

# The Beginning Of All Sins novel (Olivia and Tyler)

## Chapter 501

[ 369 words ]

Hillary comforted Naomi, "Don't worry too much. It's not as serious as it seems. We'll check with Tyler after her examination is done."

Later that evening, Tyler was at the doctor's office discussing Olivia's examination results.

"We can rule out any traumas caused by physical illnesses. It's clear she's suffering from stress-related trauma," the doctor explained, his tone grave. "Conditions like these can vary-some people recover over time, but for others, it becomes a lifelong issue. Unfortunately, it's severe for her."

"How severe?" Tyler asked.

"She may never fully recover," the doctor replied.

Tyler's expression hardened, and he frowned deeply.

The doctor continued, "It seems she experienced a severe shock and has been under extreme stress, leading to a mental breakdown."

"Is there no way to help her?" Tyler asked as darkness filled the room, mirroring the mood.

"Since she's pregnant, we can't use psychotropic drugs. We recommend that your family takes care of her to prevent any harm or self-harm. First, she needs to give birth," the doctor suggested. "This isn't the right time for treatment. Psychotropic drugs could harm the baby, so we're cautious not to treat her yet."

A heavy silence followed before Tyler finally responded, "Okay."

Camilla had been waiting outside the doctor's office, trying to overhear the conversation but met only silence. When Tyler emerged half an hour later, she approached him, "What did the doctor say, sir?" "Take her back home tomorrow," he instructed.

Camilla was puzzled. "Isn't she getting treatment?"

Tyler's face was impassive; he didn't answer and started walking away.

Camilla followed, confused and concerned, "Can Ms. Olivia really go home in this condition?" She assumed Olivia would need to stay at the hospital.

Ignoring her, Tyler continued walking.

Back at the Harrises, everyone was still awake and anxious. Maisy had been praying for Olivia and the baby's health since she arrived home. Ana was visibly worried.

Keith rushed in after hearing the news, his anger palpable. "How did she lose her mind out of nowhere?!"

It was shocking news for the family, and a scandal like this could be disastrous. He blamed Ana, "How have you been taking care of her? She was fine before, and now look what's happened!"

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## Chapter 502

[ 421 words ]

Ana had been feeling uneasy since she got home. She was surprised by how things had turned out. She had expected to put pressure on Olivia, not to drive her over the edge.

When Keith blamed her, Ana snapped back, "How would I know? All I know is the Harrises are awful people, and this is your karma!"

Keith was shocked that she changed the subject. He pointed at her and said, "Enough of your nonsense. I want to see what you'll do when everyone hears that the Harrises' daughter-in-law has lost her mind! You chose her. You're partly to blame for this mess!"

Ana wasn't going to let Keith pin this on her. She yelled back, "You should be taking the blame! You're a Harris, I'm a Morin. Remember that!"

Their argument turned the living room into a battleground. Nobody dared to intervene.

Ben stepped in to calm things down. "Ma'am, sir, we need to focus on solving this problem, not fighting."

Hearing this, Keith cooled down a bit. Setting his anger aside, he asked, "What's the situation now?"

"We're not sure yet. We'll find out more tomorrow morning," Ben replied.

"Call Tyler to ask," Keith ordered.

Ana kept arguing. "Now you panic? You never cared about your terrible family before."

Keith ignored her last remark and stormed off with a scoff. Ana scoffed too but remained anxious.

The next morning, a car arrived as Keith and Ana waited in the living room for news from the hospital. They stood up when they saw the car. The maids glanced at the door.

It was a foggy, chilly day. The car had been there a while before the driver finally got out and carefully opened the door. A shaky person stepped out.

Keith and Ana watched with frowns as the driver opened the door.

Alisa emerged and went to the shaky person, supporting her and whispering, "We're home, ma'am." Her voice was gentle, like she was soothing a child, careful not to startle her. Then Tyler got out of the car.

Keith asked, "How is she, Tyler?"

Tyler paused before answering flatly, "The doctor said she should recover at home."

He didn't go into details about her condition, but it was clear to Keith how unwell Olivia was—she was trembling and not herself.

Ana stood by, watching the scene unfold.

Tyler didn't say more. He just told Alisa, "It's cold. Bring her inside."

Alisa nodded, took Olivia by the hand, and reassured her softly, "We're home, ma'am. This is your home."

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## Chapter 503

[ 372 words ]

Olivia looked toward the door when she heard Alisa. Fear was clear in her eyes; everything was strange to her.

Alisa spoke gently, "Let's go inside, Ma'am."

Olivia quickly lowered her head and moved forward.

Keith and Ana were watching her. Olivia walked past them without a glance, as if they weren't there. Her reactions were noticeably slow.

Alisa guided her into the living room and then to her room.

At that moment, Keith asked, "What happened, Tyler?"

"The doctor said she should recover at home," Tyler repeated.

From his words, they could guess how serious Olivia's condition was. Keith frowned, falling silent.

Ana stood quietly as well.

As Tyler headed to the living room, Maisy came out, eager to greet him. "Where's Olivia, Tyler? What did the doctor say?"

After her question, she noticed Keith and Ana's somber silence. She had looked worried before, but now she froze and stared at Tyler.

He replied simply, "I'll be upstairs," and continued on.

Maisy started to tear up, clutching at her chest. "Oh, no. What did we do to deserve this? Why is she suffering so much when she's so young?" She couldn't hold back her tears.

Ana usually had something to say, but today, she was silent.

Meanwhile, Keith's frown deepened.

In her room, Olivia lay in bed, ignoring everything and everyone around her.

After a while, Alisa approached her cautiously and spoke with a trembling voice, "Ma'am."

Olivia slowly turned her head toward her.

Alisa continued, trying to reconnect, "I used to take care of you. Do you remember me?"

Olivia looked at her for a long time but then turned away, burying herself in the bed once more.

Alisa's heart sank as she saw Olivia's lack of emotion; a tear rolled down her cheek.

Just then, Tyler entered. He paused when he saw Alisa crying. After a moment, she noticed him and quickly said, "Sir."

He waited before speaking, "You may leave now."

Alisa, stunned, looked at him. "Sir-"

"I'd like to be alone with her," Tyler stated firmly.

Though Olivia hadn't shown any alarming behavior since yesterday, Alisa was still worried. However, she didn't challenge Tyler's order.

She glanced at Olivia once more before nodding and leaving the room.

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[ 390 words ]

Alisa left the room. She kept the door open as she left.

After she was gone, Tyler walked over to Olivia's bed. He reached out his hand to her, but she quickly pulled back, startled by his gesture. Her face looked even more frail and pale.

He slowly lowered his hand, and Olivia seemed to relax a bit.

"Do you know who I am?" Tyler asked gently.

Olivia looked cautious, as if she didn't recognize him. Her expression showed confusion.

Tyler sat down beside her and said softly, "I'm your husband. Do you remember that?"

Olivia blinked, as if trying to understand what he meant.

He continued, "We've been living together for six months. Do you remember any of that?"

She looked like she was trying hard to remember.

"You're pregnant with our baby. We were both happy about it. Remember?" Tyler kept talking, hoping to jog her memory.

Olivia seemed lost in thought as she listened.

"We love each other. Do you remember that?" he added.

She clutched at her dress, her mind seeming to wander.

Seeing her distracted, Tyler reached out again, this time to gently touch her head. But she panicked, quickly jumping off the bed and running to the window. She hid behind the curtain, wrapping her arms around her head like she was scared.

Tyler watched her with a sad look in his eyes and stayed back, not trying to get closer.

Alisa, who had been watching from the doorway, felt a mix of emotions seeing this scene.

Tyler sat quietly by the bed for a while, deep in thought.

Then Alisa came in and suggested, "Sir, why don't we let her calm down a bit? Everything must feel so strange to her right now."

After hearing this, Tyler's expression softened. "Okay, we'll take it slow," he agreed, looking towards Olivia. But she was still turned away, hidden behind the curtain.

Tyler remained in the room a bit longer before finally saying to Alisa, "Take good care of her."

"I-I will, sir," Alisa replied nervously.

Right now, the only person Olivia seemed comfortable around was Alisa, so Tyler left it to Alisa to look after her. He took one last look at Olivia, still hidden behind the curtains, and then he left the room. Olivia peeked out from behind the curtains and watched him go.

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## Chapter 505

[ 382 words ]

Naomi felt uneasy, so she decided to visit Olivia in the hospital the next morning to check on her. When she got to Olivia's room, she was surprised to find it empty.

She stood there for a moment, confused, and then leaned back in her wheelchair. A nurse walked by, and Naomi asked her, "Do you know where the patient from this room went?" The nurse stopped and looked at Naomi. "Do you mean Mrs. Harris?"

It took Naomi a moment to respond after hearing Olivia referred to that way. "Yes, that's her."

"She was discharged this morning. Someone took her home," the nurse explained.

"She went home?" Naomi repeated, trying to process the information.

"Yes, this morning," the nurse confirmed. She then asked, "Are you her sister?"

Naomi's voice softened. "I am."

"Oh, didn't anyone tell you?"

Just then, Hillary arrived. She had just gotten to the hospital and hurried over when she saw Naomi. "Naomi, are you here to ask about Olivia?"

Hearing Hillary, Naomi fell silent for a while before saying, "Mom, they took her home."

Hillary was stunned. "She went home?"

"Didn't Tyler tell you?" Hillary asked, concerned.

After another long silence, Naomi replied calmly, "I'm sure he'll call."

Turning back to the nurse, Naomi asked, "Is it serious?"

The nurse nodded. "It's quite serious. She can't be treated right now since she's pregnant."

Naomi was quiet again.

Hillary, usually so composed, was now worried. She slapped her own palm and said, "What do we do?"

Naomi, more composed than the day before, thanked the nurse and then made a phone call. She was calling Tyler.

He answered on the third ring. "Tyler, did you bring Olivia home?" Naomi asked with concern.

"Yes," Tyler replied, his voice distant.

Naomi paused, feeling the coldness in his tone. "How is she?"

"She's resting," he said.

Naomi gripped her phone tighter. "Did the doctor say when she will get better?"

"No."

Naomi, deep in thought, pressed further. "Tyler, what should we do now?" She asked this partly to gauge his response and partly to figure out a plan.

Tyler was silent for a moment before responding, "I've arranged for a therapist to stay here to counsel her. Right now, the only person she trusts is the maid taking care of her."

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## Chapter 506

[ 470 words ]

Naomi was deep in thought about what Tyler had said before she asked, "Are you planning to keep Olivia at home for her treatment?" "Why else?"

Naomi felt a sharp pang in her heart as if struck by a hammer. She explained, "I'm really concerned about her, Tyler. Will your family be okay with this arrangement? I think it might be better if she stays with us. My parents and I are here, and she knows our house well. Being in a strange place might make her feel worse."

"No. If she doesn't improve at my place, I'll keep trying until she's better," Tyler stated firmly.

Naomi felt stuck, unable to express everything she wanted to. After a moment, she barely whispered, "Okay."

It was unclear who ended the call first. The line went dead as she set down the phone.

"What did he say?" Hillary asked anxiously.

"He's brought her home to get better," Naomi replied.

"What?" Hillary was shocked.

"He's taken her home," Naomi repeated.

This news was a bad sign. Hillary was almost stomping her feet in panic. "How did this happen?" she exclaimed.

Naomi's expression was blank, overcome by the situation.

The next morning, Olivia's therapist, Stephen Carr, made a visit.

Ana, Maisy, and Keith watched from the living room as he hurried upstairs. The second floor was off-limits now. Apart from Stephen and Olivia's nurse, Alisa, no one else was allowed up there. The rest were too frightened to go upstairs. Now, they thought of Olivia as unpredictable, unsure of what she might do.

Stephen found Olivia in her room, sitting on the bed and hugging her knees. Tyler was there too, still in the same clothes as yesterday. One could tell that he wasn't doing well since their return from the hospital.

Observing her closely to tailor his treatment, Stephen noted her reactions while Tyler sat quietly by, watching Olivia follow Alisa's instructions obediently, like a puppet.

"She seems to be doing better than two days ago," Stephen remarked.

Tyler had noticed as well. Just yesterday, Olivia only let Alisa come close occasionally, but today, she was actively engaging with her tasks.

"What should we do?" Tyler asked.

"It's best if you keep some distance for now. Let her get used to everyone again. We need to take this slowly," Stephen advised.

"We'll continue counseling her, addressing her memory and speech loss," Stephen added.

"Thank you," Tyler said, nodding.

Stephen then showed Olivia an apple. "Do you know what this is, Mrs. Harris?" he asked, trying to gauge her ability to speak.

Olivia didn't react to the apple.

Stephen carefully watched her expression.

"It's an apple, ma'am. Your favorite. Don't you remember?" Alisa gently prompted her.

Olivia just stared at it quietly.

"Do you recognize him?" Stephen pointed to Tyler, sitting beside the bed.

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[ 345 words ]

Olivia was staring blankly ahead, not moving a muscle.

"He's your husband. Do you know that?"

There was no recognition in her eyes; they were completely empty.

"Do you..." Stephen began, but Tyler cut him off sharply, "Stop asking."

Stephen glanced at him, understanding why Tyler wanted to stop the questions. Repeating them only seemed to confirm that Olivia had completely forgotten him, and that was frustrating.

Stephen explained, "This is normal. We need to repeat the questions to help her remember, to strengthen her connection with you."

Tyler listened but remained silent.

Accepting the pause in questioning, Stephen began to counsel Olivia. Tyler sat quietly, observing her reactions, or rather, the lack of them. Olivia seemed lost, unresponsive to Stephen's words, as if her soul had vanished.

Later, when Tyler left the room, he ran into Ana.

"How is she, Tyler?" she asked, an unusual concern in her voice.

He looked at her, falling silent for a moment before replying, "The therapist is still with her."

He didn't elaborate on Olivia's condition, prompting Ana to ask, "Is she doing better now?"

Tyler just stared at her, his look sharp and piercing.

Ana felt the hostility in his gaze and quickly said, "Okay, I won't disturb the treatment. Let me know if you need anything." She hurried off.

As Tyler watched Ana leave, Camilla approached him. "Sir," she called out.

"Find out what she's been up to," he ordered. He was convinced Olivia wouldn't become like this without Ana's involvement, suspecting the latter's unusual interest wasn't innocent.

"Do you think what happened to Ms. Olivia has something to do with her?" Camilla inquired, picking up on his suspicions.

Tyler's eyes narrowed as he watched Ana disappear. "Why would she be worried if she hadn't done anything wrong?"

Camilla felt a chill. The possibility that she might uncover something alarming grew stronger in her mind. What would happen then? Filled with dread, she hesitated.

Just then, she remembered something important. "Sir, Ms. Naomi called me again today. She was asking about Ms. Olivia."

She paused, unsure.

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[ 389 words ]

Tyler was calm when he said, "Tell me."

"Ms. Naomi wishes Ms. Olivia to abort the baby so she can get treatment," Camilla paused before adding, "You should visit her."

Tyler didn't react.

Just then, Camilla's phone rang again. She looked at it, then at him.

Tyler stretched out his hand. "Give it to me."

He stepped aside to answer the call.

Naomi's voice came through, "Camilla, Olivia's health is most important right now. We should give up on the baby, even if that would lead to my death."

"It's me," Tyler said abruptly.

There was a pause.

"Go on," he urged.

"...Tyler?"

Naomi, crying, said, "I've thought it over, Tyler. I can't let Olivia suffer all this alone. She's my only sister... Her treatment is what matters most right now. Can she have an abortion?" Hillary grabbed the phone and yelled, "What are you saying, Naomi?! She's not having an abortion! Stop it!"

She continued, "Tyler! We're doing this for Naomi. Although Olivia's sick, we need this baby. If she has an abortion, all her effort and her wish to save her sister will be wasted."

She sobbed, "Tyler, no one is more upset about Olivia than us. Naomi's health is getting worse too." Her voice turned hoarse, "Tyler, we can't let anything happen to Naomi again."

Naomi, shocked by Hillary's reaction, tried to get the phone back, angrily saying, "Give it back, Mom. Olivia is my sister, I won't forgive myself for this. Stop it."

Tyler listened to the argument on the other side. It was chaotic; it sounded like someone was slapped.

"You're killing me, Naomi!" Hillary had slapped Naomi.

Everything went silent, then Naomi's sad cries followed. She sounded regretful as she sobbed, "Olivia is so young, Mom. Stop doing this to her. End the pregnancy. This is about my life, not hers. I don't want this to continue. I'm so..."

She choked up, "Tired..."

Naomi was sitting in a wheelchair in the ward, looking completely hopeless.

Hillary knelt down. "Nobody wants this for Olivia. Nobody does, Naomi..."

"It's not about the baby right now."

Naomi and Hillary had accidentally turned on the speakerphone during their argument. Hearing Tyler's calm voice, they looked at the phone.

"We'll talk again," he said emotionlessly and hung up.

Naomi slumped in her wheelchair like she had given up.

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## Chapter 509

[ 377 words ]

Hillary held Naomi's hands and said, "I'll handle this for you, Naomi. It was my idea after all. Tyler isn't as harsh as you think." They made a call to see how Tyler would react.

Hillary continued, "He was against the abortion. That shows he still cares about your life, even with Olivia acting crazy."

Naomi listened silently.

Hillary added, "Don't worry, it's not as terrible as it seems. I'm here for you, Naomi."

Naomi felt too worn out to move. She just sat there, exhausted.

After hanging up the call, Tyler was still standing there when Camilla approached him. She took the phone from him and asked, "Aren't you going to visit her, sir?" He replied with a distant look, "I will when I find the time."

Ana was visibly upset and lost in thought since coming downstairs.

Keith noticed her in the living room, but she didn't react to his presence. He asked, "What's wrong? You look really down."

Her attention snapped back at his voice. She looked at him, then walked away without responding.

Keith's expression grew stern, and he sighed quietly.

Tyler, watching from upstairs, saw everything.

After Ana left, Camilla began questioning the maids discreetly. With so many people around, she knew no secret would stay hidden forever.

Ana felt uneasy, not because she hated Olivia, but because it was hard seeing her like this.

She reassured herself she wasn't to blame; she hadn't done anything wrong. It was Olivia who couldn't handle the pressure.

Holding onto that thought, Ana stepped into her room.

Tyler remained upstairs while Stephen was there.

When the therapist stepped out, he reported, "It's tough. She doesn't want to talk to us, so I'm just getting her used to my presence."

Tyler responded seriously, "Hmm, okay."

Stephen left shortly after.

That night, Alisa was caring for Olivia, talking and eating with her, though it was mostly a one-sided conversation, and she had to feed Olivia like a child.

When Tyler entered the room, Alisa was wiping Olivia's hands. She stood up and greeted him, "Sir."

Olivia tensed up as soon as Tyler walked in.

"You may leave," he said to Alisa.

She asked, "Are you sleeping here tonight, sir?"

Tyler didn't reply; just looked at Olivia silently.

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## Chapter 510

[ 430 words ]

Alisa knew Tyler was up to something. Concerned, she said, "Sir, the doctor mentioned she's still not stable."

Tyler remained silent, and Alisa left the room quietly after a pause.

Olivia felt uneasy when she noticed only she and Tyler were left. She tried to keep her distance.

As Tyler approached, she panicked and tried to run, but he simply squatted next to her, positioning himself to be lower than her eye level. He looked up, catching her anxious expression. They were in an odd position; one squatting and the other sitting on the bed.

"Olivia," Tyler spoke softly to catch her attention. "Are you getting used to everything?" he asked gently.

Olivia curled up in bed, not responding.

Trying to sound soothing, like talking to a child, he suggested, "How about we go for a walk?"

She looked away, moving again.

Tyler noticed her retreating legs. Realizing she was still wary of him, he didn't push further. Instead, he stood and walked over to the vanity, pulling out a necklace from a jewelry box. He examined it for a moment before returning to her side and squatting down again.

He held out his hand, offering the necklace to her. "Do you recognize this?"

Olivia looked at him blankly. Even when presented with the silver necklace, she didn't react.

"Your mother left this for you. It was your favorite," he explained.

Her face remained expressionless.

"Can I put it on for you? Let's make it a bracelet," Tyler suggested, hoping to coax her hand toward him.

Olivia stared at him, torn between distrust and curiosity.

Remaining patient, Tyler reassured her gently, "I'm your husband, remember? You lost this necklace several times, and each time you were so upset. Remember how you came to me crying? Don't you remember?"

She glanced at the necklace again.

"Shall I put it on?" he asked, his tone gentle and inviting.

Noticing her hesitation but no refusal, he tried once more, "Would you like that?"

Finally, Olivia stopped dodging him. In an unexpected move, she extended her arm toward him.

Taken aback, Tyler smiled warmly as he gently took her wrist. She trembled as he touched her but didn't pull away, allowing him to wrap the necklace around her wrist.

Surprised by her acceptance, he finished fastening the necklace and assured her, "All done."

Olivia looked down at the silver chain now adorning her wrist, seemingly deep in thought.

"It's pretty, isn't it?" Tyler complimented.

Olivia looked at the bracelet, and after some time, she nodded. It was the first time she reacted to anyone.

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[ 407 words ]

Tyler's actions softened when he saw Olivia's reaction. He asked gently, "Can I wipe your hands?"

Olivia just stared at him.

Tyler picked up the towel that Alisa had left on the nightstand. He gently took Olivia's hand and began to wipe her hands carefully.

Olivia kept her head down, watching as Tyler handled her fingers. At first, her fingers trembled slightly, but she didn't pull away. She let him continue, allowing him to wipe them attentively. Tyler caressed each of her fingers tenderly, his eyes full of compassion. The warmth of the towel made Olivia feel comfortable, which is why she watched so intently.

About twenty minutes later, Alisa walked in and stopped short, surprised. Olivia was letting Tyler get this close?

After he finished, Tyler placed Olivia's hands back on her knees while still squatting next to her. "Okay, your hands are clean now. The necklace on your wrist looks even prettier."

All ladies liked to feel pretty, and Olivia glanced at her wrist.

Just then, Alisa entered and called out, "Sir."

Tyler turned to her and motioned with his hand for her to be quiet. She quickly stopped talking, and only then did he stand up and look at her.

"Ma'am," Alisa began.

Tyler wore a faint smile, seeming happier now. "Remember, never bring up the past with her."

"The past?" Alisa was confused. After a brief pause, she realized what he meant. Her heart skipped a beat as she replied, "Got it, sir."

Tyler continued to gaze at Olivia, then added, "Only bring up the good memories."

Understanding the instruction, Alisa responded, a bit nervously, "O-Okay, sir."

Tyler didn't hurry away. He gave Olivia some time to get comfortable with his presence before he finally left her in Alisa's care.

That night, Olivia kept staring at the necklace on her wrist. Alisa was shocked by how naturally she had accepted Tyler's closeness.

Alisa watched Olivia and the necklace, puzzled about what had happened in her short absence. However, remembering Tyler's words made her feel uneasy.

She brought Olivia a glass of milk at 10 o'clock. "Shall we go to bed after you drink your milk, ma'am?" she suggested.

Olivia looked up upon hearing her.

"Let's finish it, yeah?" Alisa encouraged. Drinking milk was an old habit that helped with sleep, something Alisa hoped to bring back.

It was quite late, and they were both tired. Olivia took the glass and drank her milk.

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## Chapter 512

[ 383 words ]

Olivia felt sleepy after a while. Holding the hand with her necklace, she eventually drifted off to sleep.

Alisa gently tucked her in and turned off the light.

The next morning, Olivia woke up to find Alisa nearby. Alisa straightened Olivia's clothes and asked, "Did you sleep well?"

Olivia was still wary of Alisa, instinctively wanting to pull away as Alisa fixed her collar. However, she paused when Alisa spoke. Alisa noticed this but kept her tone friendly. "I used to fix your clothes like this every morning. Just relax."

Olivia seemed to ease a bit at her words.

As Alisa continued dressing her, she said, "You always liked wearing clean and pretty clothes. Do you remember that?"

Olivia automatically shook her head, indicating she didn't remember.

Alisa felt a surge of joy seeing Olivia shake her head. She seemed more responsive today, unlike a few days ago when she was unresponsive as a log. She gently continued dressing Olivia.

Just then, Tyler appeared at the door. "She's up?"

Alisa acknowledged him with a nod, "Sir."

Olivia didn't react as strongly as she had the day before; she simply looked at him quietly.

Tyler noticed the change. He entered and asked her, "Just woke up?"

Olivia looked down shyly.

Alisa spoke for her, "Yes, she had a good sleep. I'm about to comb her hair."

Though Olivia's hair was naturally smooth, it was quite tousled from sleep. Tyler approached and suggested gently, "Shall we comb your hair at the vanity?"

Olivia met his gaze, timid yet not pulling away as he took her hand. He smiled and helped her out of bed.

Feeling the floor under her feet felt strange to Olivia, prompting Tyler to caution, "Be careful."

He led her to the vanity. Alisa held back, watching them interact from a distance.

Tyler positioned Olivia in front of the mirror and looked at her reflection with an intense gaze. "What style would you like today?"

He then opened the jewelry box, but his expression briefly turned cold when he saw the bracelet from Claude. He quickly looked at the other pieces of jewelry and suggested, "Pick one you like. Let's put it on." Olivia stared into the box and, after a moment, picked up Claude's bracelet from among all the other items.

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## Chapter 513

[ 380 words ]

Tyler had a mysterious look when he saw Olivia picking up the bracelet Claude had given her. She examined it carefully, playing with it as if it were something precious. From a distance, Alisa watched, surprised by the scene unfolding before her.

Tyler, trying not to alarm Olivia with his reaction, watched her for a while before asking, "Do you like this?"

Olivia didn't look up at him but simply nodded, still lost in her thoughts, and slipped the bracelet onto her wrist alongside her necklace.

Alisa approached them nervously to speak, but Tyler took Olivia's hand gently and said, "As long as you like it, that's what matters. It's pretty." Olivia blushed at the compliment, trying to pull her hand away secretly, but Tyler held on tighter, and she looked up at him in surprise. "Let's try a different one today, shall we?" Tyler suggested softly, almost coaxing her.

He opened a jewelry box and took out a diamond necklace, placing it around her neck. The diamonds sparkled, enhancing her beauty.

Olivia admired herself in the mirror. Tyler caressed her head tenderly and asked, "Isn't this even more beautiful?"

She was mesmerized by the sparkle. Tyler leaned closer and whispered, "I bought this for you for our wedding. Do you remember that?"

Olivia stared blankly into the mirror, her memory failing her.

Tyler continued to stroke her hair, adding, "Let's keep wearing it, okay? You look even more beautiful in the necklace I chose for you, don't you think?"

She met his gaze in the mirror reflection. Tyler then removed the bracelet from her wrist and replaced it with a matching diamond bracelet. "They're a perfect match now." Olivia examined her wrist for a long time, then looked up at him briefly.

Tyler chuckled, but his expression turned stern as he turned to Alisa. "Take this away."

Alisa approached and took the bracelet, watching as Tyler coldly instructed, "Throw it away."

She hesitated, knowing how much Olivia cherished it that she kept it in the box. Tyler had already turned away, not seeing her reluctance to discard it.

Meanwhile, Olivia, unaware of their conversation, watched Alisa walk away.

Tyler noticed Olivia's distraction and asked, "What's wrong?"

She turned away, and he gently held her wrist again. "Isn't it beautiful?"

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## Chapter 514

[ 390 words ]

Olivia was dazzled by the diamonds on her wrist. She nodded at Tyler, showing that she thought the bracelet was beautiful.

Tyler smiled, pleased with her reaction. "That's great," he said, holding her hand and gently touching her wrist where the diamonds sparkled.

Alisa had just returned to the room after getting rid of the bracelet. Tyler paid her no attention, his focus on Olivia, who was looking at herself in the mirror. "Comb her hair," he ordered Alisa. Alisa picked up a comb, stood behind Olivia, and began to work on her hair.

Olivia stared at her reflection, almost not recognizing the face staring back at her. Her gaze also lingered on the necklace she wore, unable to look away. Tyler admired how she looked, captivated by her beautiful, dreamy eyes.

Meanwhile, Maisy had been anxious ever since Olivia came home. Ignoring the maids, she marched upstairs, determined to see Olivia.

She ran into Tyler just as he stepped out of the room. "How's Olivia?" she asked, her voice filled with concern.

"She's doing better today. She's inside, Alisa is helping her wash up," Tyler replied calmly.

Maisy's voice trembled with worry. "Did she really lose her memory? Does she not remember anyone?"

Tyler paused before nodding. "Mm-hmm."

"Oh, god. How did this happen to my darling? Lord, have mercy," Maisy lamented, then insisted, "Let me see her."

"Let her get used to things first." Tyler's response was cool and measured.

Maisy was frustrated by his lackluster answer. "Tyler, are you not letting me see her when she's like this?"

Just then, Alisa guided Olivia out of the room. It was the first time Olivia had emerged since returning from the hospital. She looked timid and quickly retreated when she saw a stranger in the hallway. Maisy was taken aback. She had expected Olivia to appear disheveled, not well-dressed and composed. She didn't look mentally ill at all.

Looking into Olivia's eyes, Maisy realized her granddaughter did not recognize her. She moved closer. "Olivia-

Olivia immediately sought refuge in Tyler's arms, wrapping her arms around her head and avoiding Maisy's gaze.

Tyler, caught off guard, stared down at Olivia in surprise for a few seconds before comforting her. "I'm here, don't be afraid. Okay?"

Alisa tried to reassure Olivia as well. "Ma'am, she's your favorite grandma. Don't you remember?"

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## Chapter 515

[ 352 words ]

Olivia wiggled in Tyler's arms and lifted her head to glance at Maisy. Maisy's eyes were filled with eager tears. Olivia shook her head shyly and buried her face in Tyler's sleeve again.

Alisa was surprised by Olivia's reactions. In the past, Olivia had always been distant from Tyler, but now she trusted him. Alisa wondered if this was a good sign.

Tyler patted Olivia's head as she clung to him tighter. His voice was unexpectedly cheerful as he reassured her, "Don't be scared. It's just Grandma, Olivia."

Olivia kept hiding in his arms like a shy kitten. Seeing this, Tyler stopped pushing her to interact with people she didn't know well. He gently held her cheek and gave Maisy a flat look. "She's still getting used to things."

Maisy had never seen Olivia so fearful, and it made her feel sad and helpless. "What did the doctor say? Can she be treated?" she asked.

Tyler replied calmly, "It will take some time."

Maisy sighed and fell silent.

Feeling Olivia shiver in his arms, Tyler told Maisy, "She's scared. I'll take her back to the room."

Maisy, not wanting to upset Olivia further, nodded. "Okay, take her inside. Have the doctor see her."

"Okay," Tyler agreed. Looking down at Olivia, he asked gently, "Shall we go inside?"

Comforted by his soft voice, Olivia nodded. Tyler chuckled, then led her back to the room, Olivia following quietly and clinging to him.

Maisy watched them go, her feelings mixed. She stood there as they disappeared into the room.

Inside, Tyler took Olivia to the couch, but she stayed in his arms. He gently eased her away from him, reassuring her, "It's just us here now."

Olivia felt safer and looked up at him with a blank expression.

Tyler caressed her cheek and then moved his hand to her chin. "Don't be afraid, okay?"

Olivia stared at him for a long moment and nodded, but then looked away shyly and tried to remove his hand.

Seeing her reaction, Tyler smiled warmly. "What are you shy about?"

Olivia, unsure where to look, nervously gripped her hands.

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## Chapter 516

[ 374 words ]

Tyler affectionately played with Olivia's hair, saying lovingly, "I'm your husband, there's no need to be shy, am I right?"

Olivia, still not comfortable with the closeness, tried to dodge his touch.

Seeing this, Tyler reassured her, "Take your time, there's no rush."

Just then, their therapist walked in. Tyler's hand moved to the back of Olivia's head as he noticed the therapist entering. "Okay, the doctor's here," he informed her.

At the moment, the only people Olivia was familiar with were Alisa, Tyler, and the therapist, Stephen. She stood close to Tyler as Stephen entered, though she remained on guard.

"Good morning, Mrs. Harris. Did you sleep well last night?" Stephen greeted her warmly.

His voice was calming. Although Olivia didn't reply, she seemed a bit more relaxed.

"Let's go to the couch," Stephen suggested, and Tyler echoed, "Let's go."

Alisa helped guide Olivia, and they began the psychotherapy session.

Over an hour later, Stephen came out of the room to find Tyler waiting. "She seems to have gotten better today. I'm surprised by her openness to you," Stephen observed. "Mm-hmm, she's accepting me slowly," Tyler responded calmly.

"It's a good thing," Stephen continued. "The biggest issue now is her memory loss and her aphasia. The aphasia is psychological, not physical. You can help her start talking slowly, and she should recover. But her memory loss..." His voice trailed off, showing his concern.

Tyler didn't seem too worried about Olivia getting her memory back. When he heard about it, his expression didn't change much. "It's okay," he said calmly. "If she starts talking again, that would be great. The rest isn't as important right now."

Stephen, catching Tyler's intent, looked a bit surprised but nodded. "Okay, got it. We'll focus on getting her to talk again without medication."

"Thank you for that," Tyler said.

"It's my job, Mr. Harris," Stephen replied before quickly leaving.

Tyler remained standing, deep in thought. At that moment, Camilla approached him. "Sir, I found something."

Tyler looked at her intently and said, "Tell me."

"I discovered that Ms. Ana was investigating someone before this happened to Ms. Olivia. It's Jacob," Camilla revealed.

Tyler's expression turned cold, but he asked no further questions and continued to stare at Camilla.

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## Chapter 517

[ 407 words ]

Camilla continued, "Ms. Ana had talked to Ms. Olivia before. Because of your relationship with Ms. Naomi, she had been threatening Olivia. She put a lot of pressure on her two days ago, and it made Olivia collapse from too much stress..."

Tyler listened without showing any feelings.

As Camilla spoke, her voice got quieter until it was almost too low to hear. "You could say that Ms. Ana has been controlling and threatening Olivia since she first came into

the house. It was her last straw..." Tyler's expression was icy, making Camilla feel a bit uncomfortable. Still, he spoke calmly, "Got it."

Downstairs, Ana stopped Stephen to ask about Olivia.

He smiled and said, "Mrs. Harris is much better now. She's improved a lot since a few days ago."

Hearing this, Ana felt relieved and blurted out, "That's great, even if it's just a little."

"Don't worry, Ms. Ana. She'll definitely recover."

"Okay, thanks," Ana replied.

Stephen added, "I'll go now if that's everything."

"Okay."

Ana felt a bit better about her conscience. As long as Olivia wasn't in a hopeless situation, that was enough for her.

Just then, a voice surprised her, and she saw Tyler standing in front of her.

"Tyler," she said, startled.

"Why didn't you answer when I called you?"

Ana hadn't noticed him coming down, which was why she hadn't heard him. She tried to smile and said, "Oh, I was just asking Stephen about Olivia. I heard she's doing better." She didn't look as proud as usual and was faking her smile.

"It seems you really care about Olivia."

Still smiling, she replied, "Of course, she's my daughter-in-law."

"Right, the daughter-in-law you carefully chose."

Ana sensed Tyler's cryptic tone, and she looked at him, her smile fading.

"You're feeling guilty, aren't you?" Tyler's gaze was sharp. "Are you pretending to care just to feel less guilty? When did you start having a conscience?"

It was the first time she didn't argue against his mockery. Her lips trembled as she tried to meet his gaze. "I don't know what you're talking about."

"You don't know? Or do you think no one will find out?"

Ana's breathing became faster, and she clenched her fists. Taking a deep breath, she said, "I think you should treat me better. Also, I really don't know what you're talking about." Her hands were shaking, and eventually, she collapsed.

Tyler just scoffed at how helpless she looked.

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## Chapter 518

[ 370 words ]

Ana felt chilly from Tyler's words. She couldn't figure out what he had discovered. Despite her worry, she thought defiantly, 'Even if he knows something, did I really push Olivia too far?'

But she knew she wasn't alone in this-Naomi and Tyler were involved too. She smirked to herself, thinking further, 'And what if I did drive Olivia over the edge? That's just the way things are. Isn't that their karma?'

The thought that he was so protective of Naomi only fueled her anger. 'If another innocent gets hurt, that's on them,' she thought bitterly.

Inside, Ana felt a fiery anger burning. Tyler, however, stayed cool as he watched her seething.

"I won't disturb your peace then," he said calmly.

Her heart felt like it was breaking, but she forced herself to stand tall. Putting on an arrogant expression, she smirked and stayed silent. Tyler turned and walked away.

She grew colder as she watched him leave. The quiet around her felt like it was swallowing her whole.

She didn't know how long she stood there until Ben approached her, calling out, "Ma'am."

Ana turned to him with a frown. "What?"

Ben hesitated, noting her irritation. "I just thought something might've happened since you haven't moved."

"What could possibly happen to me?" Ana snapped. She threw him a quick look and then walked away, her head held high.

Despite her bravado, she couldn't stop thinking about Tyler. 'What has he found out? What's he planning?' she wondered, her thoughts racing.

With a deep breath, she clenched her fists.

Meanwhile, the Joneses hadn't heard from Olivia since she returned to the Harrises. The house was unusually quiet, and Darren was noticeably subdued, while Hillary seemed unconcerned, busying herself with daily visits to Naomi's ward.

During one visit, Hillary asked Naomi, "Has Tyler come by?"

Naomi paused for a long while before answering in a flat voice, "No. I guess he's been busy."

Hillary thought Tyler would have visited despite his busy schedule. "Why don't you call him and ask about Olivia? Tell him your dad's really worried," she suggested.

Naomi sat silently for a moment, then nodded. "Okay, I'll call him."

Hillary breathed a sigh of relief. "Good, you do that."

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## Chapter 519

[ 319 words ]

Naomi thought for a moment before deciding to call. It took Tyler about six minutes to answer. As soon as he did, she blurted out, "It's me, Tyler." She was worried he might not recognize her voice. "I know it's you," he replied calmly.

Relieved, Naomi's tension eased. "Well, my parents and I are really worried about Olivia. How is she doing?"

Hillary was nearby, looking anxious.

To their surprise, Tyler answered, "I'll drop by at noon."

"You're coming over today?" Naomi asked, shocked but relieved.

"Mm-hmm, that's right," he confirmed.

"Okay, I'll be waiting," Naomi replied, a bit more relaxed now.

"Mm-hmm," Tyler responded flatly.

Once the call ended, Hillary quickly asked, "How was it?"

"He said he's coming over," Naomi told her, putting down her phone.

"That's great! See, he still cares, especially at a time like this. What's there to worry about?" Hillary said, trying to reassure her.

Naomi didn't respond to that.

Tyler arrived a few hours later.

As soon as he entered, Hillary, who had been sitting on the couch, approached him. "Tyler," she greeted him. "How's Olivia?" Her red, swollen eyes showed how much she was worried about Olivia. Naomi, who was in bed, didn't show much reaction; she just watched silently.

"She's recuperating," Tyler said without much emotion. "She needs time to heal."

Hillary listened intently, her expression growing more concerned. "Does she still not recognize anyone?" she asked, hoping for more information.

Tyler only gave a brief reply, not lingering on the conversation, and turned to walk toward Naomi.

It had been days since Naomi and Tyler had seen each other. Seeing him brought a mix of emotions. "So, what are the doctors doing for her now?" Naomi managed to ask.

"Psychotherapy. We can't use any medications on her right now," Tyler explained.

Naomi's expression turned guiltier. After a pause, Hillary added, "Would it affect her if we delay the medications?"

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## Chapter 520

[ 459 words ]

Hillary looked heartbroken, as if Olivia were her own daughter. Tyler's expression was unreadable. "We'll only know more as the treatment progresses."

"She and Naomi are in such a tough spot. Why did this have to happen to our family? How are we supposed to cope with her being like this?" Hillary kept wiping her tears. One could say her tears were genuine.

Tyler stayed silent, listening to her sobs. Then Naomi spoke up, "Mom, it's already terrible what happened to Olivia. Why are you crying now?"

Naomi didn't want Tyler to be upset by her self-blame. After criticizing Hillary, she turned to Tyler, "I know a good psychotherapist, Tyler. Should we consult them? I believe we should focus on saving Olivia first. The baby can wait. I might not recover even with the baby anyway."

Hillary was shocked to hear Naomi say that again. She interrupted, "Why are you bringing that up again, Naomi?" Her crying intensified. "Wouldn't Olivia suffer in vain if we give up on the baby now?"

"Mom, I can't let her suffer because of me."

"You're sick, Naomi. Are you trying to make things worse?"

As the argument heated up again, Tyler intervened, "Stop."

Naomi looked at him. He didn't seem interested in judging their argument, simply stating, "It's pointless to argue about this now."

He turned to Naomi, his tone unemotional, "You need to take care of yourself first. We're treating her, and we're keeping the baby. That's it." His face was expressionless, focused solely on sharing Olivia's status.

Hillary glanced at Naomi, whose expression fell. As a sister, she said, "Tyler... We'll leave Olivia in your hands."

"We will. After all, we're responsible for this," Tyler replied. He continued, "I'm busy, so I need to go. Please look after Naomi."

Hillary quickly responded, "Don't worry, Tyler. I'll take good care of her. You focus on Olivia, that's the most important thing right now."

She knew it was impossible to convince him to stop caring for the mentally ill. They had no choice now that Olivia was at the Harris Residence; taking her back wasn't an option.

Fortunately, given her mental state, she wasn't likely to cause any trouble. Hillary was relieved that at least she wouldn't be able to seduce Tyler now, and he wasn't considering having her terminate the pregnancy.

Hillary's main concern now was something Naomi had mentioned. If Olivia didn't recover, Naomi might never become Mrs. Harris, which deeply worried her.

"Okay, that's all for now. We'll discuss more if anything comes up."

"Please take good care of Olivia, Tyler," Hillary said.

Clearly, Naomi and Hillary were unaware of Ana threatening Olivia before, and that was why they felt guilty. Tyler didn't mention it, merely offering a brief acknowledgment.

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