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"I've dressed myself," Olivia said.

All the car's interior lights illuminated at once as she spoke. She averted her gaze, her cheeks flushed with embarrassment. Tyler sat silently beside her, extinguishing his cigarette. Finally, he broke the silence, his voice calm. "I'll take you home."

The drive to the Jones' residence was about half an hour away. Olivia's emotions were a jumbled mess. She couldn't bear to stay in the car any longer and hastily opened the door, intent on leaving.

Tyler, surprised by her sudden desire to leave, reached out as if to take her hand. "What are you doing?" "I'll make my own way home," she replied.

"It's a half-hour drive," he countered.

Olivia hesitated briefly before saying, "I'll get a taxi."

Tyler frowned. Before he could react, she slipped out of his grasp and vanished into the darkness. "Olivia—" he called out from the car.

Ignoring him, Olivia hailed a taxi and quickly departed.

Tyler wanted to get out of the car, but it was clear he was too late.

The house was eerily silent when Olivia arrived in the living room. Anxious about encountering Mrs. Jones, she headed upstairs without glancing back. She shut her bedroom door forcefully, leaning against it.

As soon as she closed her eyes, memories of her intimate moments with Tyler flooded her mind. She couldn't help but feel guilty. Initially, she thought she could remain composed, but her feelings had changed. Guilt consumed her.

Mrs. Jones returned home without noticing Olivia's arrival. The next morning, during breakfast, she inquired, "Olivia, didn't you go to school yesterday? When did you come home? | can't believe | didn't realize when you returned."

Olivia, absent-mindedly eating her porridge, chose not to respond.

After observing Olivia's reluctance to speak, Mrs. Jones studied her for a few moments before adding more high-protein meat to her bowl. "You're too thin. That's not good. You should eat more."

As long as Mrs. Jones didn't feed her anything unusual, Olivia thought it was acceptable. She kept her head down, determined to eat until she felt like throwing up.

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Later, Mrs. Jones suggested, "Why don't you come with me to visit Naomi in the hospital today? Your dad will return home in the afternoon, and he'll be at the hospital."

Olivia's phone on the table rang just after Mrs. Jones made the suggestion. Glancing at the screen, she saw Jacob's name. She tightly gripped her phone. A somber expression lingered on her face for a while before she replied, "Sure."

Unaware of Olivia's relationship with her boyfriend, Mrs. Jones chose to look away, pretending she hadn't noticed. She even thought it was better that she had a boyfriend. Once Naomi recovered, things

would return to normal.

In the afternoon, Olivia accompanied Mrs. Jones to the hospital to visit her sister. Upon arrival, they found her father, Darren Jones, chatting with Naomi, who was in good spirits and laughing.

When Mrs. Jones arrived, it was natural that she rushed to care for her daughter.

Naomi greeted her mother enthusiastically. She had been smiling as she examined the gift Darren had bought her from abroad. Meanwhile, Olivia lingered nearby, unable to move closer. She observed everything as though she

were an outsider.

At that moment, it was Naomi who noticed Olivia's presence. "Dad, Olivia has been standing there.. You haven't talked to her." Darren slapped his forehead, not believing he had forgotten about Olivia. He quickly turned to

apologize, saying, "I'm sorry, Olivia. I was so worried about your sister that I completely forgot you were here."

Thinking she had already gained enough, Olivia quickly reassured her father, "It's alright, Dad. We spend every day at home while Naomi is in the hospital. You should be with her."

A knock on the door interrupted their conversation. Everyone in the room turned their attention to the entrance, where Tyler and his secretary had arrived.

Tyler wore a subtle smile as he spoke, "What are you guys talking about? You all, seem quite cheerful."

Naomi's face lit up when she saw him. "Tyler, you're here! Look at what Dad brought me from his business trip. He still thinks of me as a child."

Tyler stood at the door, focused on Naomi. It was only after entering the room that he noticed Olivia standing nearby. He paused and looked at her.

As soon as Olivia saw his eyes on her, she quickly looked away to avoid his gaze.

Tyler also averted his eyes and proceeded to Naomi with a gentle smile. "You're forever a kid to Mr. Darren." He stood by Naomi's bedside, and his eyes remained gentle as he looked at her.

Naomi held his hand affectionately. "You're making fun of me too. I'm upset now, hmpf."

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Tyler returned the gesture, his voice alluring. "I'd be delighted if you followed your treatment like a good girl." Olivia looked down when she saw them holding hands, while Tyler subtly glanced at her from the

corner of his eye.

Only then did Mrs. Jones speak up, asking, "Come here, Olivia. Come and chat with your sister."

Olivia obliged and walked over, standing by Naomi's side. Tyler stood next to her.

Mrs. Jones asked, "Tyler, did Olivia... go out with you last night?" Her question was somewhat cryptic, leaving Olivia feeling uncomfortable. Even Darren looked awkward when he heard that.

There was a delicate secret hovering in the air. Olivia remained silent, unable to bring herself to respond. Tyler, however, answered casually, "hmm, I drove her home last night."

Mrs. Jones smiled with a hint of mystery and continued, "I saw her boyfriend calling her this morning. I thought they were together last night."

Olivia pressed her lips together, standing there silently as no one said anything.

"Mm

Soon, Naomi chimed in with a smile, "Mom, Olivia is an adult. You don't need to watch over her all the time."

Mrs. Jones fell silent at Naomi's remark, and Tyler quickly changed the topic. "I'll go have a chat with the doctor. You guys go ahead."

Naomi let go of his hand. "Alright."

He left the room. Olivia was tormented standing there, and after about twenty minutes of Tyler's absence, she felt the room growing stuffy. She spoke softly, "I'm going out for a bit, Dad."

Her voice was barely audible, and nobody seemed to hear her. She waited for a while before finally leaving the ward.

As she walked out, she unexpectedly crossed paths with Tyler, who was leaving the doctor's office. She froze, not anticipating this encounter.

Tyler turned around upon hearing her approach, and their eyes met. Just as Olivia was about to walk away, Tyler moved toward her and handed her a tube of ointment. Confused, she looked at him. “I got this ointment from the doctor,” he explained. “I may have gone a bit overboard yesterday. I’m sorry.”