivia would be

sad.”

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“I’ll get Olivia another cat when you’ve recovered, okay?” z

Naomi smiled. “That’s more like it.”

“Mm-hmm, don’t worry. Do you think I’d mistreat her?”

Olivia, who had been standing by, spoke up, “I have to go to school, Naomi. I’ll leave now.”

Naomi didn’t want to hold her back and said, “Go ahead, Olivia. Do you need Tyler’s driver to take you?”

“N-No need, I can go on my own.”

Naomi didn’t insist and bid her farewell.

Meanwhile, Tyler glanced at Olivia discreetly.

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In reality, Olivia didn't have school that day. It was Sophie's birthday, and there was a party at a bar in the evening. Sophie came from a wealthy family and had many affluent friends, so the party was quite grand.

Olivia didn't particularly enjoy such social gatherings and, feeling somewhat moody, she had spent most of the evening quietly in a corner. Sophie was busy entertaining her other guests and didn't have

much time for her.

As the party went on, Sophie started looking around and asked, "Why isn't Claude here?"

Claude Pearce, Sophie's older brother, was known for his outstanding achievements. He had graduated from a prestigious school and had a successful career in finance abroad.

However, he had recently returned home, taken a break from finance, and spent time teaching in a remote area. Now, at the age of 30, he had decided to return to the family business and would likely become its future leader.

People at the party were curious about Claude, as they had heard much about him but had never met

him.

One of Sophie's cousins said, "I don't know. Didn't he say he'd come at 10?"

Seeing that Sophie was occupied with her phone call, Olivia, who was feeling bored, asked, "Sophie, can I step outside for some fresh air?"

The bar was loud and crowded, making it hard to have a conversation. Sophie, still on the phone, didn't hear Olivia's request, so Olivia decided to go out on her own.

As she made her way to the exit, she encountered a slippery spot where beer had been spilled on the floor. Olivia slipped and nearly fell, but someone caught her just in time.

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A cool, soothing voice asked, "Are you okay?"

Startled, Olivia looked up to see a friendly face. Unlike Jacob's sunny disposition or Tyler's elegant demeanor, this man had a pleasant and approachable appearance.

She pulled her hand away from his and replied, "I'm fine. The floor is just slippery. Thanks for helping."

That man smiled. "'No problem. Just be careful when you walk."

Olivia nodded absentmindedly as she walked outside.

Suddenly, the man asked, "Are you Sophie's friend?"

She stopped in her tracks, wondering. 'Is he Sophie's brother?'

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Olivia couldn't be certain if the man in front of her was indeed Claude, but he seemed to match the descriptions people had given about him.

Claude wore a friendly smile as he added, "Do you know me?"

his tone was pleasant, but Olivia remained unsure if he was truly Claude.

Before she could dwell on it further, Sophie and her cousin approached, calling out happily from a distance, "Claude!"

Claude turned his attention to them. "You brats are holding the party here?"

Sophie held his arm and enthusiastically explained, "We decided to have the party here because we thought it would be easier for you to find us, considering you've been living in the mountains."

The cousin chimed in with a teasing comment, "Claude, are you going back to the mountains to become a sage or something?"

Claude responded casually, "What are you talking about? Just because I wasn't home for a couple of years, you're already labeling me?"

Many partygoers had gathered outside the bar to catch a glimpse of Sophie's legendary brother, who had become the center of attention at her party.

Naturally, Claude might not have been aware of the buzz surrounding him.

Sophie excitedly waved at Olivia and introduced her to Claude, saying, "Olivia, this is my brother, Claude. Get over here!"

Olivia stood still.

Sophie then ran over and grabbed her arm. She introduced her to him, "Claude, this is Olivia, my best friend and classmate. Her sister is Naomi Jones!"

"Naomi Jones?" Claude thought about it and asked, "Tyler's fiancée?" Clearly, he had heard of her.

Olivia was somewhat surprised that he knew about Naomi and Tyler. However, it was no secret that

Naomi was engaged to Tyler, a well-known figure in the upper class. Their love story had even been covered by the media, portraying it as a childhood-sweetheart-fairytale-like romance.

Sophie confirmed, "Yes, she's her sister," and encouraged Olivia to greet Claude.

Olivia extended her hand to him and introduced herself, "Hello, Mr. Claude. My name is Olivia Jones."

Claude took her hand gently, shaking it with a warm smile. "Just call me Claude. You're Sophie's friend, so you're practically my sister too."

Claude's gentle and approachable demeanor made it easy for people to trust and feel comfortable around him. After the handshake, Olivia felt somewhat shy but managed to say, "Claude."

Normally, it took Olivia a while to warm up to people, even if they were acquaintances or friends of her sister. She maintained a reserved demeanor around him.

Claude, understanding her hesitation, smiled and said nothing more. They were just getting

acquainted, so it made sense that Olivia didn't open up to him.

Sophie then ushered them both into a private room, suggesting, "Claude, you have to drink with us tonight."

Claude had come to support his family, so he smiled and accepted Sophie's invitation without

resistance.

As expected, the atmosphere in the private room soared as soon as Claude arrived. Numerous girls approached him, attempting to strike up conversations and ask various questions.

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Claude was accustomed to such attention from women, so he maintained his distance and answered their questions politely. He behaved like a gentleman, being warm and friendly, but he was careful not to encourage their advances.

As Olivia watched him interact with the girls, she recalled Sophie describing her brother as a savior who brought light to the world. She couldn't help but think that this description suited him perfectly. Claude appeared to be a great man and a true savior.

Olivia was in the mood to drink that night, so she indulged herself. She had a lot to drink, which was unusual for her. She had always been careful and reserved, adhering to the rules and avoiding

mistakes.

She downed several cocktails from the table. Sitting in a corner, she went unnoticed by others. However, the alcohol soon took its toll, and she began to feel sick. After a few glasses of cocktails, her stomach began to ache, and she felt nauseated. She decided to head to the bathroom.

Meanwhile, as more girls surrounded Claude, he felt the room becoming increasingly stifling. He decided to go to the bathroom as well to wash his face. While he was bending down to wash his hands, he noticed a clumsy person in the mirror.

Suddenly, that person collided with him with surprising force, nearly causing him to lose his balance. He caught a whiff of a sweet scent as they collided.

He was taken aback by the unexpected encounter and tried to steady himself.

Olivia, still feeling queasy after leaving the stall, was unaware of who she had bumped into. She was preoccupied with her discomfort and pushed the person away before rushing to the sink to vomit.

Claude, having been pushed away, finally had a clear view of her face. He realized that she was Sophie's friend. As she continued to vomit, he watched her helplessly.

Olivia's head was spinning from vomiting. As if her life was sucked out of her body he fell from the sink and sat on the floor. She looked lost, like a helpless orphan who had nowhere to go.

After watching her for a while, Claude knelt down in front of her and asked, "Are you alright?"

Olivia, feeling overwhelmed and numb, blinked at him. Her beautiful brown eyes resembled glass beads, resembling the eyes of a gentle doe. A crystal-clear tear trickled down her cheek as she blinked, her gaze unfocused.

Claude asked again, concerned, "Are you really alright?"

She seemed to have found a lifeline in his voice. She looked at him with a distant expression and said softly, "I'm okay..."

It was almost ten at night when Tyler arrived home from the hospital. It was quiet when he arrived at the living room.

The maid came out as soon as she heard his car. "Mr. Tyler, Ms. Olivia still isn't home. We can't find her."

He frowned. "You can't find her?" His immediate thought was to check his family home. He added, "Did you call my family home?"

"I did, but they said she's not there. I also tried calling her, but she didn't answer," the maid replied.

Tyler's face grew even colder as he made a decision. "Call the police." He then headed upstairs after giving the order.

The maid didn't expect he would take such serious measures. However, recalling that Naomi was almost kidnapped once, she dared not hesitate. She called the police in panic.

Meanwhile, Tyler went to the second bedroom upstairs, forcefully pushing open the door.

The door hit the wall, and the room was dark and silent. There was no one inside, only the curtains swaying gently in the breeze.

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Claude assisted Olivia out of the bathroom, and Sophie, along with the others, had been searching for her.

Sophie rushed over when she saw her brother coming out with Olivia. "What happened, Claude?"

Olivia had passed out, making it easier for him to support her. He explained, "She's drunk."

Sophie hadn't realized Olivia had consumed so much alcohol. She approached Olivia and asked softly, "Olivia, are you alright?"

Olivia was unable to respond at this point.

Claude, speaking on her behalf, suggested, "She doesn't seem alright. Let's take her home."

It had been a while since they had spent time together, so Sophie wasn't certain where Olivia was currently residing. Olivia hadn't been staying in the dormitory, and Sophie didn't have the address of the Jones family.

Just as she was wondering if she should take her to a hotel for the night, she thought of someone-

Mr. Tyler. She felt her pocket and realized that she had lost her phone.

“Should we take her to the hotel?” she asked.

Claude considered it a practical solution since Olivia was Sophie’s friend. However, he reminded her, “Shouldn’t you contact her family? We don’t want them to worry.”

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Sophie replied, “No need. Let’s go to the hotel. She can stay in the same room as me.”

As they were leaving the bar, Sophie asked, “Are you parked nearby?”

Claude had taken a taxi to the bar due to traffic congestion and was unfamiliar with the city’s roads.”
No, you should call a taxi.”

Feeling helpless, Sophie asked her cousin to arrange for a taxi.

When the taxi arrived, they transported Olivia to the hotel. Claude assumed that once he placed her in bed, the ordeal would be over. He couldn’t stay in the same room as a girl, after all. However, he hadn’t anticipated that Olivia would cling to his neck and refuse to let go when he attempted to put

her down.

Sophie’s cousin helped remove Olivia’s shoes, and Sophie went to the bathroom to fetch a hot towel, hoping it would help refresh Olivia. She was taken aback when she discovered Olivia’s reluctance to release her brother. Rushing over, she asked, “What’s wrong?”

Claude, too, felt helpless. He had attempted to put her down three times without success. "She won't let go. Help me."

Sophie felt bad for him. Not only did he become the mascot of her party, he had to take care of her drunk friend. Fearing he might become upset, she rushed over and attempted to separate Olivia from him, enlisting her cousin's assistance.

Despite their best efforts, Olivia maintained a firm grip on Claude's collar. They unbuttoned his collar, but Olivia still clung to it tightly.

"We can't get her off," the cousin said.

Claude had a feeling that Olivia was on the verge of tearing his shirt, and he didn't want to end up shirtless. He sighed in resignation. "Forget it. Bring medicine for her to sober up."

They stopped struggling, and Sophie asked, "What about Olivia?"

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Since she refused to let go, it appeared that she was essentially sitting on him, her face resting on his shoulder.

Claude was growing impatient but maintained his composure. "I'll try to put her down, and you guys can go to the front desk and ask for some medicine."

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Sophie and her cousin wasted no time and hurried to the front desk.

After they left, Claude suddenly realized that he was alone in the room with the girl in his embrace. He paused for a moment, slightly taken aback, but soon recognized that he had no choice but to handle the situation.

He attempted to gently put her down, but the first two attempts failed. Just as he was preparing for the third try, Olivia suddenly slipped from his thighs, inadvertently pulling his neck along.

In that split second, their lips made contact.

Claude hadn't anticipated this development. He quickly raised his head to find himself gazing into her eyes. A lingering sweet scent surrounded them, seemingly emanating from her body or face.

His eyes darkened.

Trapped in this compromising position, he couldn't move. All he could do was allow her to grasp his neck while he loomed over her. There was a noticeable gap between them.

He felt powerless to do anything. Resigned to his fate, he contemplated shutting his eyes and waiting for time to pass.

However, the situation proved too tormenting. When he opened his eyes once more, he found himself studying her delicate features: her asymmetrical cheeks, pretty nose, long lashes, and pale pink lips.

She resembled a delicate, pricey porcelain doll, and he found himself inexplicably drawn to her.

Sophie and her cousin were about to open the door of the suite when they heard a knock at the door. They stopped, wondering who would be at their door at such a late hour.

Sophie approached the door and was taken aback when she saw the person standing outside.

"Mr. Tyler?" She looked shocked.

Tyler stood there, looking elegant and composed. "Is Olivia here? I came to pick her up."

Sophie hadn't been able to contact him earlier due to the loss of her phone, which is why she hadn't called him. She was surprised he had managed to find their location on his own.

"Yes, yes! She's in the room! I'll take you to her," she stammered, berating herself for allowing Olivia to drink excessively at her party. "M-Mr. Tyler, I didn't expect her to drink so much at my party.

She's drunk."

"It's okay, just take me there," Tyler replied.

Relieved, Sophie led the way, with Tyler following closely behind. When they reached the room, she opened the door.

"A Tyler, Olivia is in "Sophie started but froze mid-sentence as she stared at the scene inside the

Two figures were on the bed, looking disheveled, Olivia had her hand on Claude's head, and her collar was unbuttoned, revealing a portion of her lingerie. Claude, on the other hand, was close to her, his head bowed as he gazed at her.

Sophie was dumbfounded!

Tyler was watching too, his face turning cold quickly.

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Sophie stood there in shock, not knowing how to handle the unexpected and intimate scene before her. She quickly moved closer to Tyler, who was standing near the doorway.

“Mr. Tyler, Olivia got drunk, and she wouldn’t let my brother go,” Sophie explained frantically. “We went to buy medicine to help her sober up, but my brother had no choice but to put her in bed in this position.”

Tyler remained silent, his gaze still cold and unyielding.

Claude, on the other hand, observed the man standing in the doorway. He noticed Tyler’s cold stare

and Sophie’s panicked explanations.

Tyler finally spoke up, his voice icy. “Are you done staring?”

Claude didn’t expect to see Tyler here. However, he didn’t panic to meet the person he had not seen for a long time. He calmly replied, “She’s drunk.”

Tyler’s cold eyes didn’t waver. “You couldn’t keep your eyes off her earlier.”

Sophie was growing increasingly anxious, unable to find a way to resolve the situation. She wanted to speak up on Claude’s behalf.

Without further hesitation, Tyler reached out his arms. “Give her to me. Sorry to have troubled you.” He maintained a coldly courteous expression.

Claude, somewhat surprised to see Tyler personally picking up Olivia in the middle of the night, realized that she must hold significant importance to him. He smiled suddenly, a bright and friendly smile. “It’s been a while, Tyler.”

Tyler looked at Claude, who had disappeared for a couple of years, and said flatly, “Indeed, it has.”

Claude gently placed Olivia’s hand down and lifted her from the bed. He carried her toward the door and handed her over to Tyler, who took her into his arms.

Olivia instinctively stirred slightly in his embrace, but Tyler held her firmly, his gaze

than ever.

Claude noticed this tension but remained silent. Tyler, with Olivia in his arms, looked at Sophie and said, "I'll be taking her with me."

Sophie, knowing her father's close connection with Tyler's family, didn't want to offend him and was still recovering from the shocking scene she had witnessed. She replied shakily, "O-Okay, Mr. Tyler. Please take care of her."

With that, Tyler left the room, still expressionless, and made his way toward the elevator, where the driver awaited him.

Claude stepped out of the suite, standing at the door as he continued to watch Tyler.

Tyler turned around after going into the elevator. He was staring at Claude too.

The tension between the two men was palpable, but they both eventually averted their gazes as the elevator doors closed, leaving the tension behind.

Once Tyler and Olivia were gone, only Sophie and Claude remained in the suite. Claude suddenly spoke, breaking the silence, "That girl seems important to Tyler."

"Of course! She's Naomi's sister," Sophie replied.

Claude didn't press the matter further, his eyes becoming gentler. "Hmm."

Then, he noticed a few police officers in the corridor. He couldn't believe that Tyler had sent the authorities to look for Olivia.

Naturally, Sophie and the rest didn't notice the commotion.

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Olivia had been asleep throughout the car ride back home, cradled in Tyler's arms. As they arrived at the house, the maid, who was still awake, rushed over to them with concern in her eyes.

"What's wrong with her, Mr. Tyler? What happened?" She fretted, seeing Olivia in such a state while Tyler carried her.

Tyler ignored her and proceeded to carry Olivia upstairs to her room.

Sensing his anger, the maid wisely refrained from asking further questions and kept her distance. She smelled alcohol that seemed to be coming from Olivia.

Tyler laid Olivia gently on the bed, his anger now apparent. He couldn't contain himself any longer and scolded her in a low voice, "You're really naughty, Olivia."

Still unconscious, Olivia did not respond to his almost inaudible reprimand. Tyler gently massaged

her temples, caressed her nose, and then her soft lips.

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The next morning, Olivia slowly awoke to find herself in a comfortable bed. She shifted slightly, and just as she was beginning to gather her bearings, there was a knock at the door.

Turning her head, she was taken aback to see Tyler entering the room.

She instinctively gripped the blanket when she saw him, but soon she composed herself and called out, "Tyler."

Tyler paused by the bedside. "I thought I'd have to call the doctor." He was referring to her state of drunkenness from the previous night.

Olivia had initially forgotten the events of the previous evening. Her expression remained distant as she replied, "It was Sophie's birthday, so I had some drinks."

"Do you remember what happened last night?" Tyler's tone was less gentle than usual, it was cold. He sounded like a completely different person.

She had completely blanked out on how she had arrived home the previous night. She knew she had

vomited in the bathroom, and the next thing she remembered was waking up in her current

surroundings.

What happened? What did he mean?

Instinctively, she checked her clothes and realized she had been changed into a clean sleep dress. After a moment of bewilderment, she shook her head. "I don't remember. All I know is that I was drunk."

She thought for a moment before asking further, "I only got drunk at Sophie's party. Did something happen in between?"

"Drink less. It's bad for your health."

She maintained the usual attitude. "I only drink occasionally. I won't do it again."

Tyler, still cold, replied, "I hope there won't be a next time. I have no right to control you, but I don't want to have to look for you in the middle of the night again, especially in a hotel."

The mention of a hotel left Olivia even more confused. She couldn't recall what had transpired. Realizing how cold Tyler's tone had become, she hung her head and apologized, "I'm really sorry for causing you trouble again, Tyler."

She appeared genuinely remorseful, and Tyler seemed satisfied with her response. After making sure that she was alright, he turned around and left.

However, he stopped halfway and asked, "Do you know Claude?"

Olivia struggled to recall the name at first, but a few memories from the night before started to surface. She answered quickly, "Claude? The lifesaver?"