

# The Beginning Of All Sins

## Chapter 8

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Tyler only released Olivia after they had kissed for a while.

Olivia felt rather troubled and mentally unprepared. She didn't know what to say. He didn't pressure her and waited for her response.

Moonlight streamed in through the window, illuminating their faces. He looked extraordinarily handsome in the moonlight, with the tip of his nose almost touching hers.

Neither of them moved at that moment. They simply stayed like that.

However, at that very moment, Jacob flooded Olivia's mind. Jacob was the only thing on her mind. She couldn't fully accept the kiss.

Tyler sensed that she might be thinking about someone else.

"We agreed that I'll keep the child after it's born, right?" Olivia asked, as if seeking a better excuse. "Yes," was his simple reply.

She closed her eyes.

The car was cold, with the heater off. They had forgotten to turn it on.

Tyler closed his eyes and hugged her from behind.

Then, someone's phone suddenly rang. It was on the floor on the right side of the car. They both looked over at the same time, still holding each other.

It was Olivia's phone, and Jacob's name appeared on the screen. She had blocked his number earlier but secretly unblocked it later on. This was his first call to her since then.

After Jacob hung up, Mrs. Jones called. Olivia knew that she called at this time to probe.

Tyler let go of her, and she moved to the passenger's seat. Neither of them answered those calls.

After a while, he asked, "Should I take you home?"

Olivia had dressed properly and returned to the passenger's seat. She sat with her legs closed and responded softly.

It was 2 A.M. when Tyler dropped Olivia off at her house. Exhausted, Olivia entered the living room.

Mrs. Jones came to her in a panic, asking, "Did Tyler take you home?"

"Mm-hmm," Olivia said softly.

Mrs. Jones' eyes held mixed emotions, but she saw the exhaustion on Olivia's face. She calmly told her, "Alright, go get some rest."

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Olivia felt an odd sense of being watched but lacked the energy to dwell on it. All she wanted was to take a shower upstairs. When she was about to enter the bathroom, Mrs. Jones said, "Olivia, you shouldn't take a bath."

Olivia's hand, which had been reaching for the bathroom door, stopped and slowly slid away. "Okay," she replied, then turned back to her room.