

Ex's Brother 791

Chapter 791: Meeting an Old Friend

Zhuang Long's house faced the sea. Here, they could admire the beautiful scene of the rising sun. In the evening, the sun set on the hill behind them. At this time, the scorching sun was high in the sky. The sunrise and sunset could not be seen, only the scorching sun hanging in the sky.

Zhuang Long narrowed his eyes and stared at the sun. The sun seemed to be in front of him. If long as someone gently cut the rope that hung the sun, the sun would fall and melt him.

He was so hot that he was irritated and could not help but sit up. At this moment, he noticed a luxurious sea view villa on the slope beside him.

The villa only had one floor, but it was especially exquisite. Through the glass wall, Zhuang Long saw a white-haired old man in a black tuxedo standing in the hall of the villa. From this person's outfit, Zhuang Long guessed that he was a butler.

He did not know if the master was around...

The people in the villa seemed to have sensed something and suddenly looked up in Zhuang Long's direction.

Zhuang Long met that person's gaze.

Zhuang Long could not see the person's expression clearly because of the distance.

In the villa, the white-haired man frowned. He stared at Zhuang Long in confusion.

After the people from the housekeeping company left, the people from the furniture shop arrived.

Zhuang Long asked them to place the new furniture according to the previous arrangement.

He wanted to maintain the house as much as possible, so he only changed the sofa and the things in the room. After both groups left, Zhuang Long saw that it was dark and he was a little hungry. Zhuang Long took out a can from his luggage and ate it while watching television on his laptop.

The new sofa was especially comfortable. Zhuang Long finished the canned food and looked at the television. After a while, he fell asleep on the sofa.

When he woke up in the middle of the night, he realized that he was in an unfamiliar place. Zhuang Long thought about it seriously for a long time before remembering where he was. He got up and threw the canned boxes into the bin before going upstairs to his room.

After staying in the haunted house for the night, Zhuang Long woke up the next morning and realized that there were dark circles under his eyes.

He was a little puzzled. He clearly did not wake up last night, but why did he look like he had not slept the entire night?

Zhuang Long stared at the mirror and thought of something. His expression changed slightly.

He planned to go to the small town at the foot of the hill for breakfast and buy a few cameras. Zhuang Long was wearing casual clothes and walked to the small town at the foot of the hill. The people living in the small town were all locals, so they did not suspect Zhuang Long's arrival.

As this place was close to Monterey Bay and 17 miles, this town was often visited by tourists from all over the world. They were used to seeing Zhuang Long.

There were several restaurants on both sides of the road in town. One of the restaurants had especially good business. Early in the morning, the dining table outside the door was filled with people. Zhuang Long also walked towards the restaurant. As it was close to the sea, the food here was mostly seafood.

Zhuang Long ordered a fresh prawn porridge, a prawn burger, and a cup of milk.

There were no more empty tables in the shop, so Zhuang Long could only share a table with someone.

He held his number plate and waited for more than ten minutes before his breakfast arrived. The person who delivered the food was the owner of the shop. He was a grown man with short brown hair and a burly build. He always spoke with a smile.

The boss placed the breakfast in front of Zhuang Long. Seeing that he was unfamiliar, he casually asked him, "Sir, are you here for a vacation? I haven't seen you before." Usually, people who came for a vacation rarely came to his shop for breakfast.

They usually stopped for lunch or dinner.

This was the first time she saw someone come for breakfast, so she had to say something.

"Yes." Zhuang Long picked up the prawn bun and took a bite. It tasted good. He was not in a hurry to eat breakfast. Instead, he looked up and said to the boss, "Boss, do you know anything about the house on the slope?"

The boss was about the same age as Zhuang Long.

He nodded and said, "Of course I know. I was already six years old when the accident happened." He placed a cup of milk in front of Zhuang Long before saying, "I've always lived here. My childhood playmate lives in the house behind."

Zhuang Long glanced at the boss.

He was a handsome man, but he did not remember this person.

"Is that so?"

“Yes!” the male boss said. “I still remember that when my playmate was beaten up at home, she would run to my house and hide under my blanket to cry quietly.”

Zhuang Long was speechless.

He seriously suspected that his boss was spouting nonsense.

He was not such a coward. Zhuang Long could not hide under someone’s blanket and cry.

...I don’t think so.

The boss had lived here for his entire life. Occasionally, he would meet tourists who specially came to ask about the haunted house. He usually did not say much about this. After all, it was his little companion’s house. He felt terrible always telling others about this as a topic of conversation.

Hence, the male boss did not tell Zhuang Long what happened in this room back then.

Seeing that he was unwilling to elaborate, Zhuang Long could not help but raise his eyebrows.

It seemed like this boss was quite loyal to his childhood friend.

However, usually, people who wanted to know about the haunted house would not be able to hold back their curiosity and ask him a few times when they saw that he was unwilling to say it out loud. He rarely saw someone as tactful as Zhuang Long. The boss immediately had a good impression of Zhuang Long, a stranger.

He stared at Zhuang Long’s face for a while and suddenly said, “Speaking of which, you’re quite similar to my friend. You’re both mixed-blood, with black hair and eyes. Do you Asians all look similar? However, my playmate is very thin. I think he won’t be as tall as you when he reaches adulthood.”

Hearing his words, Zhuang Long finally believed that this man really knew him when he was young. It was said that he was indeed thin when he was young. When he was brought home by his adoptive

mother, she made him a lot of delicious food. Hence, his height suddenly increased during those few years.

Zhuang Long could grow to 1.8 meters because of his adoptive mother's care.

Zhuang Long suddenly stretched out a hand to the man and said, "Hello, I'm Herbert." Herbert was Zhuang Long's name when he was young.

The boss did not think too much about it and even reached out to shake Zhuang Long's hand. He was very cheerful. As he shook hands, he even spoke to him. "I'm Ian. Not only do you look like my friend, but even your name is very similar..." At this point, Ian suddenly opened his mouth wide and stared at Zhuang Long. He exclaimed in disbelief, "You're Herbert?"

Zhuang Long smiled and nodded. "Ian, long time no see."

Ian was too excited to speak.

"Oh my god, Herbert, I didn't expect to see you again in my life!" He suddenly hugged Zhuang Long. Zhuang Long didn't remember him, but this didn't affect his happy and excited mood when they met. Just as Zhuang Long was about to be strangled to death by Ian, Ian finally let go of him.

Chapter 792: Little Fatty and Little Bean

"Herbert, where have you been all these years? After your family's accident, I heard that you were taken away by the police. My mother said that you were later sent to the orphanage by the police. Later on, I even went to the orphanage to look for you, but you weren't there." Ian asked Zhuang Long, "Where did you go after that?"

Zhuang Long did not expect this fellow to look for him. When he heard this, his heart warmed again.

He shrugged and pretended to be relaxed. "I was sent to another orphanage. After that, I was adopted by a rich couple." However, he did not tell Ian how scary and dark that orphanage was.

Hearing this, Ian looked emotional.

He hugged Zhuang Long's shoulder again and said to him, "Have lunch at my house today. I'll let you try my good cooking!"

"Sure!"

Both of them were very happy to be reunited with their old friends, but Ian still had to open a shop and do business.

"I'm a little busy now. I'll be fine after ten o'clock."

"Yes." Zhuang Long thought for a while and said, "Is there a place here that sells electronic products? I want to buy something."

Ian said, "Then we have to go to the city. Do you have a car? If not, drive my car." Ian was also a big-hearted person. He directly threw the key to Zhuang Long, not afraid that he was a liar. Zhuang Long took the key and stared at Ian's busy back. A small fat figure seemed to flash across his mind.

Could that be Ian?

Zhuang Long shook his head and drove Ian's car into the city.

He bought cameras and went home alone. He installed a few cameras in the hall, the kitchen, and the room. It was almost noon when he was done. Ian called and called Zhuang Long to eat. Zhuang Long answered the phone and went down the mountain to find Ian with his car keys.

Ian saw him coming down the mountain with a complicated expression.

"I heard from them that the house on the mountain has been bought by someone. It can't be you, right?"

Zhuang Long did not hide it and nodded, admitting it.

“I want to come back and take a look.”

“Hey! Why do you have to do this!” Ian hugged him and the two of them walked into Ian’s restaurant.

Ian’s shop was closed for the afternoon. Ian’s wife and children were at home. When Zhuang Long arrived, they were all sitting at the dining table waiting. Ian’s house was at the end of the road. There was a small garden in a three-story bungalow.

Ian’s wife was called Mary. She was in her early thirties and was especially sexy. She was also tall. Both the boy and the girl had inherited their mother’s good looks.

Ian had already greeted Mary and the children in advance. When she saw Zhuang Long, Mary hugged him warmly and introduced the two children to him. “The brother’s name is Justin, and the sister’s name is Tia.”

“Hello.” Zhuang Long brought them gifts, a small rabbit doll and an airplane model.

The two children took the toys and called him uncle happily. They even hugged him and gave him a kiss.

Zhuang Long praised them for being cute.

He said to Ian, “How old is your eldest son?”

“Six years old.”

Zhuang Long said proudly, “My child is nine years old.”

Ian looked extremely surprised. "My God, you gave birth so early?"

"Yeah."

Zhuang Long even took out his phone and showed Ian Zhuang Qilin's photo. After looking at the photo, Ian only said, "This young man's mother must be a peerless beauty."

Zhuang Long thought of Xiao Li and looked even more arrogant.

Ian asked him again, "Why didn't you bring your wife and child back?"

Zhuang Long's expression was a little unnatural. He could not tell Ian that his wife was about to become someone else's wife... Zhuang Long coughed and skipped this topic. The family invited Zhuang Long to the dining room for dinner. As they ate, they talked about their lives over the years.

Through Ian's introduction, Zhuang Long learned that after Ian graduated from high school, he went to study financial management. After graduation, he opened a restaurant in the town because he could not bear to leave Monterey. Everyone had their dreams. Zhuang Long's dream was to develop more antidotes for the virus and save more people. Ian's dream was to wake up every morning and see the beautiful Monterey Bay.

Dreams did not differ in size. Zhuang Long respected Ian's decision.

Ian finished speaking before asking about Zhuang Long's life.

Zhuang Long smiled and said, "Your playmate is so awesome now." Zhuang Long used his phone to Google and handed the phone to Ian. After Ian read it, he could not help but give Zhuang Long a thumbs up. "My awesome Herbert. When you were young, you always ran behind me and loved to run your nose. Who would have thought that the snotty little fellow back then was so powerful!"

Zhuang Long did not know whether to laugh or cry.

“Can you not mention those embarrassing things?” Zhuang Long really could not imagine himself with a runny nose.

Ian thought of something and suddenly got up. As he walked out of the dining room, he said, “I still have photos of my childhood here. Look, hey! You didn’t believe me when I said you love snot.” Ian searched the house for a long time and finally found a photo album.

“We’ll look at it after dinner.”

Hence, Zhuang Long ate faster.

After dinner, he opened the photo album.

Most of the photos in the photo album were of Ian and his parents. When he was young, Ian was indeed chubby. He looked the same as the image that flashed across Zhuang Long’s mind. He pointed at the photo and scolded, “Little fatty.”

Ian clicked his tongue and scolded him back. “Little bean.”

After cursing, both of them laughed.

Seeing that her husband and childhood friend were so happy, Mary cleared the dining table, washed the dishes, made two cups of coffee for them, and brought the children back to their rooms for a nap.

Zhuang Long saw the photo of Ian and his parents and asked, “Your parents...?”

“My daddy has already passed away.” Seeing Zhuang Long look over, Ian shrugged and said, “It happened six years ago. He suddenly died of a cerebral hemorrhage. He died very peacefully. Although it happened suddenly, we’re not too sad. My mother is currently traveling around the world with a tour group. She comes back every Christmas.”

“That’s good.”

Zhuang Long flipped through a few more photos and finally saw himself.

Just as Ian had said, Zhuang Long was especially thin when he was young. He wore coffee-colored casual pants and his legs were unbelievably thin. Ian pointed at his photo and said, "You can eat quite well. I don't know why you never gain weight."

"Physique problem."

When Zhuang Long flipped to the last few photos, he suddenly saw a group photo. The person in the photo should be all the residents of the town at that time. The adults stood at the back, and the little fellows stood in front. Zhuang Long searched carefully and found the young Xiao Meng.

In the photo, Xiao Meng was wearing a pink long-sleeved V-neck dress. Her black hair was especially eye-catching in the group.

Chapter 793: The Neighbor's Surname Is Lawson

Beside Xiao Meng was an abnormally tall and handsome man. He was wearing a smoky gray long-sleeved shirt and glasses. He looked very gentle. Zhuang Long looked at the man and his head suddenly ached.

"Uh..."

Zhuang Long could not help but hug his head. There were many things jumping around in his mind, as if they were about to jump out of his mind.

Seeing that Zhuang Long was suddenly uncomfortable, Ian quickly took away the photo on his leg and asked him with concern, "Herbert, what's wrong? Where are you feeling unwell?"

Zhuang Long shook his head.

When the pain gradually disappeared, Zhuang Long said, "I didn't sleep well last night and have a headache."

Ian suggested, "Why don't you rest in our guest room for a while?"

Zhuang Long refused.

He pointed at the photo album and Ian brought it to him. Zhuang Long opened the photo album and pointed at the man standing beside Xiao Meng in the photo. He asked him, "This is my father?"

Ian was surprised. "Don't you remember?"

Zhuang Long said, "I was too young at that time. I don't really remember them."

Ian sighed and said, "That's a good thing too."

Zhuang Long felt that there was something strange about this.

He frowned and said calmly, "My mother is already out of prison."

Ian was extremely surprised. He exclaimed, "She's out of prison? So soon?" Without waiting for Zhuang Long to answer, Ian said, "Twenty-eight years have passed. She's getting out of prison."

Zhuang Long's heart skipped a beat.

Ian knew about his mother's crimes!

Zhuang Long lied and said, "When I was in my teens, I was injured and had some problems with my memory. When I was young, I couldn't remember many things clearly. This time, when my mother was

released from prison, when we were chatting, I realized that I had forgotten many things. I came back this time to find my memory.”

“Ian, I have something I want to ask you.”

“Ask away. I’ll tell you everything I know.” Ian really believed Zhuang Long’s lie.

Zhuang Long’s first question was, “Why did my mother kill someone?”

Ian frowned tightly. He said, “Don’t you even remember this?”

Zhuang Long replied naturally, “It’s not that I don’t remember. It’s just that my memories are very messy. They’re all fragments.”

“I see...”

After thinking about it, Ian said in a rueful tone, “Actually, I always felt that your mother was right. She did kill someone, but she killed a perverted murderer! I still can’t believe that your father was actually a perverted murderer! Your mother killed him to get rid of evil for the people. Although her method of killing was a little cruel, I still feel that she wasn’t wrong...”

Ian lowered his head and spoke, not noticing how ugly Zhuang Long’s expression was.

The person her mother killed was actually her father...

Zhuang Long never expected the truth to be like this! At this moment, he suddenly thought of the photo he had seen at his mother’s house the night he brought Xiao Meng back to the manor. In the photo, there were only him and his mother. The part that belonged to his father had clearly been torn apart by his mother...

What made Zhuang Long feel even more ridiculous was another truth—

His father was actually a perverted murderer!

Ian was still chattering away, but Zhuang Long could not hear him.

Zhuang Long's ears were still buzzing when he left Ian's house and walked in the direction of his own house. So was this the truth? The reason he did not remember his childhood was because his father was a perverted murderer and his mother had killed his father.

Was that so?

However, Zhuang Long was very puzzled. Was he that weak when he was young? Would he be so weak that he could not believe this fact and even split into another person to protect him?

From Ian's description, Zhuang Long learned that he was a timid child when he was young. This was not impossible. However, Zhuang Long trusted his intuition more. He felt that this was not the root cause of his split personality!

Zhuang Long walked all the way to the end of the town in deep thought. He turned around and climbed up the mountain. When he reached the fork in the road, Zhuang Long suddenly stopped in his tracks. To the left was his house. To the right was the small road that climbed up. At the end was a rich family.

Zhuang Long looked up and saw an old man in a black tuxedo.

The old man stared at Zhuang Long in silence, deep in thought.

His gaze made Zhuang Long realize that this person might know him.

After thinking about it, he walked closer to the old man.

The old man was about 60 years old. His hair was white, but his body was upright. Zhuang Long walked closer and realized that the old man had a pair of light blue eyes, and his deep eyes were sizing him up. Zhuang Long spoke first. He said, "Do you know me?"

The old man did not answer. "I don't know you, but you look like someone I know."

"Who?"

The old man pointed his index finger at the house next door.

That was Zhuang Long's house.

Zhuang Long's gaze froze as he heard the old man say, "I remember that the child's name is Herbert. What about you, what's your name, sir?"

Under the old man's sharp gaze, Zhuang Long said, "My name is Zhuang Long."

The old man was stunned, as if he had heard an incredible name.

Zhuang Long added, "But I have another name. Herbert."

The old man's eyes flashed, and it was unknown what he was thinking. Zhuang Long heard him mutter, "I see. So it's you. It's actually you. No wonder it's you..."

Zhuang Long was confused.

What was he referring to?

Zhuang Long looked at the mansion behind him and asked boldly, "What's your master's surname?" Since the old man had seen him before, they must have lived here for many years. Zhuang Long thought that he might still remember this family.

The old man smiled and said respectfully, "Lawsen, my master's surname is Lawsen."

Zhuang Long's pupils shrank.

Lawson!

Clarice Lawson!

Xiao Li was a child of the Lawson family.

In an instant, the question that had been buried in Zhuang Long's heart for a long time was finally answered! His heart was beating violently. Zhuang Long asked the old butler, "Is... is it called Clarice Lawson?"

The old butler nodded.

This was ridiculous...

So they had known each other since they were young.

Zhuang Long could not digest this information for a moment. He hurriedly bade farewell to the old man and returned to his house. The old butler looked at his back view. The mystery in his heart had also been solved. No wonder Miss would rather give up the entire family and give up the inheritance to marry that man called Zhuang Long.

So Zhuang Long was that child back then.

That explained everything.

The old butler returned to the villa. After thinking for a while, he picked up his phone and dialed a number that belonged to New York.

Not many people knew Xiao Li's private number. They were all her best friends or family.

Chapter 794: Trash, You Don't Even Know How to Cook

The phone rang. Xiao Li picked up the phone and glanced at it. Seeing that the caller ID was Xi Bo, she could not help but be stunned. Heber... Unless it was a festival, Hebe usually would not call her.

Xi Bo was just the butler of her private villa. Why was he calling her?

Just as the call was about to end, Xiao Li picked up the phone in time.

"Hebe."

The person on the other end was clearly silent for a moment before saying to Xiao Li respectfully, "Miss Lawson, the abandoned house next door has been bought."

Xiao Li almost did not remember what Xi Bo was talking about.

When she remembered what the so-called house next door was, her expression changed slightly. "Who bought it?" Xiao Li's tone became serious. That house had already become a real haunted house. Who was so foolish to buy it?

He heard Xi Bo say, "A Mr. Zhuang."

Xiao Li's heart raced.

Zhuang?

Could it be him?

Xi Bo did not hear Xiao Li speak and knew that she might have guessed her identity. After hesitating for a moment, Xi Bo reminded her, "Miss Lawson, he's your ex-husband."

Her guess was completely confirmed. For a moment, Xiao Li was speechless.

Monterey Bay was the destination Zhuang Long had mentioned?

The world was so big, yet he went there...

After guessing why Zhuang Long went to Monterey, Xiao Li's heart beat faster.

After Xi Bo reported the situation, he did not say anything else and waited for Xiao Li to reply. Xiao Li calmed down her surging emotions and said to Xi Bo, "Xi Bo, pay more attention to him. If there's anything unusual with him, you must contact me immediately."

Xi Bo agreed.

After hanging up the phone, Heber heard the nervous tone of the lady on the phone. He could not help but suspect that the lady still had feelings for Mr. Zhuang.

When Zhuang Long returned home, his head hurt like it was about to explode.

He threw himself onto the soft sofa. He held a cup of water tightly in his hand and racked his brains to recall some details. However, he could not remember anything at all. Whether it was the perverted murderer's father or anything related to Xiao Li, he could not remember anything.

Zhuang Long fell into a deep sleep on the sofa.

...

In the morning, Zhuang Long realized that he had woken up in bed.

He sat up and looked at the room, confused. When did he go upstairs? Or had the second personality woken up again last night? He did not have the memory of the second personality, but the second personality had his memory. 'He' had gone straight to his room to sleep. He was so blatant that he was no longer afraid that he would discover 'his' existence.

Zhuang Long remembered what the doctor had said.

The doctor said that 'he' hoped that he could recover.

Did 'he' do this to tell Zhuang Long that something in this house could wake him up? Since 'he' was so eager to recover, it was impossible not to leave clues.

If he wanted Zhuang Long to completely recover, he must have his own plans.

Zhuang Long suddenly jumped out of bed and ran downstairs. He found his laptop in the living room.

He turned on the surveillance camera and changed the time back to around five o'clock yesterday afternoon. He had sat on the sofa and played for a long time yesterday. He remembered the last time he looked at the time. It was around four forty. The scene jumped to five o'clock. Through the surveillance camera, Zhuang Long saw himself lying on the sofa and sleeping.

He did not know how long he had slept for. Other than being very patient when doing research, Zhuang Long was actually an impatient person when he encountered other things. Zhuang Long dragged the mouse and realized that his sleeping posture in the surveillance camera had moved, so he clicked play.

He woke up a few minutes after seven.

At this moment, he was no longer him, but another personality.

After 'he' got up, he looked straight at the camera. He remembered the location of the surveillance camera. 'he' gently pressed his abdomen and turned to the kitchen. Only then did Zhuang Long know that 'he' was hungry.

'He' searched for a while. A few minutes later, he walked out of the kitchen with empty hands. 'He' looked helplessly at the camera, as if complaining that Zhuang Long did not know how to live.

'He' left the house.

After about an hour, 'he' returned with a big bag of vegetables.

Zhuang Long, who was behind the camera, saw 'his' every move and found it unbelievable.

What the hell?

His second personality even knew how to cook!

Zhuang Long watched as 'he' entered the kitchen. There was a series of bangs inside, and 'he' walked out with a bowl of noodles. Zhuang Long clicked stop. He deliberately enlarged the image and stared at the bowl of noodles for a long time.

It was a bowl of seafood noodles. The prawn meat was pink with some chili. The noodles were cooked until they were soft and delicious.

It was a bowl of seafood noodles. The prawn meat was pink with some chili. The noodles were cooked until they were soft and delicious.

He continued to play.

At this moment, the 'he' in the surveillance camera suddenly looked up at the surveillance camera and opened his mouth to say something. The surveillance camera was silent, and only the image was silent. Zhuang Long could tell from his lips that he was saying—

Trash, you don't even know how to cook.

Zhuang Long was speechless.

He was actually despised by his second personality. He did not expect his second personality to have such a personality.

"He" finished his noodles and washed the dishes. He was about to say something when he suddenly covered his head. After a while, when "he" looked up again, his face was a little pale. "He" did not have time to say anything more, but Zhuang Long saw "him" reach out and point at a room.

Then the man went upstairs.

Zhuang Long switched the video to the surveillance cameras in the room and adjusted the time. When he saw 'him' appear in the house, he did nothing and just lay down to sleep.

It seemed like the second personality would disappear soon after waking up.

Zhuang Long turned off the surveillance cameras and walked to the sofa to sit down. He pointed in the same direction as he had seen in the surveillance cameras. Zhuang Long looked in the direction of the finger and realized that it was pointing at a house. After thinking for a while, Zhuang Long stood up from the sofa and walked towards the house.

The last time the housekeeping company came, Zhuang Long only asked them to clean the main hall, kitchen, and washroom on the first floor. He did not let them touch the other houses. Hence, when he pushed open the door, he saw this scene—

This house looked like a gym. The house was filled with some fitness equipment. Of course, the fitness equipment, the floor, and the ceiling above their heads were a little dirty with a layer of dust. On the ground were the footprints of adult men.

Staring at the footprints, Zhuang Long pondered for a moment before raising his leg and leaving another footprint on the dust.

This footprint was the same size as the previous footprints.

These were his own footprints.

Chapter 795: Finding the Truth

He was certain that he had never been to this house, and 'he' had not been to this house in the surveillance cameras last night. Then, this should be the first night he stayed in this house. He had come here after waking up.

What was in this house?

Zhuang Long followed the footprints and walked in. When he reached a wall, he stopped. He had already reached the end, but the footprints turned around and walked out of the house. There must be a reason why 'he' came to this house. It was impossible for him to specially come in and walk around before going back.

Zhuang Long stood by the wall and sized up the room many times.

He did not discover anything unusual.

However, he knew very well that there was definitely something strange about this house. Otherwise, 'he' would not have entered this room the moment he woke up. It was also impossible for him to point out the location of this room to the surveillance cameras last night. Looking at the footprints on the ground, 'he' had deliberately left them because the footprints were neat and obvious.

Zhuang Long looked around the gym again. Finally, he cast his gaze at the wall in front of him.

If there was really something mysterious, it could only be the wall in front of him and the ground under his feet.

He knocked his hand on the wall. The sound was muffled, and it did not seem empty. Zhuang Long pushed open the window of the gym, jumped out of the window, and walked around the back of the house. He realized that there was nothing behind the wall. He stood at the back of the house and fell into deep thought.

There was nothing strange about this wall, so the problem must be hidden underground.

Zhuang Long returned to the gym and knocked on the ground. After a while, he finally realized something strange. The bottom of the treadmill in the gym was actually empty. Zhuang Long moved the treadmill away and knocked again. He heard a very loud echo.

There was a basement below. Zhuang Long could not find the entrance to the basement.

He frowned and ran to the tool room. He rummaged around inside and finally found a hoe. Zhuang Long carried the hoe and smashed the floor with brute force before prying it open. The basement was suddenly opened and a gloomy wind blew out from below.

Zhuang Long felt cold.

He suddenly got up and left the gym. He went down the mountain to town and bought a headlamp and a long rope. He ate breakfast before slowly wandering home. When he returned to the gym, Zhuang Long found the rope and fixed it in place. Then, he put on the headlamp and jumped into the basement along the rope.

The basement and gym were about four meters tall. He had bought seven meters of rope, but it was still not long enough.

After securing the headlamp, Zhuang Long sized up the basement. The basement was very big and was supported by a few cement pillars. It was not renovated much, and the walls were still stone. A long low corridor stretched far away.

Zhuang Long bent down and walked through the corridor. At the end of the corridor was a door. He pulled the door open and heard the sound of waves. Zhuang Long walked out of the door and saw the magnificent sea. This should be the back mountain of Zhuang Long's house. Due to the steep terrain, no one lived in the back mountain.

He glanced at his feet. Below him was a cliff about ten meters tall. Below the cliff was the churning waves.

Zhuang Long took a step back silently.

He leaned against the door and thought: This is a good place to kill and dump corpses.

Just as this thought appeared in his mind, Zhuang Long was shocked.

He stared at the sea for a moment before taking a deep breath and returning to the basement the way he had come.

There were two secret rooms in the basement. Below the gym was the hall. The two secret rooms were next to each other. Zhuang Long walked to the two doors and thought for a while before pushing open the door on the left. The house was dark and especially scary. Zhuang Long saw the situation in the house clearly through the headlamp.

This house looked like an abandoned laboratory. Some glass test tubes still maintained their original appearance. Zhuang Long walked in and fiddled with the test tubes. He found some dark brown things inside. Anyone who had come into contact with blood knew that these were traces left behind after the blood dried.

Zhuang Long already had a guess as to what this blood was.

He retreated from the laboratory and pushed open the second door without hesitation“

The room was not big. There were a few handcuffs hanging on the wall. There was a single operating table in the middle of the room. The bed must have been modified. There were handcuffs, ankle cuffs,

waist chains, and neck cuffs on it. Beside the single operating table was a small table with an iron plate on it.

This plate was used to hold the scalpel needed for the dissection.

After seeing these things clearly, Zhuang Long's body seemed to have been cursed. He stood under the door frame and could not move his feet. A chill crawled up his spine. Zhuang Long was so cold that his scalp was numb. He stood there. He clearly did not remember anything, but his body developed a primitive fear and started to tremble uncontrollably.

Zhuang Long's breathing became heavy.

He stared at the bed, and some images seemed to flash past his eyes

A man in a white coat was doing something with his back facing him. He held a scalpel with both hands and looked focused and serious. As if sensing something, the man suddenly turned around. This scene was clearly just his imagination, but the man's sharp and heartless gaze made Zhuang Long feel that he had seen an illusion!

The man suddenly smiled at him. That smile was so charming that it made him panic.

The man suddenly smiled at him. That smile was so charming that it made him panic.

"Ah!"

Zhuang Long shivered and sat on the ground.

His face was pale and filled with panic.

Zhuang Long looked over again. There was no one in front of him.

Zhuang Long trembled as he got up. He ran out of the secret room and found the rope that had let him down. Zhuang Long grabbed the rope and wanted to climb up. He tried his best to climb up a few steps and used all his strength, but he realized that the ceiling of the gym above his head was especially far away. His hands could not touch the ceiling.

Zhuang Long panicked. Why haven't I reached!

Zhuang Long wanted to cry and shout for help.

He tried a few more times and realized that he could not reach the top. He suddenly looked down and realized that he had never left the basement. His legs had been kicking on the basement floor!

Zhuang Long shouted in panic. He quietly grabbed the rope. It was clearly very quiet and dark around him. There was no one around, but Zhuang Long seemed to have seen thousands of demons pouncing on him. He would be killed by them!

His last bit of rationality completely collapsed.

Zhuang Long shouted. He held the rope and suddenly stopped moving.

After about five to six minutes of silence, Zhuang Long woke up again.

Chapter 796: Cooking Idiot

This time, his face was still pale, but his gaze and expression were especially calm. 'Zhuang Long' stood up and patted the dirty dust off his body. He looked back at the autopsy room before following the rope and leaving the basement elegantly and quickly.

When they arrived at the hall, 'Zhuang Long' opened his notebook, opened the document, and wrote something on it.

After saving the document, Zhuang Long quickly fell asleep.

After saving the document, Zhuang Long quickly fell asleep.

It was normal for a body that had been frightened to feel weak. Zhuang Long rubbed his shoulders and suddenly saw some scenes.

Basement!

His expression suddenly turned ugly.

Zhuang Long was actually not a timid person. The fact that he dared to enter the virus outbreak area alone was enough to prove that he was a courageous person. However, no matter how powerful and brave a person was, there was still a shadow in his heart that he did not dare to touch.

Those childhood experiences were the fear in Zhuang Long's heart.

He sat on the sofa and massaged his temples. At this moment, he was not as afraid as before. He could even calmly recall and analyze the scenes he had seen.

He was certain that the man he saw in his imagination was his father, Robert.

He even suspected that the scene he had imagined was not just a fantasy. It was very likely that it had really happened, but he had forgotten. Zhuang Long thought of his useless reaction in the basement and could not help but shake his head and smile bitterly.

"You're so cowardly!"

He scolded himself with a smile.

Zhuang Long was about to get up when he realized that the laptop on the table had been opened. Zhuang Long was stunned for a moment before he guessed what had happened and quickly opened the notebook. The notebook stopped at the document page. Zhuang Long saw a sentence on it—

The demon in the darkness stretched out its fangs and hands. He grabbed us and tried to take us to hell.

However, there was still light and angels by our side.

We have to defeat that demon and return to the side of the angel. If we don't go to hell, we'll be saved. Go deep into hell and discover the truth back then. You have to remember that we've grown up. No matter how powerful the demon is, he's not our match.

Zhuang Long stared at this sentence for a long time before falling silent.

'He' was really brave.

It was already past two in the afternoon. After lunch, it was not time for dinner. At this time, there was no food in town. Zhuang Long walked into the kitchen and found vegetables in the refrigerator.

Then the question was, how should he cook these dishes?

Should he just cook it and eat it?

He chose two eggs, a tomato, a piece of beef, and noodles. Zhuang Long boiled some water. When the water boiled, he removed the shell of the two eggs and threw them into the pot. He threw the eight pieces of beef into the pot, threw the four pieces of tomatoes into the pot, and finally threw the noodles in.

Those who had never cooked before did not know what to do at all. They relied on their intuition.

Zhuang Long's intuition... was very bad.

Twenty minutes later, he stared at the colorful things in the pot with a painful expression. Zhuang Long poured the food in the pot and thought about it. He decided to go next door.

...

Xi Bo was a little surprised to see Zhuang Long, but he still welcomed him into the house politely.

Zhuang Long could not be bothered to act with him. He entered the house and asked Xi Bo, "Is your Miss Lawson called Clarice Lawson?"

"Yes, Mr. Zhuang."

"Oh."

Zhuang Long shamelessly called Xiao Li.

Xiao Li picked up very quickly this time.

"I'm in Monterey." Zhuang Long wasn't going to hide it from her.

Xiao Li remained silent.

"I called you because I have a request."

Only then did Xiao Li speak and ask him, "What is it?" Xiao Li thought that Zhuang Long would ask her if they had known each other when they were young or if he would ask her if she really wanted to marry Bruce.

However, the smart man known as the father of AIDS actually asked, "Can I have a meal in your villa?" As if he was embarrassed, he deliberately paused and said, "I made a pot of noodles myself just now, but it didn't work."

Xiao Li was speechless.

Taking a deep breath, Xiao Li finally hung up.

Xi Bo was surprised to hear his call.

At this moment, the phone in the villa rang.

Xi Bo went to answer the call and heard Xiao Li say on the other end, "Get the chef to cook something for him to eat." After a pause, Xiao Li said, "He likes spaghetti and tomato stewed beef brisket. In the future, when it's time for dinner, get someone to send the food to him directly."

Xi Bo was extremely surprised. He wanted to ask something, but Xiao Li muttered, "Trash, you don't even know how to cook!" Then, she hung up.

Xi Bo put down the phone and looked at Zhuang Long, who was drinking coffee.

Why did she still want a divorce if she cared so much about him?

Zhuang Long got his wish and ate lunch. He was quite embarrassed. Before dinner, he even said to Xi Bo, "Actually, it's not that I'm lazy. I really tried to cook myself before I came, but I might not be suitable for the kitchen. I did a little..."

For the sake of the man's face, Zhuang Long said, "It doesn't look good."

Heber smiled and said, "Miss Lawson instructed us to prepare meals for Mr. Zhuang every day from now on. If Mr. Zhuang has any eating habits, you can tell me. I'll ask the chef to pay more attention."

Zhuang Long gave him a grateful look.

“Your Miss Lawson is really considerate.”

Zhuang Long was full and got up to leave. Before he left, he shamelessly said, “Usually, I have breakfast at 7: 30am, lunch at 11: 30am, and dinner at 5: 30am. I’m not picky and eat everything.” With that, he left, leaving Xi Bo dumbfounded behind.

He was really like an outsider...

Zhuang Long was actually a person who cared about his face, but a person who did not know how to cook was always easily tempted by delicacies. In addition, knowing who the owner behind Xi Bo was, Zhuang Long thought that he was eating Xiao Li’s woman and felt that face was not that important.

In fact, when Xiao Li received Xi Bo’s call and learned about Zhuang Long’s actions, not only was she not angry, she was even a little happy.

Zhuang Long was willing to accept her arrangement. Did that mean that he did not treat her as an outsider at all?

The moment he got home, the relaxed smile on Zhuang Long’s face collapsed.

This family made him feel suffocated at all times.

He sat at the door and basked in the sun for a while. At 5: 30 pm, Xi Bo sent dinner over on time. Zhuang Long was quite surprised to see that he was the one who sent him over personally. He did not want to trouble this old man, so he said, “Butler Heber, you don’t have to work so hard. I’ll go over for dinner tomorrow. You don’t have to send me over anymore.”

“Okay.”

Chapter 797: Why Aren’t You Good?

While Zhuang Long was eating, Xi Bo was quietly sizing up the house he lived in.

The walls of the house were very white. It was obvious that they had been repainted.

The wall paint could cover the traces of sin, but it could not soothe the trauma left by sin.

Xi Bo stared at the man who was eating. He thought of how dejected the child had been when the police took him away from the house many years ago and could not help but feel terrible.

After Zhuang Long finished his meal, he asked Heber to take the cutlery away. He sat alone in the house and hesitated for a long time. In the end, he did not have the courage to go to the basement.

That night, Zhuang Long slept early. The next morning, he woke up and checked the surveillance cameras. After confirming that 'he' did not wake up last night, Zhuang Long sighed, washed his face, and went to Xiao Li's mansion next door for breakfast.

When he got home, he saw the morning sun and thought the scene was beautiful. He sat down on the lawn and stared at the sea in front of him.

He looked at the sea and suddenly looked at his side as if he had thought of something.

He did not see anything, but he seemed to see something.

It seemed that many years ago, he had also sat here and watched the sunrise with a little girl. Zhuang Long narrowed his eyes. Could the little girl whose voice and appearance had become blurry in the depths of his memory be Xiao Li?

"Chris..."

He called Xiao Li's name softly, and his originally impetuous heart seemed to calm down a lot. He slowly stood up, muttered Clarice's name, and walked into the house.

There was a demon in the darkness, and it was very scary. However, there was an angel waiting for him in the distance. He had to kill the demon in the darkness before he was qualified to hug his angel.

As he said Clarice's name, Zhuang Long seemed to find hope. He was filled with courage.

He put on his headlamp again, entered the gym, and went deep into the basement.

Strands of faint light shot in from the huge pit on the floor of the gym. The basement, which had been hidden on the ground for too many years, looked a little dark and gloomy, inexplicably making one's back turn cold. Zhuang Long was in no hurry to enter the secret room, so he first observed the scene outside.

He found an electric switch.

Zhuang Long thought that the electric lights underground might still work, so he turned on the electric switch. With a bang, the lights in the house lit up.

The darkness suddenly became bright. Zhuang Long even narrowed his eyes before daring to open them. Due to the light, Zhuang Long suddenly felt that this basement was not that scary anymore. He strengthened his courage and pushed open the right door.

Zhuang Long was still very nervous when he entered the secret room again.

He clenched his fists. He stood by the door and stared at the bed for a moment. Taking a deep breath, Zhuang Long raised his right foot and slowly walked towards the bed. He used all his strength to walk to the bed.

Zhuang Long stared at the bed. He could not remember anything, but his head started to hurt.

He looked up at the house and saw the handcuffs on the wall. Zhuang Long subconsciously felt that they were used to detain prisoners. The bed in front of him was Robert's crime scene. Zhuang Long tried to sit down on the bed. Just as his buttocks touched the bed, Zhuang Long trembled.

It was as if a cold hand was touching his head. Zhuang Long looked up and could not see anyone. However, he could feel that someone had touched him like this before. He even said to him in a gentle voice, "Herbert, why are you so disobedient? If you're disobedient, Dad will punish you."

"Dad doesn't like disobedient children."

Zhuang Long was stunned. Who was talking in his mind?

Zhuang Long sat by the bed and wanted to escape again.

However, Xiao Li and Zhuang Qilin's faces appeared in front of him. He gritted his teeth and resisted the urge to leave the basement. Zhuang Long clenched his fists. His nails were not sharp, but they were embedded in his flesh.

Realizing that his hand was bleeding, Zhuang Long looked down.

The blood landed on the dusty ground. The dust wrapped around the blood and turned into gray beads. Zhuang Long looked at this scene and his head suddenly hurt sharply. This pain felt like it was tearing his head apart.

Zhuang Long felt suffocated. He panted heavily, like a drowning person suddenly being rescued from the shore. Every breath was like the last breath of life.

After a few minutes, Zhuang Long's condition improved.

He gritted his teeth and sat on the small bed. He called out softly, "Ah Li." Xiao Li's face was imprinted in his mind, making him very brave.

Zhuang Long personally handcuffed his feet and lay down. Then, he tied his waist with a belt. Finally, he tied his neck with a collar. Zhuang Long completely became a tied up lamb that had lost its freedom.

He did not know what would happen next. In order to prevent himself from escaping later, he picked up the handcuffs on his left hand with his right hand and roasted his left hand. After doing all this, Zhuang Long closed his eyes and lay quietly. His breathing became gentle.

He tried hard to think.

The basement was especially quiet. There was no movement at all.

Zhuang Long thought hard, wanting to remember something.

Gradually, his consciousness became blurry, as if he was about to fall asleep or in a dream. In a daze, Zhuang Long seemed to see someone walking in from outside the house. He was tall and wore a white coat.

He got closer, and Zhuang Long saw his face clearly.

It was Robert!

The handsome man bent down and touched Zhuang Long's face with his hand. From afar, Zhuang Long could almost feel the man's breath on his face. He was extremely afraid and his legs started to struggle. However, his ankles were shackled and he could not move at all.

Zhuang Long's muscles were trembling.

He opened his mouth, wanting to say something, but he could not say a word.

The man stopped touching his face and smiled. His smile was abnormally beautiful and looked gentle and charming. However, Zhuang Long's face turned pale from his smile.

"Herbert," Robert called Zhuang Long's name softly.

Zhuang Long could not speak. He could only stare at him.

Robert asked him, "Why weren't you good?"

Zhuang Long could finally speak. He subconsciously said, "Daddy, I'm very obedient. I'm very obedient."

Robert frowned slightly. He said, "You're not obedient. If you were obedient, why would you call the police? Herbert, do you know your mistake?"

"Daddy..."

"Daddy, I was wrong! I was wrong! I won't dare to call the police again. Daddy, I'll be very obedient. I'll do whatever you ask me to do." The adult man lay on the bed and apologized to the empty room with his eyes filled with fear.

Chapter 798: I Was Wrong

This scene was especially strange.

Zhuang Long saw Robert's frown deepen.

Robert said, "Do you know how I punish disobedient children?"

Zhuang Long shook his head.

Robert slowly put on his white gloves and picked up a scalpel from the table beside him. He smiled at Zhuang Long and said, "Baby, Herbert, Dad will make a cut on you. This is your punishment for being disobedient."

Zhuang Long started to struggle.

“No!”

However, no matter how he begged, Robert was indifferent.

He slowly stretched the knife towards Zhuang Long’s chest.

The skin on Zhuang Long’s chest suddenly twitched. He screamed loudly, his voice shrill and filled with pain.

“Ah—”

“Daddy, it hurts!”

The man cut open his chest and raised the bloody scalpel in front of Zhuang Long so that he could see it carefully.

Zhuang Long saw blood dripping from the knife and groaned in pain. Robert said, “My baby, the next time you do something wrong and go against my wishes, I’ll take out your heart and let you look at yourself as you die slowly...”

“Ah!”

Zhuang Long twitched violently, but his body was tied up everywhere. Even his neck could not move, and only his head swayed left and right on the bed. “No! I was wrong! I was wrong!” Zhuang Long screamed and cried. His miserable scream shattered Robert in front of him.

There was no one in front of him.

There was no Robert or bleeding scalpel.

Zhuang Long stared blankly at the dusty autopsy room with a stunned expression. Tears rolled out of the corners of his eyes. He was still crying, but there was no sound.

After a long time, he murmured softly, "I was wrong..."

...

When it was almost dark, Zhuang Long was still lying on the bed.

He did not remove the handcuffs on his body. He only stared blankly at the ceiling above his head. He remembered everything that had happened clearly. He knew very well that it was not an illusion. He was what he had really experienced as a child.

His father was an extreme control freak and a perverted murderer.

He still could not remember his childhood, but he believed that he could remember everything sooner or later. This process might be very painful, but for the sake of recovery and Xiao Li, he had to remember.

Zhuang Long felt exhausted. He had to rest for a while.

Only then did he untie the restraints on his body and slowly sit up. When he climbed the rope upstairs, he was halfway up and almost fell because of his weakness. Fortunately, he gritted his teeth and held on. Zhuang Long walked out of the gym and left the house. He saw Butler Xi Bo standing on the slope.

When Xi Bo saw him, he said loudly, "Mr. Zhuang, dinner is ready. Come and eat."

Zhuang Long was indeed hungry.

He walked slowly to the villa and finished all the food in one go before leaving.

When he got home, he sat on the sofa and recalled the fantasy scenes he had seen in the secret room today. He thought about them carefully. He suddenly pulled up his clothes and stared at the long scar on his chest.

This was the mark Robert had left on him...

To think that he had always thought that this was a scar from his childhood heart surgery.

Zhuang Long could not sleep. It was late at night, and he did not want to go to the basement again. He simply walked out and lay down on the lawn.

He placed his hands under his head and looked up to see a starry sky. Beside his ears was the sound of surging waves. The air here was good, the environment was good, and the visibility was high. On a summer night, he could see the broken stars and the Milky Way. Zhuang Long took out his phone, took a photo, and sent it to Xiao Li.

Xiao Li had just finished dealing with her colleagues and taken a shower when she received a message from Zhuang Long.

She opened the photo and saw a starry sky map.

Xiao Li stared at this photo and her memories drifted away.

How long had it been since he returned to Monterey Bay?

Xiao Li recalled the scene of lying on the lawn with Zhuang Long and looking at the stars when she was young. Her lips curled up, but her smile looked lonely. On impulse, she directly called the other party to ask for a video call. After calling, she felt flustered again. Just as she was about to hang up the video call, Zhuang Long's face appeared in the middle of the phone screen.

Xiao Li's outstretched hand stopped in midair.

She stared at Zhuang Long. His expression was very ugly. The video had the effect of whitening his skin. In addition, his face was already pale, so he looked even more haggard.

Xiao Li's heart tightened and she asked with concern, "What's wrong?"

Zhuang Long smiled and said, "I almost died."

Xiao Li did not think that he was joking. "What did you do!" Her tone was stern, clearly guessing that Zhuang Long was trying to show off.

Zhuang Long did not answer.

He pointed the camera at the sky.

The lens of the X smart phone was very high-definition, and she could see the scenery in the night sky clearly. Xiao Li stared at the night sky and heard Zhuang Long's voice coming from the phone. He said softly, "When I lie here, I always have the feeling that I've once lay here like this and seen the stars with someone. What makes me feel even more magical is that I think that person is you."

Zhuang Long probed, "Is that you?"

Xiao Li stared at the charming starry sky and did not reply.

Zhuang Long was not disappointed. He placed his phone beside him, but the camera was still pointed at the sky. He closed his eyes and muttered to himself, "We must have met before. We know each other. We have a deep relationship. But later on, I forgot about you, but you always remembered me."

"Why won't you tell me?"

Zhuang Long's heart ached.

His Ah Li was really stupid. Why didn't she tell him? All these years, he had ignored her and treated her differently. How sad must she be!

All kinds of emotions filled Zhuang Long's heart. He rubbed his heart and said to Xiao Li, "I like you very much... The other me likes you very much too, right?"

Xiao Li remained silent.

Zhuang Long did not mind her silence.

He did not expect Xiao Li to answer. He just had too many things in his heart and wanted to tell Xiao Li. He asked Xiao Li again, "That night ten years ago, I actually took the initiative, right?"

"Ah Long..." Xiao Li finally spoke, but it was not to answer his question. Instead, she asked him with concern, "Tell me, what did you do?" Xiao Li sensed that Zhuang Long's emotions were not right.

What did he do?

Zhuang Long said, "I tied myself to an autopsy bed..."

Xiao Li's expression changed.

"Nonsense!"

She never expected Zhuang Long to choose such a radical method to treat himself.

Zhuang Long chuckled and stopped laughing. He said seriously, "If I don't stimulate myself like this, I'll never recover. I hope I can get better. I want to remember you and know what happened between us. It's unfair that only you remember."

Chapter 799: Since You Care, Why Divorce?

Xiao Li told him, “Zhuang Long, don’t mess around. I don’t need you to remember.” Her voice was cold and hard, as if she was angry or worried.

“But I want to!” Zhuang Long’s tone suddenly became excited. “I almost killed you accidentally! Do you know how dangerous I am! As long as I don’t recover, I will always be in danger! Ah Li, I have to get better.”

Xiao Li was speechless.

If she were Zhuang Long, she would do the same even if she knew that she was sick and that her mental state was not right.

Logically speaking, it was one thing to understand, but Xiao Li was unwilling to see Zhuang Long suffer pain that ordinary people could not bear in order to treat her. Xiao Li knew better than anyone what Zhuang Long had experienced when he was young. At the thought of him messing around in that basement alone, Xiao Li panicked.

“Ah Long, don’t be anxious. If you really want to find out the truth back then, I can accompany you.” Thinking about what she was going to do next, Xiao Li hesitated for a moment before saying, “Wait a few more days. I’ll look for you after I’m done with my work.”

Zhuang Long narrowed his eyes and suddenly asked, “What exactly do you want to do?”

Xiao Li remained silent. She was planning to fool him with silence.

Zhuang Long said, “I don’t believe that you and Bruce are real.” He began to suspect that Xiao Li and Bruce’s wedding had another goal. Zhuang Long was very puzzled. “What exactly do you want to do?” What did she want to do by inviting all the famous people in the world!

Xiao Li sighed and said to Zhuang Long, “You’ll know.”

Zhuang Long was a little irritated.

“Forget it if you don’t want to say it!”

She even hid it from him...

He hung up the phone, feeling a little reluctant.

He should have chatted with her for a while longer. The night was long and there was no one to accompany him. It was so boring!

It was rare for Zhuang Long to take the initiative to hang up the video call. Recently, Zhuang Long had been pursuing Xiao Li. Usually, it was only Xiao Li who hung up on him. Xiao Li was a little surprised that he was suddenly hung up on once. This felt quite novel.

She stared at the phone and could not help but shake her head and laugh.

After laughing, Xiao Li’s heart sank when she thought of what Zhuang Long had said.

She set up a memo for herself. The next morning, the first thing Xiao Li did when she woke up was to call Xi Bo.

“Miss Lawson.”

Hebe was surprised that Miss Lawson would call so early in the morning.

Xiao Li asked Xi Bo, “Have you had breakfast?”

Xi Bo knew that Xiao Li was not asking about his life. She was asking if Mr. Zhuang had come for breakfast. Xi Bo smiled helplessly and said, "Not yet. Mr. Zhuang called just now and said that he would come for breakfast in half an hour."

Half an hour later, it was seven o'clock.

At this time, breakfast was just right. It was neither early nor late.

Xiao Li nodded and her voice became serious. She said, "Xi Bo, help me send a few people to keep an eye on Mr. Zhuang. If there's anything wrong with Mr. Zhuang, they have to report it to you."

Xi Bo was stunned.

Why was that?

Could it be that Miss Lawson was worried that Mr. Zhuang would cheat on her?

After hesitating for a moment, Heber took the liberty to defend Zhuang Long. "Mr. Zhuang came alone and didn't bring a companion." Heber emphasized the word 'companion'.

Xiao Li was stunned for a moment before she understood what Xi Bo meant. She did not know whether to laugh or cry and had to explain. "It's like this. I'm worried that Mr. Zhuang is not feeling well. He lives alone in that house and has no one to accompany him. I asked you to get someone to watch him because I'm worried that something will happen to him."

After hearing Xiao Li's explanation, Xi Bo was enlightened.

Xi Bo was embarrassed by the joke.

"Then, goodbye." With that, Xiao Li hung up.

Xi Bo shook his head at the receiver and laughed. Miss Lawson was really concerned about Mr. Zhuang. Heber put down the phone and went to the kitchen to patrol. When he came out, he saw Zhuang Long walking towards the villa. He was wearing a pure white shirt, white silk shirt, and white pants. His black hair and eyes made him look tall and outstanding.

Heber stared at him for a while and realized that Mr. Zhuang's face looked a little pale. Only then did he really believe Miss Lawson.

Zhuang Long greeted him and went straight to the dining room.

He had eaten a lot for breakfast. This was the first time Heber saw someone who was not feeling well and had such a good appetite.

After breakfast, Zhuang Long stood up and bade farewell. Before he left, he reminded Heber, "Butler Xi Bo, I might not come over for lunch. You don't have to cook for me."

Heber agreed.

After he left, he sent someone to monitor Zhuang Long. As there were lawns around Zhuang Long's house, there was nowhere to hide. Hence, the two people responsible for monitoring him could only stay in Xiao Li's villa and observe his movements through the binoculars.

Xiao Li's villa was high up, and she could see the corner of Zhuang Long's bedroom and living room.

Once they realized that something had happened to Zhuang Long, they would be able to sense it immediately.

When he got home, Zhuang Long did not hesitate and went straight into the basement.

After entering the basement many times, Zhuang Long was no longer as timid as before. He turned on the electric switch, pushed open the door to the secret room in the autopsy room, walked in, and lay down on the bed. As usual, he tied himself up, closed his eyes, and tried to recall his childhood.

Childhood, childhood...

In his mind, the image of Ian as a child suddenly flashed past. At first, the image was very one-sided, but gradually, it became a reality. Zhuang Long seemed to be dreaming of his childhood. He saw himself running to Ian's house as if he was escaping from a disaster. He locked the door to Ian's room.

He climbed into Ian's bed and covered himself with the blanket.

He curled up under the blanket and kept crying.

Little Fatty Ian was extremely anxious. He asked him what was wrong, but Zhuang Long did not dare to say a word.

From a third person's point of view, Zhuang Long looked at little Herbert, who was trembling under the blanket and sobbing softly. Ian did not know what had happened to Herbert, but Zhuang Long was connected to little Herbert. He knew why Herbert was crying because he had helped his daddy do something bad the first time. He was afraid, guilty, and guilty.

What did he do to help his father?

Zhuang Long tried his best to think, to think...

When he opened his eyes again, Zhuang Long realized that he was no longer in the basement. It seemed like he had remembered something last night, but those things were too shocking and woke up his second personality. Zhuang Long did not know when he returned to his room. He climbed out of bed and saw that the sun had already reached the back of the mountain.

It was almost dark.

Zhuang Long went to the neighbor's house for dinner, and Xi Bo went with him. Xi Bo heard from the person monitoring Zhuang Long that Zhuang Long walked out of a house at 1 pm and sat in the living room for a while before going upstairs to rest.

Chapter 800: Old Pictures

Xi Bo did not know what Zhuang Long was doing in that room. Because the house blocked his vision, the binoculars could not see what was happening in that room.

Seeing that Zhuang Long was still weak, Xi Bo suggested that he rest here tonight.

It was strange to live alone in that house at night. Zhuang Long thought about it and agreed.

There was only one floor of this sea view villa. The master's bedroom was at the back. Standing by the bedroom window, he could see the coastline behind. Zhuang Long was resting in the guest room beside the master bedroom. It was still early and he could not sleep. He found Heber and expressed his desire to visit the house.

Afraid that Xi Bo did not hear him clearly, he specially pointed out his request to enter Xiao Li's room to take a look. Zhuang Long thought that since he knew Xiao Li when she was young, he might be able to find a breakthrough from Xiao Li.

Xi Bo was a little surprised, but he did not show it.

Zhuang Long and Xiao Li's relationship was not ordinary, so Xi Bo did not feel that Zhuang Long's request was rude. He was not in a hurry to agree, but he did not reject it rashly either. He only replied in a businesslike manner, "This, I have to call and ask."

Zhuang Long naturally had no objections.

Xi Bo walked to another house to make a call. Zhuang Long heard Heber pass his request to Xiao Li without changing a word. The person on the other end said a few words, and Xi Bo hung up. When he returned, Xi Bo had a faint smile on his face. He said to Zhuang Long, "Mr. Zhuang, Miss Lawson allows you to visit everything in this house."

Zhuang Long raised his eyebrows and was very satisfied with this answer.

Hence, he really took the liberty to tour every scene in this house. He went to many houses except for the study. The study and bedroom were the most private places in the master's house. Zhuang Long understood this etiquette.

However, he went into the bedroom without avoiding suspicion.

Perhaps in his subconscious, he could enter Xiao Li's bedroom as he wished.

Xi Bo saw him enter the bedroom and did not stop him.

Xiao Li should not have come back often. The room was decorated elegantly and uniquely, but the bed and cloakroom were very empty. The bed was clean, and there was not even a blanket. The door of the closet was open, and Zhuang Long looked into the closet. There was not a single piece of clothing inside.

One look and he knew that Xiao Li had not been back for many years.

Zhuang Long stood behind the window of Xiao Li's bedroom for a while. He stared at the coastline for a moment before turning around to look for something on the small bookshelf in the bedroom. Finally, Zhuang Long found what he wanted. It was a book. What attracted Zhuang Long's attention was not the content of the book, but the photo sandwiched in the book.

Zhuang Long walked to the bed, held the book in his right hand, and placed it upside down. Zhuang Long shook the book in his hand. Immediately, seven or eight photos fell from the book to the mattress. Zhuang Long picked up the photos and placed them neatly together. Only then did he sit down by the bed and admire the photos.

Five to six photos were of a little boy.

The little boy was thin, and his black eyes were dark. He looked a little silent, but he looked a little obedient and cute. This person was Zhuang Long. Zhuang Long was only stunned for a moment before he was relieved to find his photo in Xiao Li's book.

This proved that they did know each other when they were young.

Zhuang Long placed the photo he had seen aside and flipped to the seventh photo. This time, he actually saw himself when he was twelve or thirteen years old. At that time, not long after his adoptive mother passed away, his adoptive father was always on a business trip. He seemed to be living in a daze during that period of time. Now, he did not have a deep memory of that period of time.

Could it be that the second personality had been awake all that time?

The young man in the photo was 'him'.

'He' was wearing a black shirt, and his long black hair was resting gently on both sides of his face. He looked at the camera coldly, and there was a girl's reflection in his eyes. Zhuang Long was certain that this person was not him, but 'him'.

Only 'he' liked to wear black clothes.

In that case, 'he' and Xiao Li were really good in the past. Could they have been in love?

Zhuang Long was shocked by this thought.

If he had really dated Xiao Li, but he had forgotten about her later on, then he would really be a scumbag.

After admiring this photo a few times and confirming that it was 'him' and not him, Zhuang Long was still a little jealous. He had never been jealous of his other personality.

"Useless!"

She did not know who he was scolding.

After scolding him, Zhuang Long looked at the last photo. This time, the content of the photo finally changed. In the photo, there were three children. One was Zhuang Long, and the other two were girls. The two girls were wearing dresses. They had their hair draped over their shoulders. The younger one held Zhuang Long's hand, and the older girl held a cup of water.

Zhuang Long's gaze lingered on the two girls' faces.

He realized that the two girls looked very similar.

They were definitely family!

Zhuang Long recalled that Fang Yusheng had said that Xiao Li had a biological sister who was more than a year older than her. Could the girl in the photo be Xiao Li's sister?

He carefully looked at the appearance of the two of them. Gradually, a familiar figure appeared in his mind. It was Xiao Li. She walked against the night sky and strolled under the starry sky. She stepped on the grass and walked to his side. She squatted beside him and asked him what he was doing.

He said he was repenting.

Xiao Li asked him why he was repenting.

What did he answer at that time?

Zhuang Long could not remember again.

He turned the photo over and realized that there were words written on the back of the photo. They said, "Leave this place. The demon is targeting you. Don't come looking for me again." The handwriting was very young and it was impossible to tell who had written it. However, Zhuang Long's intuition told him that this was his handwriting.

He had once written such a sentence himself.

He would kill him.

Who was this 'he'?

Zhuang Long held the photo and could not help but mutter softly, "Leave this place. The demon is targeting you. Don't come looking for me again!" He repeated it a few times and suddenly had a splitting headache. This time, his head was more intense than ever. Zhuang Long hugged his head and rolled on the mattress. In an instant, countless messy and scary memories came one after another, almost exploding his head.

After a few minutes, his aching head finally calmed down.

At this moment, he finally remembered everything and revealed the dark and heartbreaking truth

Robert Floyd graduated from Yale Medical School as a neurologist. After graduation, he worked here in California. Within a few years, he had become the most famous neurologist in California. Robert was young, but he had a beautiful Asian wife and a well-behaved and smart child.