

The Beginning Of All Sins #Chapter 11 - Read The Beginning Of All Sins Chapter 11

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Olivia asked in a somber tone, "Why did you help him?" It was the question that weighed most heavily on her mind. "Was it because of our relationship? Was it out of pity or mercy? Did you feel like a benevolent savior when he bowed to you? | don't need your help. | would only see it as humiliating him.

Tyler hadn't anticipated the sudden transformation of the timid rabbit from a moment ago into a cat baring its claws. Her sudden change took him by surprise as he looked at her flushed cheeks.

Deciding to address her concerns, he instructed the driver to pull over. Once they were alone in the car, he put the blinds on the windows, turning the space into a private area for their conversation.

Olivia looked at him with flushed cheeks, realizing they were now in an enclosed space.

Suddenly, Tyler reached out to touch her face. She instinctively tried to evade his touch, but he managed to grab her chin firmly, gently guiding her face toward his own.

She ceased her attempts to evade him and lowered her head into his palm, her eyes brimming with tears.

She wasn't a cat with sharp claws; her temperament was more akin to that of a gentle sheep. After impulsively venting her frustration, she felt deflated like a balloon.

"Are you sad because of Jacob?" Olivia did not deny that.

"Are you seeking justice for him?" She remained silent.

"What if | told you that | helped him because of our relationship?" he continued, his voice soft. His face drew nearer to hers as he spoke.

Olivia felt a strong urge to run away, to withdraw her head from his palm, Yet, as soon as she tried to do so, he took hold of her hand, causing her to blush instantly.

Her heart raced when he held her hand, and he spoke softly, "Olivia, I didn't feel right in my conscience either, so I wanted to make amends for him. I never intended to humiliate him."

Olivia took the phrase "conscience doesn't feel right" deeply to heart, and her tears began to flow. When she saw Jacob toasting to Tyler, thoughts of her relationship with the latter raced through her mind. She thought that if he knew everything, he might feel tormented.

"Isn't this better for him?" Tyler continued. "Would you rather see him forever bowing to people or entertaining them in a suit that doesn't fit him?"

No, she didn't want that. She didn't want to see Jacob in such a state. He should be spirited, neither too humble nor too arrogant. He shouldn't be the way he was today, bowing to people.

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"I can help him achieve success, Olivia. Wouldn't that make us both feel better?"

Olivia looked up at him and asked, "Really?" Tyler responded with a brief and flat confirmation.

Guilt began to creep into everyone present. Olivia thought that if her sacrifice could lead to a better life for Jacob, then why not do it? After all, it seemed like the only thing she could do for him now.

Her hand, which had been tightly clutching his wrist, gradually loosened its grip. She sat there in front of him, feeling adrift like a ship without direction.

Tyler reached out to touch her face again, caressing her cheek with his fingertips. They gazed at each other, forgetting to breathe.

She found it quite romantic, but it was also something she couldn't quite get used to, making her want to pull away.

Suddenly, he kissed her lips. Initially, she had wanted to resist and escape, but she didn't know how. After a few moments of kissing, her resistance gradually faded away.