

# The Beginning Of All Sins

## Chapter 1

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## Chapter 1

A man hugged Olivia in bed. He held her hands, and their hands were locked together.

However, he was calling someone else's name. "Naomi, Naomi."

"Im not Naomi. I'm Olivia. It's Olivia."

But why would he care? He stared at her face that looked a lot like her sister's. He stared for a long time before kissing her.

When they woke up the next morning, she sat on the bed, holding the blanket.

Her head was still down, while the man had dressed properly, looking at her while sitting next to her.

He had a handsome and intimidating face.

He seemed rather cold. The man

was Tyler Harris, the ex-fiance of Olivia's older sister from the same father.

Olivia Jones was an illegitimate daughter.

Her father by blood found her when

she was fifteen. She had a sister, Naomi Jones, who was six years older than Olivia.

When Olivia was eighteen, Naomi got engaged to a man from a prestigious family in Tide City. They were childhood sweethearts.

A man in a fancy suit came to pick up Naomi on the day she got engaged.

That was when eighteen-year-old Olivia saw the man her sister had loved for years.

He looked mature and handsome. He would smile when he looked at Naomi. Everyone envied her back then, saying she was born to enjoy the good things in life. However, everything went downhill three years later, the year they were supposed to get married. Naomi fell seriously ill with leukemia. She couldn't have children, and she nearly died several times.

In a desperate attempt to find a suitable bone marrow donor, the whole family underwent tests, but none matched hers. They couldn't even find a match at the bone marrow bank.

In a last-ditch effort to save Naomi's life, Olivia's father begged her to be her sister's surrogate. The idea was that the

child could potentially donate the needed bone marrow.

Olivia had been a good girl since she was young and had a boyfriend she loved. She struggled with the decision and kept refusing.

However, when Naomi's condition became critical, her father pleaded with her, "Help your sister, Olivia. If you're willing, she's willing to break up with Tyler. You'll replace her to give birth to a child."

Olivia had always yearned for her father's love, even though she knew he didn't truly care for her. She couldn't say no when he begged.

## Chapter 2

Naomi's mother, Mrs. Jones, also begged and reminded Olivia, "Think of this as a kindness we did for you when we paid for your mother's medical bills when she was sick."

Feeling trapped, Olivia sent a text to her boyfriend Jacob, saying, "Let's break up, Jacob." She turned off her phone before he could reply, and she never answered his calls again.

Within a month, Naomi's three-year

engagement to Tyler was called off, and Olivia got together with him.

She now sat on the bed, clutching the blanket, her heart pounding. She asked, "Can I take a shower?"

The man, who had been sitting quietly next to her, responded after a long time, "You can if you'd like. He didn't leave immediately like he usually did. Instead, he stayed and said,

"Good job. Let me know if you need anything"

It was a formal expression of gratitude. Olivia looked up at him. What she saw was his cold face. She figured he must have truly loved Naomi, or he wouldn't have agreed to such a ridiculous plan. She stared at him blankly and nodded.

"Hmm, I just want my sister to be...

well, my father as well." "Sure," he

responded and then asked like a

gentleman, "Should I send you home?"

She shook her head quickly. "N—No need. I can go home by myself."

He didn't push it and allowed her to make her own choice. He was mature and wise.

Olivia felt dizzy as she left the hotel alone. The scorching sun made her heart

ache. When she got home, Mrs. Jones brought her a bowl of medicine and asked her to drink it. She didn't know what it was, but she finished it quickly under Mrs. Jones's urging.

Mrs. Jones hoped the child would come soon. Olivia's father and she were old, and Mrs. Jones couldn't be Naomi's surrogate. She placed her hopes on Olivia.

Olivia wasn't sure how long this would continue. Mrs. Jones added, "You must take more initiative, Olivia." She wanted to leave after saying that.

Olivia didn't realize she had the power to discuss things with them. She just felt ashamed and embarrassed, like she was being watched.

She tugged on Mrs. Jones's sleeve. "A— Aunt, can we do the pregnancy test first?" Mrs. Jones looked at her and considered it. She knew they couldn't rush it. She sighed and said, "Sure."

## The Beginning Of All Sins

### Chapter 3

Tyler was indeed not great at comforting

girls. He had no clue what he said that had upset her. He furrowed his brows for a few moments, realizing she didn't want the candies. He fell silent before, eventually setting them aside.

After a long drive, the car suddenly stopped, and Olivia was taken aback as she looked at the hospital outside the window. Tyler didn't know they were heading to the hospital. He asked, "Since we're at the hospital, do you want to visit your sister?" Olivia looked nervous. In truth, she hadn't visited Naomi since she was admitted to the hospital. They weren't close.

Tyler knew how distant they were from each other. They were many years apart, and they had different mothers. It made sense that they weren't close.

"She's been moody. I'm sure she'd be happy if you visited." He said it casually, without any pressure. Olivia had been clenching her hands when she heard this. "Has her illness... gotten worse lately?" Tyler didn't answer her. She instinctively clenched her hands again. She knew her sister's condition must have been terrible.

They fell into a terrifying silence. After an

unknown amount of time, she finally heard him speak, "How great would it be if Naomi were as healthy as you."

There was a hint of weariness on his face, and worry was etched between his eyebrows. It seemed like he was saying that if they had to choose between the two daughters of the Jones family to be healthy, he hoped it would be Naomi.

Olivia tightly pressed her lips together. She had no idea how to respond to his statement. She sat there with her head bowed, feeling guilty. She looked somber.

But deep down, she believed it wasn't her fault that her sister was sick...

When she was young, she had heard something. When the Jones family took her in, Mrs. Jones took Naomi to see a fortune teller. The fortune teller had said that the family should not have two daughters.

It was just that her mother died when she was young, and she had no other place to go, so her father was forced to bring her home. Tyler must have heard about that, right?

Her heart felt like an empty hourglass, and the emptiness inside her was

tearing her apart. She thought that perhaps she was the cause of her sister's illness.

She couldn't believe that she was hesitating to get out of the car. She was scared and didn't dare to look at Tyler out of the corner of her eye.

Chapter 3 2/2

Sensing her silence, Tyler realized that he might have said something inappropriate. He explained, "I'm sorry, I didn't mean anything bad." His words sounded warm, but if one listened closely, there was a hint of distance in his tone.

He added, "Come on, I'm sure your sister misses you too."

Tyler got out of the car first.

However, a storm seemed to be raging in Olivia's heart, and it couldn't be calmed. She stopped when she followed Tyler to the ward.

Naomi happened to see them as she lay in bed, looking surprised. "Olivia?"

Perhaps she didn't expect to see them together, and Olivia also found it strange that she had come with Tyler.

Just as she was unsure of what to say, Tyler stepped forward and explained while holding the jacket he had just taken



off, "I bumped into her on the way here, so I brought her along."

He was tall, with a slim waist and long legs. Standing there, he exuded a sense of seriousness in his black slacks and shirt. It was the posture and style of a confident man. It was the composure that came from running a successful business for a long time.

## Beginning Of All Sins Chapter 4

### Chapter 4

Tyler sat down beside the bed, looking gentle. "Are you feeling better? Would you like to eat an apple?" Naomi shook her head while lying in bed. "I feel terrible. I don't have any appetite." Then, she called out eagerly to the person at the door. "Come in, Olivia."

Olivia watched everything happening in the room as she entered slowly. It felt quiet and strange inside. Her palms wouldn't stop sweating, while Tyler seemed much more at ease. He tucked Naomi

1. in. Naomi asked, "What would you like to

eat, Olivia?”

Glancing at Naomi and seeing her seeming normal, Olivia realized she was the only one feeling strange. She made an effort to chase away the odd feeling and answered as naturally as possible.”

Anything.”

Naomi smiled upon hearing that and said to Tyler in a coquettish tone, “Go wash the grapes, Tyler.

Olivia loves them.”

He replied, “Sure.” He didn’t want to interrupt the sisters and removed his hand from Naomi’s to head to the ward’s pantry. Even after he left, Olivia continued standing there. Naomi waved at her eagerly again. “Come here, Olivia. Sit here.”

They weren’t close. Even though they lived in the same house, they hardly spoke to each other. It felt strange to Olivia, but she was a good girl. She walked over after Naomi called out to her and cautiously sat beside the bed..

Naomi inquired, “How's school?”

Olivia clenched her hands when she heard that and teared up. “Not bad.” She looked down, appearing reluctant to engage in conversation with her sister.

They fell into silence for a while.

Fortunately, the nurse arrived at that moment. Naomi told her, "Get Olivia a glass of milk." "Sure, Ms. Naomi." The nurse then went to the fridge to fetch the milk. In reality, Olivia was cautious as she sat there, keeping her head down the whole time.

When the nurse handed her the glass of milk, her head remained low.

Unfortunately, she was careless and failed to hold it properly, causing the entire glass of milk to spill on her.

She jumped in response to the cold milk, and Naomi was also startled, looking at the nurse. The nurse quickly apologized, saying, "I'm sorry, Ms. Olivia. I didn't hold it properly."

Olivia waved her hand and said, "It's my fault for not grabbing it properly. I'll clean it up."

She rushed to the pantry before Naomi could say anything. However, when she got there, she suddenly remembered that Tyler was washing grapes.

She froze as she looked at him.

Tyler had unbuttoned his sleeves and rolled them up, exposing his muscular forearm beneath the black shirt. He was bent over, carefully washing the

grapes.

Water flowed through his fingers, and his slender fingers brushed over the clear grapes, with water droplets dripping from them. It was strange that what came to Olivia's mind was him holding her hand with his grape washing fingers while panting.

Her heart seemed to rumble, and she felt panicked, struggling to breathe.

Tyler noticed her at the door and raised his eyebrows. "What happened?"

She pinched the wet part of her denim pants and replied very softly, "I spilled milk on myself." Seeing her wet pants, he picked up the grapes and moved aside to make

space for her. "Come clean yourself."

Olivia went inside upon hearing his words.

Perhaps her mind was in chaos

because she didn't notice a grape that had fallen on the ground. She

accidentally stepped on it, causing it to burst beneath her

shoe. The purple juice stained her white shoe, and she couldn't help but lose

her balance and fall forward, screaming.

Tyler, who had just turned around, reacted quickly. He set the plate down

casually and grabbed her waist, pulling her

into his embrace.

Olivia's face smashed against his chest, and she grabbed his shirt, wrinkling a large portion of it. She could smell his familiar sandalwood scent.

They were both breathing heavily, panting. The freshly washed grapes bounced off the plate, scattering all over the floor. They were dirty once again.

## Chapter 5

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

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

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

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

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

Olivia remained silent and unmoving. She

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

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

While she

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

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

Olivia secretly clenched her fists. Tyler probably would like to avoid spending time alone with her. However, Naomi said, "I don't need her company. Can you take her with

you?" She then held Tyler's hand and said, "Thank you, Tyler."

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

He only agreed when the janitor had finished cleaning the pantry. "Okay." Naomi removed her hand from his arm after hearing the answer she wanted. Olivia watched in surprise, standing there stunned. She understood the hidden dynamics at play. She saw one person pushing her out, while the other was trying to push her in. So who was she in this scenario? Tyler, who had been standing there, turned around and said to Olivia, who had been silent, "Let's go." He seemed ready to leave after saying that. Olivia opened her mouth, but she swallowed her words when she saw Naomi's hopeful eyes. She followed Tyler. The car ride home was silent. Olivia clearly sensed the underlying tension between him and Naomi,

372

but it was subtle. Fortunately, they finally arrived at the Jones' residence in silence. Tyler said, "I won't escort you inside." His words conveyed a sense of avoidance and distance, which Olivia acknowledged with a simple, "Thank you, Tyler." She wasn't in the mood for further

conversation. All she wanted was to escape as quickly as possible.

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

“Olivia,”

Her hand, which was in the process of opening the car door, froze as she looked at the person beside her with uncertainty. “What happened between me and Naomi has nothing to do with you,” he calmly explained. He was referring to the push—and-pull situation at the hospital.

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

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

“Alright.”

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

The car paused at the door for a few moments before eventually driving away.

Tyler remained in the car, watching as Olivia ran toward the house.

After a while, he looked away, tapped the door handle, and the driver made a



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

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

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

Jones served her the soup, she would drink it.

Sometimes, she wondered if she was viewed as a human being by them or merely as a tool to extend her sister's life.