

## Ex's Brother 781

### Chapter 781: Strange Photo

This was clearly a family photo. Other than his father, no one else deserved to stand beside him and Xiao Meng.

Zhuang Long asked Xiao Meng, "Why isn't there a father?"

Xiao Meng snatched the photo and said coldly, "His photo was bitten by a rat. I didn't think it looked good, so I cut it."

This explanation sounded like nonsense.

Zhuang Long clearly did not believe her. He raised his eyebrows but did not expose Xiao Meng's lie.

He then looked at the second photo.

Zhuang Long was stunned when he saw this photo.

The person in the photo was still him, but it was not the him when he was young, but the him when he was an adult. He was wearing a decent suit and stood on a podium with a trophy in his hand. Zhuang Long clearly remembered that this was the day he received the Nobel Prize in Medicine.

Who took this photo?

Who sent it to Xiao Meng?

Zhuang Long stared at the energetic and confident young man in the photo. He could not suppress his curiosity and asked Xiao Meng, "Who sent this to you?"

Xiao Meng hesitated before saying, "Someone you don't know."

Zhuang Long suddenly smiled and said, "I guess it's Marvin?" He felt that Marvin knew about Xiao Meng's existence.

Xiao Meng shook her head.

If Zhuang Long could guess Marvin, he must have guessed that Marvin knew about his childhood. That was true. Marvin was so rich, he would definitely not adopt a child of unknown origin as an adopted child. Before he adopted Zhuang Long, he must have done some research.

Xiao Meng said honestly, "Marvin didn't send anything. He just called occasionally to tell me if you were okay."

Zhuang Long was surprised.

It was actually not him.

Then who was it?

Zhuang Long smiled sarcastically and said, "Marvin doesn't even come to see me. How would he know if I'm okay?"

Xiao Meng did not know about Zhuang Long's life all these years. She only knew that her son was very promising and had contributed to humanity. She did not know what to say and remained silent.

Zhuang Long shook the photo in his hand and frowned. He thought in confusion, Other than Marvin, who else knew about his past? Who sent this photo to Xiao Meng?

One look at Xiao Meng's expression and he knew that although this woman looked gentle and easy to talk to, what she was unwilling to tell you was that she would not tell you. It was useless even if you opened her mouth and broke her teeth. Zhuang Long felt a little irritated for no reason.

"Forget it. If you don't want to say it, forget it."

He got up to leave.

Xiao Meng was a little flustered.

She knew that her concealment had made Zhuang Long unhappy. She suddenly grabbed Zhuang Long. Zhuang Long could have shaken off this hand, but he could not bear to. He did not turn around and heard Xiao Meng coax him softly, "Xiao Bao, don't be angry, okay?"

Zhuang Long said, "Then tell me who that person is."

Xiao Meng hesitated for a moment before letting go of Zhuang Long.

Zhuang Long was even angrier and strode away.

Xiao Meng was a little confused and cautious. When Zhuang Qilin saw this, he walked over and pulled Xiao Meng to the small sofa in the room to sit down. "Grandma, don't be afraid. Dad changes his expression very quickly. He won't be angry later."

Xiao Meng was not comforted.

Zhuang Qilin thought that she did not believe him, so he said, "Really! He's really cold on the outside but warm on the inside. He's especially easy to coax! How about this? Make dinner for Dad tonight and he will definitely forgive you."

Xiao Meng's eyes lit up.

“Will it really work?”

“Sure.”

Zhuang Qilin was lying through his teeth. He only felt that his father actually cared about his grandmother very much. Being angry at him was definitely only temporary. He would be fine in a few hours.

Zhuang Long had been very nervous these few days and did not rest well.

He was not very angry. After leaving Xiao Meng’s room, he returned to his own room to sleep. When he woke up, it was almost dark. Zhuang Long stared at the dark sky outside the window and could not tell if it was dawn or dusk.

He lay on the bed for a while longer before finding his phone. When he saw that it was past six in the afternoon, he realized that it was almost dark.

Strange, it was already past six o’clock. Why hadn’t the butler called him for dinner?

Zhuang Long was a little puzzled. He casually washed his face with cold water and ran downstairs. He realized that the chefs were all standing outside the kitchen. “What’s wrong? What happened?” They were not done cooking yet, and the group was not in a hurry to cook. They were all standing outside the kitchen door. What were they doing?

Zhuang Long had just finished asking when he heard Xiao Meng’s voice coming from the kitchen.

“Xiao Bao must be hungry. Mommy will be done in a while.”

Zhuang Long was surprised.

He walked into the kitchen and saw Xiao Meng, who was wearing an apron, and Zhuang Qilin, who was causing trouble beside her.

“You’re cooking?” Zhuang Long was surprised.

Xiao Meng nodded. Seeing that Zhuang Long was sizing up the few dishes that had been prepared, she felt a little embarrassed. It was rare for her to be a little shy. She lowered her head and defended herself softly. “I haven’t cooked for too many years. I’m very unfamiliar with it. It doesn’t look good.”

“But don’t worry, the taste is alright. I’ve already thrown away the dishes that failed.” The dishes on the kitchen counter were the most delicious ones that Xiao Meng had picked out after making them a few times. Zhuang Long understood what Xiao Meng meant. He opened his mouth and wanted to say something, but he realized that his throat was extremely dry.

No wonder it was almost seven o’clock and dinner was not ready.

After a short silence, Xiao Meng heard Zhuang Long grunt softly.

He left the kitchen and met the head butler. He asked him, “What time did the Old Madam start cooking?”

The head butler seemed to be a little moved. He was silent for a moment before saying, “It starts at three thirty.”

Zhuang Long felt even worse.

Zhuang Qilin messed around in the kitchen for a while before feeling that it was meaningless. He took off his small apron and ran out of the kitchen. He saw Zhuang Long in the back garden outside the dining room. He sat with his back facing Zhuang Qilin, and his back looked very sad.

Zhuang Qilin walked over quietly and walked to Zhuang Long. He realized that his father was distracted.

Zhuang Qilin waved his hand in front of Zhuang Long and finally attracted his attention.

“You’re not helping your grandmother cook anymore?” Zhuang Long sounded tired, as if he had just ended a long journey.

Zhuang Qilin said, “I’m not helping. It’s better to come out.” He sat down at the side. Seeing that Zhuang Long seemed very tired, he asked him, “What are you thinking about?”

Zhuang Long said, “I was thinking about when I was young.”

“What were you like when you were young?”

Zhuang Long thought for a while before saying, “I don’t remember.”

Zhuang Qilin suddenly said, “It feels great to have a mother, right?”

Zhuang Long glanced at him and did not reply.

These words were a trap. If Zhuang Long dared to nod, he would be jumping into this trap.

Chapter 782: The Truth of the Divorce

He was unwilling to jump into this pit, but the people in the pit wanted to pull him down.

Zhuang Qilin sneered and said, “You’ve experienced the benefits of having a mother. Then you should consider it for me.” Zhuang Qilin’s expression turned serious. He said, “Once Mom marries Bruce, I’ll only have Mom and no father in the future.”

This was the truth. Once Xiao Li had another family, it would not be easy for Zhuang Qilin to meet Zhuang Long.

Zhuang Long guessed what Zhuang Qilin wanted to say.

As expected, Zhuang Qilin said, "To me, having a mother is far from enough. I still want a father."

Zhuang Long called Zhuang Qilin's name. "Qilin."

Zhuang Qilin looked at him.

Zhuang Long said, "Your mother doesn't love me anymore." He also wanted to get Xiao Li back, but what could he do? Xiao Li didn't love him anymore.

Zhuang Qilin seemed to have heard a big joke.

"This is the funniest sentence I've heard in my life." Zhuang Qilin stood up. He took a few steps forward and kicked the expensive observation tree, causing the branch to shake. Zhuang Qilin placed his hands on his hips like an adult and scolded, "She doesn't love you? Then she must be bored to meet you every time you invite her!"

"Have you heard of this saying? In this world, there are only two types of people who can still be friends after breaking up. One is those who have never loved before, and the other is those who can't let go of each other!" Zhuang Qilin turned around, his eyes filled with anger. He questioned Zhuang Long, "Which do you think is the situation between you and my mother?"

Zhuang Long was speechless by his son's theory.

Zhuang Qilin asked him again, "Do you know why I came to your house this time?"

Zhuang Long subconsciously asked, "Why?" He thought of what Zhuang Qilin had said when he came and asked in confusion, "Didn't you want to come yourself?"

"Pfft!" Zhuang Qilin spat in exasperation. He said, "She asked me to come! She said that you will encounter some unhappy things these few days. She asked me to come over and accompany you!"

Zhuang Qilin pointed at his chest and scolded Zhuang Long loudly, "I came to accompany you and make you happy!"

"She cares so much about your feelings and loves you so much. Even though you almost killed her, she couldn't bear to smash the red wine bottle on your head! You told me that she didn't love you! She's already like this, yet she still says that she doesn't love you. Then tell me, what is love!"

After Zhuang Qilin roared, his eyes turned red.

He could not forget the scene four years ago.

Zhuang Long thought that Xiao Li had divorced him because of what happened to Xiao Li's sister. The truth was not like that at all.

When Zhuang Long heard the last sentence, he suddenly stood up. His gaze became very cold. He stared at Zhuang Qilin and asked him anxiously, "What did you say? I almost killed her?"

Zhuang Long knew that he had not heard wrongly. Zhuang Qilin's words just now had revealed too much.

That was not in Zhuang Long's memory.

"When did I almost kill her?" Zhuang Long walked to Zhuang Qilin and grabbed the child's shoulder. His face was tense and his aura became dangerous. "Qilin, tell Dad what you saw. Why did I almost kill your mother?"

Zhuang Qilin clenched his fists, his beautiful blue eyes filled with grievance.

He was about to cry.



As he cried, he said, “Have you forgotten? Have you really forgotten! Four years ago, I broke Mom’s phone because I was mischievous. Mom was on the phone with a client at that time. She was a little angry at that time, so she scolded me. You saw it...”

Zhuang Qilin’s eyes suddenly widened.

He would never forget what happened in the manor hall that night—

At that time, Xiao Li was sitting on the sofa talking to a client. Zhuang Qilin was wearing skates and running around the house. He suddenly slid over from afar and snatched the phone from his mother’s hand, wanting to play hide and seek with her. In the end, he did not control his strength well when he snatched the phone and broke Xiao Li’s phone.

Xiao Li picked up her phone angrily and realized that it was useless, so she scolded him.

She scolded him—

“Why are you so mischievous! Don’t skate in the house again. If I see you again, I’ll hit your legs!”

However, Zhuang Qilin was not afraid of trouble. He did not realize that his mother was really angry. Not only did he not listen to her scolding, he even stuck out his tongue at Xiao Li and deliberately provoked her, saying, “I want to play! My father bought me skates. He allowed me to play in the house. If you have the ability, go tell him!”

Xiao Li was in a bad mood those few days. It had not been long since her sister’s accident, and she already had resentment towards Zhuang Long in her heart. When she heard Zhuang Qilin say this, Xiao Li was so angry that she scolded, “Do you think your father loves you very much? He doesn’t love you at all. If he loves you, he will definitely bring you out to play. He will send you to school and accompany you to the school fair! He doesn’t love you! He doesn’t love you at all. Stop dreaming. He doesn’t love you!”

In the end, Xiao Li was no longer talking about Zhuang Qilin, but herself.

However, Zhuang Qilin was still young and could not understand what she meant.

He only heard her say that her father did not love her anymore. In a fit of anger, he skated over in his skates and pushed Xiao Li. Xiao Li staggered in her high heels and fell to the ground, even spraining her ankle. She tried her best to stand up, her face pale from the pain. She was furious. Seeing that Zhuang Qilin was still skating in the house, she took off her high heels, grabbed Zhuang Qilin, and slapped his butt a few times.

Coincidentally, Zhuang Long returned from the laboratory building. When he entered the house, he saw Xiao Li hitting the child and scolding him—

“Little bastard, how dare you argue with me! I’ll make you listen!”

“Don’t cry! I’ll teach you to be disobedient!”

Xiao Li hit Zhuang Qilin seven times. When she hit him, she also paid attention to her limits and did not dare to hit him with the heel of her shoe. She used the tip of her shoe.

Before he could hit her for the eighth time, Xiao Li’s hand was grabbed by a cold hand.

Xiao Li looked up in shock and met a familiar face. However, the Zhuang Long in front of her gave her an extremely unfamiliar feeling. The person in front of her was still that person, but it was not that person. Zhuang Long’s body emitted an aura that made Xiao Li feel unfamiliar and afraid.

His face was cold, as if thousands of miles of frost had frozen his face.

The man’s gaze was lifeless.

Zhuang Long’s grip was especially strong. He slowly increased his strength until Xiao Li’s wrist hurt and he was forced to throw away the high heels. Only then did Zhuang Long let go. However, he was still unwilling to give up. His right hand suddenly grabbed Xiao Li’s throat, and he slammed Xiao Li backward like a wild beast.

Xiao Li’s waist hit the dining table and she groaned in pain.

But this was not the worst. The worst was her neck.

## Chapter 783: The Truth About the Divorce (Part Two)

Zhuang Long grabbed her neck tightly with one hand. The gap between her Adam's apple was completely sealed, and she could not breathe.

Those who had not had their throats strangled before had never felt suffocation. They could not understand Xiao Li's pain at that time.

She could not say a word, and her face quickly turned green. Xiao Li used her hands to pat Zhuang Long's back, wanting to wake him up from his crazy state. Zhuang Long was completely unaware. He even increased the strength in his hands. He stared at Xiao Li's bruised face with hatred and asked her in a gloomy and heartless tone, "You dare to hit him, do you want to die?"

Xiao Li shook her head hard, her tears falling from the pain.

Realizing that she could not wake Zhuang Long up, Xiao Li touched the bottle of red wine behind her. She gripped the red wine tightly and raised it before putting it down.

Zhuang Long suddenly tilted his head and looked at the frightened Zhuang Qilin with a deep gaze.

Zhuang Qilin shivered at Zhuang Long's gaze.

"Come here." Zhuang Long waved at Zhuang Qilin.

When he waved his hand, his fingers that were holding Xiao Li's throat did not loosen at all.

Xiao Li was about to die. Bean-sized tears rolled down her eyes, and a few of them stained the back of Zhuang Long's hand. Zhuang Long did not show any mercy. He was still waving at Zhuang Qilin and said, "Good child, come here and bring those shoes over too."

Zhuang Qilin picked up the high heels in a daze and leaned towards Zhuang Long.

"Dad, Dad..." Zhuang Qilin's voice was trembling.

Zhuang Qilin's face turned pale.

He did not understand why his father would do this to his mother.

Zhuang Long patted his head with surprising gentleness.

His left hand caressed the child's soft hair and warm head, but his right hand pinched his wife's throat.

At that moment, he was an angel and a demon.

Zhuang Long took the shoe and handed it to Zhuang Qilin. He smiled and told Zhuang Qilin, "Good child, come, take the shoe."

Zhuang Qilin held the shoe in a daze.

Zhuang Long added, "Hit her with it." Zhuang Long's smile remained unchanged as he added, "Just like what she did to you before."

Zhuang Qilin held his shoes and suddenly burst into tears. "I don't want to! I don't want to hit Mom. I won't skate in the house anymore. Dad, don't be like this. I don't want to hit Mom!" How could he hurt Mom!

Mom was so good. Mom would make him breakfast, tell him bedtime stories, and hug him and shake him gently when he had nightmares.

Mom was the best person in the world. How could he hurt Mom!

As Zhuang Qilin cried, he begged Zhuang Long, "Dad, let go quickly, let go quickly! Mom is going to die! Do you see that? Mom is going to die!" At this moment, Xiao Li's tongue had already started to stick out, and her eyes had also started to pop out.

Seeing that Zhuang Long still did not let go, Zhuang Qilin could only cry at Xiao Li. He begged Xiao Li, "Mom! Quickly knock Dad out! Knock him out. If you don't hit him, he will kill you!"

At that time, Xiao Li was clearly still conscious.

Zhuang Qilin saw Xiao Li raise the red wine bottle with all her might. Zhuang Long noticed her actions and smiled as he watched Xiao Li's actions. In the end, Xiao Li let go and let the bottle of red wine fall to the ground.

A loud bang alarmed many people.

Zhuang Long looked down at the shattered red wine bottle and his eyes flashed.

Why didn't she hit his head?

Zhuang Long suddenly let go of Xiao Li's throat as if his hand had been scalded.

Xiao Li's body knelt straight on the ground. She started to cough non-stop and held her throat, looking very sorry.

Zhuang Long looked down at Xiao Li, who was struggling on his deathbed. He suddenly cried out helplessly and took big strides back in a panic. He tripped and sat on the ground. Zhuang Long stared at the woman who was coughing non-stop and panting in pain. His face turned pale with regret.

“Ah Li...” Zhuang Long’s voice trembled frighteningly.

Zhuang Long crawled a few steps towards Xiao Li, but he stopped and suddenly retreated.

He looked like a pitiful stray dog that had received a meat bun. He ate the bun and tried his best to get close to the kind almsgiver, but he was afraid that the almsgiver would despise him. He could only hold back all his thoughts and retreat unwillingly.

Xiao Li took a few breaths of fresh oxygen and felt less uncomfortable, so she looked at Zhuang Long.

Realizing that there was something wrong with Zhuang Long, Xiao Li slowly crawled towards him.

Zhuang Qilin was completely stunned.

He did not understand what was going on.

Why did her father, who was so fierce just now, suddenly become so timid? And her mother, who had almost been killed by her father, not only did not take revenge on her father after being saved, but she also struggled to crawl to Zhuang Long’s side.

Xiao Li actually hugged Zhuang Long tightly.

Zhuang Long struggled in Xiao Li’s arms. As he struggled, he shouted, “Stay away from me! Ah Li, don’t touch me! I almost killed you. Don’t touch me!”

Xiao Li held his head and said softly, “Don’t be afraid. I’m fine. Ah Long, don’t be afraid. I’m not dead. You didn’t kill me. You didn’t...” Xiao Li comforted Zhuang Long as she kissed his forehead.

Zhuang Long gradually calmed down in Xiao Li’s arms.

With such a huge commotion, the butler and servants who were resting in the neighboring building finally came over.

When they arrived, Zhuang Long had basically recovered his emotions.

He stood up and carried Xiao Li in his arms. He said to the butler coldly, "Pack up the things in the house and bring Young Master back to his room to sleep." Then, he carried the tired Xiao Li upstairs.

Zhuang Qilin stared at his father's back and felt that at this moment, his father was not his usual father, nor was he the crazy father from before.

He was like a calm stranger.

The next morning, Zhuang Qilin was woken up by Xiao Li. Xiao Li actually wanted to bring him on a trip. Zhuang Qilin followed in confusion. They stayed in Hawaii for a few days and only returned when the thumb mark on Xiao Li's throat was gone.

When he got home, Zhuang Qilin realized that his once familiar father had returned. That night, that man who was as scary as a madman seemed to be just a fantasy of his.

However, Zhuang Qilin would never forget how scary his father in his fantasy was.

Not long after that time, Xiao Li divorced Zhuang Long.

...

At this moment, Zhuang Qilin glared at Zhuang Long with red eyes. He had a stomach full of anger and words to say to him.

However, he thought of what his mother had told him a few days ago and stopped himself.

He wiped his eyes and said coldly, "It's nothing. I did something wrong. My mother hit me. You saw it and fought with my mother. My mother raised the bottle several times but couldn't bear to hit your head."

#### Chapter 784: Zhuang Long's Suspicion

Zhuang Long looked confused.

Why didn't he remember these things?

Zhuang Qilin snorted and said, "I'm telling you this because I hope you understand that my mother loves you."

Zhuang Long was indeed attracted by Zhuang Qilin's words. He frowned and said, "If she really loves me, why did she marry Bruce?"

Zhuang Qilin continued to glare at him.

This...

"I don't know." His voice was muffled and helpless.

Zhuang Long narrowed his eyes and said to Zhuang Qilin, "Your grandmother seems to be calling you."

Zhuang Qilin quickly ran to the kitchen.

Zhuang Long followed him into the house. After entering the house, his gaze paused on the head butler. The head butler felt a chill down his spine.



“Sir, what’s the matter?” the chief steward asked.

Zhuang Long pondered for a moment and suddenly said to the head butler, “Come upstairs with me.” With that, Zhuang Long turned around and went upstairs. He walked in front, and the head butler followed closely behind. Zhuang Long brought the head butler into his study.

After he entered the house, he said, “Close the door.”

The chief steward was puzzled, but he still closed the door obediently.

He looked up and realized that Zhuang Long was staring at him with a sharp gaze.

The chief steward felt nervous and uneasy. He stood obediently in the distance, not daring to speak rashly.

“How many years have you been with me, Gray?”

Zhuang Long’s question stumped Gray.

Usually, the master asked such questions because he had something against the person being asked. Gray was in no hurry to answer. Instead, he spent a few minutes thinking about whether he had done anything wrong recently. After confirming that he had done nothing wrong, Chief Steward Gray carefully replied, “I’ve been by your side since you came to New York.”

Seeing that Zhuang Long did not speak, Gray said, “Including this year, it’s been thirteen years.”

“That long?”

Zhuang Long was a little surprised.

He did not say anything else and just walked around the table and sat down. His study was not big, and he sat there without saying a word. It was so quiet that it made it difficult for Gray to breathe. Gray stood upright and felt uneasy for a moment. Suddenly, he heard Zhuang Long ask, "Gray, do you remember four years ago?"

Gray asked cautiously, "Sir, what are you referring to?"

Zhuang Long reminded him, "Four years ago, when I fought with the former wife." As he spoke, Zhuang Long's seemingly calm gaze kept staring at Gray's face, not missing any detailed reaction.

Gray's pupils shrank, and the muscles on his face suddenly tightened.

Seeing this, Zhuang Long suddenly clenched his fists.

What Qilin said was true!

He had really fought with Xiao Li!

If even Gray remembered this, why didn't he?

Zhuang Long calmly sized up Gray's reaction without revealing any of his emotions.

Gray secretly looked at him, probably wanting to understand Zhuang Long's sudden question. As soon as he looked over, his gaze met Zhuang Long's. Gray was shocked and quickly lowered his head.

Zhuang Long asked, "What's wrong? Don't you remember? Or do you remember but don't dare to say it?"

Gray bowed slightly. "Of course I remember, sir," he said.

"Then tell me what happened that night."

Gray hesitated, not knowing if he should say it.

“Tell me!”

Zhuang Long said a word like a thunderbolt.

Gray trembled and bent even lower. He tried to calm down and revealed the truth of that night in a calm tone. “Sir, I don’t know much. We usually rest in the building next door. That night, I heard the young master crying. When I rushed to the hall, you and Madam had already ended the argument.”

“Then tell me everything you saw.”

“Yes.”

There was silence in the study before she heard Gray say in a sighing tone, “I came earlier, but I was also frightened, and I didn’t dare to enter the house rashly and blankly. I stood outside the door and saw the scene in the hall. That was the first time I saw Sir like that. You were sitting on the ground, and your entire body was trembling. Madam also seemed to have cried. She hugged you and was consoling you while you tried to make her stay away from you, but Madam never let go of Sir.”

“I remember that the young master was wearing skates and crying with a high heel in his hand. On the ground, there was a bottle of broken red wine. You should have fought.”

“You calmed down very quickly. You carried Madam and instructed us to tidy up the house before going upstairs. The next morning, Madam woke up early and left the manor with Young Master. My sharp eyes noticed that Madam’s neck...”

Gray paused and glanced at Zhuang Long.

Zhuang Long’s expression seemed very calm. Seeing that Gray was waiting for him to speak, he nodded and said in a deep voice, “Continue.”

Gray said, "There are fingerprints. They were purple."

Zhuang Long was stunned.

According to Gray's description, there were only three people in the living room at that time. He, Xiao Li, and Zhuang Qilin. The fingerprint on Xiao Li's neck was definitely not left by Xiao Li himself, nor was it Zhuang Qilin. He did not have that much strength.

Then the answer was obvious.

Zhuang Long could not help but look down at his fingers.

He could not believe that his hand had almost taken Xiao Li's life.

"What else?"

Gray thought about it and said, "There's nothing else. There's only one strange thing to say."

"Oh?"

Gray said, "When you woke up the next morning, it was as if you couldn't remember what happened the night before..."

Zhuang Long nodded.

He had guessed this situation.

After living for more than thirty years, this was the first time Zhuang Long knew that he was actually a sick person. This illness seemed to be quite serious. Zhuang Long still did not know what illness he had. He had to consult a professional doctor.

“Alright, you can leave.”

“Yes, sir.”

After Gray left, Zhuang Long called Ji Yinbing.

Ji Yinbing and Yan Nuo had been in Italy for the past few days on a honeymoon. When they received Zhuang Long’s call, Ji Yinbing was still taking an afternoon nap. She was sleeping on her stomach. When the phone woke Ji Yinbing up, she was unwilling to open her eyes and reached under the blanket and pillow.

After touching it for a long time, the ringing of the phone almost stopped, but he could not find the phone.

Yan Nuo had already woken up and was handling some documents on the sofa.

He put down his laptop and admired the way Ji Yinbing touched her phone on the bed with her eyes closed. He suddenly threw away his laptop and got up. He stepped on the thick carpet and silently leaned against the bed. Yan Nuo reached under the blanket.

Hence, Ji Yinbing touched Yan Nuo’s hand.

She was speechless.

Chapter 785: Personality Disorder

Yan Nuo held Ji Yinbing's hand and lay down, pressing her under him. Then, his left hand crossed the bed and took the phone from the other bedside table. "Here." He threw the phone to Ji Yinbing.

Ji Yinbing held her phone and narrowed her eyes.

She turned around and looked at Yan Nuo before turning on her phone. She called Zhuang Long back.

"Zhuang Long?" Ji Yinbing's voice was clearly sleepy.

Zhuang Long asked, "You were taking a nap. Did I wake you up?"

"... You know it."

Ji Yinbing wanted to turn over, but Yan Nuo was on her back and she could not. Ji Yinbing gave up and pinched one of Yan Nuo's hands. As she played with it, she spoke on the phone. Yan Nuo suddenly thought of something and started to draw on her back.

Ji Yinbing snorted.

On the other end, Zhuang Long's voice fell silent.

The veins on his eyebrows twitched. He suppressed his wildly beating heart and asked Ji Yinbing darkly, "Can you not be so intimate at this time? If you're really in a hurry, why don't you do something first? I'll call back after you're done."

Ji Yinbing blushed at Zhuang Long's words.

She turned around and pinched Yan Nuo's chest.

Yan Nuo frowned and glared at her before getting up unwillingly and lying down beside her.

Ji Yinbing then said to Zhuang Long, "Alright, you can say it now."

Zhuang Long snorted and asked her, "Do you know any good psychiatrists?"

Ji Yinbing was stunned.

"What's wrong?"

"I might be crazy." These words sounded like she was scolding someone. Ji Yinbing was stunned for a moment. After understanding what Zhuang Long meant, her expression became serious. She sat up immediately and asked Zhuang Long worriedly, "What's wrong with you?"

"I realized I forgot a lot of things."

"Perhaps it's amnesia."

Zhuang Long sneered and said, "No, it's definitely not amnesia. I suspect that I have dissociative identity disorder..." Zhuang Long still felt that something was wrong. He said again, "I even suspect that I have many personalities..."

Ji Yinbing was shocked. "Why would you have such thoughts?"

Ji Yinbing was not an outsider. She was the person Zhuang Long trusted the most. He thought for a while and told Ji Yinbing what he had discovered. After Ji Yinbing heard this, she was so surprised that she could not speak. "So, Xiao Li insisted on divorcing you back then because you guys fought?"

Zhuang Long said, "I don't think so." He understood Xiao Li. Xiao Li had paid so much to get close to him. She was definitely not someone who would give up so easily.

Why did Xiao Li make up her mind to divorce?

Zhuang Long guessed that perhaps he had said something to Xiao Li that night that made Xiao Li realize that she had to leave him.

Zhuang Long told Ji Yinbing his opinion. Ji Yinbing also felt that what Zhuang Long said made sense. "If it's really as you analyzed, then it's very likely that you have dissociative personality disorder."

Ji Yinbing thought of something and said, "Actually, I've long suspected that something is wrong with you."

"Oh? When?"

Ji Yinbing said, "Do you remember the time when the couple next door fought? I saved their daughter, Little Mo Li. At that time, Mo Li was too afraid and accidentally hurt me. When I went to your house, you saw it and asked me how I got this injury. I said it was to save someone."

"After you heard about the situation, you were especially angry. You told me to mind my own business in the future. I told you that if I saw it, I wouldn't ignore it. But your reaction at that time was especially strange. You seemed to be a little angry, as if you had become a different person. You even did some strange things."

"Oh right, you even said something to me at that time. I kept feeling strange after that."

Zhuang Long asked, "What words?"

"You said: Nice to meet you, my friend."

Zhuang Long was speechless.

Weren't they already acquainted with each other?

The two of them fell silent at the same time.



Ji Yinbing gasped, her heart filled with suspicion. She asked Zhuang Long, "Do you not remember these things?"

"I don't remember." Zhuang Long's answer made their hearts turn cold.

Ji Yinbing said in disbelief, "In that case, the Zhuang Long who spoke to me at that time was very likely your other personality."

Zhuang Long did not deny it. "I'm afraid so."

"People with split personalities are usually people who have been agitated. Have you been agitated before?"

Zhuang Long was a little confused and helpless. He told Ji Yinbing softly, "I don't know..."

"Alright, you should go see a psychiatrist and see what the doctor says."

"Yeah."

After ending the call, Zhuang Long's expression darkened. His heart was beating faster. He was afraid of solving the truth, but he was eager to know the truth.

Someone suddenly knocked on the study door.

Zhuang Long asked the person outside the door, "What are you doing?"

There was silence outside the door before Xiao Meng's voice sounded. "Xiao Bao, the food is ready. It's time to go downstairs to eat."

Zhuang Long replied softly.

When the woman's footsteps outside the door gradually faded away, Zhuang Long rubbed his face with his palm and got up to go downstairs.

Xiao Meng had made many dishes that the three of them could not finish. Zhuang Long glanced at the table full of dishes and his eyes warmed. He pulled out a chair and sat down. He said to Xiao Meng, "You've worked hard." Hence, he received a gentle smile from Xiao Meng.

Xiao Meng said, "Hurry up and try it. Some of the dishes are already cold. Try them and see if you're used to the taste. If you're not, tell me about your taste. I'll change next time."

Upon hearing this, Zhuang Long was extremely touched, but he could not bear to see Xiao Meng work so hard.

He said, "You should enjoy yourself well. Just do these things occasionally."

Xiao Meng was a little helpless. She said, "I... I can't stay idle. I have nothing to do, so I feel uncomfortable."

Only then did Zhuang Long remember that this person had lived in prison for nearly thirty years. She was used to working. If she was really free, she would not be used to it. Besides, the manor was so big. If she had nothing to do, she would probably feel uneasy and confused.

Sighing silently in his heart, Zhuang Long told Xiao Meng, "How about this? In the future, you can help make dinner. You don't have to make breakfast anymore. Rest more. When you have nothing to do, you can go next door to hang out. Aunt Rachel next door is especially good at roasting cookies. She's a good person. You two will definitely become good friends."

"This place is not far from the city. You can go shopping together. In short, you should make more friends and enjoy your life."

Zhuang Long's words were very beautiful. Xiao Meng knew that he was doing this for her own good, and her heart warmed when she heard this.

"Sure."

After the meal, Zhuang Long praised Xiao Meng's culinary skills. In the end, he said, "I'll go out tomorrow. I don't have time to accompany you. I'll get Qilin to accompany you at home."

#### Chapter 786: Drinking This Bowl of Chicken Soup

Upon hearing this, Xiao Meng and Zhuang Qilin looked at him at the same time. Xiao Meng was very reserved and did not ask him where he was going. Zhuang Qilin thought of something and said, "Where are you going?" Usually, Zhuang Long would not specially remind him when he was going out.

Since he mentioned it so seriously today, he would definitely have to do something serious tomorrow.

As his son, Zhuang Qilin could not help but be concerned.

Meeting his mother and son's concerned gazes, the hospital that was about to enter his mouth suddenly became, "A friend's house."

The two of them were relieved. Then, the two of them lowered their heads and continued eating. Zhuang Long's heart was warm. This feeling of having someone worried about him when he went out was especially good.

The next morning, after Zhuang Long woke up, he ran out of the manor in his sportswear in high spirits and ran along the road. Before he finished his round, he saw Uncle Jimmy. The two of them met and ran side by side at a constant speed.

Uncle Jimmy said, "I saw your boy the afternoon before yesterday. He's very good friends with our Parker."

“Really?” Zhuang Long looked proud at the mention of his son. He said, “Our children love pets. Your Parker is very smart. It’s not surprising that they can become friends.”

“I can tell.”

Uncle Jimmy added, “I heard from Qilin that you went to California these two days?”

“Yeah.”

Uncle Jimmy did not continue to ask. He rarely asked about other people’s private matters. It was impolite.

However, Zhuang Long took the initiative to speak.

He said, “These few days have really been like a dream.”

Uncle Jimmy tilted his head and stared at Zhuang Long’s handsome side profile. He asked in a polite but not offensive tone, “Did something unexpected happen?”

“Yes.” Zhuang Long smiled sarcastically and said self-deprecatingly, “After living for more than thirty years, I finally knew that my biological mother was actually still alive. But it’s really strange. I clearly remember that my mother was already dead. In the end, when I received a call from the prison a few days ago and was informed to pick my mother up, I was really shocked.”

Uncle Jimmy looked a little surprised. “Your mother is still alive?”

“Yes, but she lived in prison.” Zhuang Long stopped and looked sideways at Uncle Jimmy. Thinking of Uncle Jimmy’s former profession, Zhuang Long found it ironic. His mother was a murderer, his neighbor was a police officer, and he was a mental patient.

“My mother is a murderer,” he said, as if he didn’t care.

Uncle Jimmy did not show any excessive shock. He only nodded calmly and persuaded Zhuang Long, "As long as you're alive, it's a good thing."

"That's true."

Zhuang Long thought of this person's profession and could not help but say, "Uncle Jimmy, you've never seen my mother. If you had, you would be shocked. My mother looks like a gentle and kind person. I'm afraid no one will believe that she's a murderer."

"Really, I can't tell."

Uncle Jimmy said, "People's appearance is deceptive. Besides, just because someone killed someone doesn't mean that she's a bad person. Besides, no matter how weak a person is, they will resist when their most important thing is hurt." Jimmy's words seemed to mean something. Zhuang Long could tell, but he didn't think much of it.

Zhuang Long carefully savored these words. After a while, he said, "Uncle Jimmy is indeed a police officer. He's knowledgeable and his words make sense." Zhuang Long decided to drink this bowl of chicken soup.

Jimmy didn't reply.

Zhuang Long asked him again, "Uncle Jimmy, under what circumstances do you think a person will split into another personality?"

Jimmy narrowed his eyes and looked at Zhuang Long deeply. "Why are you asking such a question?" Jimmy observed Zhuang Long calmly, as if he was trying to tell if the person in front of him was Zhuang Long.

Upon hearing this, Zhuang Long casually found an excuse to brush Jimmy off. He said, "I'm more curious because this happened to a friend beside me. That friend usually looks quite cheerful. None of us expected him to have a hidden personality."

Jimmy asked, "What kind of personality does that hidden personality have?"

Zhuang Long frowned and said, "Ruthless, dangerous, and uncontrollable."

Jimmy thought for a moment before saying, "It's not uncommon to have multiple personalities. Some people have split personalities inherited from their families, while others are formed after birth."

"Formed the day after tomorrow?" Zhuang Long pondered this sentence before saying, "Usually, multiple personalities will form. Is it because of your childhood experience or something else?"

"Most of it was caused by my childhood."

"I see..."

Zhuang Long pursed his lips and did not continue the topic with Jimmy. The two of them continued to jog around the road. When they were done, they parted at Jimmy's door. When Jimmy turned around, he suddenly said to Zhuang Long, "Ah Long, no matter what your mother did or what her identity is, as long as she turns over a new leaf and still loves you, she will be a qualified mother."

Zhuang Long was quite surprised.

However, Uncle Jimmy wanted to say more than that. He added, "Tell your friend that he's not afraid of multiple personalities. As long as his heart is firm enough, split personality can be cured. Also, please tell him that he doesn't have to worry about which personality is the original him. Whether it's the kind and cheerful him or the ruthless and dangerous him, he's still himself. His ruthless personality might be just a personality he created when he was desperate and afraid of despair."

Jimmy's deep and sharp eyes landed on Zhuang Long, as if he could see his soul and flesh clearly.

That gaze was like a huge mountain pressing down on Zhuang Long's back. He was so suppressed that he could not breathe and could not walk. He could only stand at the same spot and accept Uncle

Jimmy's gaze. Under that gaze, Zhuang Long's back broke out in sweat and he actually wanted to escape.

Uncle Jimmy finally looked away.

The mountain on Zhuang Long's back disappeared instantly, and he felt much more relaxed.

Zhuang Long could not help but sigh.

Uncle Jimmy suddenly said, "If possible, which child is willing to become ruthless and cruel? Treat your friend well." With that, Uncle Jimmy strode away and disappeared behind the door.

Zhuang Long stood at the same spot and did not leave for a long time.

If possible, who would be willing to become ruthless?

Uncle Jimmy said this as if he knew such a person himself.

Zhuang Long blinked his curled eyelashes and laughed at himself. He said, "If the other personality almost killed the person he loved the most, how do you want me to treat him well..." At the thought that he had almost killed Xiao Li, Zhuang Long wanted to cut off his hands.

Treat her well?

That was impossible.

After Zhuang Long ate breakfast, he went to see the neurologist Ji Yinbing introduced him to. That man was not only a neurologist, but also a psychiatrist.

Chapter 787: Second Personality

After hearing Zhuang Long's story, he showed him a video without a word.

Zhuang Long's heart almost stopped when he saw the video.

In the video, a well-built man was beating up a unarmed and thin boy. The man kicked the boy against the wall and he fell. Blood flowed from his mouth. He wanted to cry. The man scolded him for being a son of a bitch and took a step forward. He grabbed the boy's hair and scolded and tortured him...

Staring at the video, Zhuang Long's gaze changed.

He sat there quietly, not moving. His arms were on the table, and he was wearing a short-sleeved shirt. The doctor could clearly see the muscles in the man's arms tense. He was on the verge of an extremely dangerous explosion.

The doctor frowned and watched, ready to call for help if this person went crazy.

"Turn it off."

Zhuang Long suddenly said softly.

The doctor was stunned.

He stared at Zhuang Long in shock. After a moment of silence, he lowered his voice and shouted at Zhuang Long, "Mr. Zhuang?"

Zhuang Long looked up. His black eyes were dark like a pool of stagnant water. When everyone looked into his eyes, it was as if they had fallen into a well and could not climb up. They could only drown. The doctor suppressed the shock in his heart and gradually calmed down.



He said, "You're awake."

Zhuang Long neither admitted nor denied it.

He calmly stared at the video and said to the doctor, "Turn it off. It looks quite annoying."

The doctor turned off the video.

He said to Zhuang Long, "You're a little different from what we guessed." We referred to him and the other Zhuang Long.

'Zhuang Long' stared at the doctor. After a while, he asked coldly, "How is it different?"

The doctor said, "Through his description of you, my preliminary guess is that you're a ruthless and dangerous person." He looked Zhuang Long up and down before saying, "But you're completely different from what I thought. You're indeed dangerous and uncontrollable, but you're not ruthless. On the contrary, you should be a person who does things calmly and can't tolerate any mistakes."

Zhuang Long chuckled softly.

"He thought I was his split personality." Zhuang Long shook his head and laughed.

However, the doctor asked him, "Do you think you're the main personality?"

Zhuang Long was not obsessed with this question.

He said, "It doesn't matter. Whether I'm a shadow or he's a shadow, I want to see me healthy." He looked at the doctor with a burning gaze and said, "I want to be like a normal person who can hug my person and stop her from being afraid."

“When our personalities change, our emotions are sometimes unstable. I’ve accidentally hurt my lover several times. One time, I almost strangled her to death...” Zhuang Long looked at his fair hands and said in pain, “For the safety of my lover and child, I had no choice but to divorce her.”

The doctor did not expect Zhuang Long’s other personality to be so rational and smart.

He thought of Zhuang Long’s previous description and said, “He said that he doesn’t remember his other personality, which is the memories when you appeared.”

“Yeah.”

Zhuang Long said, “I know this. He doesn’t know about my existence, but I know about his existence. I have the most complete memories. Happy, dark, and happy. I remember everything.”

“Then which one of you do you think is the main personality?”

“He...”

‘Zhuang Long’ actually knew his own definition very well. He thought that he was the secondary personality, which was completely different from the situation the doctor had encountered in the past. The doctor said, “You’re really too rational.”

‘Zhuang Long’s’ dark eyes stared straight at the doctor, looking quite scary.

But the doctor relaxed.

He knew that the patient in front of him would not hurt him.

“Zhuang Long” said, “I don’t know how long I’ll wake up this time. In fact, as I grow older, the chances of me appearing are getting less and less. I’m indeed a secondary personality, because I was the existence he had to split off to protect himself when he was facing danger when he was young.”

The man's voice was low and gave people a sense of sorrow. He said again, "When he's injured and abused, I'll come out and help him withstand the pain. When all the torture is over and I'm asleep, he'll wake up. At that time, he'll forget my existence."

"The real Zhuang Long is actually very timid and gentle, just like his mother."

After the doctor heard his story, he was silent for a long time.

'Zhuang Long' sat there quietly. He did not speak or move, looking especially steady.

She heard the doctor ask her, "What exactly happened to him when he was young?"

Zhuang Long's pupils constricted slightly. This was a sign that he was afraid.

"Don't be nervous. I can't treat you if you don't tell me."

Upon hearing this, 'Zhuang Long' forced himself to calm down. When he opened his mouth to speak, his voice became a little hoarse. He said, "My father is especially scary. He's a pervert. He..." At this point, 'Zhuang Long' suddenly hugged his head and groaned.

"What's wrong?" The doctor pretended to go forward to check on Zhuang Long, but at this moment, Zhuang Long fell silent.

He lowered his head as if he were asleep.

The doctor was stunned. His second personality was already asleep?

...

Zhuang Long opened his eyes and realized that he was in an office.

His eyes darted around before he remembered where he was.

He was here to consult the doctor.

Zhuang Long saw the doctor sitting behind the desk opposite him and browsing through the documents. He changed his sitting posture and asked the doctor in surprise, "I fell asleep?"

The doctor looked up and saw that he was awake. He asked, "How much do you remember?"

Zhuang Long thought about it and said, "I remember you letting me see something."

"What is it?"

Zhuang Long tried his best to recall, but he realized that he could not remember.

His reaction was completely within the doctor's expectations.

"Mr. Zhuang." The doctor's tone became serious. Zhuang Long nodded and asked him nervously, "How's my condition?"

"You do have dual personalities."

The doctor pulled out the surveillance camera and showed it to Zhuang Long.

Zhuang Long saw that he had become another personality in a few seconds. Whether it was the way he spoke or his temperament, they were very different. Zhuang Long felt incredulous. "It's actually true..."

The doctor said, "This is the first time I've met a subpersona as rational and calm as him. In the past, I've met a patient with a triple personality. Every personality of his thinks that he's the main personality and wants to get rid of the other personality to become a normal healthy person."

"What happened in the end?"

The doctor glanced at Zhuang Long and stopped smiling.

Zhuang Long heard him say, "He was locked up in a mental hospital."

Chapter 788: That was a fluke

Zhuang Long's expression changed. He was silent and solemn.

"Is there still a cure for this?"

Zhuang Long calmly accepted the fact that he had schizophrenia. He only wanted to know if his condition could be cured.

The doctor said, "Personally, I think it's possible."

Zhuang Long's eyes lit up. "How?"

The doctor said, "You have to face your past and figure out what happened in the past. As long as you remember everything and overcome your former fear, there's no need for the secondary personality to exist."

It was easy to say, but it was not easy to do.

Zhuang Long felt that this hope was slim. He asked the doctor, "Can hypnosis make me remember?"

"Hypnosis won't work in your situation."

So he had to let him find the truth himself and overcome his fear.

...

When he left the hospital, Zhuang Long completely lost the composure on his face. His face darkened as he sat in the driver's seat. His hands that were holding the steering wheel were trembling uncontrollably.

After watching the surveillance video, Zhuang Long finally touched the truth of his divorce with Xiao Li.

It turned out that the divorce was his last resort to protect the mother and son.

Zhuang Long felt ridiculous.

How did this happen?

He placed a hand to his lips and bit his index finger with his teeth. He was uneasy and afraid.

When Zhuang Long returned home, his expression was ugly.

When Xiao Meng and Zhuang Qilin noticed his abnormality, they were very worried about him. Xiao Meng asked him what was wrong, but Zhuang Long only said that he did not sleep well last night and needed to catch up on his sleep.

Xiao Meng knew that Zhuang Long was fooling her. Seeing her son's uncomfortable expression, she could not bear to continue asking. "Then rest well..." After Xiao Meng finished speaking, she saw Zhuang Long go upstairs. Zhuang Qilin hesitated for a moment before following him upstairs.

He opened the door to the third floor and saw Zhuang Long lying on the bed.

It was summer, and he hid under the blanket. Zhuang Qilin felt hot for him. Zhuang Qilin sat by the bed and poked the bump on the bed with a finger. "Hey..."

Zhuang Long said, "Don't poke me. I'm already dead."

Zhuang Qilin refused to believe it and continued to poke.

Zhuang Long was so annoyed by him that he had no choice but to lift the blanket and look at the ceiling like a dead fish. He did not move at all. Zhuang Qilin lay down beside him. One was a big body and the other was a small body. Lying together, they were exceptionally warm. Zhuang Long turned his head and looked at the small face close to him. He imitated Zhuang Qilin and poked his face with a finger.

Zhuang Qilin brushed away his fingers.

Zhuang Long continued to poke.

Zhuang Qilin clicked his tongue and rolled his eyes. He asked him, "Why are you so childish?"

Zhuang Long said, "I feel terrible."

Zhuang Qilin was speechless.

Zhuang Long showed weakness, and Zhuang Qilin was too embarrassed to hurt his little heart anymore. He turned over and faced his father. He held Zhuang Long's fingers and asked him in a muffled voice, "What's wrong? Where exactly did you go today?"

"...The hospital." He decided not to hide it from Zhuang Qilin.

Zhuang Qilin actually said, "He really went to the hospital..." He had already guessed it.

Zhuang Long was surprised. "You knew I was going?"

"Yeah."

"You're so smart. Even smarter than me."

"After all, each wave is stronger than the last. The previous wave was killed on the beach."

Zhuang Long was speechless.

"After hearing what you said last night, I think I might be sick. I went to see the doctor today and realized that I was indeed sick."

"What illness?"

"Schizophrenia."

Zhuang Qilin nodded, not surprised.

Zhuang Long asked him, "You guessed it long ago, didn't you?"

"Mom told me," Zhuang Qilin said. "Mom only told me about this a while ago. In the past, I only knew that there was something wrong with you, but I didn't know what was wrong with you. Mom said that you had many personalities. After that, I went to Google and found out about multiple personalities... It was quite troublesome."

Zhuang Long listened to his son quietly. He finally could not help but ask the question in his heart.

"Were you afraid when you were alone with me?"



Zhuang Qilin's body seemed to stiffen.

Zhuang Long realized it and his eyes darkened.

He recalled some of the past that he had neglected. He said in a deep voice, "Your mother didn't allow me to meet you in the past because she was afraid that I would hurt you, right?"

Zhuang Qilin did not answer.

Zhuang Long knew that he had guessed correctly.

So this was the real reason why Xiao Li did not allow her to get close to the child.

Zhuang Long had always thought that Xiao Li was stingy. After the divorce, she even took away his chance to meet his son. Only now did he know that there was such a shocking truth hidden behind this matter.

"What are you thinking about?" Zhuang Long's silence made Zhuang Qilin feel terrible.

Zhuang Qilin still liked his father who was cheerful and liked to joke around. He was not used to such a silent father.

Zhuang Long said, "I'm thinking that your mother is right."

"What?"

"She was right not to allow me to meet you." Zhuang Long thought of the time he helped Ji Yinbing move. He had actually instigated little Mo Li to commit a crime. When he thought about it now, he only felt afraid. He was afraid that he would hurt Zhuang Qilin if he continued to spend time with him.

“Qilin, listen to Dad. Go back with your mother in the afternoon.”

Zhuang Qilin’s face darkened. He said, “I don’t want to.”

“Qilin, be good and go back with your mother. Dad will be a little busy during this period of time and won’t have time to take care of you...”

“You’re chasing me away. You’re afraid that you’ll hurt me.” Zhuang Qilin’s heart was clear. He hugged his father like an octopus. He threw a tantrum and said, “I won’t leave you. Mom asked me to come over and accompany you. Mom and I believe that you won’t really hurt us.”

“Just like that night. You’ll always wake up. You won’t hurt us.”

Zhuang Long suddenly collapsed and roared, “That was a fluke!”

Zhuang Qilin was so frightened by Zhuang Long’s sudden roar that he was speechless.

Zhuang Long also realized that he had lost control and frightened the child. He suddenly got up and sat by the bed, hugging his head with his hands. Zhuang Qilin also sat up. He knelt on the bed and stared speechlessly at Zhuang Long’s sad back.

“Dad...”

Zhuang Long said, “Qilin, go back with your mother, okay?” There was a hint of pleading in the man’s words.

Zhuang Qilin’s shoulders slumped and he said softly, “...Okay.”

...

Xiao Li only arrived at the Zhuang family when it was almost lunchtime.

She drove straight over from the company after work. She was wearing a orange-red dress with her hair draped over her shoulders, looking like an elite career woman. The moment she entered the house, Zhuang Long saw her. He subconsciously stared at Xiao Li's neck.

Xiao Li's neck was smooth and fair without any fingerprints.

Zhuang Long thought of the harm he had done to this woman and could not help but clench his fists.

Chapter 789: Xiao Li and Xiao Meng

Xiao Li noticed Zhuang Long's gaze. She thought of something and her gaze froze. When she looked at Zhuang Long again, she could not help but have a deeper meaning. Xiao Meng came downstairs and wore the new dress she had bought two days ago, looking less old-fashioned.

However, she had worked in prison for so many years. No matter how beautiful her clothes were, they could not make her look younger.

The two women met and stared at each other in a daze.

Xiao Meng thought that this wife was really beautiful.

Xiao Li was thinking that Aunt Meng was really old.

Xiao Li nodded at Xiao Meng and greeted her respectfully, "Hello, Madam. I'm Qilin's mother."

Xiao Meng tried to look more benevolent.

She walked to Xiao Li and held her hand. She said, "You're really good-looking."

Xiao Li said, "My name is Clarice, Clarice Lawson. My Chinese name is Xiao Li. Madam, you can call me Ah Li."

Xiao Meng seemed to have heard something and her body swayed as if she had been struck by lightning. She muttered in disbelief, "Luo Sen... Luo Sen... Clarice..." She stared at Xiao Li's face and the image of a little girl flashed across her mind.

Xiao Meng's face suddenly turned pale.

Zhuang Long saw that his mother's face had turned pale and thought that she was feeling unwell. "What's wrong?" He strode over and held Xiao Meng's body.

Xiao Meng leaned against Zhuang Long and shook her head with a weak smile. She said, "I'm fine. I'm old. Perhaps I have anemia."

Zhuang Long did not think too much about it and took it seriously.

During the meal, Xiao Meng's face was still a little pale. After the meal, her complexion looked much better.

After the meal, Zhuang Long directly conveyed Xiao Li's decision. "Ah Li, when you go back, take Qilin with you. I won't be staying at home for the next few days. Leave him here. I don't have time to accompany him."

Xiao Li was a little surprised.

She asked Zhuang Long, "Where are you going?"

Zhuang Long said, "I'll be on a long trip. The date of my return is uncertain."

It was already the 20th, and she was going to get married in a few days, but Zhuang Long chose to travel far away at this time. Xiao Li had reason to suspect that he was avoiding reality. However, Xiao Li did not criticize his cowardice. Instead, she asked another question. "If you want to travel far, what about your mother?"

Zhuang Long looked at Xiao Meng.

Xiao Meng smiled and quickly said, "Xiao Bao, go do your own things. Don't worry about me. You're already so old. There will be times when you have to travel far. I won't hold you back."

Zhuang Long said, "I'll be back as soon as possible."

"Then can Xiao Bao tell Mom where you're going?"

Zhuang Long said, "It's a little far. A place you've never heard of."

In the past, Zhuang Long would make one whenever he thought of one. He often went to some distant places and brought back some strange things. Hence, Xiao Li did not doubt Zhuang Long's words. "Qilin, come, let's go upstairs to pack your things."

Zhuang Qilin turned off the television and went upstairs to pack with Zhuang Long.

Only Xiao Meng and Xiao Li were left in the hall.

The two women looked at each other calmly. No one could guess how deep the turmoil in each other's hearts was.

In the end, Xiao Meng spoke first.

"I really didn't expect Xiao Bao to marry you." Xiao Meng's tone was filled with emotions. She really didn't expect it. "When I saw you back then, you were still a little girl. Now, you're the child's mother." And the mother of her grandson.

Xiao Li was also emotional. She asked Xiao Meng, "How have you been all these years?"

Xiao Meng replied, "It's just like that. I changed in prison. I couldn't reduce my sentence, but I didn't suffer any unfair treatment."

"Yeah."

"You and our Xiaobao..." Xiao Meng lowered her voice and asked, "Our Xiaobao said that he doesn't remember what happened when he was young. Then, does he still remember you? "

Xiao Li shook her head slightly and said, "I don't remember."

Xiao Meng nodded.

The two of them were silent for a moment before speaking at the same time.

"Chris..."

"Aunt Meng."

The two of them were stunned.

As a junior, Xiao Li took the initiative to give in and said to Xiao Meng, "Aunt Meng, you go first."

Xiao Meng said, "Chris, it's a good thing that our Xiaobao doesn't remember those things. Auntie hopes that you won't mention what happened when he was young in front of him. Let him forget it. It's a good thing to forget."

Xiao Li knew that he was going to say this.

Nodding, Xiao Li said, "That's what I wanted to say too."

The two women had the same thought.

At the corner of the corridor, Zhuang Long stood there quietly and listened to the conversation between the two women.

He had previously suspected that Xiao Li and had known each other before, but he did not know that they had known each other since they were young. If Zhuang Long had only wanted to regain his memories before, then at this moment, this thought had completely taken root and sprouted.

He had to find the truth. He had to remember Xiao Li. Otherwise, he would be letting Xiao Li down.

He wanted to recover and chase Xiao Li back as a normal person to give Zhuang Qilin a happy home. Before that, he had no right to disturb Xiao Li.

He stood there quietly and heard Xiao Meng say to Xiao Li, "Speaking of which, I have to thank you for your help all these years. I've always kept the photo you sent. Seeing that Xiao Bao is doing so well, I'm finally relieved."

Xiao Li said, "This is only right."

Zhuang Long was surprised again.

It turned out that the photo was sent by Xiao Li to her mother.

In that case, all these years, in places that he could not see, Xiao Li had been paying attention to him. For a moment, Zhuang Long felt very guilty and complicated. He felt both happy and sad.

Zhuang Long rubbed his face hard, got up, and went upstairs. Then, he carried Zhuang Qilin's things and went downstairs with him.

When the two of them saw the father and son coming downstairs, they stopped talking.

Zhuang Long also pretended not to know anything. He said to Xiao Li, "Qilin's things have been packed. You can go back and take him away later. I still have to pack my things."

"Okay."

Zhuang Long did not have many things. He packed his luggage and was not in a hurry to go downstairs. He sat in his room and only came downstairs when he heard Xiao Li drive away. Xiao Meng saw him and said, "Do you have a lot of things? Why did you pack for so long? Clarice and the rest were waiting for you just now. They left first when you didn't come down."

"Yes, a little too much."

Zhuang Long looked out of the door with a gloomy gaze.

He left home that night and asked the driver to send him to the airport. He only bought the tickets when he arrived at the airport, and the place he was going to was not overseas, nor a famous tourist spot, but San Francisco.

It was still dark when he arrived in San Francisco.

Zhuang Long hailed a night taxi and went to Monterey Bay.

Monterey Bay was a very famous scenic area in California. It had charming scenery and many wild animals. Many rich people came here to relax and travel all year round. This was also where Zhuang Long lived when he was young.

Chapter 790: Haunted House



Zhuang Long's house was in Monterey Town, California's most famous seaside resort.

This place had a pleasant scenery. Unique villas and houses could be seen everywhere. Some houses were hidden in the forest, while others were built on the shore. In short, only the rich could afford to live here.

When Zhuang Long was young, this place was not as lively as it was now. At that time, not many people would come here for a vacation, but those who could come were all rich people.

He did not inform Xiao Meng when he came this time. He could no longer remember what happened when he was young, nor could he remember the address he used to live in. For this, Zhuang Long specially asked someone to help investigate. The moment he got off the plane, he received an address.

Zhuang Long stared at the address in a daze.

Was this where he had lived when he was young?

After Zhuang Long arrived in Monterey City, he hailed a taxi locally. He told the driver his destination, and the driver thought that he was here for a vacation. He even introduced him to a villa with the best environment and the best price.

Zhuang Long said, "I already have a place to stay."

The warm smile on the driver's face faded a little. A moment later, a warm smile appeared on his face again. He asked Zhuang Long what he was going to do. Zhuang Long said that he had once lived here and grown up here. It turned out that he was from the same hometown. The driver's attitude suddenly became even more amiable.

The two of them chatted for a while. From the driver's words, Zhuang Long obtained a lot of beneficial information.

When he found out from Zhuang Long the address of the house he was going to stay in, the driver's gaze changed. He fell silent, as if he was puzzled. Zhuang Long did not understand why the driver had such a reaction. He was shocked, but he did not give himself away.

The driver was a young man and could not hide anything. In the end, he could not help but ask Dr. Zhuang Long, "Do you know that the house you're going to live in is a haunted house?"

At this moment, Zhuang Long did not know that his house had become a haunted house.

He was even more surprised when he heard this.

Why did his family become a haunted house?

A vague guess formed in his mind.

He looked out of the window at the beautiful and charming sea view and saw seagulls parked on the shore, unafraid of tourists. He did not look away and asked the driver about the house in the calmest tone like an unrelated stranger.

"A haunted house?" Xiao Meng's face flashed across his mind before he asked the driver, "What do you mean?"

"Because someone died there."

Zhuang Long said, "Many houses have had people die before." He looked disapproving. "Is every house that has a murder case a murder house?"

"Not really." The driver smiled awkwardly. Then, his expression turned serious and he said, "But that house is different. Someone died in that house, and it wasn't just one person. The way they died was very ugly."

Zhuang Long's eyes darkened.

More than one person died?

When did this happen?

Was it when he lived there or after he left? What did these people die for? Who did Mother kill back then?

Before reaching his destination, Zhuang Long's heart was filled with countless questions.

Zhuang Long asked the driver, "Do you know the exact situation?"

"Sigh, it's been too long. How would I know?" The driver looked to be in his twenties. He had probably heard what he knew from others. He told Zhuang Long everything he knew. He said, "I heard that there was a murder in that house more than twenty years ago. It was said to be very bloody. After that, no one was willing to buy that house."

"All these years, the prices of the houses near that area have increased. There's only one house, and no one has asked for it. Brother, I advise you to change to another one."

Zhuang Long smiled and did not answer.

The driver sent him to his destination and asked him repeatedly. After confirming that Zhuang Long had made up his mind and did not plan to find another place to stay, he gave up and turned around to leave.

Zhuang Long stood by the road with his luggage.

On both sides of the road were many private houses. This place was close to the sea, and he could hear the sound of the waves. Zhuang Long looked up at the old villa on the slope. That house was his former home.

The house was two-story. It was not tall, but it occupied a large area.

Zhuang Long stood by the roadside and sized up the house for a long time before walking towards it with his luggage.

The house was locked. As it was a haunted house, no one approached it at all. The grass around it was a little deep, but the house was well preserved. Someone must have been repairing it over the years.

Back then, when Xiao Meng was in prison, this house was taken back by the government. Later on, it was handed over to a real estate agent, who wanted them to sell this house. However, after so many years, this house was still in a state where no one bought it.

Zhuang Long contacted the agency and explained his intentions. In less than half an hour, the agency sent someone to sign the contract with Zhuang Long.

The person who came was a man in his thirties. He came in a hurry and left in a hurry. When he signed the contract, he was even more easygoing. When he left, his footsteps were very fast, as if there was a god of plague behind him. They only wanted to sell this house.

Hence, Zhuang Long became the new owner of this house at an unimaginable low price.

Zhuang Long opened the door with his key. The moment he entered the house, a wave of dust hit him. Zhuang Long quickly retreated and waited for a while. When he saw that all the dust had landed on the ground, he stepped in.

There were many things in this house. There was a sofa, a table and stool, almost everything that was needed for life. The only surprising thing was the wall of the house. The wall was too clean. It was obvious that it had been repainted, as if to cover up any traces that it shouldn't have.

Zhuang Long stared at the pure white wall, his heart fluttering.

He walked forward and touched the wall. Many years ago, had these walls been covered in blood?

The ground was covered in dust. With every step Zhuang Long took, there would be a footprint on the ground. Zhuang Long thought of a scene—

He was alone in the house. He strolled around the dusty house. When he turned around, he realized that the footprints on the ground were of different sizes...

He felt a chill down his spine and stopped himself from thinking too deeply. He called a housekeeping company and asked them to send someone to clean up the house. After the call, he called the furniture mall and asked them to send some furniture over.

After the call, he left the house and sat on the grass beside it. After a while, the people from the housekeeping company came. They looked at Zhuang Long as if they were looking at a lunatic. He actually dared to stay in such a dangerous house!

Zhuang Long pretended not to see their complicated gazes.

He collapsed on the grass and looked up at the shore.