

The Beginning Of All Sins #Chapter 1 - Read The Beginning Of All Sins Chapter 1

Chapter 1

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A man hugged Olivia in bed. He held her hands, and their hands were locked together.

However, he was calling someone else's name. "Naomi, Naomi."

"I'm not Naomi. I'm Olivia. It's Olivia."

But why would he care? He stared at her face that looked a lot like her sister's. He stared for a long time before kissing her.

When they woke up the next morning, she sat on the bed, holding the blanket. Her head was still down, while the man had dressed properly, looking at her while sitting next to her.

He had a handsome and intimidating face. He seemed rather cold. The man was Tyler Harris, the ex—fiance of Olivia's older sister from the same father.

Olivia Jones was an illegitimate daughter. Her father by blood found her when she was fifteen. She had a sister, Naomi Jones, who was six years older than Olivia.

When Olivia was eighteen, Naomi got engaged to a man from a prestigious family in Tide City. They were childhood sweethearts.

A man in a fancy suit came to pick up Naomi on the day she got engaged. That was when eighteen- year-old Olivia saw the man her sister had loved for years.

He looked mature and handsome. He would smile when he looked at Naomi. Everyone envied her back then, saying she was. born to enjoy the good things in life.

However, everything went downhill three years later, the year they were supposed to get married. Naomi fell seriously ill with leukemia. She couldn't have children, and she nearly died several times.

In a desperate attempt to find a suitable bone marrow donor, the whole family underwent tests, but none matched hers. They couldn't even find a match at the bone marrow bank.

In a last-ditch effort to save Naomi's life, Olivia's father begged her to be her sister's surrogate. The idea was that the child could potentially donate the needed bone marrow.

Olivia had been a good girl since she was young and had a boyfriend she loved. She struggled with the decision and kept refusing.

However, when Naomi's condition became critical, her father pleaded with her, "Help your sister, Olivia. If you're willing, she's willing to break up with Tyler. You'll replace her to give birth to a child."

Olivia had always yearned for her father's love, even though she knew he didn't truly care for her. She couldn't say no when he begged.

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Naomi's mother, Mrs. Jones, also begged and reminded Olivia, "Think of this as a kindness we did for you when we paid for your mother's medical bills when she was sick."

Feeling trapped, Olivia sent a text to her boyfriend Jacob, saying, "Let's break up, Jacob." She turned off her phone before he could reply, and she never answered his calls again.

Within a month, Naomi's three-year engagement to Tyler was called off, and Olivia got together with

him.

She now sat on the bed, clutching the blanket, her heart pounding. She asked, "Can I take a shower?"

The man, who had been sitting quietly next to her, responded after a long time, "You can if you'd like."

He didn't leave immediately like he usually did. Instead, he stayed and said, "Good job. Let me know if you need anything"

It was a formal expression of gratitude. Olivia looked up at him. What she saw was his cold face. She figured he must have truly loved Naomi, or he wouldn't have agreed to such a ridiculous plan.

She stared at him blankly and nodded. "Hmm, | just want my sister to be... well, my father as well." "Sure," he responded and then asked like a gentleman, "Should | send you home?"

She shook her head quickly. "N—No need. | can go home by myself."

He didn't push it and allowed her to make her own choice. He was mature and wise.

Olivia felt dizzy as she left the hotel alone. The scorching sun made her heart ache. When she got home, Mrs. Jones brought her a bowl of medicine and asked her to drink it. She didn't know what it was, but she finished it quickly under Mrs. Jones's urging.

Mrs. Jones hoped the child would come soon. Olivia's father and she were old, and Mrs. Jones couldn't be Naomi's surrogate. She placed her hopes on Olivia.

Olivia wasn't sure how long this would continue. Mrs. Jones added, "You must take more initiative, Olivia." She wanted to leave after saying that.

Olivia didn't realize she had the power to discuss things with them. She just felt ashamed and embarrassed, like she was being watched.

She tugged on Mrs. Jones's sleeve. "A—Aunt, can we do the pregnancy test first?" Mrs. Jones looked at her and considered it. She knew they couldn't rush it. She sighed and said, Sure."

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