

## **The Beginning Of All Sins #Chapter 5 - Read The Beginning Of All Sins Chapter 5**

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Blushing, Olivia backed away from Tyler's embrace and lowered her head to see the mess on the floor. She bent down to pick up the grapes. At the same moment, he also bent down.

They both reached for the same grape simultaneously, their hands touching. His hand was wet and warm.

Olivia looked down and instinctively withdrew her hand. As for Tyler, he naturally noticed her reaction and also pulled his hand back.

People outside heard the commotion, and Naomi quickly asked, "What's wrong, Olivia?"

Tyler calmly replied when he heard Naomi's voice, "Nothing."

Olivia remained silent and unmoving. She allowed him to pick up the grapes from the floor and wash them again. "You clean yourself. I'll leave first," he said as he headed back to the ward, rolling down his sleeves.

Olivia stood there with her heart still racing, gripping the corner of the basin instinctively.

While she

spent some time cleaning the milk stain off herself, the sound of running water drowned out the conversation between Tyler and Naomi in the ward.

When she finished cleaning and returned to the room, she saw Tyler picking up his jacket. "I need to go. I can't take Olivia home, but I'll have my driver pick her up later. She can keep you company."

Olivia secretly clenched her fists. Tyler probably would like to avoid spending time alone with her.

However, Naomi said, "I don't need her company. Can you take her with you?" She then held Tyler's hand and said, "Thank you, Tyler."

Tyler looked down, and their eyes met while she happened to look up. As they gazed at each other nobody understood what they saw in each other's eyes.

He only agreed when the janitor had finished cleaning the pantry. "Okay."

Naomi removed her hand from his arm after hearing the answer she wanted.

Olivia watched in surprise, standing there stunned. She understood the hidden dynamics at play. She saw one person pushing her out, while the other was trying to push her in.

So who was she in this scenario?

Tyler, who had been standing there, turned around and said to Olivia, who had been silent, "Let's go." He seemed ready to leave after saying that.

Olivia opened her mouth, but she swallowed her words when she saw Naomi's hopeful eyes. She followed Tyler.

The car ride home was silent. Olivia clearly sensed the underlying tension between him and Naomi,

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but it was subtle.

Fortunately, they finally arrived at the Jones' residence in silence. Tyler said, "I won't escort you inside."

His words conveyed a sense of avoidance and distance, which Olivia acknowledged with a simple, "Thank you, Tyler."

She wasn't in the mood for further conversation. All she wanted was to escape as quickly as possible.

However, as Olivia was about to get out of the car, Tyler called out to her, "Olivia,"

Her hand, which was in the process of opening the car door, froze as she looked at the person beside her with uncertainty. What happened between me

and Naomi has nothing to do with you,” he calmly explained. He was referring to the push—and-pull situation at the hospital.

Being caught in the middle of such a situation could hurt anyone. Fortunately, Olivia was clear about her place. She pursed her lips for a while before responding, “It’s okay, Tyler. I’m fine.”

Tyler looked at her for a long time after hearing that, then replied flatly, “Alright.

Quickly, Olivia exited the car after this brief exchange and hurried towards the Jones’ residence.

The car paused at the door for a few moments before eventually driving away. Tyler remained in the car, watching as Olivia ran toward the house.

After a while, he looked away, tapped the door handle, and the driver made a turn, taking him away from the house.

Once Olivia arrived home, she found many messages from her classmates asking about what happened between her and Jacob. She deleted all the messages.

For the next few days, she stayed at home, too afraid to go to school.

Mrs. Jones would make her soup every day to nourish her. Olivia understood the meaning behind those soups, so she didn’t refuse them. Whenever Mrs. Jones served her the soup, she would drink it.

Sometimes, she wondered if she was viewed as a human being by them or merely as a tool to extend

her sister’s life.