

The Beginning Of All Sins novel (Olivia and Tyler)

Chapter 371

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Chapter 371

Three days later, Harris Group held a press conference, during which the PR manager issued a statement. They vehemently denied any allegations of cheating by Mrs. Harris, dismissing the photos as manipulated and clarifying that the man was a close friend of Olivia's..

The news had a negative impact on the company. Not only did their share prices plummet, their reputation was affected, so they had to put out a statement.

However, the statement failed to convince. The intimate nature of the photos and the flimsy explanation of manipulation left many skeptical, leading to widespread discussion of the company's PR debacle. The public reaction formed three distinct camps: one group speculated about Olivia's alleged infidelity, another pondered her identity, and a third sought to identify the blurred-out man.

The journalists asked all these questions, but the company didn't answer them. It was all a PR stunt.

Once the press conference was over, the news continued to stir up controversy. Nonetheless, the PR team anticipated that the uproar would soon die down, opting to let it run its course. Olivia stayed in her room for five days, gradually recovering.

That morning, she went downstairs, where the maids quietly continued their tasks upon noticing her.

Olivia stood there in the grand living room, unmoving and looking sad..

Ana descended the stairs as well. When she saw Olivia had finally left her room, Ana approached her.

Olivia greeted her, "Mom."

Ana didn't look happy about this cheating daughter-in-law. After staring at her for a long time, she said, "You know what's happening out there, right?"

Olivia lowered her head.

Seeing her keeping quiet, Ana continued, "I guess I haven't set enough rules for you, and you have forgotten your place in this family."

Olivia was still silent as if she had lost her soul.

Ana's disgust for her grew. "Do you know how this affects our family? I'm giving you one last chance. If this happens again, I won't be nice about it." Olivia could only say, "Okay, Mom,"

Ana then raised her chin and walked into the living room without looking at her.

Olivia pressed her lips together so hard they turned white.

This was when Keith came down the stairs too, and Olivia greeted him, "Dad."

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Keith didn't look at her and just spoke to the maids, "Prepare breakfast. I need to go out today."

The maid hurried off to the kitchen, while Keith passed Olivia without a glance.

She felt the chill of his indifference keenly. Uncertain of what to do, she just stood there for a while longer

and went back upstairs.

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After returning to her room. Olivia powered on her phone, greeted by over a dozen missed call notifications. She scrolled through the numbers with a neutral expression.

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The rumors continued to circulate wildly.

When Naomi finally saw Tyler entering her room, she wanted to get out of bed because she was worried.

Tyler approached her and said, "Lie down."

Naomi stopped moving and looked up at him. "How's Olivia? How are things going?"

"We're waiting for it to blow over."

"Is Olivia really... involved with the man in the picture?"

She just said the man in the picture instead of his name.

They both knew who that man was.

Tyler replied, "I don't know. This is a question for her."

"What did she say?"

"She didn't say anything."

Naomi observed his cold expression, a clear sign that Olivia had refused to answer.

She sighed. "I'm sorry, Tyler. That's just how Olivia is-stubborn. Don't push her." After a momentary pause, she added, "I never thought she would be involved with Claude."

Naomi spoke slowly, her voice tinged with melancholy, as if this revelation came as a surprise. She sighed again. "But we can't control her actions. She has rights. Setting aside the impact on the Harris Group, she has her freedom."

Tyler's expression was neutral, and he didn't reply.

Naomi paused for a few seconds before continuing. "If she really likes the man, I think she should-"

Tyler cut in abruptly, "She should what?"

His sudden interruption caught Naomi off guard. She glanced at him, not expecting him to speak.

They exchanged looks, and Naomi realized something. "I'm sorry, Tyler. I didn't consider Morgan."

Tyler's tone was cold. "She's your sister, so she has the right to fall for anyone. I'm not against that. As for Claude, he should think about it. This isn't her problem."

Naomi wasn't sure what he meant or why he said that.

Claude was only linked to the Harrises because of her.... Because of Olivia.

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Naomi stopped talking.

Tyler stared at her, realizing he had been too abrupt. "This is quite complicated. From my family's perspective, Olivia shouldn't have anything to do with Claude, now or in the future. But you needn't concern yourself with it. This doesn't involve you."

Naomi listened to his explanation and said, "I know. I'll speak to Olivia about this."

"Okay," he replied curtly.

Tyler began the day with Naomi as usual.

After lunch, he left her room and lit a cigarette.

Linda approached him. "Will you be going to the Harris residence today?"

Having spent the past few days at Sandalwood Palace, he answered, "Yes."

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Linda said, "Okay, Mr. Tyler"

Tyler stood by the trash can, finished his cigarette, flicked the butt away, and departed with Linda.

Linda didn't dare make a sound when she saw his expression.

Instead of heading straight to the Harris residence, Tyler detoured to meet Dylan Reid. He entered the clubhouse, settled onto the couch, and poured himself a glass of wine. Dylan watched his actions and asked, "Bad day?"

After downing two glasses of wine, Tyler set his glass down, his expression remaining neutral, unaffected by the wine. He then remarked, "Is it that obvious?"

Dylan thought it was apparent due to the rumors he had heard about his wife. He had to look up Tyler's wife and realized Olivia was Naomi's sister.

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Upon discovering this, he was shocked and kept wondering how Naomi's sister was involved.

Unfortunately, he couldn't figure it out. All he could come up with was speculation. Had Tyler decided to pursue Olivia after breaking up with Naomi? That seemed ridiculous. However, he wouldn't dare talk about his speculations or ask questions. He didn't even ask about Olivia.

Dylan chuckled dryly. "You drank two glasses in a row. That's not normal."

Tyler didn't reply and just looked toward the server who just walked in because she resembled Olivia.

After staring for a while, he placed his arm on the armrest and supported his head with his fingers.

Dylan didn't understand. "Why are you staring at the server?"

He looked at the server and didn't see anything off.

Tyler closed his eyes and frowned. "Nothing."

The server, composed, approached their table silently and placed a plate of fruit before them. "Please enjoy your food," she said.

Upon hearing her voice, Tyler's frown deepened, though he kept his eyes

shut.

That night, the maid brought something upstairs for Olivia, but she didn't eat much of it.

Upon Tyler's return home, the maid informed him, but he remained impassive and continued walking.

"Sir, she's pregnant. How could she not eat?" the maid pressed.

Tyler didn't say a thing and headed upstairs to find Olivia seated on the couch.

She sat there, lost in thought the entire day, scarcely touching her food..

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Tyler's shadow stretched across the floor as he gazed at her.

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"Are you using the child to threaten me?" Tyler asked.

Olivia didn't care what he thought. She didn't refuse food to threaten anyone. She simply lacked the appetite. All she wanted was an answer, so she asked, "Have you considered my suggestion?" "Our relationship will continue until the child is safely born," he said.

Olivia didn't want to give up. "I don't believe our relationship serves anyone well. I'm the one who cheated, and I don't want to cause problems for the family. Please reconsider," she insisted.

"We held a press conference to prevent further issues, but you still can't act as you please. Our

relationship will endure until the child is born, for the sake of both your sister and us."

Olivia had been keeping up with the news and knew about the press conference. She took a deep breath.

Tyler's gaze turned icy. "Instead of trying to escape this, why not reveal to the media who the man in the picture is?"

Olivia crossed her arms.

Tyler's expression remained dark even in the light as he scoffed, "Why do you think Claude is suitable for

you? He's an enemy of the family. What do you think he can offer?"

"I'm compromising because of your sister. So, even if you can't endure this any longer, you have to hang in there until the child is born. You can date anyone after that, except Claude." Olivia didn't move and still looked apathetic.

Tyler then looked at the food on the table. "If this isn't what you want, I'll get the maid to bring something

else."

Though his tone was casual, it was clear he was trying to conceal his coldness.

Olivia felt suffocated. Her face paled under the light, and her body seemed on the verge of collapse.

Tyler observed her distressed expression and trembling shoulders, then glanced at the door. The maid

who attended to Olivia had overheard and quietly retreated.

Tyler didn't stay to chat with Olivia and left for the study.

The next morning, Ana heard Olivia hadn't eaten anything the entire day.

Maisy was very worried and kept asking the maid, "How could she not have any food? She didn't even eat when Tyler returned?"

The maid appeared troubled. "After Mr. Tyler returned, he asked me to take some warm food upstairs, but

Ms. Olivia still refused to eat."

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Maisy looked anxiously at Ana. "Ana, this is our family. How can you let a pregnant woman go hungry? Do

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something about it.

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Ana felt like a fool because she had been close to Olivia before the incident. She was upset and paid no attention to Olivia. All she managed to say was, "Don't worry about it. Someone else will be more concerned."

Maisy didn't understand Ana's response. Ana simply sat on the couch, smirking, as she played with her

nails.

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The maid brought breakfast upstairs, yet Olivia still refused to eat. It wasn't a tantrum- she simply lacked

the appetite.

Downstairs, Tyler sat across from Ana, who was enjoying her breakfast. He picked up the paper and

glanced at the maid. "Has she eaten yet?"

The maid whispered, "No... She's still in bed."

Ana scoffed. "She causes trouble and expects people to coax her?"

Ana was no longer as worried about Olivia as she usually was and seemed calmer today. She looked at Tyler, feeling assured, and continued eating.

With a neutral expression, Tyler instructed, "Take more food upstairs."

The maid nodded and returned with additional food.

Later that afternoon, Hillary learned that Olivia hadn't been eating. She went to Naomi's room to inform

her.

Naomi was surprised. "Tyler didn't mention that."

Naomi's survival was linked to the child, so while Hillary was trying to control Olivia, she was also worried

about her.

Naomi frowned and looked worried as she said, "I'm going to call him."

"Yes, the child is in a critical phase."

Tyler picked up, and Naomi asked, "Why isn't Olivia eating?"

Initially silent, Tyler eventually responded, "It could be due to her emotions."

"Why don't you give her the phone and let me speak to her?"

"It's fine. Just let her calm down."

Naomi clutched the phone tightly, grappling with myriad emotions. After some thought, she gently proposed, "I'll bake some cookies and send them over. Olivia loves them." Tyler was surprised to hear that but soon replied, "You're not strong enough to bake."

Unable to conceal her guilt, Naomi softened her tone further. "She's my sister, and I feel responsible for all of this. How could I let her face this alone? I have to do something." Tyler glanced downward, hesitating before responding, "You should prioritize your own well-being."

Anxious, Naomi pressed, "Please, you have to update me on Olivia's condition."

As a cigarette butt dropped near his foot, Tyler extinguished it with a flick of his toes. "Alright."

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Naomi ended the call but remained troubled. "Mom, please go home and send some food to Olivia. It would be helpful if Dad visited her as well."

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Prompted by Naomi's anxiety, Hillary asked, "Olivia still refuses to eat?"

"Yes! Please... Just talk to her, okay?"

Hillary knew the ramifications for Olivia's action would not be pretty for them, so she replied, "Understood. I'll make something at home right away."

Naomi's heart raced in trepidation. Her cheeks were beginning to turn a little redder from the frantic heartbeat. She pressed her hand against her chest and prayed that Olivia would not blame her as she tried to steady her breathing.

As soon as Hillary returned home, she dragged Darren into her trip to the Harrises.

Darren, however, was hesitant. He remembered what Hillary did the last time, at the very least!

"Are you sure they will want us to come?" he asked.

Hillary was not going to let some potential chilly reception stop her. The baby Olivia was carrying was important to Naomi's survival!

"What? Are they going to kick us out for sending food over? Besides, you could always represent me and enter the residence. Tyler wouldn't kick us out, either."

Darren was genuinely worried, so he did not hesitate for too long. "Alright. We have to make sure the child

is safe after all."

Hillary dragged Darren out of the door and into the car.

About two hours later, they showed up at the Harrises' front door. Darren entered alone.

As usual, Tyler was in the study.

Olivia had not left her room nor her bed, so Tyler was the one who welcomed Darren. They talked for a bit outside Olivia's room before Tyler led him inside. Ana's eyes fell onto Darren thoughtfully. She returned to her room, her head still racing with thoughts of the photos. She took a diamond earring and examined it. "Hmm, Naomi Jones..."

Olivia remained on her bed when Darren walked in. She had mistaken him as Alisa.

Meanwhile, Tyler said, "Talk to her as much as you like."

"Thank you.

His voice shook her out of her stupor.

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"Dad?" she cried out, her eyes nailed to the man standing at the door.

Darren considered her sickly appearance, hurried toward her, and took his seat on her bedside. "You should eat something, Olivia! Look at you! You're not looking well at all!"

Tyler was also looking at her, but his eyes were stoic.

Olivia was not acting out in protest-she was genuinely losing appetite.

Her father's arrival had hardly brought any joy to her face. "Sorry, Dad."

"Sorry for embarrassing you. That was the implication.

"Was it true?" Darren asked.

Olivia looked down quietly.

Darren cared about her, but his most primary concern was still that of the baby. What had been done could not be undone, so he said, "Look, it's all in the past now. Nothing we say can change it, right? Here. Hillary has made you something to eat. Have a bite?"

He showed her Hillary's dishes, but it still did nothing to improve Olivia's appetite. She frowned.

"Please, Olivia. Hillary put a lot of effort into preparing these for you," he implored. "And Naomi... She's so concerned about you. Despite her condition, she attempted to make something for you." Olivia was taken aback. She hadn't anticipated this.

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"Naomi... is worried?" she asked quietly.

"Of course she is! She's hardly a picture of health herself, but even she is concerned about you! Can't you please just eat something for her sake, too?"

Tyler had been watching the two of them from the door. He did not have to enter the room-he heard Darren's words from where he was.

Olivia could no longer reject the food. "Alright."

Darren relaxed. He unpacked the containers, showing every one of Olivia's favorite dishes.

Finally, after a day and more, Olivia took her first bite.

Tyler watched her eat for a moment before finally leaving.

Hillary had been waiting outside for quite some time.

As Ana drove out of the house, she caught sight of Hillary. She glanced at her for a moment, then completely ignored her.

Noticing Ana's car, Hillary took a few steps back, feeling a bit uneasy.

Ana's car passed by Hillary's.

After a while, Ana received a call. No one could hear the conversation on the other end, but her smile

grew wider.

Meanwhile, Darren left.

Olivia was lost in thoughts on her bed.

Tyler watched the fish in a tank inside his study.

Naomi had been waiting for her parents to return anxiously. "How did it go? Did she eat?"

Darren gave her a comforting smile. "It's alright now. She ate. Don't worry about it-Olivia was just a little. temporarily taken in by stress."

Naomi felt her heart finally relaxing. "Thank God. Please pay her more attention and concern, Dad. Please.

"Of course I will. We need her to deliver the child safely, after all."

In an office within Yancey Bank, Claude was examining a document. It was the result of an investigation he had ordered. It was something he had not expected at all. Chapte 377

"You've surprised me, Naomi Jones. And you, Tyler... You must be as taken aback as I am, I'm sure. She's the one you'd do anything to protect, Isn't she?" Claude spoke softly. He ignited the report with a lighter and discarded it into a steel trash can.

Naomi felt anxious throughout the evening, her gaze fixed on Tyler in the ward until she finally asked, " Has she eaten dinner yet, Tyler?"

Her concern for her sister was palpable.

Tyler touched her cheek. "Do you have to be this worried about her? She's just not eating for a bit. And your dad went to see her, didn't he? She ate a lot then."

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Naomi froze, sensing no gentleness in his touch. She strained a smile, attempting to mask her unease. That's good news. She's my only sister, and she's been through a lot. I just want her to be okay. I worry about her."

Tyler seemed to have seen through her eyes. He was not smiling at all.

Naomi's heart skipped a beat.

"What's wrong?" she asked hurriedly. Why was he looking at her like that?

Tyler removed his hand.

"Nothing," he said quietly.

Naomi studied his face, detecting a coldness beneath his stoic exterior.

Tyler was only home by 12 A.M.

Olivia walked out of her room to get a glass of water, but she came out just in time to catch him. She

stopped.

Tyler shot her a look.

Their shadows crossed on the floor beneath them.

He walked past her and went into the study.

It was as though a great yawning gap had grown from between the two of them.

Olivia returned to her room after standing by the door for a while..

The next morning, Olivia sat motionless on her bed, grappling with the fallout of her actions. She knew the scandal was her doing, and her contract with the Harrises couldn't afford to be terminated-not now. Elite families prized reputation above all else.

"Just a few more months to endure," she reminded herself, knowing she couldn't avoid the world outside

forever.

She finally rose from her bed and walked outside. She found Ana downstairs and called out, "Mom?"

Olivia understood Ana's nature well. Cross her, and you'd regret it. Befriend her, and she'd treat you cordially, Olivia had always maintained a friendly demeanor, but now she couldn't predict Ana's reaction. Ana was apathetic. She was admiring a flower in her hand as if wondering which vase it should go to.. After a while, she simply said, "Breakfast."

She placed the stalk down and walked toward the dining room.

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Olivia followed silently.

They arrived at the dining room where Maisy was. Olivia Immediately greeted, "Good morning, Grandma!"

Maisy greeted her warmly, unfazed by the rumors. "Good morning! You must be starving! Come, have your

breakfast!"

Olivia moved her stiff neck. "Alright."

These three were the only ones at home today. Olivia sat next to Maisy, stealing glances at Ana, who appeared to ignore her. She chatted with Maisy while having her meal. It felt surreal. It was as if nothing had changed.

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The atmosphere had improved enough for Olivia to regain some of her appetite. She managed to finish bowl of soup.

Ana showed no signs of being passive aggressive or hostile. In her own way, she was rather friendly. After breakfast, she assisted Maisy out of the dining hall, with Olivia trailing behind.

The two started chatting on the couch as Olivia listened from the side.

The afternoon passed uneventfully.

Olivia's phone vibrated when she returned to her room, shaking the entire table it was on. It was from

Naomi.

She balked for a bit before finally answering it.

"Olivia! Thank God you picked up! You gave me a big fright, I swear!" Naomi began anxiously. "How could you not eat?! You should always remember that the last person you should ever hurt is yourself! Don't do

that again, please!"

Olivia had not expected her sister to be so... worried about her.

Ever since the last incident, Olivia had been careful not to appear before her because she worried she

might trigger another episode.

Very softly, she replied, "I'm fine, Naomi. I just.... wasn't feeling my appetite for a while."

"Don't tell me you're fine! These days, I feel like I worry about you more than I worry about myself! God, I was even dreaming of you!"

Olivia's grip tightened around her phone.

Naomi cut straight to the chase, "I can't leave the hospital right now, so you should come see me instead.

We need to talk!"

"B-But-

"No buts!" Naomi cut her off. "I want to see with my own eyes how my sister's doing, and this is how!"

Olivia could only change what she said midway. "Alright."

"Good. I'll see you in a bit then!"

Olivia wasn't sure if she could keep her promise, but she had agreed anyway.

Ten minutes later, she told Ana she needed to step out for a bit, without mentioning it was to visit the

hospital.

Olivia was sure Ana would disagree. The aftershock from the incident was still fresh, after all. She could very well cause a new shockwave. Chapter379

Surprisingly enough, Ana simply raised an eyebrow. "You're visiting your family?"

"Y-Yes."

Ana took a sip of her black coffee. "Sure. Go ahead,"

Olivia glanced at her skeptically, but Ana was not looking at her at all.

"Thanks," Olivia said.

With that, she left.

Ana waited until Olivia walked away to watch her leave from the window, her hand prying away

curtain.

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It was a 20-odd minute ride to the hospital. Olivia could not calm down at all, so she stared out of the

window at the crowd.

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The driver hadn't dared to talk to her much after the last incident.

The journey to the hospital went smoothly. Upon arrival, Alisa spoke up, "Um, why are we here?"

Olivia's hand shook a little. "I'm here to see my sister."

"B-But what about journalists? What if they're here?"

Not even Olivia could tell. The best answer she could manage was, "It's probably fine?"

Alisa kept quiet while Olivia hurried into the hospital and headed toward Naomi's ward.

Naomi had long been transferred back to her original room.

Naomi saw Olivia from the door and called out, "Olivia!"

Olivia observed her haggard face. She was about to enter the ward when she lifted her head and met Tyler's eyes.

Her footsteps faltered.

Tyler turned away, his expression stoic, as if he hadn't noticed her.

Seeing him took Olivia by surprise. After a few seconds, though, she entered anyway.

Naomi grasped her hand tightly and began, "God, you made me worry! Do you know how much stress you've caused Dad?"

Olivia remained silent.

Naomi fixed her with a gaze of frustration and concern. "You really should have thought things through, Olivia! But don't worry. Tyler's handling everything. Just give it a few days. It'll blow over soon!" Despite being mentioned, Tyler stayed silent, his demeanor cold.

Olivia looked down in guilt.

Naomi sensed Olivia's lingering bad mood and patted the empty seat next to her, beckoning Olivia to talk. Her concern was palpable, evident in the way she gently held Olivia's hand. "No matter what happens, you must always tell me, okay? I will protect you from harm, okay?"

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Olivia met her sister's eyes and saw only love, a torrent of affection from an elder sister to her younger kin. It intensified her guilt, weighing heavily on her chest. She felt a pang of remorse and muttered, "I'm really fine, Naomi, Really. Please don't worry about me."

Naomi cupped Olivia's cheeks gently. "I don't believe it. I care for you, and that really scared me." Olivia's body relaxed. She felt remorse for the harsh thoughts she had entertained before.

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Tyler glanced at Naomi, his expression devoid of emotion. He remained silent for a moment, frowning and then looking away as she spoke. Just as he was about to leave, someone appeared at the door, causing him to freeze in his tracks.

"Tyler."

Ana was standing there.

As Naomi didn't like sunlight, the room was dark, while the lights outside were bright.

The light behind Ana cast an eerie glow, giving her the appearance of standing at the gates of hell. Her

face remained hidden.

Tyler and Ana were staring at each other.

Naomi's attention snapped to the door at the sound, her grip tightening on Olivia's face as she caught

sight of Ana.

Although Olivia didn't hear Ana's voice, she sensed Naomi's abrupt reaction, interpreting it as fear by the way Naomi recoiled, releasing her hand. Only after a moment did Olivia turn to the door.

"Ms. Ana?"

With the lights behind her, Ana looked like the grim reaper holding a scythe.

She smiled at Olivia before looking at Naomi.

The latter secretly gripped her hands.

Ana smirked. "What a pair of sweet sisters. I'm/moved to see this."

Olivia didn't know her intentions and what she was implying. She got up from the bed and looked at her.

Ana walked in while holding a dark purple bag and told Naomi, "It's been a while. Have you gotten better?"

Naomi's heart raced, fear evident in her eyes as she met Ana's gaze, struggling to contain her emotions. Approaching Naomi's bed with an air of confidence, Ana you into the family after everything?

continued, "Do you really think I will welcome

"It seems like you've no idea why I despise you at all. Your viciousness is your crime! Are you attempting to secure your position by sabotaging Olivia? Think again!" Ana reached into her bag and pulled something out, slamming it onto

Naomi.

A resounding slap echoed through the room.

Tyler's attention snapped to Ana at the sound.

Olivia had no idea what they were talking about. She was still confused about what had happened. Her

gaze remained fixed on the object that had been slammed onto Naomi.

"You hired a paparazzo to follow Olivia and publish the pictures to threaten her. Now that you've dared to do that, let's hear what you have to say after victimizing your sister, whom you claim to care about so

much!

Ana's voice boomed, echoing throughout the ward.

Naomi lowered her head and noticed a bag containing a stack of papers-a chat history.

It contained texts she had exchanged with someone from a newspaper company.

"You almost fooled me! I nearly believed Olivia was truly as lustful as she appeared in those photographs!"

Olivia instinctively stepped back upon hearing Ana's accusation, her gaze never leaving Naomi.

Naomi's face drained of color. Her first instinct was to look at Tyler.

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Ana watched them as they exchanged glances before telling Tyler, "This is the woman you're determined to save at all costs! Allow me to reveal her true nature-cunning, vicious, and ugly. I'll show you why I

oppose your marriage!"

"No, that's not true. I-I didn't do it. You must believe me, Tyler!" Naomi panicked and pleaded with Tyler,

fear evident in her eyes.

Olivia had never seen her sister so frantic before-she too watched Naomi closely.

Seeing Tyler's silence and lack of reaction, Naomi turned to Olivia, her hands trembling as she spoke from her place in bed, "Olivia, I swear I didn't do it. Can't you believe me?"

However, Olivia stepped back, her gaze unwavering. She wasn't naive-Ana wouldn't fabricate such a

story without cause, especially not to this extent.

Tyler wasn't easily swayed either. If there was no truth to Ana's claims, why would he allow her to accuse

Naomi?

Olivia was in disbelief. She couldn't fathom that her admired sister would commit such an act.

Watching Olivia's emotions shift, Naomi wanted to explain further but couldn't.

She stared at her helplessly.

"Did you really do it, Naomi?" Olivia asked.

"N-No, Olivia. P-Please believe m-"

Olivia suddenly covered her ears. "I'm not listening! Stop talking!"

Overwhelmed, Olivia collapsed. She pressed her hands against her ears, as if blocking out sound could

erase the disbelief she felt towards her once-beloved sister.

No one understood what position Naomi held in Olivia's heart.

Since she first set foot in the Jones household and laid eyes on Naomi, Olivia had aspired to be like her. Naomi was her role model, and Olivia had always looked up to her.

Thus, as she matured, she went to great lengths whenever Naomi sought her assistance, even after her mother was no longer indebted to the family.

But why did she do that? Why was she different from what she remembered now? What changed exactly? Naomi realized it was pointless to speak now. She understood Olivia wasn't naive-she was smart,

evident in how she had won Ana's affection.

Tears welled in Naomi's eyes as she gazed at Olivia.

Was she truly as malicious as Ana claimed? Naomi had hesitated, fearful of causing Olivia harm. After all,

she had joined their family as a mere child and had always been obedient.

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Even though Naomi despised Olivia's mother for tearing her family apart, Naomi never fully hated Olivia. She genuinely regarded her as a sister.

Yet, Naomi yearned desperately for survival, fearing a loss of her standing. Thus, in her frustration, she had acted as she did.

Naomi felt utterly powerless, tears streaming down her pale cheeks.

"Is there anything you'd like to say?"

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Naomi knew Ana wouldn't let her go, so she shifted her eyes from Olivia to Ana.

However, Ana's attention was fixed on Tyler. "She's speechless now, Tyler. Is there anything you'd like to

say?"

Naomi then turned to Tyler, meeting his gaze that she dared not confront weakly.

Tears continued to flow as she tried to convey her remorse, seeking his forgiveness.

Finally reacting to Ana's words, Tyler approached Naomi.

She timidly called out to him, "Tyler."

She tried to get his reaction-even if it was a simple one, she'd feel better.

Tyler picked up the papers and glanced at them. "Tell me, did you do it?"

He wanted her to admit it herself.

Naomi nearly collapsed onto the bed but summoned the last of her strength to remain upright.

Π

"Answer me."

"Tyler, I was out of my mind. I didn't anticipate this outcome."

Her pale lips were quivering so much that they turned purple. Her body was wobbly.

Tyler held the proof in front of her. "Out of your mind? Naomi, everyone is sacrificing themselves to save you, and what about you? What are you doing? Wanting to live and afraid of losing shouldn't justify your

actions.

"When did you change like this? Explain."

Naomi felt like a balloon deflating as she finally broke down.

"I'm sorry, Tyler! I was frustrated and scared. I've been living in fear every day. I fear losing you, losing everything. That's why I did something unfathomable. Can you forgive me?"

Tyler slammed the papers onto the bed. "I don't recognize you anymore, Naomi! I cannot forgive you!"

His anger surprised everyone, even Olivia, who watched in silence.

Naomi struggled to breathe, her tears falling into her mouth. She was stunned by his reaction.

His gaze was icy, as if seeing someone else beneath the mask she wore.

She fell silent, continuing to cry.

Ana felt triumphant. The day of victory had arrived after years of battling Naomi.

She smirked inwardly, content with her victory. Glancing at Olivia, she walked. He had always been courteous. Although he didn't really like Darren and Hillary, they were Naomi's parents. He had been respectful toward them, and it was the first time he used such an authoritative tone

on them.

Hillary was scared due to the difference of their status. It was her first time seeing him like that.

Tyler didn't say more. He took Olivia and left, walking past Hillary.

Olivia's body was stiff as they left. She had no idea how she ended up going with him.

Naomi felt like dying as she watched. She screamed, "Tyler!"

He didn't stay and continued leaving with Olivia.

Just then, Naomi rolled from the bed and fell hard on the floor. "Tyler-" away and left them behind, Chapter 383

At that moment, Darren and Hillary hurried over, bewildered by the scene in the ward.

Unaware of Olivia's presence, they approached Naomi, who was crying in front of Tyler.

"What's going on? Naomi? Tyler?"

Naomi remained in tears, offering no response.

Meanwhile, Tyler ignored them completely.

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[338 words]

Chapte: 384

Chapter 384

Hillary noticed that Tyler didn't seem himself. She glanced at Naomi while standing by the bed, her heart skipping a beat before she hurried over to Olivia.

Holding her hands, she asked, "What happened, Olivia?"

Darren approached, looking confused.

Tyler removed Naomi's hand, which was grabbing his shirt, before walking to Olivia.

"Let's go," he said sternly.

Naomi watched them while leaning on all fours in bed.

Hillary stopped Olivia. "What's going on, Tyler? Did something happen?"

He said nothing and grabbed Olivia to leave.

Hillary grabbed Olivia and stood in front of Tyler. "What exactly happened, Tyler? Did you and Naomi fight?"

His eyes were as cold as ice. "You should ask her what she did. Please step aside."

However, Hillary remained still and stared at him.

How could she let him take Olivia away?

She looked at Olivia with rage on her face. "What did you do?! Are you trying to steal Naomi's man?!" She verbally attacked Olivia.

Darren was taken aback by what she said before Tyler and quickly grabbed her. "What are you talking

about?!"

Tyler's face remained cold as he repeated, "Please step aside."

Darren and Hillary rushed over, screaming in panic, "Naomi!"

Chapter 384

Olivia turned her head when she heard the commotion. She removed her hand from Tyler's as soon as

she saw Naomi on the floor.

However, she failed to do so the first time, as he was gripping it. He only turned around after Olivia attempted to remove her hand the second time. He looked at Naomi. Naomi was staring at the two of them.

With determination, Olivia continued to tug at her hand until she finally wrested it from Tyler's grasp. He instinctively seized her wrist, refusing to let go this time, and they left. "Tyler! Tyler!" Naomi was shrieking her lungs out.

The ward was filled with chaos: screams, footsteps, and the sound of pulling.

As they entered the elevator, Olivia struggled against Tyler's hold with all her might. "Let me go, Tyler!"

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[515 words]

Chapter 385

1/2

Chapter 385

Tyler squeezed Olivia's cheeks. "Why should I?"

Olivia looked up at him, seeing the rage on his face. She was certain he was angry because of her.

Exhausted, she stared at him. "Why must you use me to punish Naomi, Tyler? I don't want to be a tool."

Releasing her cheeks, Tyler embraced her.

Still struggling, Olivia insisted, "Let me go!"

He held her tighter, whispering into her ear, "Don't move."

His deep voice seemed to penetrate her body, freezing her in place. Her head rested on his shoulder, his

body pressed against her neck, enveloping her entirely.

She was like a ball of lump on his chest.

She was so weak, it seemed she could dissolve into his arms at any moment. Tears streamed down her face, her pale face akin to melting ice cream under his embrace.

15

Tyler gripped her head tightly, closing his eyes with a furrowed brow. "What am I supposed to do with you? Olivia felt weak at his words, as if she might slip away from him at any instant.

What should he do about her? And what should she do about him?

She had no idea-she knew nothing now.

"What's going to happen with you and Naomi?" she asked.

Tyler gripped her shoulders hearing that, as if he was going to shove her into his heart.

Tyler's grip on her shoulders tightened, as though he might pull her into his heart.

He knew exactly why Ana kept her close.

Pressing his wrists against her neck, he explained, "I'm keeping my distance because I can't fall into her trap. You're the pawn she's using against me now, manipulating you to stir chaos between Naomi and me, to sway my heart."

His fingers tangled in her hair, his voice a low murmur near her ear, as if sharing a secret.

To Tyler, it all felt like a cruel game. "What do you expect me to do with you? Ignore everything and be with you, risking falling into her trap? Or should I leave Naomi and make you the scapegoat, the traitor of our agreement?"

Olivia froze. 'What did he say? Traitor?'

Tears welled in her eyes as she contemplated his words.

"Therefore, I can only treat you coldly. At least I won't make you the public enemy."

Chapter 385

Tears kept falling on her face.

"Perhaps I should treat you even more callously to keep you safe."

"Do you have feelings for me, Tyler?" Persisting, she added, "Do you like me even the slightest?"

She was stubborn as she continued, "Did you fall for me just because we had sex? Is that why you feel connected to me?"

Olivia had always been humble. She never dared to compete with Naomi. Amidst this messed-up relationship, she acknowledged his rationality, as did she hers.

Yet, she longed for an answer, a seemingly wild hope from someone as humble as herself.

The truth was, she understood all too well that their relationship would likely end once the baby arrived. Thus, she wanted a clear cut between them.

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[377 words]

Chapter 386

Tyler finally released Olivia. In the enclosed elevator, he gazed at her and uttered, "You deserve a better

future."

Instantly, she grasped his meaning. Standing straight, she smiled and replied, "Got it, Tyler."

The door opened just then. They lingered as he remarked, "I'll take you home."

She responded as the door began to close.

Exiting, they left the elevator, and its doors sealed shut. They proceeded to the car, where silence enveloped them.

Tyler was on the driver's seat, with Olivia sitting next to him. They were both quiet with only a light shining

above their heads.

She rested her hands on her lap, feeling the baby's movements once more. The fetal kicks had become more frequent as the pregnancy progressed, yet Olivia remained composed, revealing nothing of her inner

sensations.

Despite the chill outside, warmth filled the car. Olivia discreetly touched her belly.

Tyler said, "Let's go."

Olivia gave a short response, and he started the engine and drove away.

Upon arriving home, they remained seated in the car, enveloped in silence.

Ana waited in the living room, her gaze instinctively drawn to the door at the sound of the engine. She set down her cup, rose from the couch with a smile, and waited for them to enter. Olivia said, "I'm getting out."

Tyler said nothing and opened the door for her. He remained in the car even after she had gone into the

living room.

Ana observed Olivia's entrance, ready to speak, but Tyler followed shortly after.

She looked at him, waiting for him to comment on the incident.

However, he went straight upstairs.

Ana said, "Is there nothing that you'd like to say?"

Tyler stopped and looked at her. "What do you want me to say?"

"Are you still insisting on being with a vicious woman who harmed her own sister?"

Tyler scoffed upon hearing that, but he only said, "It's late, you should rest."

He dealt with her nonsense casually.

"Olivia, tell me, will you be able to sleep tonight?"

Ana looked at Olivia, while the latter was silent.

"Tyler, I'd definitely not allow her to stir up the storm as she wishes."

Tyler kept ignoring what she said and looked at Olivia instead. "Let's go up to rest."

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[516 words]

Chapter 387

Tyler ascended the stairs promptly, while Olivia could only follow him.

Ana fell silent, standing and observing them.

As Olivia entered the room, Tyler stood in front of her, instructing, "Take a shower and go to bed."

Clutching her dress, Olivia responded in a hoarse voice, "Okay..."

Tyler lingered there before eventually heading to the study three minutes later.

In that instant, Olivia felt her strength drain away. She headed to the bed, sinking down with a frown and shutting her eyes.

After the tough night had passed, Naomi repeatedly called Olivia, who remained in bed, unable to muster the courage to answer. Eventually, she ended the calls abruptly, desperate to silence the ringing. Everything had changed.

Olivia knew she could never trust Naomi as she once had. However, she couldn't bring herself to harm her. All she desired was to sever ties while waiting for the baby to come.

She'd leave by then.

She tightly grasped her phone.

Naomi wept in bed after Olivia ended the call. She had spent the night restless, with Darren and Hillary by her side.

Hillary told her, "Naomi, I'll explain to Tyler myself that it was me who did it. Stop calling

Olivia."

Naomi felt her heart racing and clutched her chest.

Hillary rushed to grab her. "Naomi!"

Fortunately, her heart calmed down soon. "Mom, get Olivia to forgive me."

The thought consumed her.

Hillary was devastated to hear it. "She will forgive you. How could Olivia stay angry with

you? If it wasn't the truth, how would she be photographed? After all, you're just helping her to be with the man she likes. Why can't that be published?" Naomi's face drained of color, her breaths shallow from Hillary's words. Suddenly, she seized her mother's hand. "Prepare the car, Mom. I'm going to the Harrises." She was struggling to get up from the bed.

Hillary was shocked. "What are you doing, Naomi? How could you step out of the hospital?!"

Darren was frightened too. "That won't do, Naomi. You must stay here."

Naomi insisted, "I must apologize to Olivia. I want to! Let me go!"

She brushed their hands away and rose from the bed.

Hillary panicked. She knew Ana wanted Naomi dead, yet the latter was going to dig her own grave, especially right after the incident.

She stopped her with all of her might. "Naomi!"

But nobody could deter her. She had already left the bed, standing there trembling.

Ana came upstairs and entered Olivia's room. She knew who called from her dense grip on her phone.

Since the baby had yet to arrive, it was natural that Naomi wouldn't want to sever ties just yet. She would undoubtedly stay in touch with Olivia.

Ana approached her and said, "I'm sure you've seen her true colors by now."

Ignoring Olivia's reaction, Ana gazed into her eyes. "You've treated her with all your heart, yet she perceives it as a threat to her position. She wishes you harm. Trust me, if the roles were reversed, she would gladly witness your demise. That's who she truly is."

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[427 words]

Chapter 388

Ana warned Olivia to stay away from Naomi, emphasizing that Naomi only saw Olivia as a pawn in her game. She hoped Olivia would stop aiding someone unworthy. "I understand," Olivia replied briefly.

Ana's purpose was to reveal Naomi's true nature to Olivia. She sighed, saying, "It's good that you understand."

A maid rushed into the room where they stood.

"Ma'am, the Jones have arrived," she informed Ana.

Ana frowned upon hearing that. 'The Jones? Is the sickling's mother here?'

The maid added, "It's Ms. Naomi who came."

Ana looked at the maid. "She's here?"

"That's right, Ma'am."

Olivia was taken aback by Naomi's arrival. Just as she pondered it, Ana descended the stairs leaving Olivia alone. She promptly followed, spotting Naomi being assisted by a nurse as she

entered.

Naomi appeared unsteady, as if devoid of any weight. Her lips resembled dried leaves, parched and lifeless. Yet, her eyes sparked to life the moment they met Olivia's.

Dismissing the nurse, she staggered toward her, only to collapse before reaching her.

Amidst Hillary and Darren's frantic cries, Olivia and the nurse rushed to Naomi's aid.

Despite their efforts, Naomi remained on the ground. Turning to Olivia, she beseeched, Olivia, can you find it in your heart to forgive me? I've come to apologize. Please, forgive me. Ana couldn't believe that she came here to do that. She swiftly approached her. "Who granted you permission to enter?"

She ordered Ben, "Get security to take her out!"

Ben hesitated when he heard that. After all, Naomi seemed on the verge of death.

Nevertheless, he summoned the security guards.

The guards arrived swiftly, ready to escort Naomi out. Darren and Hillary were taken aback, watching the scene unfold.

They approached Naomi, who was on the ground.

Olivia quickly walked to Ana. "Don't do this, Mom."

She didn't want the situation to escalate further.

However, to Ana, Naomi's presence seemed like a challenge. How could she tolerate Naomi's intrusion?

Ana's expression hardened as she disregarded Naomi's condition and ordered the guards, "What are you waiting for? Remove her immediately!"

Naomi remained kneeling, gazing at Olivia. Despite Ana's actions, she pleaded, "Can you forgive me,

Olivia?"

Ana's anger only intensified with Naomi's plea. "Take her away!"

The guards exerted themselves to drag Naomi. She seemed as fragile as a skeleton, on the verge of collapse.

Darren and Hillary attempted to intervene, pushing against the guards.

Hillary even shouted at them, appalled by their rough treatment of Naomi, "You've gone too far, Ana! You'll face consequences if anything happens to Naomi!"

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[365 words]

Chapter 389

Ana was incredulous that Hillary dared to stir trouble in her house. She slapped her and pointed at her. "Take this bitch out as well!"

Hillary wanted to fight her after being slapped.

Naomi, who was being dragged away by guards, summoned her last ounce of strength and threw herself at Hillary, crying out, "Stop it, Mom." Olivia stood by, feeling helpless amidst the chaos, unsure of what to do.

Then, a voice cut through the tension, "What's going on here?"

Everything froze as all eyes turned toward the source of the voice upstairs.

Tyler stood there, observing the scene with cold detachment.

The moment Naomi saw him, she collapsed at Ana's feet like a deflated balloon.

"Naomi!" Darren and Hillary knelt as well.

Ana was taken aback by Naomi's sudden collapse and glanced at her. "What's the matter with you? Are you trying to make it seem like I hit you?"

"Please stop with your tricks. Even if you die here, I'll ensure you're removed! I won't allow a troublemaker like you to bring misfortune upon our family!" Ana berated, pointing at

Naomi.

Just then, Tyler descended the stairs with a stern expression, causing the maids who had gathered to retreat.

He eventually stopped near Naomi, who finally looked up, tears streaming down her face. "I'm sorry, Tyler. I'm here to apologize to Olivia. Can you forgive me?"

Olivia was taken aback by Naomi's uncharacteristic humility. Seeing her lying on the ground, pale and vulnerable, Olivia felt a pang of sympathy.

However, Ana's dominance was relentless. "Stop seeking sympathy. Stop all this nonsense and just go to hell!"

Olivia remained silent, observing the scene with a heavy heart.

It was painful to witness Naomi's humiliation. She appeared crushed beneath Ana's disdain.

However, something seemed amiss.

Did she really deserve Naomi coming all the way to get her forgiveness? The realization dawned when she glanced at Tyler.

Naomi wasn't pleading for Olivia's forgiveness-she was begging Tyler's.

As Naomi endured humiliation beneath Ana's tyrannical demeano

"Help her up."

Hillary hesitated, glancing between Tyler, Olivia, and Ana.

Tyler instructed Hillary,

Under everyone's gazes, Tyler approached Naomi. Their eyes met, and he halted, his intentions unclear.

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[449 words]

Chapter 390

Tyler squatted down slowly, extended his arms, and lifted Naomi from the ground.

Ana's eye twitched the moment he did so. "What are you doing?" she asked.

However, Olivia wasn't surprised. She had seen it coming. How could Tyler allow Naomi to be humiliated like that?

She felt relieved now. Like a bystander, she stood there silently.

Tyler glanced at Ana upon hearing her question. "Are you finished?" he asked.

"Do you think I'm causing trouble?"

"You can't judge her actions. After all, she's not part of our family."

Ana looked dreadful as she stared coldly at him.

Finally, a smile appeared on Naomi's teary face. She quickly hugged him and cried, burying herself in his shoulders. She looked pitiful-anyone would find Ana cruel for her actions.

Suddenly, Ana realized something, and her eyes sank. She scoffed. It seemed she had fallen into that trap today. She stood there quietly.

Tyler carried Naomi and left the house.

Darren and Hillary glanced at Ana before following Tyler and Naomi.

Ben and the security guards watched silently. Everyone knew that Tyler was Naomi's support in the Harrises.

Ana had been in a battle with Naomi for years, yet she had never emerged victorious.

Ben breathed silently, almost as if he didn't exist.

As expected, Ana threw a fit the next moment. She rushed to a nearby table and swept everything onto the ground.

"How dare she deceive me?!"

Olivia stood quietly to the side, trying to hold her breath.

Ana snapped out of her fury, continuing to smash things, with shards flying everywhere. A couple of them even grazed Olivia's face, leaving scratches. However, Olivia remained standing there with her

eyes

shut.

Chapter 390

2/2

Ana pointed at everyone in the living room. "Are you all mocking me? Is this amusing to you?"

Ben and the security guards dared not respond.

The sound of her smashing stuff echoed through the house.

She finally stopped after an indeterminate duration, panting as she leaned on the table for support. She scoffed: "I'd like to see how long she can keep this up."

Olivia, who had kept her eyes shut, finally opened them upon hearing Keith's voice outside. He had just returned home from a summit, only to be greeted by a mess strewn across the floor.

He was upset. "What's this?" he demanded.

Everyone turned toward the sound of his voice, those near the door becoming even quieter.

Ana sneered. "What am I doing? Of course, it was your beloved son who provoked me."

Seeing her still furious, Keith treated her like a lunatic. "Control yourself when you're upset. Don't make a mess in the house," he commented before heading upstairs.

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[489 words]

Chapter 391

Ana followed him. "Who are you calling crazy? Listen, Keith. Do you think the family could live a peaceful life without me?"

"Peaceful? Do you think we're at peace now? Look at yourself. Who are you keeping this image for?" Keith yelled at her.

"Image? My image is better than what you deserve!"

The yelling upstairs calmed everyone in the living room.

Olivia had no idea how things would unfold, but she sensed a tug at her mind, growing increasingly sensitive.

Upon reaching the hospital, Naomi lay in bed while Hillary, the nurse, and Darren gathered around, their anxiety palpable. But Naomi's attention was fixed on the person beside her. Tyler." Darren grabbed his wife's hand and looked at Hillary. They exchanged looks and had an understanding.

Naomi didn't say anything, so Darren quietly said, "Let's go outside."

Hillary knew they needed time alone, so she left with her husband to help mend their relationship.

After they left, only Tyler and Naomi were left in the room.

Naomi lowered her gaze and said, "I don't care about this, Tyler. I don't care how your mother treats me. I just want Olivia to forgive me."

"I know. You wouldn't have visited if you cared. Everything my mother has is thanks to you."

Naomi glanced up.

Their years together had fostered a deep understanding. He knew what was on Naomi's mind, so when Naomi heard what he said, her expression changed.

"Your acting was really good today. Even Ana fell for it."

Naomi frowned as she grabbed the blanket. "I just want Olivia to forgive me. I don't want to lose her."

"Do you really care about her?"

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Naomi looked up at him with tears in her eyes.

Tyler stared at her and said, "We've been together for so many years, Naomi. I know everything that goes on in your mind. We're like a mirror for each other, so do you think I can't see through you?" Naomi looked ashamed because she was exposed.

Tyler continued, "I let you win not because of your acting but because of the years we've spent together. I hope you know when to stop."

Naomi closed her eyes and her face was pale.

Sophie was worried her brother would be exposed, so she kept checking the news. Fortunately, after the Harris Group issued a statement, their stocks surged for a few days, and the storm blew over. Finally, Sophie could breathe easy.

Claude wasn't as worried as Sophie and just spent the time building rapport with the board

of directors.

Having been away for too long, he needed to forge connections in Yancey. He envisioned Yancey as more than just a bank—he aimed to transform it into an investment powerhouse.

To initiate this change, he initiated discussions with several major corporations.

These corporations eagerly awaited his return, recognizing his stellar track record in finance abroad. Claude was the ideal collaborator for them.

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[463 words]

Chapter 392

Claude had earned the trust of all the major corporations, who eagerly sought his favor.

The partnership between Yancey Bank and the Harris Group marked a significant milestone.

One day, Claude had a meeting with a few members of the board and partnering companies. After he left Yancey Bank with the rest of them and was joking around, one of the board members got a call. Suddenly, a board member received a call and directed his attention to Claude.

"Yes?" Claude asked with a smile.

The board member revealed, "Mr. Tyler is at Yancey House."

Claude's smile faltered momentarily before he replied, "Really?"

The man inquired, "Should we go over?"

Though Claude maintained a smile, his demeanor turned chilly.

The man was treating Tyler with more caution and kindness than he had shown Claude.

After all, the company's board included three members of the Harris family.

Despite feeling a chill in his heart, Claude maintained his composure. "Since he made the effort to come here, let's extend him a warm welcome. Let's go say hello." Yancey House, a private club owned by Yancey Bank, exclusively catered to the bank's elite clientele.

The few partners immediately said, "It would be easier to talk about our future direction with Mr. Tyler around."

Claude remained silent as he led the group. Upon reaching a room, a bank manager stationed at the door said, "Mr. Tyler."

When Tyler heard that, he opened the door and walked out.

The moment he saw Claude, he said, "Claude?"

This was the first time they met ever since the news broke out.

Claude looked at his expression and smirked. "I wasn't expecting to see you here."

It was their first encounter since the news had spread. Claude assessed Tyler's expression

and smirked. "I didn't expect to see you here."

"Just a bit of business," Tyler responded, his smile lacking enthusiasm as he glanced at Angus. "Anything else?"

He addressed Angus without acknowledging Claude.

Angus worried his reply was too slow and hastily added, "Yes, Mr. Tyler."

But Tyler asked, "Why don't you speak to the vice-chairman?"

All the partners turned their attention to Angus, their curiosity evident.

Angus humiliated Claude in front of the partners by how he treated Tyler, yet Angus seemed oblivious as he turned to Claude and asked, "Can you leave us, Claude?" Claude maintained his smile and didn't look at the partners. "Of course you can. Since Mr. Tyler came to see you, you should close the deal today," he said. "I'm sorry, Claude."

Claude merely said, "It's fine."

He then glanced at Tyler. "I'll leave you to your business then, Tyler."

"No problem," Tyler replied and let Angus into his room.

Claude looked toward the rest of the men there and grinned. "Let's go."

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[388 words]

Chapter 393

After Claude sent the partners away, his smile froze, turning frigid.

Tyler was speaking to Angus in the room. "I heard Yancey is restructuring?"

Angus sat across from him and said, "Yes. Claude wants to expand the business."

"Vote against it during the board meeting," Tyler casually said as he took a sip of his coffee and didn't look at Angus.

Angus didn't ask why and just said, "Okay, Mr. Tyler."

Tyler set his coffee cup down, resting his hands on his knees as he pondered.

On his way home, Claude mulled over the restructuring. With his eyes closed, he visualized the changes until his secretary interjected, "Mr. Claude, don't you think Angus is overstepping?" The secretary was referring to what happened earlier.

Claude maintained his closed eyes but smiled. "No. Shouldn't our chairman treat Tyler nicely?"

There was a brief silence before the secretary spoke again. "You're too kind. If hadn't left, Yancey would be in a better position."

you

The Harris Group was holding 15% of Yancey's shares, and this started the year Claude left.

"My uncle trusted Tyler too much," Claude remarked.

The secretary said, "Yes. We can't even hold onto Yancey anymore."

The

way

Claude smiled was cold.

The following day, Claude convened a board meeting to present the restructuring proposal

for a vote.

Out of the ten members, four opposed it, and Claude looked at them from the stage.

Angus stood up and said, "Investing always comes with risk and since Yancey is making a stable profit, I don't agree to take risks."

Claude stared at Angus. He didn't want to believe it at first, but he then smiled and said, Mr. Angus, it seems that we have a disagreement. "I'm thinking about the future of the bank, and I think we should move toward credit instead of investment," Angus remarked.

The other three stood up and backed him up.

Claude's smile faded as his restructuring proposal was rejected by four votes led by Angus

and his allies.

When Claude exited the meeting room, his eyes were cold.

"

He understood that Tyler wouldn't let his relationship with Olivia off so he Tyler's way of striking back.

easily. This was

Tyler's first response was to halt any advancement for Yancey Bank. Still, Claude wasn't worried because the battle had just begun.

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[574 words]

Chapter 394 You Told Me Yourself

Last night, Lucas arranged a birthday fireworks display for Marion. Somehow, someone snapped photos and posted them online, causing a minor sensation for Marion.

Marion's birthday was celebrated lavishly, making everyone in their circle envious. However, envy was all they could afford. After all, there's only one Lucas and one Marion.

Not everyone had Marion's luck—dumped by Jameson one moment, married to Lucas the next.

The commotion Lucas caused for Marion's birthday was so big that even Richard, who rarely surfs the internet, found out. As Marion's father, Richard naturally felt pleased about how well Lucas

treated Marion,

In the evening, Marion and Lucas returned home for dinner, which Richard personally cooked.

Richard was in high spirits, opening a bottle of red wine and pouring Marion a half-glass.

He knew his daughter's capacity for alcohol, but with her husband by her side, what harm could half a glass do?

Marion would not get drunk from that.

“Take it easy,” Richard said.

Marion knew her father was in a good mood today. Since she did not want to dampen his spirits, she obliged and sipped from the glass. Lucas, with his high tolerance, had two glasses with his father—in—law. It was clear that Marion inherited Richard's poor tolerance for alcohol. Despite his years in the business world, Richard had not improved much.

After two glasses of red wine, he started to feel a bit overwhelmed. Marion, on the other hand, was not drunk, just flushed. When Richard started mentioning Renee, she knew he was getting tipsy.

Feeling awkward, Marion quickly called Howard over. “Howard, my dad's getting drunk!”

Despite Richard's happiness today, memories of his deceased wife made him feel a bit down when he drank.

However, he was not completely wasted yet. As Howard helped him upstairs to rest, Richard reminded Lucas and Marion to be careful on their way home.

“We got it, Dad!”

Marion replied awkwardly. Now, she knew her tendency to ramble when drunk must have been inherited from her father.

Now, only Marion and Lucas remained in the dining room.

Under the warm glow of the lights, Marion's cheeks were rosy.

Lucas looked at her and chuckled, "Feeling tipsy?"

"Not at all."

She was not going to get drunk that easily with just half a glass. "Shall we head home?" Marion nodded, slipping her hand into his. Lucas, touched by her gesture, held her hand tightly as they walked out of the villa.

Unable to drive due to the alcohol, he had called for a driver.

They reached the car, but the driver had not arrived yet.

The night breeze was refreshing. Marion looked at Lucas under the streetlights, admiring his long and thick eyelashes.

Tilting her head, she sighed and said, "Lucas, you have such long eyelashes."

After speaking, she lowered her head, biting her lip and smiling before nestling into his arms. "My dad was really happy today."

She lifted her head again, her eyes shining under the streetlights. "Thank you, Lucas."

She knew why Richard was so happy—because of how well Lucas treated her.

Marion felt like she might be a bit tipsy. However, who cared?

At that moment, all she really wanted was to hug Lucas.

So, she did. She reached out and wrapped her arms around his sturdy waist, resting her chin on his chest and looking up at him. "Did you finish reading my diary today?"

"I did," Lucas replied, lowering his gaze into her eyes, where faint amusement lurked within his dark

irises.

"How did you know my wish, then?" She asked, her lips curling up. He smirked. "You told me yourself."

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[405 words]

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When Jordan heard that, his expression darkened. "Don't underestimate this, Claude."

Katrina glanced between father and son, sensing something was amiss at Yancey.

Seating himself opposite Claude, Jordan spoke. "I understand your intentions, but we're in a stable position now. You left the country after Morgan's passing, and a misstep by the company led to our downfall. Now that we've regained control, it's unwise to engage conflict with Tyler."

in

Claude looked at Jordan and calmly asked, "How long do you think we'll be able to keep control?"

Jordan sighed. "The events of the past were too complex, and you were caught up in them as well. It's best to focus on recovery. Besides, Tyler wouldn't challenge our ownership due to our familial ties. That's an advantage."

Jordan wanted the families to stay peaceful, and it wouldn't work if the current situation continued.

Morgan was no longer around, but the families still had a connection.

However, Claude asked, "How long do you think this is going to last?!!"

Jordan went silent. He was trying to find a way to detach from the Harrises without affecting their partnership.

Claude shouldn't be linked to a dead person forever, so Jordan said, "Don't rush it. We're still in good standing, so we'll figure something out in the future,"

Claude still looked calm. He wasn't against his father's decision, but no one knew what was actually on his mind.

Katrina didn't know what was happening, so she asked, "Did something happen to Yancey?"

Jordan didn't know his son well, so he suggested, "Host a tea party and invite Ana and Maisy

Harris."

Seeking to defuse tensions between Claude and Tyler, Jordan hoped to avoid further discord at the board meeting.

Rebuilding Yancey required patience.

Jordan asked, "What do you think, Claude?"

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Claude smiled and replied, "I have no problems with that. We'll do as you say."

"The Harrises will probably bring their new daughter-in-law over. Katrina, serve her well.'

Sophie's eyes gleamed as she looked at her uncle.

Claude was quiet and just stared at the kettle that was boiling over on the table.

"Okay, I'll... make arrangements," Katrina said.

Though reluctant to engage with Ana due to her unpleasant demeanor, Katrina knew she had no choice but to comply this time. "Reach out to them. Let's hold the party tomorrow."

"Okay."

Sophie focused on her meal, stealing glances at Claude between bites.

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[448 words]

Chapter 396

That night, Katrina called Ana. The latter accepted the invitation.

However, only Ana attended the gathering, accompanied by Olivia, as Maisy had declined

their invitation.

Ana had no intention of concealing Olivia, understanding that doing so would only fuel the rumors. Thus, she brought Olivia along to the party.

Olivia had no freedom to decline participation in any activities. Until the birth of the child, she was expected to fulfill the role of a dutiful daughter-in-law, even during their time at the Pearce residence.

Upon Olivia's arrival that morning, Sophie was at home and greeted the guests with her aunt.

Olivia walked behind Ana and didn't greet Sophie. She just quietly stood there. Nonetheless, Sophie's gaze remained fixed on her, attempting to communicate silently. Olivia kept avoiding her.

Claude was present as well. As his mother greeted Ana, he approached them, exchanging greetings with Ana before glancing at Olivia. His expression remained gentle, appearing unaffected.

After the news got out, Olivia became fearful of contact with Claude, apprehensive that Ana might discover his identity as the man in the picture.

However, her worries were for nothing because Ana never even considered that and only spoke to Katrina.

It wasn't her first time there, so they weren't too courteous and took Katrina's warm greeting for granted. Throughout their time there, Olivia shadowed Ana, refraining from wandering or engaging with others.

She also refrained from conversing with Claude, even during tea.

Claude refrained from reaching out and let Olivia be. Meanwhile, Sophie felt anxious, wanting to speak with her friend but lacking the opportunity.

Their gathering was uneventful, simply drinking tea. Ana was disinterested in conversation with Katrina, so they left after their tea session.

On the way back, Ana remained silent with closed eyes, while Olivia sat quietly, resembling a

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tranquil tree.

2/2

After reaching the Harris residence, Ana felt bored and went upstairs.

Olivia watched her, and her tense shoulders finally relaxed.

Later that night, Sophie texted Olivia, inviting her to join a gathering with some school friends.

Olivia recognized Sophie's efforts to reach out, but she wasn't feeling up to it. However, when her two other friends also reached out, she hesitated to decline. Sophie was doing everything to speak to her.

Considering she had a checkup scheduled for tomorrow afternoon, Olivia decided she could meet Sophie afterward. Despite some initial reluctance, she eventually agreed. Sophie chose to meet at a bustling bar, anticipating the noise would provide privacy for their conversation. Several friends also planned to join them.

*

After her check-up, Olivia didn't return to the Harris residence. Instead, she headed to meet Sophie, unaware of the purpose of their conversation.

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[386 words]

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Olivia arrived at the bar in the Harris car, where Sophie awaited with their friends.

She rarely frequented such places. Fearing someone might snap her photo, she entered cautiously.

Fortunately, that place wasn't normal. Not anyone could get in there.

Upon finding Sophie in the room, Olivia observed their friends chatting while awaiting her

arrival.

Uncertain whether to approach, Olivia hesitated by the door until she spotted Sophie seated

on the couch.

Sophie rose and approached her, saying, "Olivia."

Though she wished to maintain their friendship and still considered Olivia a friend, the latter merely replied, "I can't stay long."

"It's fine. We're just going to be here for a short while." Sophie grabbed her hand and asked, "Can we talk outside?"

Olivia remained silent, but Sophie didn't wait for her reply and walked out while holding her hand. Unexpectedly, Sophie bumped into someone at the door.

Dylan nearly stumbled but was caught by someone beside him.

Turning to the person who had bumped into him, Dylan saw two unfamiliar women:

Sophie and Olivia scanned the small group and realized they didn't recognize anyone.

Dylan's gaze lingered on Olivia, captivated by her flawless features and slender frame, reminiscent of a university student.

Glancing at Olivia, Dylan then turned to his friends.

While Olivia didn't recognize them, she sensed they weren't ordinary people and hid behind Sophie, avoiding confrontation. Sophie apologized, "I'm sorry. Didn't see you there."

"

Dylan was a gentleman and wasn't going to be petty about it. Since Sophie apologized, said, "It's fine, but look where you're going." Dylan pointed at his wrinkled sleeve.

he

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Sophie didn't pay any more attention to him and just walked away with Olivia.

One of Dylan's friends said, "Who's that girl? She looks a little like Naomi."

A few people asked, "Are you interested in her?"

Dylan chuckled. "Don't start."

de for you See The reserved the

best seats for me to

our bar. Your

Approaching them, the bar manager greeted them warmly. presence here is an honor. I've reserved the best seats Do you."

Dylan quipped, "Sounds like we're attending an opera."

Knowing the men hailed from the most affluent families in Tide City, the dare offend them.

Unexpectedly, after taking a few steps, they encountered Claude.

manager didn't

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[408 words]

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They exchanged glances, surprised to see each other there. Claude took the initiative. "Hi, Dylan."

a

moment of hesitation,

He smiled, and Dylan smiled back. "What a coincidence running into you here, especially after your long absence."

Claude wasn't surprised and just asked, "

with your friends?"

Dylan looked at his friends and said, "Yes, you?"

"Have an appointment here."

Although Dylan and Claude had once been close friends, their relationship had cooled following past events. However, they remained cordial.

"Oh, okay. Go ahead then. Let's meet up again."

"Okay, sure," Claude replied.

He began to walk away, leaving Dylan standing there.

One of Dylan's friends remarked, "You two haven't seen each other in ages.

"Yes. He left for many years after Morgan's death. I'm sure he did enough to redeem himself now, but Yancey is no longer the same. I guess that was the price he had to pay."

"Do you think he loved Morgan? Morgan loved him so much she would die for him.

Dylan thought about her and felt emotional. "Who knows? No one can tell what goes on in

his mind."

"Morgan was such a beautiful woman. Why did she-"

"Okay, enough." Dylan's expression changed, and the man stopped talking.

As Claude walked away, he paused after a few steps, gazing in a certain direction. His secretary stopped beside him.

Sophie was about to speak to Olivia about Claude when a voice called out from behind.

"Soof."

Both Sophie and Olivia turned to find the unexpected presence of Claude.

Olivia took a few steps back in surprise, while Sophie frowned. "C-Claude?" Chapter 398

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He stared at the two women. Then Sophie turned around and asked, "What are you doing here?"

However, Claude was now fixated on Olivia. Sophie stepped in front of her to block his view. "What are you trying to do?"

She seemed to have seen through his intentions. She had wanted to speak to Olivia to stop them from getting in touch with each other, yet she created a chance for them instead. Claude finally looked at Sophie and said, "I have an appointment here."

"Go ahead then." Sophie said, her guard up, while Olivia remained silent behind her.

Claude understood what Olivia was thinking, but he didn't want to press her. He simply wanted to check on Olivia.

Concerned after the recent events, he addressed Sophie, "Soof, could you wait somewhere? I need to speak with Olivia."

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[423 words]

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Sophie knew Claude would try that, so she stood her ground, asserting, "You can talk to me, and I'll relay the message to Olivia."

Claude maintained his intense gaze, but Sophie remained resolute. Eventually, breaking the standoff, Claude uttered, "Soof," with a frown of discontent.

Witnessing Claude's uncharacteristic anger, Sophie hesitated briefly. After a moment of consideration, she relented and lowered her hands. "Fine, you have ten minutes." She then walked away.

As Sophie left, Olivia acted normal and greeted Claude, "Hi."

Claude saw that she didn't try to hide or walk closer, so he told his secretary. "Leave us."

The secretary nodded and walked away too.

He then looked at Olivia and asked, "Are you... okay?"

Olivia was no longer concerned about what happened, so she said, "Yes. I just hope you'll keep your distance."

"I couldn't get through your phone in the past few days." He sighed. "I wanted to speak to you at my home but didn't get the chance."

Claude looked worried, but there was also lovingness in his eyes.

Olivia avoided his eyes. "You don't need to. What happened to me has nothing to do with you, so you don't need to worry."

Upon saying that, she felt that too many people were there and added, "I'm going to leave

now."

However, as she passed him, Claude reached out, grabbing her arm.

"Olivia," he murmured softly, his eyes gentle yet insistent.

Startled, Olivia recoiled, attempting to free her hand, only to find it firmly grasped.

"Claude, I can't get involved with people like you. I'm just an illegitimate daughter, and all I want is to have a peaceful life. I hope you can let me have this."

Olivia didn't want to get involved in their issues. She lacked Naomi's love, parental support, or Tyler's protection.

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Unlike Sophie, with her privileged background allowing freedom, Olivia solely relied on herself. With no one else to turn to, she faced any issue alone, yearning for a peaceful period. Claude frowned. "Olivia, it's your sister, isn't it?"

Olivia didn't expect him to know, so she looked up.

"How did Tyler handle this?" he asked.

Olivia didn't know how to react. She didn't want to admit to Claude that her sister hurt her

but it seemed that everyone knew about it.

"Yes..." she said and then stopped talking.

Although she didn't answer how Tyler handled it, Claude knew the answer. "He did nothing, as their bond remains unchanged. You must protect yourself. Your sister doesn't deserve your trust."

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[452 words]

Chapter 400

"I've decided to leave after the baby's born. There's just a few months left, so I'll tough it out. No need for concern or comments. This is my call."

Claude furrowed his brows, meeting her gaze.

"Can you let me go now?" Olivia didn't want to be under his spell anymore, so she sounded

cold.

After Dylan entered the room, he realized Olivia looked familiar and tried to remember where he had seen her before. He searched his memory, but nothing came up, so he placed

down the wine glass and stood up.

"Where are you off to?" a friend asked.

"To the bathroom." He then walked out of the room.

He walked along the corridor and looked around but didn't see the person he was looking for. After turning a few corners, he saw a man and a woman standing in a corner, and he stopped and stared at them. "Olivia, you know you're different from me. The first time I saw you, my eyes shone because I felt as though a ball of light was standing before me."

He chuckled, but no one knew what was behind it. "I didn't even notice how differently I treated you."

Olivia listened but wasn't moved because she was pregnant now. She knew what she should care about and what she shouldn't.

"If you treated me differently, how about Morgan?"

Olivia didn't want to avoid the name any longer and stared straight into his eyes. She then continued, "Given your relationship with Morgan and the Harrises, do you think this is something appropriate to say to me?"

Olivia looked away and pulled her hand away, but Claude just stood there.

Dylan stood a distance away but heard their conversation.

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He stared at Claude who had his back facing him and thought, 'Was Claude confessing his feelings to this woman?'

"That is surprising. When did he get involved with this woman?'

Dylan was curious and just watched as things unfolded. He stared at Olivia's side profile for a long time, and then the familiarity felt stronger and stronger until something came to his mind.

'Isn't this the woman in the papers, the epicenter of the Harris family's scandal?'

"The legendary Mrs. Harris?" Dylan almost said that out loud, but he stopped it and bit his tongue.

He was still in shock when his phone rang. He checked it, saw the number and his heart sank, and quickly left.

Claude heard the ringtone and turned around, but Dylan managed to get out of his line of sight in time, so he just squinted.

Olivia didn't see Dylan, but she heard the phone and looked over, but there was no one there.

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