

The Beginning Of All Sins novel (Olivia and Tyler)

Chapter 451

[341 words]

Olivia was about to step into the car when Ana's call came through. She answered promptly. "Hi, Mom." "Did you deliver it to him?"

"Yes," she replied after a brief pause.

Ana's suspicion heightened at the momentary silence. "Don't make me call the Harris Group to verify."

"He's not at his office, Mom. I called him, and he instructed me to leave it at the front desk."

"And now you're leaving," Ana noted.

Olivia glanced down. "Yes."

"You're not leaving. The purpose of afternoon tea is to personally hand it to him!"

After a moment of silence, Ana's tone hardened. "Do you understand me?!"

Olivia snapped out of her daze. "R-Right! I understand, Mom."

"Good. Goodbye."

The call ended. The driver glanced at Olivia, asking tentatively, "Should we head back?"

"No. We'll wait here."

Confused, the driver looked at her.

Olivia didn't explain. Instead, she pursed her lips, her face slightly pale.

*

Tyler returned to Naomi's ward, where she immediately asked, "Was that work?"

"Yes," Tyler replied absentmindedly. He placed his phone on the coffee table and resumed reading his book.

Naomi watched him for a moment before sheepishly suggesting, "Um, Tyler? If work needs your attention, you should go. I'm fine on my own. You've been keeping me company for so many days already." Tyler looked up from his book. "It was just a call. Nothing major."

He returned to reading, while Naomi fretted about hindering his work. But she reasoned that he would inform her if it were important. Nodding, she said, "Okay, then."

The room lapsed into silence.

The nurse admired Naomi's knitting and exclaimed, "Ms. Naomi, your knitting is exquisite!"

"Thank you! I want to make something for Olivia and my parents since, well, I don't have much else to do," she said, smiling faintly.

The nurse offered some assistance, and soon it seemed her work was nearly complete.

Tyler's phone rang again. Naomi glanced at the screen as Tyler also looked at it.

It was Ana.

He stared at the screen for a long moment.

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[425 words]

Naomi couldn't discern who it was from her distance, so she gently asked, "Working again, Tyler?"

"No. It's my mother," he stated frankly, grabbing the phone and springing to his feet, leaving.

Naomi's hands halted their movements, even catching the nurse's attention.

Tyler took the call, and his mother wasted no time getting to the point, "I sent Olivia to bring you afternoon tea. Have you checked it out yet?"

"I instructed her to deliver it to the front desk. Didn't she do that?"

Ana chuckled. "I told her to hand it to you personally. If you aren't there, tough luck! She'll have to wait until you're back."

Tyler's expression darkened. It was a clear threat.

"What do you think you're doing?" he growled coldly.

Ana laughed. "Sending you afternoon tea. Didn't I say that?"

Was Tyler afraid? No.

Ana understood that Tyler and Naomi, the ones who should be most concerned about the pregnant young woman and her baby's well-being, couldn't bear the thought of losing them.

"You're unbelievable."

"Hey, you can always choose not to go," Ana said sweetly.

Tyler scowled.

"Take your time to mull it over. If you're truly that busy, then stay there. She can wait."

With that, Ana ended the call, leaving Tyler alone with the beep of the phone. He removed it from his ear, his forehead creased despite his stoic expression. Naomi had been waiting for his return.

Finally, about five minutes later, Tyler came back in. She watched him quietly, uncertain if the initial "work" call was from Ana or not, and what her intentions were. Tyler didn't reclaim his seat on the couch. After a moment of contemplation, he announced, "I need to be out for a while. The nurse will keep you company."

Naomi was taken aback. "Did something happen?"

Whatever Ana had said couldn't have been innocuous. She must have instigated something against Tyler—perhaps to retaliate for him spending so much time with Naomi lately. "Don't worry about it. Just rest," he replied shortly, choosing not to elaborate.

Naomi instinctively gripped the edge of her blanket. She studied his expression and sensed he was concealing something. "What did she do this time?"

"Nothing. Please, rest."

With that, Tyler departed.

The ward had always been rather somber and dim, but Tyler's departure accentuated its desolation. Naomi felt a chill of loneliness.

"Ms. Naomi? Shall we continue with our knitting?"

Tyler had been wearing a scowl since leaving the hospital.

Linda had anticipated him leaving by evening and found his return unexpected. "You're back already?"

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[409 words]

"We're going back to the Harris Group," Tyler announced.

Linda studied his expression before replying softly, "Got it."

She then informed the driver. Throughout the journey, Tyler was silent.

About 30 minutes later, the car arrived at the Harris Group building.

Meanwhile, Olivia sat waiting in the car. It had been an hour since she received Ana's call. She was not sure how long she had to wait. The air inside the car had grown stuffy, and she felt a little suffocated. Her driver suddenly looked ahead. "Looks like Mr. Tyler's car is back."

Olivia glanced ahead just in time to see Tyler's car coming to a stop right in front of them. She showed no response, so the driver turned to look at her instead.

Tyler stepped out of the car, but Olivia remained seated. He shot a direct glance at her window.

Aware that she needed to exit the car, Olivia pushed the door open and carefully stepped out.

Tyler observed her every move.

Unaware that it was Ana's call that had prompted Tyler's return, Olivia felt the need to explain herself, "Um, I'm here to bring you some tea."

Their interaction was drawing attention from onlookers.

Tyler responded shortly, "Let's talk upstairs."

He walked toward the building, while Olivia hesitated for a moment before following him.

Upon their arrival, the receptionist greeted Tyler, "Welcome back, Mr. Tyler!"

Tyler ignored her and marched toward the elevator.

"Um, sir? Mrs. Harris' afternoon tea was just delivered to us," the receptionist added hastily. Pausing briefly, he replied, "Give it to me."

The receptionist, puzzled by Olivia's presence, exchanged a glance with her.

Why was Mrs. Harris' tea being delivered now, and why was Tyler accompanied by Olivia?

Sensing the receptionist's questioning gaze, Olivia stood closer to Tyler.

Another receptionist handed the basket to him, saying, "Here you go."

Tyler let his assistant take it instead. Then, to give Olivia enough respect, he said, "Come on."

Olivia followed him into the elevator along with Linda. It was a rather claustrophobic space.

Olivia looked down quietly while Tyler's eyes were fixed on the elevator door. The air felt almost too oppressive for Olivia, but she managed to stay outwardly unfazed.

Tyler glanced at her shadow and remarked, "So... you're just going to do whatever she tells you to do from now on?"

Confused, Olivia looked up, failing to grasp his meaning.

With a sigh, Tyler said, "Let's go."

The door opened.

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[446 words]

Olivia followed Tyler as he left for the office.

Linda placed the basket on his table and asked, "Shall we start unpacking now?"

"Yes."

Tyler sat on his chair while Linda took out cookies and iced coffee. He stared at the food motionlessly.

Olivia had no idea what that face he made even meant. She just wanted him to finish this so she could leave.

"What, you're not gonna eat?" Tyler grumbled icily.

"I'm not hungry," Olivia said.

"You'll eat with me."

His eyes were still cold.

Olivia replied carefully, "I'm not hungry, really. Just finish it so I can bring it home."

She had no idea that Tyler was there because Ana threatened him.

He stared hard at her flat expression.

"We eat together," he said again, his tone uncommonly hard and his eyes frosty.

Olivia could not understand why he was making her eat. She was just a delivery girl as far as she knew. But she wanted to finish her mission and return home soon, so a while later, she approached him. Linda could sense something was amiss. She glanced at Tyler and then Olivia. Her heart raced.

Olivia stood before Tyler's table. "Okay."

She waited for him to tell her which cookie to take, but he just looked at her silently. She reached out for a chocolate chip and gingerly nibbled at it.

"You're acting like my mother's little soldier," Tyler said suddenly.

Linda stared at her boss in surprise.

Olivia's hand tightened around the cookie. Her lips trembled.

"Can you not think the worst of me? I'm simply trying to protect myself. I just don't want to upset her before this child is born," she replied. "I'm the one who needs to consider how to interact with your mother, not you. You don't need to help me."

Olivia just wished for these months to be as peaceful as possible. Everyone had someone they wanted to shield, and Olivia could only protect herself by offending as few people as possible. Ana could come up with all sorts of schemes just to provoke her sister. What else could she do against Olivia?

Olivia had to heed Ana's words. She had to comply with her requests-because she had no power to oppose Ana. She had to be submissive to the older woman while being extra cautious about Naomi and Tyler's relationship.

"You should have stayed in the hospital with Naomi. I'm just a delivery girl. I didn't mean to offend or bother you when I called. I didn't even expect you to return."

Linda felt her heart pounding and her palms sweating with nervousness. She stood quietly on the sidelines as this incident unfolded.

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Chapter 455

[399 words]

Tyler leaned against the back of his chair. "I see. I've blamed you wrongly. Sorry, I should have thought about this from your perspective." Olivia held the cookie tightly. Crumbs had begun to get into her nails.

Tyler suddenly shot a look at the secretary. "Leave the room for us."

Linda immediately obeyed. "Alright."

Olivia was uncertain why he was doing this. She thinned her lips and waited.

Once Linda left, Tyler stood up and approached Olivia, causing her to tense up.

"You don't seem to have known that my mother called me too," he whispered next to her. "She threatened me with you. Do you know that?" Stunned, Olivia looked up at him.

Tyler met her gaze, and suddenly it felt like the space between them had shrunk too quickly. Olivia tightened her fists, closing her eyes. "I had no idea." Tyler scanned her graceful neck and raven-black hair. She appeared fragile yet tenacious. Every inch of her seemed to ignite something primal within Tyler. "Of course you didn't," he said, caressing her hair. "How could you? You don't know the struggle I face. I've only

recently realized the mess I've made for myself. My mother set an obvious trap, waiting for me to fall into it."

Olivia had not expected him to touch her. Her skin crawled. She could feel his finger grazing her hair lightly-as if he was touching something forbidden.

His eyes were growing darker. "Do you know just how seductive you are? Your entire being is tempting me. How am I supposed to hold myself from you?"

Olivia gazed up at him, her eyes watering. Her face radiated with purity, akin to the moon's glow. Her tears sparkled on her cheeks.

Tyler's gaze momentarily drifted away, entranced by the moment. He gently caressed her cheek, then abruptly pulled back.

In a matter of minutes, he composed himself and withdrew his hand. "A man can't act on mere temptations of the heart."

He took a deep breath and murmured, "It's time for you to go home."

Olivia's heart raced. She quickly regained her composure, realizing she needed to leave. Unaware of her surroundings, she stumbled on the carpet. She thought she was going to land face-first, but Tyler instinctively held her hand and yanked her toward himself.

Losing her balance, Olivia collided into his arms.

At that moment, Tyler was enveloped in her intoxicating fragrance.

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[489 words]

Olivia's bump was leaning against Tyler's body.

Ana waited patiently for their return, occupied with arranging flowers by the floor-to-ceiling window. As she worked, she carefully selected a fresh lily.

Initially, Ana had hoped that this young, vibrant flower at home would provide a contrast to that sickly, wilting flower and convince Tyler to stay home instead of visiting the hospital daily. However, she quickly realized her mistake. It was up to her to ensure this new flower thrived and fulfilled its purpose.

Wasn't there a bud forming within her now? Everything seemed to be falling into place.

If she didn't showcase her fragrance, how could she hope to attract him?

Since Tyler insisted on remaining at the hospital, Ana resolved to bring the young flower to him each day.

Lost in admiration, Ana savored the delicate scent of the lily. It filled her with joy.

"Ah, it smells heavenly," she exclaimed.

Observing Ana's delight, the maid remarked, "The lilies are exceptionally fresh. They arrived with morning dew, and most of them have buds."

"Indeed, it's like getting two for the price of one. Who could resist such a deal? It's a win-win," Ana replied with a smile, gently handling the blooming lily alongside its unopened bud.

The maid nodded approvingly. "Yes, one is in full bloom, while the other eagerly awaits its turn."

Ana grinned. "Yes, this is perfect. Placing it here, someone is bound to notice."

When Olivia fell into Tyler's arms, her instinct was to protect her belly, and Tyler instinctively grasped her hand as she panicked.

The sudden movement caused her to lose her balance, and her chin landed on his chest, drawing them even closer. Tentatively, she met his gaze.

Tyler remained stoic, his brow furrowed and eyes barely open, avoiding her gaze.

Olivia was cold too as she leaned against him. "Let me go, Tyler."

Tyler abruptly released her hand, causing her to step back hastily.

His gaze remained fixed on her, both struggling to contain their emotions, trapped in a push-and-pull dynamic that felt foreign to them.

After a moment, Olivia collected herself and stood before him.

Just then, a knock interrupted their tense silence. Olivia's attention snapped to the door.

"Ms. Naomi is calling, sir," announced Linda from outside.

Tyler only released his clenched fists upon hearing that. He stared at Olivia for a long time before responding, "Come in."

Linda entered, holding a phone, her eyes darting between them. After a brief pause, she approached Tyler and handed the phone to him. "Sir." Tyler turned away to take the call immediately.

Olivia quickly left upon seeing that.

Linda caught a whiff of something amiss but chose not to pry, following Olivia instead.

Adam awaited Olivia downstairs, immediately rushing to her side. "Ma'am."

Gasping for breath, Olivia steadied herself before entering the waiting car.

Concerned for her safety, Linda stepped forward to assist her as she entered the car. "Be careful."

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[382 words]

Olivia avoided eye contact with Linda as she got into the car, her expression tensing up.

Adam didn't know what had happened, so he looked at Linda.

Taking a moment to steady her breath, Olivia instructed, "Drive slowly."

He nodded and said, "I will."

Without delay, he climbed into the car.

Linda watched as they drove away from the Harris Group.

Ana looked toward the door when the car pulled over.

Just as Olivia entered the living room, Ana approached Olivia and greeted her, "You're home? Where's the food container?"

"I left it at the office," Olivia replied, stopping in her tracks.

Naturally, Ana didn't doubt Olivia's honesty and refrained from criticism.

"You must be tired after being out all afternoon. Go rest," Ana suggested.

Without a glance, Olivia headed upstairs, prompting a smile from Ana.

Naomi called Tyler, anxious to know about Ana's call.

"Tyler, what's going on? Is everything alright?" she asked as he picked up the phone.

He leaned against the desk, his expression tense and eyes downcast. Rubbing his temples, he replied, "Just a minor issue."

Noting the silence in his surroundings, she probed, "Are you still at the office?"

He sighed and loosened his tie, trying to rid himself of Olivia's lingering perfume.

"Yeah," he confirmed in his low voice.

Unaware of the recent events, Naomi remained optimistic. "Work-related, I assume?"

Unable to disclose Ana's actions, Tyler simply nodded. "Yeah."

A brief silence followed, during which Naomi began to second-guess herself. Perhaps she was overthinking things-Ana wouldn't resort to deceit.

Attempting to lighten the mood, she suggested, "Take a break for a few days. I'll keep myself busy and out of your hair."

His response was curt, his attention fixed on the discarded tie in his hands.

"In that case, I'll let you get back to it," Naomi said and waited for a moment. Noting he didn't protest, she ended the call.

After ending the call, Naomi felt a pang of sadness. She had hoped Tyler would say more to her, but it seemed they couldn't return to their old dynamic since the incident.

She thought she should put even more effort into fixing their relationship. She must close the distance between them.

Tyler remained at his desk, still leaning against it, as he unbuttoned his collar.

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[440 words]

Claude invited Lionel to the church for a meal.

When Lionel arrived, he spotted Claude standing at the door and walked over to him.

"Claude," he greeted.

Claude returned the greeting with a smile. "Sorry that I'd have to meet you here," he said.

Lionel glanced around the church, aware of Claude's recent struggles. Looking at him, he reassured, "Everything will pass, Claude."

Understanding Lionel's meaning, Claude smiled subtly. "Don't worry. I'm not that fragile. I'm used to living with less. I can't adapt to life back in the city, so I thought I'd pray more here."

Their bond was strong, with Lionel considering Claude his savior.

"If not for you, how would I have the opportunity to speak to you here, Claude?" Lionel remarked

"Don't say that, Lionel. Let's go in," Claude replied.

Lionel smiled, halting their conversation. "Sure, let's go in."

As they walked, Claude commented, "The food here is quite good."

Seated in the dining room, they were served a substantial meal.

Claude poured Lionel a drink and casually asked, "I heard the Harris Group has their eye on a plot of land in a fishing village?"

Lionel hesitated, holding the glass. "I-I'm not sure about that."

Knowing it was confidential, Lionel refrained from sharing any details.

Claude picked up on Lionel's cautiousness and reassured him, "I'm just making conversation."

Relieved, Lionel replied, "That's great. I can't discuss that with you. Although I'm indebted to you, it's confidential to the Harris Group."

Claude nodded understandingly. "You're quite cautious. But you should know the relationship between Yancey Bank and the Harris Group. No need to be overly guarded." He smiled knowingly.

Although Lionel felt he may have been overly cautious, he wasn't entirely clear on the current relationship between the two entities.

"Apologies, Claude. Perhaps I've been too uptight," Lionel admitted.

Interrupting with a smile, Claude suggested, "Let's just enjoy lunch today. No need to dwell on that."

Relieved, Lionel agreed, "Okay. Let's drink."

They continued their conversation over drinks.

Meanwhile, Ana used the pretext of a nightmare and convinced Tyler to accompany Olivia to the church for prayers for the baby.

Summoning Tyler from Sandalwood Palace that morning, Ana appeared visibly shaken as she recounted her nightmare.

Olivia was taken aback by Ana's distress.

Tyler remained composed, his expression unreadable as he listened.

Ana urged him, "It's better to brace for the worst and be pleasantly surprised than to be overly optimistic and face disappointment, Tyler. Please take Olivia to the church to pray." Maisy shared Ana's worry as she listened in.

After a moment of silence, Tyler agreed, "We'll go to the church in the afternoon."

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[388 words]

Olivia gripped the cutlery.

Ana glanced at her and Tyler. Naturally, she was well aware that something must have happened yesterday.

"That's great," she said.

Olivia and Tyler finished the meal in silence, while Maisy monopolized the conversation.

At 1 PM., Tyler escorted Olivia outside.

Ana smiled cryptically as she watched them leave.

During the ride to the church, Olivia remained composed as she sat beside him.

Tyler flipped through some documents, the crisp sound of paper being turned filling the car.

She gazed down, her hand resting on her belly.

Just like that, they arrived at the church nestled at the foot of a mountain.

It was the busiest church in the city.

After pulling over, Adam opened the door for Olivia, who exited before Tyler.

The priest welcomed them, and they entered, with Olivia following behind Tyler. They headed directly to the nave.

After lunch, Claude gave Lionel a tour of the church, chatting as they walked.

Olivia and Tyler requested an amulet from the priest. It was no simple task-the priest would need to perform a ceremony to receive blessings from God.

As the ceremony proceeded, prayer candles were lit in the nave.

Claude coincidentally entered with Lionel.

Observing the lit candles, Lionel asked, "Is there a ceremony happening?"

Upon hearing that, Claude glanced toward the nave, momentarily confused.

After all, the church was closed today.

Finding it peculiar that numerous candles were lit inside, he asked, "Would you like to investigate?"

Deciding to pray since he was already there, Lionel replied, "Let's pray for my family's health."

Claude agreed with a smile. "This is the finest church in the city. Your prayers will surely be heard."

Lionel was reassured by this as Claude ushered him inside.

Upon reaching the door, Lionel glanced into the nave.

There, he saw Tyler praying amidst the candles, with someone standing beside him.

It was Olivia.

Claude froze at the doorway.

Lionel also looked inside and instinctively called out when he recognized who was present, "Mr. Harris..."

Tyler, standing in the middle of the nave, heard the noise as Lionel called out to him. He turned his head toward the door and saw the two of them.

He noticed Lionel before Claude. As their eyes met, a storm seemed to brew in their minds. Suddenly, the nave fell silent.

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[382 words]

Olivia glanced back, freezing as she recognized the figure.

Since the company chaos, aside from their phone call, this marked the first encounter with Claude.

Tyler acted swiftly, passing the candle to the priest before turning to the door. His voice resounded through the church, "Claude." Claude remained fixated on Olivia, his gaze warm and tender.

Tyler stood still, taken aback by Claude's audacity to stare at his wife in such a sacred space. Grimness shadowed his smile.

"Mr. Pearce," Linda called out to him.

Only then did Claude tear his gaze from Olivia to acknowledge Tyler. He responded with a smile, "Tyler."

Tyler stood motionless, giving no response, his eyes still grim.

Olivia remained rooted to the spot.

Beside Claude, Lionel asked, "Why is Mr. Harris here, Claude? Should we join them?"

Claude glanced at him before suggesting, "Let's go greet them."

With that, he approached.

Lionel followed suit. When they stopped, Claude addressed Tyler, "What a coincidence to encounter each other here."

His eyes then shifted to Olivia. "It's been a while, Mrs. Harris. Are you keeping well?"

His eyes brimmed with care and affection, his emotions unhidden.

Olivia's palms began to sweat, and she silently stepped back, saying nothing.

"We're not strangers. She's your sister-in-law. Just call her Olivia, Claude," Tyler remarked casually.

Claude chuckled. "She's like family to me, perhaps I should use her endearment."

Tyler smiled faintly before turning to Linda. "Olivia isn't feeling well. Take her to the car."

He ushered Olivia away from Claude.

Linda approached Olivia, leading her away. "Let's head to the car first, Ma'am. We'll retrieve the amulet after the priest finishes with it."

As Olivia turned to leave, Claude suddenly grasped her wrist.

Everyone froze, especially Tyler, whose smile vanished entirely.

"Mr. Pearce!" Linda exclaimed, unable to comprehend his audacity.

Olivia met his gaze.

Disregarding Linda and the bewildered onlookers, Claude spoke gently, "You dropped something."

She lowered her gaze, instinctively reaching for her neck. It was then that she realized her necklace had slipped to the ground.

The moment she noticed, Claude released her wrist.

She glanced at him before retrieving the necklace.

Clutching it, she murmured, "Thank you, Mr. Pearce."

Lionel observed the strange scene with skepticism.

Tyler's demeanor hadn't softened; if anything, his gaze had turned even icier.

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Chapter 461

[406 words]

Noticing they were still looking at each other, Tyler addressed Claude, "Thanks for that, Claude. You're quite observant."

He then turned to Linda, instructing, "Bring her to the car."

"Okay, sir," she replied.

Meanwhile, Olivia felt a peculiar sensation stirring within her.

It was always Claude who noticed whenever she dropped her mother's necklace...

This marked the second occurrence.

She clutched it tighter, pressing it against her chest.

Aware of the others nearby, she dared not linger.

After Linda called out to her a second time, she began to leave.

Claude observed her retreating figure.

Noticing that, Tyler remarked, "It's just a necklace. Since she hasn't lost it, you should let it go."

"

But Claude countered, "It's not merely a necklace. It's something her mother left behind."

Tyler briefly frowned, evidently unaware.

Indeed, he was clueless. Olivia had never mentioned it to him before. He only remembered her losing it once and asking if he had seen it. She appeared anxious at the time.

Claude chuckled. "I understand you're busy, Tyler, and may overlook details. It's alright; you know now."

"I can't believe you know my wife better than I do. I've neglected my duty. I should be more attentive, especially since it's an heirloom from her mother." Tyler's tone remained composed and even.

In the car, Olivia sat clutching the necklace, while Linda observed.

They remained parked outside the church. Olivia maintained her grip on the necklace.

After some time, Tyler finally emerged. Olivia stayed silent as he entered the car.

"Do you always wear your mother's necklace?" he asked, his tone steady.

She hadn't anticipated the question but responded nonetheless, "Yes."

He glanced ahead, his voice calm. "I can't believe I wasn't aware of this and that Claude had to inform me. Seems like you two have had many conversations." Linda glanced at them upon hearing that.

Olivia continued to grip the necklace as she said, "It's nothing significant. The necklace isn't valuable, so I didn't want to bother you or waste your time."

He chuckled softly and said nothing more.

Just then, the priest emerged, presenting them with the blessed amulet. "It's prepared, Mr. and Mrs. Harris."

Tyler accepted it with gratitude.

The priest then produced a sandalwood box. "Mr. Pearce asked me to give this bracelet to Mrs. Harris. It's for her safety."

Tyler reached for the box. However, he paused at the priest's words, his hand clenching into a fist.

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Chapter 462

[395 words]

However, Tyler released his fist immediately. He glanced at Olivia as he took the box. "What do you plan to do about this?"

He thought she would reject it, but she stretched her hand to him. "Give it to me, Tyler. I'll deal with it myself."

He fell into a momentary silence before saying, "Sure."

He then handed her the box.

Olivia thought the Harrises only cared about the baby's health, while Claude got her a bracelet for her safety. Uncertain of his intentions, she clutched the box tightly.

Tyler noticed how tightly she held onto it, recognizing its significance to her. "Seems like the rumor hasn't altered your impression of him."

To that, she said, "Perhaps he's... misunderstood."

She instantly regretted uttering those words, but she clearly couldn't turn back time. She felt as if she were treading into a minefield.

Tyler was digesting what she said, unable to shake the idea that she believed Claude was misunderstood.

"Misunderstood? Who told you that? Do you think we've treated him unfairly?"

"I was merely speculating, Tyler," she quickly clarified, hoping to move past the topic.

However, he continued to gaze at her intently. "Do you understand the gravest taboo in our company?"

His tone was icy. "Those who oppose us. So mind your position and conduct."

Olivia took a deep breath, though she didn't reveal her inner turmoil-she silently calmed herself.

Tyler then averted his gaze, staring straight ahead.

Olivia fell into an uneasy silence.

Upon arriving home, he remained seated in the car, waiting for her to disembark.

She knew her words had upset him. Without hesitation, she exited the vehicle.

As she closed the door and stood motionless, the car drove off.

At that moment, Ana and Maisy emerged from the living room, startled by the sight.

'What happened? Why did he leave without entering?' Maisy wondered.

Ana approached Olivia, her expression questioning.

"We've retrieved the amulet, Grandma," Olivia informed them.

"Is Tyler busy?" Maisy asked, puzzled by his refusal to exit the car.

"I'm not sure, maybe," Olivia replied.

Her compliance left Ana with no reason to scold her. "Go to your room."

Olivia acknowledged her and headed towards Maisy. "I'll be in my room, Grandma."

Concerned for her well-being, Maisy allowed her to leave.

Upon reaching her room, Olivia opened the box to find the bracelet inside.

Just then, Claude called.

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[444 words]

Olivia felt a surge of panic as her phone rang. She hesitated before answering.

Claude's voice came through the line, "Did you get it, Olivia?"

She gazed at the bracelet in silence.

"I was surprised to see you at the church today. Maybe even God knows how much I miss you," Claude continued softly. "I thought of you when I saw the two of you with the amulet, so I got the bracelet from the priest. I hope it brings you happiness, along with a healthy baby."

Olivia's heart warmed at his words. Despite knowing his intentions, she sensed his sincerity.

Yet, she replied with a cold tone, "Thank you for the bracelet, Claude. But please, stop giving me things. It's best if we don't talk. You're only causing trouble by doing this."

Her words were firm and unwavering.

She knew she didn't belong in their world. Maintaining their friendship was unnecessary, as she would eventually return to where she truly belonged.

Claude fell silent for a moment, not angered. Eventually, he said, "I'm sorry for causing you trouble, Olivia. I don't know how to be good to you. I'll be careful."

"You don't have to do that, Claude. Okay, I'm hanging up."

Olivia ended the call abruptly, clutching the bracelet tightly.

Claude's smile faded as he realized she had hung up. Alone in the prayer room, his face reflected loneliness, his gentle eyes dimmed with sadness.

After the church visit, Tyler dove into his project in the coastal city. Naturally, he had Linda keep an eye on Lionel's activities.

The following day, he embarked on a business trip to the city, arriving an hour early at Naomi's ward.

She busied herself with organizing documents and his laptop upon learning of his trip. "Don't overwork yourself. Call me tonight," she said gently. Naomi crouched by his suitcase, gazing at him.

He had just finished a work call, slipping his phone away as she said that. Meeting her eyes, he replied, "It's alright. I only need my laptop and documents." She used to pack his bags for him, and that hadn't changed.

Smiling, she insisted, "No, I'll pack everything for you. I won't let anyone else do it."

Tyler didn't argue with her persistence. He handed his phone to Linda and said, "If you're bored, have your parents keep you company."

It was a customary gesture, but Naomi was pleased to hear it. "I will. Don't worry."

As he reached for his coat on the couch, his phone rang again. He froze, and Linda glanced at him immediately.

"It's Ms. Ana, sir," she informed him.

"End the call," Tyler directed.

Naomi asked, "How's Olivia, Tyler?"

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Chapter 464

[434 words]

Tyler slipped on his coat, buttoning it up while Naomi's question caught his attention. "Isn't she at the Harris residence? Where else would she be?" "She's nearly five months pregnant now, but I have no idea how she's doing. She doesn't respond to my texts anymore," Naomi lamented.

"She's fine, don't worry," Tyler assured her.

Without understanding why, Naomi felt a chill from his response. She studied him carefully.

Tyler's figure towered over her as he stood before her and said, "I'm heading to the airport. Anything else?"

Naomi realized he was ready to leave and board his flight. She closed his suitcase with a smile. "Alright, have a safe trip."

Grabbing his suitcase, Tyler gave a curt farewell before leaving.

Suddenly, Naomi blurted out, "Can I have a hug, Tyler?"

Her nerves were evident as she made the request, desperation filling her eyes.

It had been ages since they embraced. Naomi couldn't recall the last time they did.

Tyler's flat gaze met hers upon hearing the request, his demeanor still distant. 'Can we ever mend this?' Naomi wondered sadly.

Driven by impulse, she continued, "Are you still unwilling to forgive me, Tyler?"

Tears welled up, but she forced a smile, attempting to conceal her sorrow.

"What are you talking about? I've moved on," he replied bluntly.

Naomi persisted, "Then can you hug me?" She appeared helpless, adding, "But I probably smell of medicine. I doubt I'm pleasant to hug."

She managed a strained smile.

Finally, Tyler approached, enveloping her in his arms.

Naomi buried her face in his chest, tears streaming down. She felt fragile.

As Tyler embraced her, his words stung. "I've moved on, so let's not dwell on it. Stop overthinking, Naomi. No one has the time to cater to your sensitivity." Though in his embrace, his words wounded her deeply.

This was not the Tyler she knew from before.

A solitary tear rolled down Naomi's cheek, her eyes opening to the reality of their divide.

An invisible barrier stood between them, a reminder of what once was but could never be again.

After a brief embrace, Tyler said, "I have to go now. Take care."

Releasing her abruptly, he left Naomi standing there, devoid of warmth or intimacy.

He lingered for a moment, his gaze fixed on her, before handing his suitcase to his other secretary, Camilla Dwight, and exiting the ward.

As Naomi watched him leave, she felt a void in her heart, as if it were slowly deflating.

Just as Tyler reached the door, his phone rang once more.

Uncertain, Camilla reminded him, "It's Ms. Ana calling, sir."

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Chapter 465

[426 words]

Tyler took the phone from Camilla and answered it, coming to a halt when he glimpsed who stood at the door.

Ana's voice echoed from the other end of the call. "Tyler, Olivia wants to explore the city you're heading to, so I convinced her to join you. She's waiting by your car with her bags."

Olivia stood by his car, her demeanor betraying a hint of nerves, though she made an effort to conceal it.

Tyler's gaze remained fixed on her as Ana continued speaking.

Unsure of what he might make of her presence, Olivia stood still and initiated the conversation, "Your mother suggested I accompany you on the trip."

He was still staring at her. She didn't strike him as particularly compliant. Putting aside the food she had sent him the other day, now Ana had coerced her into this. It piqued his curiosity-what leverage did Ana hold over her?

Ana's voice persisted, "Take good care of her, Tyler. Enjoy yourselves."

With that, she hung up.

Tyler pocketed his phone and approached Olivia.

"You're joining me on this trip?" His gaze carried a hint of intimidation. "Are you certain about that?"

Undeterred, Olivia stood her ground. "Absolutely."

"What did she do to you?" he asked calmly, his eyes probing.

Olivia avoided his gaze. "Nothing. I won't be a bother during the trip. Just drop me off at the airport when we arrive."

Observing from the sidelines, Camilla couldn't shake the feeling that Olivia possessed the ability to captivate Tyler effortlessly, without lifting a finger.

A delicate flower with an unexpected strength-even Camilla found herself apprehensive. After all, their mutual feelings had only blossomed out of necessity, for Naomi's sake... Suddenly, Tyler turned to Camilla. "Arrange for a taxi to take her home."

And with that, he strode past her.

Olivia caught hold of his arm. "Tyler!"

Her grip prevented him from walking away.

Pleadingly, she implored, "I promise not to disrupt your plans. Can't you bring me along?"

His demeanor turned frigid.

In the end, Olivia accompanied him. Upon arrival, they checked into a hotel where the staff was still tidying up the room while she headed for the bathroom. Approaching Tyler, Camilla asked, "Shall I book another room, sir?"

They had already secured their lodging in advance, reserving only one room.

Tyler's gaze remained icy as he replied, "Find out what my mother did to persuade her to come with me."

Camilla hadn't considered that angle and glanced at Olivia.

Perhaps he was worried Ana might harm Olivia, given her strange behavior today.

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[410 words]

"Understood, sir," Camilla affirmed, leaving the hotel room to check Ana's actions concerning Olivia.

Meanwhile, Olivia stood before the bathroom mirror, clutching the sink tightly.

Ana had urged her to accompany Tyler on a business trip. In the past, Olivia would have acquiesced without hesitation, but this time, she was unwilling.

When she attempted to decline, Ana resorted to threatening Jacob's job, knowing they had a history together.

Although Olivia had moved on from Jacob, she hesitated to jeopardize his future. Consequently, she refrained from opposing Ana, fearing potential repercussions. This reluctance led her to join the trip, despite her reluctance.

Caught in a dilemma, Olivia struggled to devise a solution. She knew she shouldn't let Ana control her but felt powerless.

Could she risk antagonizing Ana?

Taking a deep breath, Olivia felt defeated.

Clearly, that wasn't an option.

Noticing the silence from the bathroom, Tyler glanced in that direction as he waited in the room.

"Do you need help?" he asked.

Hearing him, Olivia realized she had been in the bathroom for too long. With a sigh, she released her grip on the sink and emerged, composing herself.

Tyler observed her as she stepped out, noting her pale face.

"Aren't you here for a vacation? What's wrong? Are you not adjusting to the climate?" he asked, his tone flat.

Standing before him, Olivia appeared far from relaxed.

"No, I'm just not feeling well," she confessed, her mind heavy with thoughts.

Tyler glanced at her abdomen and suggested, "Rest if you're unwell. Lie down on the bed."

Realizing they were sharing the same room, Olivia hesitated and clutched her clothes. "Where would you sleep if I took the bed?" she asked.

Understanding her concern and her unspoken consideration, Tyler scoffed.

"Just lay down," he insisted before exiting the room.

Relieved to see him depart, Olivia sighed again.

As Tyler stepped outside, Camilla, having just ended a call, turned her attention to him. "Sir," she called out.

"What did you discover?" Tyler asked.

"I spoke with a maid at your family's residence. She mentioned a man named Jacob," Camilla recounted, slowing her pace. "It seems your mother discovered Mrs. Harris' past relationship with him, forcing her to accompany us."

Tyler had suspected as much. Few things could sway Olivia, and Jacob was one of them.

Yet, he was surprised by Jacob's lingering influence, given their long-ended relationship. A hint of cynicism crept onto his face.

"You may leave," he instructed Camilla.

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chapter 466

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[522 words]

"Should I get another room for you?" Camilla asked.

Tyler nodded.

Upon receiving the order, Camilla went to deal with it.

*

Olivia dared not lay on the bed-she had been waiting in the room.

After about half an hour, Camilla entered and said, "You'll sleep in this room tonight. Mr. Tyler has checked into another room."

Olivia only nodded in response. "Okay."

Camilla nodded and left.

Olivia felt relief wash over her knowing they were sleeping in different rooms. Lying in bed, she let her thoughts wander.

Tyler wasn't in the hotel room since this wasn't a vacation for him. After sitting in the room for a while, he left a tourist coin of the city on the table before heading out for a site visit. Accompanied by a group of people, including staff from the urban planning bureau and local media, Tyler visited the village where the villagers lived.

This time, Tyler visited them personally, demonstrating his sincerity by coming on the day of his arrival and bringing gifts.

The government personnel of the fishing village were eager for the Harris Group to develop the area, so they cooperated as much as possible.

Tyler showed no arrogance he was friendly and courteous during his visit to the villagers. He smiled for the camera as he chatted with them, bridging the gap between them. The villagers were surprised and somewhat pleased by the visit of such a powerful figure. Despite their impending displacement, they maintained smiles as they welcomed him.

The site visit was broadcast live on TV.

Claude was in Tide City and spotted Tyler among the crowd. Tyler appeared friendly in the close-up shot, prompting Claude to chuckle as he sat on the couch.

After falling asleep for two hours, Olivia was awakened by a call. She picked up her phone and realized it was Ana.

She gripped her phone tightly.

The call felt like an alarm to her. She didn't want to answer it. In fact, she wanted to toss her phone away.

But it kept ringing, leaving her no choice but to answer it out of irritation.

"Where's Tyler?" Ana's first question was direct.

Not knowing Tyler's schedule, Olivia remained silent.

Ana sensed Olivia's lack of seriousness, her tone turning angry. "Don't you know he has an event tonight? He's visiting the villagers, and it's being broadcast live.

"You're his wife, accompanying him on the trip, yet you're sleeping in the hotel room. Don't you realize you'll tarnish his carefully maintained image in the village if someone with malicious intent sees you?"

Olivia truly didn't know Tyler's schedule or what he was up to. She had been under the impression her role was simply to accompany him.

"T-Tyler didn't inform me about the event."

"It seems you're not taking me seriously. Do you think I invited you on this trip for no reason?" Ana's voice grew louder.

Olivia could only close her eyes in response.

"Listen here. If I lose this battle, you'll be the first to suffer, not Naomi."

Panicked, Olivia's nerves surged, the vein in her neck bulging as she listened with her head bowed.

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[497 words]

Ana didn't bother to say more, hanging up right away.

Olivia noticed she was drenched in sweat. After checking the time, she realized it was only 8:00 PM.

Feeling sore, she rose from the bed and switched on the TV.

Tyler appeared on the screen immediately.

Dressed in a black suit, he exuded elegance and handsomeness before the camera. His posture was erect, displaying maturity and composure in every gesture.

As he shook hands with a villager, his sophistication as an investor remained evident, yet his smile was humble and easygoing.

Reflecting on his behavior toward her a few hours earlier, Olivia contrasted it with his demeanor on the screen.

Though she understood he was merely projecting an image to gain the trust and support of the locals, she was charmed by him.

Undoubtedly, he instilled a sense of security in people.

The event was covered by all local media outlets. Olivia realized it wasn't ideal that she was asleep in her hotel room when she was expected to attend as Mrs. Harris. Ana's reprimand brought her back to reality.

Oddly, she felt better now. Turning off the TV, she headed to the bathroom, eager for a hot shower and a change of clothes.

The site visit continued until 10:00 PM.

On the way back to the hotel, Tyler instructed Camilla, "Start getting signatures from the villagers tomorrow."

Camilla was taken aback by his haste. "Isn't it premature? They may not be convinced yet."

Gazing out at the darkness beyond the window, Tyler replied, "I don't want this to drag on. I want to conclude it as soon as possible. Offer them compensation. The first signer will receive two properties in the city center, the second one a single property, and the third a car. Those who sign later will receive luxury appliances."

Certainly, such incentives were hard to resist. Tyler estimated he could persuade 80% of them—the remaining holdouts, who had opposed the project from the outset, would prove more challenging. Camilla was anxious, pondering whether to address her concern.

How could Tyler not grasp her thoughts?

He uttered coldly, "We can't offer more to those holdouts, just the basic compensation. Giving them too much hassle isn't worth it. This is the prime time. Let's see if they'll cooperate."

"Understood, sir. I'll handle it meticulously. I'll arrange for a meeting with the township government."

After his brief reply, Tyler sank into contemplation.

His mind remained fixed on the project until Adam swung open the hotel door, jolting him back to reality.

Yet, he stayed seated in the car.

Observing him from outside, Camilla couldn't fathom his thoughts.

Only after a few moments did he step out, rubbing his temples, and headed to the lobby.

Catching up to him, she whispered as they entered the elevator, "Shall I check on Ms. Olivia, sir? She's alone in her room."

Tyler remained silent, allowing the elevator to ascend.

Upon reaching the 23rd floor, he instructed, "Go check on her."

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Chapter 469

[340 words]

Camilla was well aware that Tyler would still be worried about Olivia, given her pregnancy and her staying alone in the room.

"I'll check on her," she assured him.

After showering, Olivia lay down on the bed only to be plagued by a sudden headache, feeling alternating waves of heat and cold.

Despite the heater running, the room remained chilly, leaving Olivia unable to shake off the cold. She wrapped herself in a thick blanket, hoping to find some relief in sleep. As she drifted in and out of consciousness, the door creaked open.

Camilla entered, calling out softly, "Ms. Olivia."

Receiving no response, Camilla's concern grew. She approached the bed, where Olivia lay sound asleep.

Camilla assumed she was resting and turned to leave quietly but paused, sensing something amiss. She reached out to feel Olivia's forehead, finding it burning up. With a sense of urgency, she dashed to the elevator, where Tyler awaited.

"Sir, sir," she called urgently.

Tyler looked up, noting Camilla's panic-stricken expression.

"Ms. Olivia has a high fever. She's lying still in bed," Camilla reported.

Frowning, Tyler wasted no time and strode to Olivia's room. Just as he reached out to check her temperature, Olivia stirred awake, struggling.

He withdrew his hand, his heart pounding in the darkness.

Despite feeling weak and disoriented, Olivia recognized Tyler standing beside her bed. Clutching the blanket tightly, she murmured, "Tyler... Why are you here?" Her voice was barely audible, drained of strength.

Camilla watched helplessly, glancing at Tyler for guidance.

Tyler instructed coldly, "Call the doctor."

"She can't take medication due to her pregnancy," Camilla reminded him.

Aware of the situation, Tyler repeated, "Call the doctor."

With a moment's hesitation, Camilla placed the call.

Olivia overheard their conversation and realized she had a fever but didn't want to burden Tyler. Weakly attempting to rise, she reassured, "I'm okay."

As Olivia struggled to sit up, Tyler gently steadied her, his warm palms contrasting with her cold arms.

Startled, she looked up instantly and stared at him, her cheeks flushing.

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Chapter 470

[529 words]

Olivia was drenched in sweat, unsure if it was from the heater or her fever. A tear lingered at the corner of her eye, her vision blurred by the heat.

Tyler only let go of her arms after a long time. He said, "Lie down."

Complying, Olivia moved her body but kept her gaze fixed on him.

"I'm really okay, Tyler," she repeated.

"I'm not worried about you. I'm worried about the baby," he explained, taking a seat beside her.

Instantly, Olivia understood. With her eyes lowered, she murmured, "I know."

She didn't expect him to be concerned for her.

"Drink some water."

Despite how beaten she looked, Tyler rose and filled a glass from the kettle. Returning to her side, he offered her the water.

Olivia noticed he was still wearing the same clothes as on TV-he must have just returned.

The calm and composed man was currently in front of her. She felt like she was dreaming.

Tyler helped her up after fetching the water.

She shut her eyes the moment he carried her. She held her head low, sitting up with the help of his arms.

He wanted to feed her water, but his chin touched the top of her head as soon as he looked down.

As he attempted to give her water, his chin brushed the top of her head.

Unaware of the contact, Olivia felt uncomfortably close. She intended to drink the water once upright, only to realize she lacked the strength. Dizziness washed over her, leaving her unable to sit up straight. Tyler watched as she lay weakly in his arms, her chin lifting instinctively.

Her head spun, leaving her too drained to think. When he lifted her chin, she looked up reflexively, parting her fiery red lips slightly.

She had no idea that she looked like a meek little rabbit at the moment, one that was in a daze.

He hid how grim his eyes were and fetched the glass of water to her lips expressionlessly.

Olivia began gulping the water the moment her lips touched the glass.

As Tyler's hand moved to the back of her head, his fingers threading through her hair, his tone softened unconsciously. "Slower."

Despite finishing the glass quickly, Olivia still felt thirsty.

"Would you like more?" he asked.

Without meeting his gaze, she simply nodded.

Tyler released her from his embrace, pouring another glass of water. Returning to her side, he gently cradled the weakened Olivia and continued to offer her water.

After just two sips, she began to feel nauseous, turning her head away from the glass.

Inadvertently, she knocked the glass away, almost causing him to lose balance. However, she couldn't bring herself to vomit.

After some time, he lifted her chin, concern etched on his face.

"What's wrong?" he asked with a frown.

Olivia glanced up, panting heavily.

Tyler was taken aback by her condition.

Her flushed face paled, her breaths coming in gasps. Strands of hair clung to her fair, sweaty neck, and the collar of her pajamas was slightly askew.

With her red lips, she appeared as fragile as a porcelain doll, weakened by her illness.

They suddenly locked eyes.

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Chapter 471

[459 words]

As though under a spell, Tyler didn't realize how soft his voice had become, almost inaudible. "Do you feel sick?"

When Camilla returned to the room with the doctor, she found Tyler holding Olivia, staring into her eyes. Olivia appeared meek and coquettish in his embrace.

The scene felt so romantic that even Camilla, standing at the door, couldn't help but feel it.

She thought Olivia had the power to make Tyler fall for her. Could he ever escape her grasp again?

Everything felt chaotic to Camilla.

Just in time, she spoke up, "Sir."

Tyler tore his gaze away from Olivia and turned toward the door upon hearing Camilla's voice.

Olivia retreated slightly from his embrace and tilted her face to the side, diffusing the romantic atmosphere.

"Did you call the doctor?" he asked.

Camilla was uncertain whether she had timed her entrance correctly. "Yes, I did. He's from the best hospital in the city." The hospital was conveniently located nearby, just across the street, which explained the doctor's prompt arrival.

Tyler rose from his seat, holding a glass of water. "Check her temperature first."

Camilla responded promptly, "Of course, sir," before ushering the doctor in.

Olivia lay back on the bed, struggling to sit up straight.

The doctor hurried over to examine her.

"Are you pregnant?" he asked.

Camilla had already informed the doctor about Olivia's condition, so she repeated, "Yes, she's five months pregnant."

The doctor placed his hand on Olivia's arm to gauge her temperature before using a thermometer under her armpit, noting the alarming warmth.

Olivia looked away, attempting to conceal her embarrassment.

Meanwhile, Tyler stood silently by, observing.

After a few minutes, the doctor examined the thermometer reading.

"39°C," he announced.

Camilla panicked at the high temperature. "What should we do now?"

"I'll prescribe some acetaminophen tablets for her," the doctor reassured.

Tyler sought confirmation, "Is it safe for her to take medication?"

The doctor approached Tyler. "Yes, she can, but in moderation. Let's see if her fever subsides after one dose."

Tyler, mindful of medication, insisted, "Should we consider admitting her to the hospital?"

"Not at this moment. If her fever persists tomorrow, then it is advisable," the doctor replied.

"Understood."

Before leaving, the doctor asked, "Who is the baby's father?"

Camilla and Olivia were taken aback by the question. It seemed odd and intrusive to them.

Nevertheless, Tyler responded calmly, "I am."

"Please take good care of her tonight. I'm concerned she might experience spasms if her fever doesn't improve. Physical cooling is the best way to lower her temperature," the doctor advised. Tyler looked tense as he replied, "We'll keep that in mind."

The doctor wrote a prescription and handed it to Tyler before departing, leaving them with some final instructions.

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Chapter 472

[436 words]

Tyler asked Camilla to see the doctor off, leaving only him and Olivia in the room. He inspected the medicine closely before ensuring everything was good. "Take this." Olivia remained quiet.

He brought a glass of water to her, but she said, "I can do it myself."

What she meant was that she didn't need him to feed her.

Ignoring her comment, Tyler didn't even look at her as he took out the pill and handed it to her.

Olivia, still sitting in bed, hesitated as she stared at the medicine.

Upon noticing her hesitation, he glanced at her and asked, "What is it?"

"Will it really not affect the baby?"

"Don't you know that, considering your background in medicine?"

Olivia had studied medicine, but when it came to matters she cared about, she found herself confused. If the fever wouldn't affect the baby, she'd actually prefer to suffer through it.

"Take it," he softened his voice.

She thought for a long time and took it from his palm, then shoved it into her mouth.

Tyler handed her the glass of water, watching her frown. "Take it with water."

Cooperating, she swallowed the pill with water.

Olivia calmed her breath after taking the medicine. "I'm okay, Tyler. You don't have to stay the night."

Feeling somewhat better, she began to keep her distance now that she had regained some strength.

Tyler's eyes turned cold upon hearing that.

Just then, Camilla came in. "Why don't I take care of her tonight, sir? You haven't had time to rest since coming back from the fishing village."

In reality, she was subtly reminding him of his position.

Understanding her implication, Tyler ignored her and said, "Go rest."

He meant he was going to stay to take care of Olivia.

Camilla was surprised, staring at him.

Tyler turned to the window and opened it, allowing fresh air to come in.

Camilla dared not say more, so she left.

The room fell into total silence, making Olivia uneasy. She sat in bed cautiously, while he went to sit on the couch.

The black suit from the event made him look stern, especially when he was expressionless.

She didn't know what to do. She stayed still with her head held low.

Tyler said, "Sleep now. I'll take you to the hospital if your fever doesn't go away tomorrow."

Olivia nodded and lay down. Feeling uncomfortable, she slept on her side while holding her tummy, her back facing him.

He observed her skinny back from his angle. She didn't look pregnant when her tummy wasn't showing.

Her tummy had been growing fast lately.

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Chapter 473

[466 words]

The high fever left Olivia too weak to stay awake, and she succumbed to sleep almost instantly, despite the tense atmosphere. Tyler rose from the couch once she drifted off.

At that moment, a hotel staff member entered with a pail of water at the perfect temperature.

He swiftly dismissed the staff and retrieved a towel from the pail before heading to the bed.

Intent on soothing Olivia, he prepared to wipe her neck and forehead. As he settled beside her, the moonlight bathed them both.

His gaze upon her held a predatory intensity, mixed with complex emotions.

He positioned himself above her like a lion eyeing its prey, his cold stare softened when Olivia stirred. He gently placed his hand on hers, which rested on her stomach.

*

The following morning, Tyler left Olivia's room at dawn, returning to his own.

Although he hadn't slept a wink throughout the night, he was not tired. He sat on a chair and lit a cigarette.

Camilla arrived to begin her workday, approaching him as he still smoked. "Sir," she addressed him.

He barely acknowledged her, asking, "Was the mission completed?"

"It was done last night at midnight. We'll have the villagers sign along with the local cadre," she reported.

Recalling something, he reminded her, "Make sure it's executed properly."

Understanding the significance of the project to him, Camilla reassured him, "Don't worry. I'll oversee everything closely."

Then she added, "Local media has caught wind of Ms. Olivia's presence here with you. They've expressed interest in interviewing her. It's crucial to shape a positive impression among the villagers now. I'm concerned the media may leverage her absence from yesterday's event against you."

Tyler extinguished his cigarette in the ashtray, stating firmly, "Inform them she's unwell due to pregnancy and won't be available for interviews."

He had no intention of exposing her to the media.

Camilla nodded. "Understood. She should indeed be resting. However, her presence could boost your image among the villagers. It might be advantageous if..." Tyler's gaze silenced her.

After a brief pause, she continued, "I understand."

Observing that he was still dressed from the previous night, she remarked, "You should rest after caring for her all night."

He made no comment.

Just then, his phone rang. Camilla glanced at it briefly, then averted her gaze upon recognizing the caller. Tyler let it ring until the caller gave up.

She hesitated to speak.

"You may go," he instructed.

After a prolonged pause, Camilla replied, "Of course."

His demeanor turned chilly as soon as she left.

Upon waking, Naomi attempted to call Tyler, receiving no answer. She sighed and set her phone aside.

Seeing him on the news the previous night, she assumed he was occupied with his trip and decided against further attempts to contact him.

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Chapter 474

[433 words]

Ana awoke early in the morning and settled onto the couch, a candle casting a soft glow on the table.

Moments later, the spy she had hired arrived and delivered his report, "Ma'am, Ms. Olivia had a high fever last night, and Mr. Tyler tended to her throughout the night upon returning from the fishing village." Ana smiled, her gaze fixed on the flickering candle.

"So, they spent the night together?" she asked.

Satisfied, she asked further, "Has her fever subsided?"

"It has," came the reply.

Ana's spirits lifted. "Continue to monitor them."

"Understood, Ma'am."

Olivia was roused from her slumber by her ringing phone. Her fever had broken, and with a clear head, she reached for her device. She sat up and hesitated before answering, recognizing the caller. Ana's voice came through, "Are you awake?"

Olivia felt a twinge of anxiety. She quickly responded, "Yes, Mom."

Ana's tone was not as harsh as the previous day. "Good. And Tyler?"

Uncertain how to explain Tyler's absence, Olivia faltered.

Ana persisted, "I've arranged for breakfast. Share it with Tyler."

Olivia nervously bit her lip.

"I'm trying to mend things between you two. Don't miss this opportunity. If you ignore me again, consider the consequences."

Olivia's heart skipped a beat at the warning.

"Okay," she managed to say.

Ana seemed content and ended the call promptly.

As soon as Olivia hung up, her expression darkened.

Feeling lethargic, she rested for a while before mustering the strength to rise from bed. Just as she did, the doorbell rang.

Wrapped in a blanket, Olivia approached the door. It was a maid sent by Ana, holding a package. "Ma'am, Ms. Ana asked me to deliver this from home."

Olivia was taken aback as Ana had sent the maid all the way there. She accepted the food container and replied, "Okay."

"Alright, I won't disturb you and Mr. Tyler then," Ana added.

Olivia pursed her lips, contemplating her next move. Eventually, she decided to freshen up first.

Returning to the room, she hesitated as she eyed the food. With a weary body, she approached, picked it up, and left the room.

Olivia didn't know Tyler's room number, so she wandered the corridor aimlessly.

Suddenly, a voice called out, "Ma'am."

Turning, Olivia saw Camilla approaching.

"Do you feel better?" Camilla asked, noticing Olivia's unease.

Olivia ignored the question and asked, "Which room is... Tyler staying in?"

Camilla's gaze shifted, sensing something amiss. She then noticed what Olivia was holding.

Assuming Ana had sent her to charm Tyler once more, Camilla smiled and replied, "Mr. Tyler is staying right next door."

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[366 words]

Olivia went on asking, "Can I... go in?"

Camilla said, "He must be... resting."

Olivia wasn't concerned about anything else—she simply aimed to fulfill her mission.

"I'm just sending something to him."

Camilla hesitated to interrupt. "Then go knock on his door."

Once granted permission, Olivia expressed her gratitude.

As they reached Tyler's room, Camilla left.

Olivia rapped on the door. Silence met her first attempt, but it swung open with the second knock.

Gazing at Tyler, she wondered if he had just awakened, still clad in his sleeping robe.

Observing her pale face, Tyler asked, "Has your fever subsided?"

"Yes," she affirmed.

Without much reaction, he instructed, "Then rest in your room."

As he began to close the door, Olivia halted him. "Tyler-"

He paused, turning to face her.

Olivia clutched the food container and hesitated before asking, "Can I come in?"

Tyler glanced at the container, his brow furrowing.

Realizing her mistake, Olivia pressed on. Even if he saw through her, eating the meal together was all that mattered. "May I?"

Tyler froze, studying her for a prolonged moment.

Though weak and uneasy, Olivia was holding everything in.

"Sure," he said and went into the room.

The closed curtains enveloped the room in darkness, the first thing catching her attention as she entered. She hesitated briefly before proceeding. Setting the food container on the table, she glanced at Tyler.

Tyler wondered how far Olivia would comply with Ana's threat for Jacob's sake.

Tyler sat quietly, his eyes devoid of emotions.

"I... Uh... Your mother worries I won't adjust to the food here, so she arranged for this," she explained tentatively.

Leaning back in his chair, Tyler asked, "You wanna eat together?"

"May I, Tyler?" Olivia noticed his low spirits, a sign of fatigue.

"If you want," he replied simply.

He seemed resigned to her actions, offering little reaction.

Relieved, she carefully laid out the food.

The Harris family chef had prepared an elaborate spread, including a special risotto and various meat dishes.

"Care for some risotto?" Olivia asked.

Although Tyler was not hungry, he nodded. "Sure, I'll take some."

She served him a plate, cautioning, "It's still hot."

Tyler narrowed his eyes in silence.

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Chapter 476

[423 words]

Olivia went to fetch something else, moving with a reserved and unhurried grace that was pleasant to watch.

Tyler's gaze lingered on her.

Discovering that the maid had also brought fresh coffee, Olivia assumed it was for him. She intended to pour it out but was burnt as soon as she touched the thermos.

A scream escaped her lips instantly. As she released the thermos, it clattered to the table, spilling coffee everywhere.

Reacting to the splashing coffee, Tyler swiftly reached out and grabbed her hand.

In pain from the burn, Olivia collapsed into his arms. Looking up at him in panic, she felt embarrassed by her apparent incompetence. How was she supposed to seduce him? She had never attempted such a thing before she was only doing it because of Ana's threat. Despite her desire to keep her distance, Ana persisted in pushing her to charm him.

As their eyes met while she sat on his lap, Olivia wanted to cry from the humiliation but fought back the tears, stubbornly pursing her lips. Although Tyler allowed her to sit there, he gently lifted her chin, exposing her embarrassment.

"Are you attempting to seduce me?" he asked.

Unable to respond, Olivia's face drained of color.

"What's next? Will you try to take Naomi's place?"

A tear slipped from the corner of her eye to her lips, then dripped from her chin onto the back of his hand.

"Your tears have no effect on me," he mocked.

Olivia felt utterly humiliated. She had never experienced anything like this before. But what else could she do?

Nobody showed any concern for Olivia's predicament. She felt trapped in a paradox, with everyone exerting pressure on her.

She permitted him to ridicule her, closing her eyes to block him out.

Unbeknownst to her, her feverish appearance rendered her even more vulnerable and timid, eliciting sympathy from those around her. Beneath her thick, pretty lashes lay her delicate face, resembling the smooth surface of a peeled egg-moist and pristine.

Tyler edged closer, and their breaths mingled in the space between them, sending a shiver down Olivia's spine.

"You're pregnant. What do you want me to do about it?" His arms encircled her slender frame, his touch gentle yet possessive.

She remained tense, immobilized by fear.

"Tell me, what is it that you desire? Do you wish for my affection, akin to what I share with Naomi? You seem greedy, craving the attention of all men." He nuzzled her neck, his intentions clear to only the two of them.

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Chapter 477

[491 words]

Olivia's pale expression was strikingly evident as Tyler edged closer to her neck. Feeling herself on the verge of collapse, she pushed him away and rose from his lap. She took several steps back before managing to stand still, her lips tightly pursed. "I'm tired. I'd like to go home."

As Tyler gripped the chair handle, his bright eyes fixed on her-- the charm that had enveloped him moments ago dissipated.

"Aren't you going to do what you're supposed to do?" he asked.

Struggling with pain, Olivia responded with silence.

Tyler pressed on, "Are you no longer concerned about Jacob's future?"

She could not care for anyone else when she could barely save herself. If her resistance brought peril to Jacob, then he would have to fend for himself.

In a hoarse voice, she apologized, "I'm sorry to have troubled you, Tyler."

She then left the room quietly.

Tyler's eyes blazed, his drowsiness replaced by intensity.

Back in her room, Olivia gazed into space, knowing she couldn't win Tyler's heart as Ana wished, fully aware of her standing-she could never replace Naomi. Fine, then. She would allow Ana to manipulate her however she pleased, even if it meant enduring suffering.

With this realization, she suddenly felt a sense of relief-a gratification born from severing ties.

That night, citing illness, Olivia hastily returned to Tide City.

Ana, who had orchestrated Olivia's stay with Tyler, never anticipated her swift departure after just two days. She couldn't accept it, having schemed for so long. Upon Olivia's arrival in the living room, Ana's tone was icy. "What's this? Did you not hear me? Are you defying me by coming home?"

Olivia trembled in fear, uncertain of what to say.

With a stoic expression, she uttered, "I'm sorry, Mom."

Ana had once held great expectations for Olivia, believing she could assist in their quest to control the Harrises. However, it became evident that Olivia was beyond her control.

There was even a possibility that Olivia would defy her. After all, she was Naomi's sister. How could Ana expect her to cooperate?

Ana sneered. "You're quite the loyal sister, aren't you? Does Naomi appreciate your loyalty?"

Disappointment colored her tone as she continued, "Have I mistreated you? Despite your illegitimate status, I bestowed upon you the title of Mrs. Harris. Do you not desire to inherit the Harris fortune? Or do you prefer returning to the Joneses, embracing the stigma of being an illegitimate child?"

Olivia remained silent, her demeanor subdued.

"Very well. It appears you're determined to oppose me, isn't that right?"

Just as Ana challenged Olivia, Camilla entered. "Ma'am, Ms. Olivia returned home due to a severe fever last night. She's struggling to acclimate to the weather."

Ana's frustration threatened to boil over. She scoffed at Camilla's explanation and fixed her gaze upon her. "Camilla."

She approached Ana cautiously, mindful of her authority. She explained with a smile, "Mr. Tyler requested my presence at home."

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Chapter 478

[726 words]

Ana scoffed upon hearing that. "Why did he bring you home? To put on a show for me?"

Camilla quickly interjected, realizing Ana's anger, "How could he? Ms. Olivia had a severe fever the other night, Ms. Ana. Let's get her to her room to rest. It won't be good if it affects the baby." "He doesn't care about the baby, and you think I do? The sickly one would be dead if anything happened to the baby. I wouldn't mind that," Ana retorted, glancing at Olivia.

Olivia felt a chill run down her spine as if she were in an ice cave.

Ana scoffed even louder. "Go back to your room. We'll talk more next time."

Even Camilla could sense the threat in Ana's tone, so she continued smiling, not daring to speak.

She hadn't expected things to unfold like this. With Naomi out of Ana's reach, she was now targeting Olivia, who had been her pawn.

Camilla wasn't sure whether to pity Olivia, who was trying to protect Naomi, or to remain neutral.

Olivia remained stoic in the face of Ana's hurtful words.

"Okay, Mom," she replied before leaving the living room for her own room.

Camilla watched her go, feeling uneasy.

Ana had her way of dealing with her defiant daughter-in-law. Turning to Camilla, she said, "I'll make her see the consequences if she dares to defy me. She'll learn what hell is like." Camilla shivered at the threat as Ana grinned and left.

In truth, Camilla was worried. Everything had become more complicated than she had imagined. While she knew Olivia was safe for now, being pregnant meant Ana wouldn't cross certain lines. But there was always the fear that Ana might snap.

What would Tyler do if Ana decided to take revenge on Olivia? Would he protect Naomi or Olivia?

It was the most challenging question of the century.

Camilla stood alone in the living room, lost in thought. Worry clouded her mind about what lay ahead. Tyler, with typical foresight, had sent Camilla home to prevent Ana from reaching a breaking point.

Meanwhile, at the hospital.

Naomi took a stroll with Emma pushing her wheelchair. Spotting Camilla in the distance with a bag from the pharmacy, Naomi called out, "Camilla?"

Startled by the sound of her name, Camilla turned to see Naomi approaching.

"Ms. Naomi," she greeted, surprised.

Naomi's brow furrowed in confusion. "Weren't you supposed to be on the trip with Tyler? Why are you here?"

Camilla paused briefly before replying, "I'm picking up folic acid tablets for Ms. Olivia."

Naomi glanced at the tablets in Camilla's hand, processing the information.

Since Olivia needed cord blood, she was undergoing her check-ups at Naomi's hospital for convenience. Delivering the baby there would streamline her pre-surgery preparations. Consequently, the hospital had prescribed the folic acid tablets.

Naomi found it peculiar that Camilla was present. The fishing village project was a significant endeavor for the Harris Group, making it seemingly impossible for her to be absent. Yet, there she was, attending to such a trivial matter.

Nevertheless, Naomi masked her confusion with a smile. "I understand. How is Olivia doing?"

Observing Naomi's relaxed demeanor, Camilla couldn't help but feel sympathy for Olivia. Despite Olivia's loyalty to her, Naomi seemed to have her guard up against her.

Maintaining her smile, Camilla remarked, "She's five months pregnant now. Both she and the baby are doing well."

Naomi's relief was evident. "That's wonderful, as long as she's healthy. It's just that she's been ignoring me..."

Her tone conveyed sadness.

"I'll talk to her for you," Camilla offered.

Naomi smiled gratefully. "Sure, thank you so much."

Camilla nodded, excused herself, citing busyness, and ended their conversation.

Turning to Emma, Naomi asked, "Doesn't it strike you as odd that Camilla is here?"

Emma replied with a smile, "Perhaps she has some business to attend to. Don't fret. I'm confident Mr. Tyler can manage just fine."

Satisfied with Emma's reassurance, Naomi stopped dwelling on the matter, and they proceeded to the north building.

Meanwhile, Olivia had been anticipating Ana's confrontation since her return from Vahari.

However, realizing that Ana made no move against her, Olivia had resigned herself to the situation.

She knew that a peaceful existence was out of reach for the next few months.

Despite Ana's current inaction, Olivia endured daily nightmares, constantly gripped by fear.

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Chapter 479

[402 words]

Even Alisa noticed that Olivia didn't seem herself. Concerned, she approached her in the morning, asking, "What's wrong, Ma'am? Did you have a nightmare?" Olivia, panic-stricken, sat motionless in bed. Her head was drenched in sweat, her face ashen.

"Ma'am?" Alisa pressed gently.

Olivia gazed at her in silence for a moment before pulling her knees close, appearing utterly helpless.

Alisa sensed her distress, sat beside her, and grasped her shoulders. "What's the matter? Did something happen?"

"I'm scared," Olivia whispered, her voice barely audible.

"What is it?"

Olivia remained silent, her body trembling.

Alisa, alarmed, exclaimed, "Did something frighten you?"

Olivia stayed silent, burying her face between her knees.

Growing frantic, Alisa hurried to find Maisy.

Maisy sat on the couch, engaged in conversation with the maids in her room. As usual, Ana was also present.

Ana usually spent her time playing poker with friends or visiting the beauty salon, but she often stayed home to keep Maisy company.

Upon seeing Alisa enter, Maisy asked, "What brings you here? Where's Olivia?"

Alisa rushed to explain, "Ms. Maisy, Ms. Olivia isn't feeling well."

"What? Is she sick?" Maisy jumped up, clutching a pillow. "Why is she sick? Did you call the doctor?"

Alisa mentioned, "I heard she had a high fever the day before she returned from Vahari. She's been feeling dispirited lately."

"Let's go. Let's find out what happened to her," Maisy suggested.

Pearl immediately went to hold her.

*

When Maisy arrived, Olivia remained in the same position. She approached her and asked, "What's wrong, my darling? Why do you look like this?" Looking up meekly, Olivia called out, "Grandma."

Maisy could tell right away that something was amiss. She sat by the bed and held Olivia's hands. "What's wrong? What happened? Why do you look like this?" Just as Olivia began to respond, Ana entered the room. She went blank the moment she saw her.

Ana also looked at her, secretly grinning at how pale her face was.

Maisy noticed Olivia's blank stare at the door and became concerned. "What's wrong, my darling? You're scaring me."

Addressing Ana, she said, "Come and look at her, Ana. What happened?"

Ana approached after hearing Maisy's words. Glancing at Olivia again, she remarked, "Maybe she hasn't fully recovered from her fever." Maisy felt worried.

"It's been three or four days. How has she not recovered yet? Get a doctor here," she urged.

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[436 words]

Alisa hurried to summon the doctor upon hearing Maisy's distress. Olivia's doctor arrived approximately 20 minutes later.

The panicked Maisy insisted on the doctor's immediate presence.

Upon careful examination of Olivia, the doctor grew perplexed.

"Everything appears normal, and her fever has subsided," he reassured.

Maisy asked, "Then why does she appear this way? What could be the matter?"

Turning to Olivia, the doctor asked, "Are you feeling unwell?"

Olivia tensed at the question, hesitating before responding.

She pursed her lips for a moment before adding with a shake of her head, "No."

"And your appetite? Any signs of nausea?" the doctor pressed on.

Again, Olivia shook her head, replying, "No."

Increasingly puzzled, the doctor exchanged a bewildered glance with Maisy, whose worry was palpable as she clasped Olivia's hands. "Olivia, why do you look so distressed when you're physically well? Please, don't keep secrets from us," Maisy pleaded.

Ana, however, seemed to know something, her grin revealing hidden knowledge.

Alisa suggested, "Perhaps it's due to her recent trouble sleeping. She seems startled awake by nightmares lately."

Maisy was taken aback. "Nightmares? Has she seen something?"

She mused that pregnancy might make one susceptible to spiritual disturbances. "Should she visit the church again?" she asked Ana.

Ana responded, "If attending church brings her peace, then she should go. Although, whether it will truly help is uncertain. Some challenges must be faced alone."

Ana's words carried multiple layers of meaning, leaving Olivia puzzled as to what she implied.

Meanwhile, Maisy was confused.

She had been fixated on Ana.

Ana then turned her gaze toward Maisy and uttered, "Ask her if she wants to go, Mom."

Maisy directed her attention to Olivia. "Would you like to go, my dear? Let's plan to pray tomorrow afternoon. How does that sound?"

Without awaiting Olivia's response, Maisy promptly turned to Alisa and instructed, "Take her to the church tomorrow. Prayer might bring her some solace." "Understood, Ma'am," Alisa replied.

Observing Olivia's lowered head, Maisy tenderly stroked her cheeks, her heart heavy with concern. "You're frequently unwell. Your body is frail, my dear."

Olivia remained silent.

With nothing significant concerning Olivia's health, the doctor departed.

Sensing Olivia's need for rest, Maisy arranged for Alisa to attend to her before they vacated the room.

Later, Maisy asked Ana, "Where's Tyler? Is he still occupied? When can we expect him home?"

Ana displayed little interest, responding, "I'm not sure. He's likely tied up with the project."

Maisy detected Ana's evasiveness, suspecting something amiss between her and Tyler. She silently sighed and refrained from probing further. Meanwhile, Olivia remained in her room, drained of strength.

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[402 words]

The maid said, "Let's go to the church tomorrow and see if you can sleep better."

Olivia didn't reply and just zoned out.

The next day, Alisa went to the church with her.

Maisy was worried, so she sent someone to go with them.

Olivia left home because Maisy asked her to, and she was still depressed that day.

Pearl went along with them. When they got into the car, Pearl sat next to Olivia. She assumed Olivia was only depressed because she had relationship issues. Tyler had been spending time in the hospital and everyone knew that.

Pearl tried to comfort her. "Look on the bright side and don't overthink this. Nothing is perfect in this world, but your child is important."

Olivia didn't say anything and just kept her head low.

Alisa put a blanket on her to keep her warm.

As the car drove out of town, the scenery turned greener. There was another car driving behind them packed with bodyguards, and they all entered the church. Sophie happened to be there to search for Claude. After looking around, she heard the priest say he had left.

Not expecting to leave empty-handed, Sophie walked out of the hall and toward the front door.

It was Saturday, and the halls were bustling with people. Amidst the crowd, she caught sight of someone who seemed familiar, prompting her to wonder if it was Olivia. Uncertain amidst the throng, Sophie's uncertainty dissipated when they found a quieter spot. "Olivia," she called out.

At the sound of her name, heads turned toward the main hall, confirming Sophie's suspicion.

Observing Olivia's pale face, Sophie approached with a frown. "What happened, Olivia?"

Surprised to see Sophie, Olivia hesitated before responding, "I came here to pray."

Her voice was tinged with fatigue.

"You don't look well."

"I've been having trouble sleeping."

Surveying their surroundings, Sophie noticed her maids and bodyguards. "Do you need to go to the hospital? You look pale."

Olivia forced a smile and dismissed the concern. "I'm really fine. Just need some rest. Don't worry."

Sophie hesitated, but before she could speak, Olivia interjected, "I should go."

Then, recalling something, she added, "How is Jacob?"

Perplexed by the sudden question, Sophie didn't immediately respond.

Realizing she might have overstepped, Olivia quickly clarified, "It's nothing. Just keep an eye on him. I don't want my problems to affect your relationship." "Your problems? What problems?"

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[367 words]

Olivia didn't want to say more and just ended their conversation. "I need to go."

Sophie hesitated, wanting to speak, but Olivia lowered her head and walked away. Despite her impulse to follow, the presence of the maids made her pause. She remained rooted, observing as the group disappeared into the hall.

Olivia appeared visibly frail and despondent, evoking immediate concern in Sophie's mind.

*

That night, after getting back to where she and Jacob was staying, she was still worried.

Jacob got off work early, so he started making food in the kitchen.

When he came out, he saw her sitting on the couch looking unhappy, so he sat next to her and asked, "What happened? You didn't find Claude?"

Sophie looked at him and said, "He's not there. I don't know where he is."

Jacob thought about it, then said, "I guess he had something to get to."

He looked as if he was still deep in thought, but then he put his arm around her shoulders and said, "I made your favorite food. Why are you still looking so sad?"

Sophie hesitated but still decided that talking about it would make her feel better. "I bumped into Olivia there."

Jacob's arm froze, but he quickly smiled. "Oh? Again?"

Jacob didn't show any emotions when he talked about Olivia as if she was a stranger.

Sophie just said, "Yes."

"Did something happen?" His eyes went to the arm that was holding Sophie.

"She's not doing well and looks depressed. She even said something weird to me."

"What did she say?"

"She asked me to keep an eye on you and she didn't want her issues to affect us."

Jacob frowned.

"Don't you find that odd?"

"What else?" Jacob asked.

"She didn't say anything after that and left."

Jacob frowned more, and his hand relaxed.

Sophie didn't notice that because she was still troubled by something else, so she asked, "Do you think I should tell Claude about Olivia? I know he loves her, but she's married now so it didn't feel right... I don't want to add fuel to the fire."

Sophie crossed her arms and continued, "But I'm worried something might happen to Olivia."

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[388 words]

Jacob lowered his gaze and said, "That's up to you."

"What do you think?"

Jacob looked into her eyes. "I can't give you advice. This is about Claude and her, so I shouldn't get involved."

Sophie was very hesitant but still got up and said, "No, I have to call Claude. If anything happened to her, I would never be able to forgive myself." She picked up her phone and called.

Jacob sat there and didn't stop her, but his eyes were cold and his expression neutral.

Sophie stood in the living room before Jacob while making the call, but no one answered. She waited a little bit then she heard Claude's voice. "Hi, Sophie."

"Where are you?"

"Sorting something out. What's going on?"

Sophie was still hesitant, but then finally said, "I saw Olivia when I went to the church earlier."

Claude was on the deck of a skyscraper. He was holding a glass of wine when he heard that and quickly asked, "Did something happen?"

"She doesn't look good as if something happened to her. I just want to tell you." Sophie distanced herself.

Claude stood before the window and looked down at the people on the street. "I'm not in Tide City, but I'll be back in a few days."

Sophie didn't understand what he meant but was sure he wouldn't just ignore Olivia's situation. As such, she just said, "Okay. Come back soon." She hung up. Claude put his phone down and looked downward while thinking, 'Didn't Olivia just go to the fishing village a few days ago? When did she go back?' His expression went cold.

A group of people were sitting around a table behind him at that time.

"Come over, Claude. Mister Benson is going to make a toast to you," the host said.

Claude turned around and walked over and took a seat with a smile. "We're friends. There's no need to be courteous."

One of the people at the table said, "The Harris Group is making bold moves. They're trying to buy over the fishing village. If he does, the port will become theirs. The company had been quiet for a few years. Now, they returned with a huge appetite."

Claude picked up his wine glass and smiled. "Yes, it makes sense that they would have a huge appetite."

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[481 words]

All the people there were the top entrepreneurs.

They were chatting about the fishing village while Claude sat and listened, chiming in now and then.

Tyler had been working on the fishing village project. On the day they were supposed to sign the contracts, they managed to get 3,900 out of 4,200 families to sign. That was an amazing amount. However, this was just the beginning. Those who didn't sign were the problem.

After he left the place, his assistant said, "The villagers want to meet up with you to listen to some of their complaints."

Tyler closed his eyes and asked the assistant something unrelated, "How is Camilla doing?"

The assistant wasn't expecting the topic to move away from the fishing village, so it took a few seconds for him to realize Tyler was asking about his wife.

The assistant said, "Camilla is with Ms. Olivia and hasn't given us any updates. I think everything is fine there."

Tyler closed his eyes again and rested.

The assistant then cautiously asked, "Should we meet them then?"

He was talking about the villagers.

"Let's go over."

That night, they went to a restaurant in a tower in Vahari.

Upon arrival, Tyler entered a room with the personnel present and engaged in a meaningful conversation about the locals.

The discussion transitioned to the development of the fishing village. It was emphasized that the villagers depended on the sea for their livelihoods, and losing their land would jeopardize their survival. The aim was for the Harris Group to grasp the challenges faced by the poor villagers and consider offering them better buyout options.

Tyler knew the personnel's intentions. Calling themselves poor was the first step.

He smiled and said, "Our buyout is very high, and the fishermen will be able to have a comfortable life. The fishing village is just a plot of barren land, but what we give them is education, a dream, and work. The company focuses on charity so we were generous."

He then thought about it and said, "Besides, no matter how much we pay, it won't solve our problem. The holdouts will be the toughest to deal with. They're greedy, and we won't be able to handle their appetite."

They just wanted money. Now it was a battle to get more out of the buyout.

The personnel said, "Be more generous to them. They would sign if the price is right."

Tyler said, "If we treat them differently, what will the others who have signed think? Once we give the holdouts special treatment, the first 3,000 families will turn against us. We can't do that."

"Our rules are different at the Harris Group. Those who sign first will be paid as much as those who sign last."

The personnel were eager to get this done. Developing Vahari could significantly boost their economy, and they were eager for that outcome.

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[426 words]

"Um..." The ball was now in the personnel's court because the Harris Group wasn't worried.

Tyler smiled at them. "Mr. Brandon. I'm afraid I'll need your help in pushing the holdouts. We don't have to develop this place."

Brandon nodded. "Okay, Mr. Tyler. We'll speak to them, but is it possible to pay the people who haven't signed more?"

Tyler thought about it. "We will provide additional compensation to those who did not sign in the third phase. Of course, it will not be generous to those in the second and first phases." Brandon said, "Okay, I'll get them to each take a step back."

"Thank you."

Olivia's appetite didn't improve after returning from the church, but she went to bed early.

Alisa wanted her to sleep early, so not only did she spray some essential oils that promoted sleep, but she also gave her previously hurt leg a massage.

The room was dimly lit.

Alisa stood at the door and left when she was sure Olivia was asleep.

Olivia did fall asleep, but two hours later, she dreamed of Ana lashing out at her and almost woke up screaming.

She sat in bed covered in sweat and looked around, but it was quiet and empty there.

She breathed heavily as her hand still grabbed onto the sheet, and then the horror in her eyes dissipated.

Olivia then laid back down and stayed awake all night.

*

The next morning, Alisa thought Olivia would be well-rested since she went to sleep early. She knocked on the door and said, "Ma'am."

There was no response, so she went in but saw Olivia balled up in bed. She quickly walked over to her. "You didn't sleep well?"

Alisa sat down on the corner of the bed, but Olivia didn't reply to her. She was so skinny it was painful to see.

The maid touched her forehead and realized her body was cold. How long had she been sitting there?

"Did you not sleep at all last night?"

Olivia nodded.

"That won't work." She was out of ideas, but after thinking, she said, "Let me make you something that can calm you down."

She then got up and wrapped Olivia up with a blanket.

Maisy sent someone to see how Olivia was doing, but Alisa didn't know what to say. After careful consideration, she admitted, "She only slept for two hours." Pearl was anxious. "She got a checkup and is fine. Why isn't she sleeping? Give her a little more time. If she's not feeling well, tell us immediately."

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[407 words]

Alisa said, "Okay, I will."

Pearl left and Alisa entered Olivia's room.

She had been taking good care of Olivia lately and tried everything she could to help her sleep, but it didn't work. The week after they came back from the church, she still didn't get much sleep.

She looked exhausted and didn't eat a lot or go downstairs. She was cooped up in her room, afraid.

Maisy was distressed but didn't know what she could do, so she asked the doctor to visit them again.

When the doctor arrived, he conducted a check-up on Olivia and determined that aside from experiencing sleep issues, she was physically fine. Therefore, he recommended referring Olivia to a psychiatrist instead.

Maisy was even more anxious when she heard psychiatrist. She looked toward Olivia in bed. She hadn't moved or spoken since they entered.

Maisy went over to hug her. "What is happening Olivia? Tell me."

Olivia sat there like a log and didn't look at her, as if she had lost her soul.

Maisy didn't want to delay any longer, so she said, "Get a psychiatrist here immediately."

The butler walked over and said, "Ma'am, Mr. Claude is here."

"Who?" She didn't hear him.

He repeated. "Mr. Claude is here to see you."

Maisy's face darkened.

When Olivia heard the name Claude, she moved a little.

Maisy sighed and said, "Let him in."

"Okay."

After five minutes, Claude walked upstairs and into Olivia's room.

Maisy was still sitting by Olivia's bed. When he saw him, she asked, "What are you doing here?"

Claude's eyes went straight to Olivia and frowned when he saw how frail she was. The smile on his face immediately disappeared.

Everyone there noticed that and found it odd.

Maisy cleared her throat and asked, "What are you doing here, Claude?"

The news channels had brought up old news about him and Morgan. Maisy was upset about it but still let him in to maintain the two family's relationship. However, she wasn't expecting him to stare at Olivia the moment he got there.

Claude snapped back when he heard her voice. After a pause, he finally looked toward Maisy and said, "I brought some cake over for you."

"Thank you for being so kind."

"Morgan loved you so much, so I wish you will have a long and happy life."

Maisy frowned harder and said, "She's no longer with us. It's time you let her go."

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[619 words]

Claude nodded before looking toward Olivia again.

Olivia was looking back at him.

Seeing the sadness in her eyes, his gaze became sad too.

He hadn't expected that her condition would deteriorate so much in a few days, so he squinted.

However, Claude soon collected his thoughts and asked, "What's wrong with Olivia?"

Everyone looked at him.

Maisy wasn't expecting that either. Still, she knew he was friends with Olivia, so she said, "She can't sleep. Probably just caused by the pregnancy. She'll be fine."

"I know a doctor who can help with insomnia."

Maisy immediately asked, "Where is he?"

"He's a specialist. Why don't you let Olivia pay him a visit?"

Maisy didn't want to just get any doctor, so it was great he knew this one. She got up and said, "Okay, give us his number, and I'll get someone to get in touch." "Okay."

Alisa took out pen and paper, and Claude wrote it down.

After that, Maisy looked at it and said, "Thank you."

"Don't worry about it. Let me know if you need more help. Olivia is pregnant, so sleep is very important."

Claude didn't say anything more, so Maisy replied, "Well since you've given us the cake and I've seen you, you should be on your way."

"Okay, I'll head out. I wish you the best of health."

Maisy nodded and got the butler to send him out.

Claude couldn't stay in the room, so he looked at Olivia again and followed the butler out. A somber glint flashed across his eyes.

He stopped breathing to calm his emotions before leaving the house.

Olivia didn't know why Claude would suddenly visit. The family wasn't expecting him. She didn't think much about it and reverted to her quiet self after he left. Maisy trusted the doctor Claude recommended, so the next day, the butler brought Olivia to him.

When Olivia entered the room, a nurse apologetically said, "We only allow one person into the consultation room, so I'm afraid only the patient can enter." The butler and maid all stayed outside.

Olivia didn't mind-she was there to treat her insomnia.

Unexpectedly, a hand grabbed her and closed the door.

The butler heard the door slam and turned to look but realized it was silent, so he exchanged looks with the maid because they were confused. Olivia was a little out of breath when she stared at the person who grabbed her nervously.

Claude's face was inches away from her as he said, "I've been waiting for you."

Tyler flew back from Vahari when Olivia was at the doctor.

Tide City was freezing, so his assistant walked behind him while holding his black coat and asked, "Are you heading to the hospital?"

"At the Harris residence."

"Okay, Mr. Tyler."

No one expected his return that day. As such, when they arrived at the Harris residence, Maisy, who awaited Olivia's return, rose and approached him. "You're back." "Where's Olivia?"

Maisy was surprised he asked about Olivia. "She's been struggling with terrible insomnia lately, so I arranged for the butler to take her to see a doctor."

"Insomnia?"

Tyler had been unaware of this. He had returned solely to prevent Ana from experiencing another breakdown, so his expression darkened upon hearing that Olivia was at the doctor. "Which hospital?" Maisy hadn't informed him of this, wanting to shield him from distraction. She directed him to the hospital immediately.

Tyler still appeared worried. He chose not to ascend the stairs but instead stated, "I'm going out."

"You just returned. Shouldn't you rest first?"

Tyler didn't respond, merely entering the idling car and instructing the driver where to go. As they drove off, he frowned, gazing out the window.

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[344 words]

In the consultation room, Olivia relaxed.

Claude could feel she wasn't doing great. He let go of her hand and then held her shoulders and asked, "What happened? Can you tell me?"

Olivia didn't say anything, but Claude could feel she was going to pass out at any moment.

"Why did you lose so much weight?"

The closer he got to her, the lower his voice was.

Olivia just said, "I'm so tired..."

She then fainted.

Claude pulled her into his arms while one of his hands supported her head. He put her weight on himself and gently said, "Rest then."

After arriving at the hospital, Tyler sat in the car and stared at their plaque. It was a good hospital.

He then got out of the car when the driver asked, "Are you going to see Mrs. Harris?"

Tyler took out his phone and called Olivia, but she didn't pick up. Thus, she put his phone down and said, "Call the butler and ask where they are." The driver nodded. "Okay."

Tyler entered the hospital. He went upstairs and quickly got to the door of the consultation room Olivia was in.

The butler saw him and quickly walked over. "Mr. Tyler."

"Why are you outside?" He frowned.

"Only one person is allowed in there so we waited here."

"How long has she been in there?"

The butler hesitated. "About... 40 minutes."

"And she's not out yet?"

The butler nodded. "Yes. Should we knock?"

Tyler walked over to the door, and Alisa nodded when she saw him.

Tyler asked her to knock, and she did, but there was no reaction. She knocked again, but it was still quiet in there. They were all curious about what was happening. Tyler stood there and looked upset.

When Alisa was going to knock the third time, Tyler said, "Let me do it."

He reached for the handle, intent on entering.

Just then, the door swung open, revealing two figures. Claude emerged, carrying Olivia in his arms.

The butler and maid glanced over, their eyes widening in surprise.

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[468 words]

Tyler's eyes squinted, betrayed a sharp glint.

The room fell silent, devoid even of the faintest whispers of breath.

After a few moments, Tyler who was staring into Claude's eyes, moved his hand away from the door handle and smiled. "What's this?"

The butler and maid weren't sure how Claude had gotten in there because they hadn't seen him when they were at the door.

Claude ignored their gazes and just stood there while holding Olivia. "She fainted."

Tyler asked, "What are you doing here?"

The sharper his gaze became, the colder his expression was.

Claude smirked. "How have you been taking care of her? She had to come to the hospital and immediately fainted. Why do you think you have the right to ask me what I'm doing here?" The butler was afraid and starting to feel suspicious as he looked at Olivia in Claude's arms.

Even the maid could tell something was wrong.

Tyler scoffed. "That's my family's business."

He raised his arms, his tone too casual as he said, "Give her to me."

"I thought you would treat her well because she's going to save Naomi, but I guess I overestimated your kindness. You torture her in that home. Aren't you afraid about divine retribution?"

Tyler still looked nonchalant. "That's between us and God. She's part of my family now, even if we torture her. Are you going to carry her out of this hospital this way?"

"I don't have the right to carry her out, but Tyler Harris, I'm warning you. You should be a better person."

"You should take your own advice."

For a moment, nobody spoke.

Claude then walked over and placed Olivia into Tyler's arms. "I won't let you treat her this way." Tyler's eyes were sharp. "I'm waiting for the day you have the right to order my family around." They stared at each other for a few seconds before Tyler walked away with Olivia in his arms.

Claude stared at his back.

The butler and maid finally reacted and followed along.

After getting into the car, the butler closed the door and Tyler looked at him. "Who asked to send her to this hospital?"

Tyler knew something was off.

The butler was just recovering from what had happened and tried to look calm. "Ms. Olivia wasn't feeling well and Ms. Maisy was in her room when Mr. Claude visited. She told him about Olivia's insomnia, and he recommended the doctor."

The butler could tell how tense it was and felt as though the air would freeze.

"So you didn't know Claude was there?"

"Of course not. After bringing Ms. Olivia here, we just stayed outside the door and didn't see him enter."

Tyler glanced at him. "I'm sure you know what will happen if what happened today gets out."

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[414 words]

Tyler looked away from the butler.

The butler and the maid didn't dare say anything.

Tyler then rolled up the window and the car drove to another hospital.

On the way there, Tyler glanced at Olivia and noticed her skin appeared translucent. Dark circles lurked beneath her eyes, and she seemed as light as a feather.

How could she have lost so much weight in a few days?

Tyler frowned in disbelief and instructed the driver. "Step on it."

The driver accelerated forward.

*

Camilla was shocked to learn that Olivia was at the hospital and hurried over as soon as she could, while Tyler was transporting Olivia to another hospital.

At the second hospital, they conducted tests on Olivia and determined that she had merely fainted due to sleep deprivation.

It was akin to falling into a deep sleep.

Tyler stood beside her bed as the doctor delivered the results, causing him to furrow his brow.

The room fell into silence.

Just as Camilla arrived, she entered and addressed Tyler, "Mr. Tyler."

Although the villagers were still bargaining, there wasn't much they could do. However, Camilla was still surprised to see him there because he wasn't supposed to be back yet. He must have rushed back.

She stood before him still panting while he asked, "Do you know where I found her?"

Camilla looked at his expression and guessed something must have happened. She stammered. "Where did you... find her?"

"A private hospital. In Claude's arms."

Camilla's brow immediately shot upward. "I'm sorry, I... I didn't know about that."

Tyler was expressionless. "Why did I send you back?"

Camilla sweated and said, "I've been running errands for Ms. Naomi. Since you're not around and Ms. Hillary was busy, no one was there to talk to Ms. Naomi, so I just stayed with her." Tyler held everything he wanted to say back.

Camilla was unaware that this wasn't her fault and was puzzled over Claude's sudden appearance. She glanced at Olivia in bed and was shocked by her haggard appearance. "What... what happened?"

While Tyler glared at her, Olivia stirred.

She had a pleasant dream but couldn't recall its contents. As she blinked open her eyes, the stark whiteness of the hospital room greeted her. It took her vision a moment to adjust and for her to take in her surroundings.

Tyler approached. "You're awake?"

Olivia turned her gaze toward the figure beside her bed, seeing a face she hadn't seen in some time.

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[343 words]

Tyler was supposed to be in the fishing village, right? When did he come back?

Olivia considered him, her eyes wide with anxious uncertainty. A piece fit into the puzzle in her head and she suddenly sat up.

"Remember something?" Tyler asked.

Olivia scanned the room. Claude was not there. He had been with her when she fainted. Thus, what had happened while she had been out?

Questions were written all over Olivia's tired, pale face.

Tyler studied her and asked again, "You don't remember what happened?"

Olivia had an inkling that Tyler must have received her from Claude after she was out. She propped herself up from the bed, her head lowered.

"Not gonna give me an explanation of any kind?" he asked.

"It's whatever you think it was."

Tyler nodded. "If you have nothing you deem important enough to tell me, then I won't press for more. However!" He paused for a moment. "Can you at least tell me what's happening to you these few days? Someone told me you've been plagued by insomnia lately. Why?"

Olivia gripped her bedsheet hard. After a while, she finally responded by shaking her head.

Tyler's eyes grew cold. They remained in this silent standoff until he said, "Fine. Get some rest. I'll talk to you later."

He left. Camilla shot a look at Olivia and went outside.

The man turned, his eyes meeting Camilla's. It was then that a new voice joined in, "Tyler?"

It was Naomi.

"I heard about Olivia. Is she okay?" she asked worriedly.

"She has just woken up. She's probably fine."

"How did she just... pass out?! What happened?" Naomi asked.

No one knew the answer. Instead, Tyler replied, "You should rest in your room instead, Naomi."

"Can I at least check on her?"

Tyler did not answer her. Naomi turned to look at Camilla, who was also silent.

"Right. Olivia refuses to forgive me, so she wouldn't want to see me either." Naomi sighed dejectedly.

"Go back to your ward," Tyler said.

"Can't I at least try?" Naomi insisted.

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[319 words]

Tyler was even more insistent. "No. You're going back to your ward."

He sounded stern. Naomi had not expected that. "Okay. If you say so."

She glanced at Olivia's room and Tyler one last time before leaving hesitantly.

Tyler exchanged a glance with Camilla coldly. "Why did my mother do?"

Camilla's face turned pale. "She... let loose some threats but didn't do anything. I'm not sure why Ms. Olivia looks so... frail."

His expression darkened. Camilla added, "Women do sometimes lose sleep during their pregnancies. It's a result of their hormonal changes."

Tyler hardly looked appeased. He stood motionlessly, knowing that the truth could not be this simple.

"I'll pay her more attention the next time, Mr. Tyler," Camilla said.

What she meant was the balance of focus between Olivia and Naomi.

Tyler gazed at her.

Olivia woke up. Her arms were still around herself. It was one of the rare times these days when she went to sleep, but it was more of an effect of her passing out.

She felt even less sleepy now. It had become stronger than before and was starting to scare her even more.

Even as Alisa asked if she wanted to eat anything, Olivia said nothing. It was as if she was withdrawn into her world.

Alisa felt as though something was truly amiss.

Tyler entered the room. Surprised, Alisa cried out, "Sir!"

Her shock annoyed him. "What?"

"Um, Ms. Olivia... doesn't seem to be acting normal."

Tyler frowned.

"She's not responding to me," she explained.

Tyler glanced at Olivia and noted how pale and fragile she looked. She was digging her nails into her skin as she wrapped herself tightly, her head seemingly lost in her world. Tyler stormed toward her and grabbed Olivia's arms.

"What do you think you're doing?!" he growled.

She looked up at him. Her eyes were glassy. It was as though she did not recognize him.

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[454 words]

Something was not right. Olivia did not look like that when she first woke up.

Alisa's voice was thick with tears. "S-Sir, what's going on?"

Tyler did not let Olivia's arms go. His eyes were fixed on her face. "Get the doctor, quickly!"

Alisa went straight into action.

Five minutes later, the doctor came and began his examination.

And yet, the doctor could hardly reach out to touch his patient without causing her to elicit a disproportionate response. She backed away from him like a prey animal.

Tyler narrowed his eyes.

The doctor could tell something was wrong-but not what.

Olivia seemed to be whimpering like a kitten and yet said not a word.

Tyler's first instinct was to forcibly pull her close to him, but the doctor stopped him. "No! We should call my colleagues at the psychiatric ward. Let her go for the moment, Mr. Tyler!"

Tyler did as told-and Olivia immediately scurried to an empty spot on the corner of her hospital bed and hugged herself as though defending her from everyone else.

*

Naomi returned to her ward just when her mother arrived.

Naomi had been letting Camilla keep her company these days.

Camilla seemed to be hiding something, so keeping her around gave Naomi an opening to observe her. Unfortunately, Camilla's lips were tighter than a stuck cap.

But now? The fact that Olivia was suddenly hospitalized for insomnia begged even more questions.

Hillary noticed her daughter spacing out and asked, "What's wrong? You've been zoning out since I came here."

"Mom, did you know Olivia's hospitalized?" Naomi asked.

"W-What?! Why? What is it about? How bad is it? It's got nothing to do with her baby, right?"

Naturally, Hillary was afraid. The baby was 5 months old by this point. Just a bit more and they would be born. They could not afford anything unexpected.

"I heard she has gotten a really bad case of insomnia and is not in a good state. She's here right now."

Hillary relaxed. "Oh, so she just can't sleep? That's normal during pregnancy, dear. Why the need to be hospitalized? Maybe I should go visit her."

Naomi thought it was a good idea. She could not meet Olivia, so maybe Hillary could do it for her.

Hillary passed her some food. "Tyler has transferred every information about Olivia to this hospital, Naomi. You should also get ready," she said. "Tyler loves you. He will not abandon our plan at this point." Naomi smiled softly. "I know, Mom. When I'm finally recovered... everything will be okay again."

Hillary shared her joy. It was as if hope was around the corner.

Neither of them knew that things could not be further from the truth.

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Chapter 494

[702 words]

The psychiatrist examined Olivia and announced his prognosis. "She seems to have undergone intense psychological shock, causing her to suffer from sudden amnesia and mutism." "What did you say?!" Tyler said, his face locked into a frown.

Everyone in the room stared at Olivia shrinking into herself at the corner of the bed.

"We suggest further psychological evaluation to be more certain, but one thing is quite noticeable: she seemed to have undergone quite the extreme shock to have ended up like this." There was a brief silence before Alsia suddenly burst into tears. "How did this happen?! She was fine just this morning!"

Camilla widened her eyes in disbelief.

"Will she recover from this?" Tyler asked hoarsely.

He was unable to control his emotions. He cast his eyes down and tried to will himself into calming down. He balled his fists hard enough that one could hear his knuckles pop. "We don't know if this is permanent or temporary. We can only suggest immediate treatment," the doctor answered.

Tyler took a deep breath. "Understood."

The OB-GYN, psychiatric, and psychological department heads gathered in Olivia's room. They discussed among themselves for a moment before leaving quietly. Tyler and the others were still reeling from the prognosis.

The room was silent. All anyone could hear was their labored breathing.

Camilla looked at Olivia and wondered how on Earth this was going to be solved. She felt bad for Olivia.

"W-What are we going to..." she asked aloud, suddenly unable to complete her sentence.

No one had expected the quiet, gentle Olivia to turn out this way. Olivia used to space out sometimes, but nothing else about her suggested anything else! Tyler loosened his hands and seemingly returned to calm. "Let's proceed with more psychological examination."

"R-Right," Camilla stammered. "I'll prepare every document needed."

She hurried out of the ward as Tyler looked at Olivia, his gaze intense. Alisa dared not get close to Olivia. She just sobbed at a distance.

News of Olivia's development had reached the Harrises.

Maisy had been waiting for her news since she returned from the hospital. When she saw Alisa returning with the butler, she set her cup down and asked, "How is the girl? What did the doctor say?"

Ana was drinking tea with Maisy too. Unlike the old woman, she was hardly worried-she was certain nothing extreme was going to happen. All Olivia needed was some psychological stressor to learn just who should she piss off the least!

The butler was silent when he reached the living room.

Maisy immediately asked suspiciously, "Why aren't you speaking?"

"News is that Ms. Olivia suddenly lost her memories and won't let anyone near her. The doctors' prognosis is that she has undergone too extreme a psychological trauma. She now shows symptoms of amnesia and mutism."

Ana leaped to her feet. "What the hell?!"

Maisy felt lightheaded. She almost fainted, and a maid caught her before she did. Maisy pointed at the butler and cried out, "What did you say happened to Olivia?!"

"Mr. Tyler has arranged an even deeper examination on the case," the butler could only say.

The doctors were quick, however, Olivia's resistance had made it hard for anyone to approach her. No one dared make any overt move-the last thing anyone wanted was to provoke an intense reaction in her which might further morph into adverse effects on her baby.

The doctors told Tyler to gather Olivia's family. Maybe one of them would be seen as trusted enough by Olivia to be allowed near her.

The examination was of utmost importance, so Tyler went straight to work without a second thought. He told Camilla to inform the Jones family.

Hillary was still with Naomi in the hospital, so Camilla found only Darren at home. He immediately had a premonition when he saw her getting out of the car, shouting, "Mr. Jones!"

Darren thought this concerned Naomi. Upon closer inspection, he realized this was Tyler's assistant. "Is Naomi in trouble?"

Camilla grabbed his hand. "No! It's Ms. Olivia! You need to come with me, pronto!"

"Olivia? Is this something to do with her baby?" he said instinctively.

Camilla tugged on his wrist. "Just come with me, sir."

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[353 words]

"What happened? The less you say, the more worried I become!"

Camilla thought hard about her decision before answering, "Ms. Olivia... suddenly came down with a case of amnesia and mutism. Mr. Tyler wants you to be there." Darren stopped. Stunned.

There was no time for him to react. Camilla tugged on his wrist. "You need to leave with me right now!"

Darren followed her. They arrived at the hospital just in time as Naomi received a call. The phone slipped out of her grip and fell onto the bed.

Hillary was changing the water for her irises—she set the vase down and turned to her. "What's the matter?"

Naomi turned to her mother stiffly.

Hillary noted her strange expression and walked closer to her.

Before she could ask again, Naomi answered, "Olivia... came down with amnesia... and mutism... T-Tyler's secretary t-told me just now... She doesn't recognize anyone already."

To Hillary, this could only mean one thing: Olivia had gone mad.

"H-How did this happen?" she stammered, just as in disbelief. "How did she just..."

"We should head over. Maybe things will become clearer if we... check it out ourselves."

Naomi was about to get out of her bed when Hillary instructed the nurse to prepare a wheelchair for her.

Naomi sat on it, and the nurse pushed her to Olivia's ward.

By the time Darren had arrived, Olivia was still resisting practically everyone who came close to her. The nurse led him inside.

The room was crowded. Tyler was at the frontmost row.

Darren saw him before Olivia and called out to him.

The nurse led him aside and asked, "Who are you, sir?"

"The woman's father! Olivia's dad!" Darren answered hastily and looked toward the bed. "O-Olivia?"

He almost dove straight toward her.

The doctors and nurses had to hold him back. "Wait! Please, no sudden move! We'll lead you to her gradually. See if she remembers you."

"W-What should I do?" Darren asked, trying to still himself.

"Call out to her gently."

Darren panicked. "O-Olivia?"

The room fell silent. Everyone zeroed in on her. Tyler's eyes were especially intense.

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[384 words]

Olivia showed no recognition, however. She did not even lift her head.

"Olivia, it's me! Your dad! What's got into you, sweetie?" Darren's voice was shaky. He could not believe this was his pregnant daughter.

The doctors trained their eyes to catch anything from her response, but she showed none of it.

Darren quivered.

The doctors' expressions darkened.

No father would be able to accept this-even if it was a daughter born out of wedlock.

He strode toward Tyler, demanding, "What is this? Why is she like this? Why doesn't she recognize me?! I'm her dad!"

Tyler met his gaze. "Amnesia and mutism are the doctors' first guess, but they require more evaluations for a more certain conclusion."

"But how did she even end up like... like that? Wasn't she living a peaceful life with your family?"

"Mr. Jones, Ms. Olivia seemed to have undergone too much psychological shock or stress."

Darren reeled in disbelief. How? She got to stay with the Harrises, right?

But then again, this was a young woman who-at an age as tender as 20-something-had to marry her older sister's ex-fiance to save her sister. Who could have gone through that unscathed at that age? And to marry into an elite family, no less.

Darren might have some degree of preferential treatment toward Naomi, but Olivia was only in this state to save her sister. How could he not feel guilt? How could his heart not break?

"Oh God. I'm so sorry, Olivia..." He sobbed.

Camilla tried to comfort him. "Sir, the most important thing to do now is to give her treatment. There's hope yet still."

"Is there anyone else who's family?" The doctor asked. "If there is, we need to let each of them try. There's gotta be someone she doesn't resist. Otherwise, the evaluation will just make her act out even more." "Has the rest of my family been informed?" Darren asked Camilla.

"Yes. They are on their way."

Naomi and Hillary arrived just in time. The first thing they noticed among the crowd was Darren and his teary face.

Hillary's lips trembled. "W-What's happening? How did this..."

Darren sobbed wordlessly. Hillary grew more and more alarmed.

Naomi looked at Tyler. "Um, Tyler..."

He considered her for a long beat before saying, "You should come in first."

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[358 words]

Naomi's limbs grew weak. It felt like a nightmare.

Darren was still crying.

Meanwhile, the doctors had begun scouting for the next candidate who could calm Olivia down for further examination.

Naomi and Hillary were brought close to the sickbed. They were not as crestfallen as Darren, but they looked lost when their eyes met Olivia's.

The doctor approached Olivia and asked, "Do you know any of these people?"

She responded by burying her head even more deeply into her knees.

"This is your mom and sister. Please, see if you know them."

Hillary and Naomi stood motionlessly, their eyes searching Olivia.

Olivia seemed to have shaken a little.

The doctor was surprised. At the same time, Tyler's gaze lit up.

Olivia shot a quick look at them while the crowd watched.

No familiarity lit up in her eyes. It was as if they were strangers to her.

Tyler's eyes darkened again.

Neither Naomi nor Hillary had expected that look from Olivia.

Naomi was so shocked she even let go of the rail on her wheelchair. Meanwhile, Hillary staggered.

The doctor sighed quietly.

A while later, the Harrises arrived. Maisy was quick to shout as soon as she entered, "Olivi-"

The butler intercepted her. "No, Madam. You can't. Not now."

Ana and Maisy stopped. They stared. The room sank into silence.

The doctor finally spoke up, "... I think she doesn't remember anyone here, I'm afraid. We should get her a nurse she resists the least for the job, I think."

The crowd went silent.

Tyler alone replied, "I see. Thank you."

The doctor nodded. "Alright, I need to ask everyone to please leave the room for us. We have formed quite a crowd here and that might look intimidating to her. It could add to her psychological stress." "Leave, all of us," Tyler announced. "We'll talk about this after an evaluation is conducted."

Naomi felt her limbs turning cold. Her lips were pale.

No one moved.

Tyler turned to Camilla and repeated, "Get everyone out of here."

She nodded and approached Naomi and Hillary. "Come on."

The butler told Maisy and Ana, "We should get going too."

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Chapter 498

[534 words]

Ana's eyes had not left Olivia. She was still reeling from the fact that things had turned out this way. Her heart was racing. She heard the butler, and yet she did not move. Maisy was a lot more compliant. She left with the butler immediately. Ana watched her go and followed suit.

Seeing the Harrises gone, Hillary and Naomi thought it was better if they left, too. Only Darren remained, still weeping. "Oh God, not my daughter..."

Tyler stood there expressionlessly.

Camilla approached him. "Please, Mr. Jones. The doctor and the nurses need the space to give Olivia the best she needs right now."

Darren had no choice. He left, too.

Outside, Ana seemed lost in her thoughts while Maisy was tearing up.

"Don't worry about this. We should hear what the doctor thinks," the butler said comfortingly.

Maisy was so crestfallen she could hardly reply. Ana simply stood aside in silence as the butler tried to comfort Maisy.

Naomi, Hillary, and Darren emerged from the ward. Ana and Maisy's expression changed.

The butler knew what was coming between the two and suggested, "Let's wait in the car, ma'ams."

Ana and Maisy looked away. They followed the butler's suggestion and started toward the elevator.

Hillary watched them leave with a faint grimace, but she already knew that the Harrises were never going to be nice to them.

At that moment, Naomi suddenly let out a sob. "She's like this because... because of us, right?"

Hillary may not feel as conflicted as Naomi was, but she felt bad, too. Olivia had been part of their family since she was in her teens. There were bound to be certain elements of emotional attachment. "Naomi, this isn't your fault. We don't know what has befallen Olivia, so don't get too bogged down by your speculations, hmm?"

Naomi pressed her hand against her chest. "But it is my fault! If it weren't for me... she would have never ended up like this! We neglected her emotional needs and limits, Mom!"

Hillary felt a pang and patted her back. "Enough. It's no good making speculations. Maybe she'll be back after two days! Besides, Olivia has been one of the Harrises for a while now. This cannot be all of our fault. You should never think everything is our fault!"

Naomi, however, was certain she was the one who had done this to Olivia.

"I told you two! This wasn't a good plan by any stretch!" Darren suddenly spoke up. "Now look at what we've done! We've turned her mad!"

This was exactly what Hillary would never want to hear. "So what? You want Naomi to die? How much better do we need to treat her? She's being taken care of by the Harrises most of the time. How can this be Naomi's fault?! Use your senses when you talk!"

Darren was uncharacteristically defiant. "Of course all you care about is your own daughter!"

"How dare you talk to me like that?! Are you telling me you'd rather Naomi die?!"

They were his daughters, and Darren loved both of them. Startled by Hillary's accusation, he turned to Naomi and stammered, "N-No that's not what I mean. I was just..."

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- Chapter 499

Chapter 499

[394 words]

Hillary knew all about Darren's hypocrisy. It actually made her lose any guilt she felt about Olivia's mental state.

Naomi had not expected them to fight each other at a time like this.

"Can you two stop?!" she snarled, annoyed. "This isn't the point! The point is Olivia!"

Darren and Hillary stopped arguing. Any ounce of defiance he had demonstrated was gone. He reverted to himself.

"If she doesn't get better..." Hillary began but could not finish the sentence. What was she going to do?

The only thing she counted herself lucky for was the fact that the child was largely unharmed. In other words, Naomi was still safe. That thought dispelled any rage she had against Darren.

"Look, this is not the time to wonder who's behind what. The priority is Olivia's treatment. So we'll have to wait till Tyler's here with us and discuss this with him."

Naomi suddenly felt a great sense of danger. This new development could be advantageous to her, but then again, she suspected that the advantage was negligible. The baby was in Olivia's body. How were they supposed to solve the relationship issue between Olivia and Tyler?

If the baby was out and yet Olivia was still mentally unsound, then where could she go? Could she still return to the Jones family?

Naomi could no longer entertain the thought. Restless, she felt guilty for leading Olivia to her current state, yet she couldn't ignore the practical considerations for their future.

Could this be God's punishment for her cheating death? Maybe God just really wanted her dead.

Naomi tightened her grip.

At that moment, Tyler finally emerged.

Naomi turned and called out, "Tyler!"

Hillary and Darren quickly approached him.

Tyler looked at them before fixing his eyes on Naomi. "You should go to your room."

His tone was monotonous. No one could guess how he felt.

"Is she better now?" Naomi asked.

"The nurse is doing her best."

Naomi's hand over her heart was shaking. "What can we do to help?"

"Just leave for now," Tyler replied.

Naomi was about to say something when Hillary suggested, "We could stay in your ward. You'll be the first to know if anything happens to her."

Naomi felt a rush of anxiety, though she tried to keep it hidden. She remained silent for a moment before Andrea chimed in, "That's fortunate."

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Chapter 500

[461 words]

"We'll bring Naomi back to her room, okay? She's worried about Olivia so much that we were concerned about her getting into an accident of her own." Tyler hummed in agreement, but he sounded apathetic.

"Let's go," Hillary said.

Naomi said nothing and allowed herself to leave with her parents.

Tyler watched them go coldly.

Hillary told Darren to leave the ward for the women to speak in secret.

Darren was so worried about Olivia that he did not question his wife. His mind was too preoccupied-even as he left, the grimace on his face said it all.

"Mom, you should stop acting like that to him. Olivia is also his daughter. He wants to show that he cares," Naomi said.

"Show? The only reason he even has Olivia was that he couldn't keep it in his pants!"

Naomi sighed. She could never solve this conflict between her parents.

Hillary held Naomi's hand. "Listen to me. It doesn't matter if Olivia goes nuts. You'll be fine as long as her baby is fine."

Naomi thought her mom was laughably naive. If only things were as she hoped!

"A nutcase poses no threat to you, right?" Hillary added.

"God! If Olivia has turned certifiably insane, how will she get divorced from Tyler? She won't be of sound mind for a divorce. The only way out was through a court case and that will be publicized just because of who Tyler is. Everyone will learn that we made her get impregnated to save me. How was I supposed to live?"

"There was no way the Harrises would go through that. They would rather hide the fact that Olivia has gone mad if it means protecting their reputation!" Naomi finished.

Hillary frowned. She did not expect things to become so complicated.

"We don't have any advantage, Mom! Not a moral one nor a rational one! You really think Olivia going insane will somehow benefit me?!" Naomi cried.

Hillary's face turned pale. "Well, okay. So what if she doesn't get divorced? The Harrises can still take care of her in secret."

"But that would mean I'll be Tyler's mistress for the rest of my life!" Naomi snarled.

Hillary almost blacked out from the realization. Had they shot themselves in the foot all along?

"How can this be?!" she cried out. "You're supposed to be Mrs. Harris! You're the real deal! It can't be anything else!"

"We shouldn't have walked down this path, Mom! I told you I didn't want that IVF idea you gave! Now look at what happened?!" "I didn't know it would come to this, Naomi. Calm down!"

"Why am I being punished like this?" Naomi asked aloud, her face stricken with tears. "I just want to live longer. Is that so wrong?"

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