

## **The Beginning Of All Sins #Chapter 17 - Read The Beginning Of All Sins Chapter 17**

### **Chapter 17**

Chapter 17 Olivia remained silent, unwilling to disclose the reason she needed money.

Tyler, not known for prying, continued to stare at her. One of them had her head lowered, while the other stood stoically. The dimmed lighting in the area added a touch of romance to the atmosphere.

He said flatly, "Wait for me in the car park after work."

Olivia made no reply.

Tyler shifted his gaze away from her and turned towards the private room, his shadow gradually receding from her, Finally, Olivia moved.

Both of them finished their respective work at 6 P.M. Tyler left the establishment, descending to the basement car park. He noticed someone standing by the elevator.

A brief glance in her direction was all he gave before continuing on his way. With a coat in hand, he strode purposefully towards his nearby car.

Olivia had no choice but to trail behind him in silence.

Once he had unlocked the car and gotten inside, Olivia stood hesitating at the door, as if contemplating whether to enter or not. Meanwhile, he waited inside the car without looking at her.

This awkward standstill lasted for about half a minute before Olivia finally decided to get into the car. The car remained quiet, as did the car park after Olivia had settled inside.

Tyler suddenly broke the silence with a direct question, "How much do you need?"

Olivia hadn't expected him to broach the topic so quickly. Instinctively, she lifted her face to look at him.

He met her gaze and repeated, "Don't you need money? How much do you need?" Her reluctance to speak was obvious, almost tearing her skirt in her unease.

Tyler spoke slowly, his words deliberate, "You're Naomi's sister, so you're my sister too. Let me know if you need money. Let me know how much you need."

With no further elaboration, he started the car and drove out of the car park.

The breeze flowed in as the car moved, gently caressing Olivia's face. She refrained from asking about their destination, and he remained silent. Together, they sat in a wordless contemplation.

Eventually, he pulled over. After the car came to a stop, Tyler lit a cigarette without instructing Olivia to get out of the vehicle.

The tension in the car became unbearable for Olivia. She struggled to speak, her words emerging with difficulty, "My family has always taken care of me. | just want to earn money to be independent."

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She kept her statement brief, revealing her desire for independence, to possess her own home, and to leave the place that had never truly been her own.

Tyler's expression relaxed. He lowered his head to watch the rising smoke between his fingers.

"You want to be independent. Even so, you should focus on your studies instead of working at a place like that," he remarked, his brows furrowing.

Olivia said nothing, only speaking again after a long silence, "I can... make more money there."

Without her realizing how much time had passed, Tyler extinguished his cigarette outside and reached out to tilt her face upward. Startled, she met his gaze with her pale face.

He looked deeply into her sparkling eyes. "Quit your job, and I'll give you the money you need."

Her lips quivered, and she cast her eyes downward, her eyelashes fluttering like a butterfly taking flight.

With his head still lowered, Tyler continued to gaze at her. After a while, he withdrew his hand from her face. Simultaneously, she lowered her hand as well.

Their hands touched accidentally. Startled, Olivia quickly pulled her hand away, but Tyler immediately took her hand into his. Her breath caught in her throat, and they sat there without making eye contact. Both remained still.

After a while, he slowly entwined his fingers with hers. The car's interior was dimly lit, casting shadows on half of their faces, adding an air of intimacy to the moment.

Olivia could hear her heart pounding in her chest.

In a hushed tone, he suggested, "Let's go to a hotel?"

The memories of their previous encounter in the car flooded Olivia's mind, causing her to hesitate. "Have you been avoiding me?" Tyler's voice turned soft and seductive as he asked the question. Indeed, she had been avoiding him, but he had not reached out to her either.

He repeated, his tone flirtatious, "Hmm?" His deep and husky voice exuded sensuality, devoid of the cheerfulness of a young boy.

For a brief moment, they fell into silence once again. No words were exchanged. He continued to ask, "Did you use the ointment?"

Olivia's face flushed under the dim lights, and she tilted her head, responding somewhat out of context, "About Jacob, thank you."

Tyler looked at her as she spoke, and a lengthy silence ensued. Later on, he guided her out of the car, and they made their way to a hotel, with him leading and her following closely behind. He took her to the hotel elevator after securing a room.

As the elevator doors slid open, Olivia stood behind him, but he reached for her waist and pulled her inside. In that moment, she felt like her body was merely following his lead, losing control over her

own actions.

She had no recollection of how they ended up in the hotel room. All she knew was that he held her rightly the moment they entered the room.