

Ex Convict 3231

Chapter 3231

Not long after, Grace and Jasper returned to the main hall. They were accompanied by a slightly shorter and slender young boy.

The little boy is wearing a plain T-shirt and looks a bit pale and thin, but his facial features are very good. With proper care, he should grow up to be a very handsome child.

“Auntie Valda, this is Lawrence!” Jasper introduced, then turned to Lawrence and said, “This is Auntie Valda, she’s a really talented comic artist. I have a lot of drawings that Auntie Valda made for me, I’ll show you later.”

“Auntie Valda is good,” Lawrence whispered, looking a bit nervous.

Valda smiled and said, “Hello Lawrence. I’m sorry I didn’t know you were coming today, so I didn’t prepare a gift for you. How about this? I’ll prepare a gift for you next time and have Jasper give it to you on my behalf. Is that okay?”

Lawrence looked surprised and widened his eyes, as if he didn’t expect to receive a gift.

“By the way, Lawrence, could you play a song for Auntie

Valda? I really want more people to hear your piano playing, they will definitely like it!” said Jasper.

How could Lawrence refuse those hopeful apricot eyes looking up at him?

Although he was worried that others might not appreciate his piano playing as much as she did, since he had never really studied it, and he had heard her play before, which made him feel inferior compared to her. But at this moment, he didn’t want to disappoint her.

“Okay,” Lawrence nodded.

Jasper pulled Lawrence over to a white piano that was placed on one side of the main hall and opened the lid.

Lawrence sat down cautiously in front of the piano. It was so beautiful, even more so than the most expensive piano he had ever seen in the music store.

And when his fingertips touched the piano keys, the flowing music that poured out was just as beautiful.

He wants to perform well and not disappoint Jasper.

Lawrence took a deep breath, sat up straight, and his fingers began to glide over the piano keys. Beautiful notes flowed

from his fingertips, one after another.

Valda listened to the sound of the piano, even though she didn't have much knowledge about it and couldn't judge whether it was good or bad, she could feel the infectious power of the music.

The sound of this child's piano playing will slowly immerse the listener into the music. Just then, Jason and Brian came downstairs. When Brian saw the unfamiliar little boy playing the piano, he was momentarily surprised, but then he seemed to understand and quietly asked Jason, "Is this the one we're looking for?"

"Yes," Jason replied.

"It's definitely something Jasper would like," Brian said.

Although Brian didn't pursue music, as a wealthy child, he naturally had some knowledge in the field. Therefore, he could tell the quality of the music being played and knew

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After the song ended, Valda was the first to applaud. "That was very beautiful!" she said.

Lawrence blushed shyly.

"It was very beautiful," Brian also spoke up. "Playing the piano requires skill, but it also requires talent, and you have talent."

Lawrence's little face turned even redder.

And Jasper proudly lifted her little chin, as if she was the one being praised.

After Valda and Brian left the Reed House, Jasper took

Lawrence to her room.

"You see, this is my room. I want to show you the painting that Auntie Valda made for me," said Jasper as he searched for the painting. Lawrence widened his eyes and looked around the

room in amazement.

Today he came with his mom and dad to the Reed family, and he was surprised. He knew that the Reed family was wealthy and that Jasper was like a little princess, but he never imagined that the Reed family would be so big.

And now, just her room alone is bigger than the small suite his family is renting.

He lightly bit his lower lip, as if once again realizing the vast difference between them.

"Found it!" Jasper whispered and then came over holding a booklet. Inside the booklet were all the comics that Valda had drawn for Jasper over the years.

"Is Auntie Valda really amazing?" Jasper asked.

"Mhmm," Lawrence said, but his mind was not at all on those paintings.

"By the way, you haven't seen my game room yet. Let me take you there. You can take any toy you like, I'll give it to you!" Jasper said, taking Lawrence's hand and leading her towards her game room.

At that moment, she simply wanted to be kind to her friend and share something good with them, without noticing the sadness in Lawrence's eyes.

When the two children arrived at the game room, Lawrence stared in amazement at the huge room, which was like a small indoor playground.

A slide, a ball pit, a spinning wooden horse, various Lego blocks, tents, and a row of fancy dolls on the wall... All of these made him dazzled.

These are all things she possesses, but they are things he had never imagined before.

"Do you have any toys that you like?" Jasper asked eagerly.

Lawrence was at a loss and didn't know how to respond.

"You're a boy, so you probably don't like dolls, right? What about toy cars? I see a lot of boys in our class who like toy cars," Jasper asked.

Lawrence nodded hesitantly and said in a small voice, "Um... I like it."

"So, which car do you like? You can take whichever one you want here!" Jasper said generously.

Lawrence looked at the various toy cars here, and among them was one that he had seen at a classmate's before. At that time, the classmate had brought it to school to show off, saying that it was a very expensive car that he had begged his father for a long time before his father finally agreed to buy it. But now, this toy car that was considered "expensive" by the student, appears so inconspicuous among a pile of toy cars.

Is this what my parents mean by "wealthy family"? Lawrence finally got a real sense of it for the first time.

These days, he's been hearing his parents talk about wealthy families and how if he were to marry into a family like the Reed family, he wouldn't have to worry about his future.

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Faced with these expensive cars, Lawrence didn't dare to choose any of them.

Jasper said in a strange and authentic manner, "Don't you like anything?"

"I....." He became even more flustered, and finally pointed to a small wooden house that appeared to be the cheapest in his eyes.

"But this is a small house, not a small car," Jasper said in confusion.

"I...I suddenly like this." Lawrence stammered.

This is a small house made of wood. It has two doors at the front that can be opened and closed. When you open the doors, you can see the interior of a three-story small house. This is a prop that Jasper uses when playing house.

"I thought boys didn't like playing house," muttered Jasper. She actually quite liked the little house, but since Lawrence liked it,

she was willing to give it to him.

Lawrence's face grew redder as he sheepishly admitted that

he chose this one simply because it looked cheaper than the other expensive cars.

“Let me give this to you, along with all these things inside. Make sure you have fun with them!” Jasper reminded Lawrence, as he gave him all the wooden furniture and little wooden dolls that came with the small house.

And so, Lawrence left the Reed House with his parents, carrying a full little house and its accompanying toys.

“Ms. Jasper has sent you these, she must really like you!” Wilona said to her son. “You must try to please Ms. Jasper from now on! Don’t let her dislike you!”

Lawrence remained silent. He didn’t like the word “flattery” that his mother used. He genuinely hoped that Ms. Jasper could like him, but not because his parents believed that it could change his fate and make him wealthy in the future.

Just because she was the first person who liked his piano so much, she even came to find him for the sound of the piano.

When he sees her smile, he feels warm and wants to keep seeing her smile.

“Did you hear me? If you waste such a great opportunity, I won’t spare you!” said Wilona.

“Okay, Lawrence is still just a child, don’t be so harsh with your words,” Doran spoke up for his son.

“Just because he’s still a child, that’s why I’m afraid he’ll make mistakes and upset Ms. Jasper! You know, opportunities like

this don’t come often, and if you miss it, there won’t be a second chance!” Wilona said, while once again turning to her son and saying, “Did you hear me?”

“I... heard you, and I won’t do anything to make Ms. Jasper unhappy,” Lawrence whispered.

Wilona looked satisfied, while Lawrence turned his head and glanced at the distant Reed family mansion behind him. He held the wooden house in his arms tighter.

To him, this small house is an incredibly precious thing that he

never wants to let go of!

Since Amber started working in Emerald City, Kyla often comes to visit her and they chat and catch up. They also talk about their personal lives.

Sometimes Kyla can't help but marvel at how the two of them, who once met in prison, never imagined that years later they would be chatting like old friends.

"What's wrong, do you have something on your mind?" Amber suddenly asked.

Although Kyla was chatting with her as usual today, she felt that the other person was a bit distracted.

"Just hesitating, whether or not to do something," murmured Kyla.

Since Martin gave her the paper with the hypnotic release code, she has been hesitant about whether or not to release the hypnosis.

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Her current life is the calm and peaceful one she had always hoped for, and Nelson has gradually accepted Martin. They live a peaceful and warm family life.

If she releases the hypnosis, this peace may be shattered.

But if she doesn't release the hypnosis, it's like an unpredictable bomb that will always be there. She doesn't know if she will accidentally say the hypnotic release code and unexpectedly release the hypnosis.

And then what will happen? She doesn't know! She's also afraid to think about it.

"Is this a very important matter?" Amber asked.

"It's very important," Kyla said. "If we don't do it, things may stay the same forever, or something unexpected may happen someday. But if we do it, things may change immediately, but at least we can be mentally prepared and choose the right time, so we won't be caught off guard."

“So it’s like being proactive or waiting passively, like a bomb. Are you going to detonate it actively or wait for it to explode passively?” Amber said.

“You described it very well,” Kyla said.

“I can only say that if it’s really like a bomb, detonating

it voluntarily may not necessarily harm oneself, but if it’s stepped on passively, then it will definitely cause harm,” said

Amber.

Kyla is lost in thought.

At that moment, the doorbell rang and Amber got up to answer it. She was surprised to see Valda and Brian standing outside. “When did you guys come back?” she asked.

“Yesterday,” Valda smiled and said, “I saw my godmother downstairs and thought of coming upstairs to see if you were

asleep. If you weren’t, I wanted to give you a gift.”

She spoke and handed over the gift. Amber took it and said,

“Thanks. By the way, Kyla is also here with me today.”

Valda and Brian entered Amber’s room. Kyla stood up and said, “Oh, it’s you guys. I was wondering who could be visiting Amber so late at night.” Kyla smiled.

Valda said, “If I had known that you were here today, Kyla, I would have brought the gift with me. I’ll have to come find you another day.”

“Welcome,” Kyla said, looking at Valda’s happy smile and couldn’t help but exclaim, “Time flies so fast. In the blink of an eye, Valda, you’re already married to Brian. I can still remember the first time I met you.”

Valda touched her nose and smiled, saying, “Back then, I

never thought that one day I would actually marry Brian. But as the saying goes, happiness is something you have to fight for yourself. Luckily, I had thick skin back then, otherwise I might have missed out on Brian.”

Brian looked slightly embarrassed on the side, after all, as a man, he didn’t have much say in front of three women.

Kyla watched Valda’s happy face and Brian’s gentle expression, and felt something stir within her heart. Yes, happiness is something that we have to strive for ourselves.

Valda pursued happiness.

So what about her? Can she also strive for true, worry-free happiness?

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When Kyla returned to her residence, Martin was sitting in the living room flipping through a magazine. When he saw her come back, he was slightly surprised and said, “Didn’t we agree that you would call me when you were on your way back so I could come pick you up?”

“Anyway, it’s convenient for me to take a taxi myself, so you don’t have to run around,” Kyla said. “Are my mom and the kids already asleep?”

“Mmm, everyone’s already asleep,” he said. “You should go take a shower first.”

“By the way, are you free tomorrow? I want you to accompany me to a place,” Kyla suddenly said.

“Where to?” asked Martin.

“I want to wear a wedding dress once and take a wedding photo with you,” Kyla said. “After all these years and two children, I still haven’t properly worn a wedding dress for you or taken a serious wedding photo. So, I want to make up for this regret.”

“Sorry, I didn’t think about it that much,” Martin stood up and said. “But would it be too rushed if we do it tomorrow?”

“It seems so,” Kyla chuckled. “So if you’re willing, we can go

to the bridal photography shop tomorrow to confirm the shooting time.”

“Okay,” said Martin, “why did you suddenly decide to take wedding photos?”

Today when I went to Amber’s place, I ran into Valda and Brian. Seeing their newlywed appearance, I felt they were very happy. On the way back in the taxi, we happened to see someone taking photos of wedding night scenes on the roadside. I thought about taking some wedding photos myself to fulfill a regret.

“If this is a regret, do you have any other regrets, Kyla? What I owe you is more than just wedding photos,” he said.

They haven’t even had a real wedding ceremony, they just obtained a marriage certificate from the Mason Swansonville affairs bureau.

Kyla glanced deeply at Martin and said, “If we’re talking about having a wedding ceremony again, let’s wait for a while. If you still think it’s necessary by then, we can have a wedding ceremony.”

He looked at her with some confusion, “Why, do you think I will change my mind in a while?”

She said, “I just feel that having a wedding ceremony is a big deal, unlike taking wedding photos which can be done in just one day as long as both parties agree. A wedding ceremony, on the other hand, requires more than just a day.”

Martin responded to Kyla’s words by saying, “Okay, then let’s postpone the wedding for a while and have it later.”

The next day, Kyla and Martin went to a wedding photography shop. This shop is one of the top wedding photography shops in Emerald City, and the wedding dresses.

available for selection are the works of many well-known designers from both domestic and international markets.

Kyla was very decisive in choosing what to shoot.

As for the clothing, Martin’s suit and such, there’s no need to worry about that. She just needs to choose her own wedding

dress.

However, Kyla did not choose a wedding dress that she liked.

at the moment.

Maybe it's because she looked at too many wedding dresses

at once and lost her feeling, or maybe it's because this wedding photo shoot has a special meaning to her, so she

doesn't want to make a casual choice.

The staff standing nearby saw that Kyla had been picking for a long time without finding anything she liked, so they suggested, "Why don't you take a look at our haute couture collection? However, if you're interested in those wedding

dresses, you'll need to purchase them directly."

In other words, they are not part of those that are only meant

for wearing and taking photos outside.

After all, many of the guests who come here are well-known figures and naturally wouldn't want their wedding photos to

clash with others.

Kyla naturally understands that these haute couture pieces are definitely valuable.

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While Kyla was still hesitating, Martin said, "Let's just take a look."

"If we're just taking a photo..." Kyla said.

"So what? Since I can afford it, why not choose something you're satisfied with?" Martin said.

As she looked at the more exquisite and luxurious dresses, Kyla felt even more dazzled.

Suddenly, her gaze stopped on a very simple wedding dress, a pure white wedding dress with no decorations, but the flowing cut gave a sense of elegance.

This kind of wedding dress had a feeling of returning to simplicity.

"I want to try this one," Kyla said.

"Okay," the staff responded, bringing a sample for Kyla to try on and introducing the designer of the dress, a rising star in the industry who was highly regarded despite not being well-known yet.

"Don't you think it's too plain?" Martin said.

"I think it's great, simple and just like life, which is actually best when it's simple." Kyla said. "If you don't like it, I can change into another one."

"No need, as long as you like it." Martin replied.

Kyla went into the dressing room to change into her wedding dress, while Martin waited outside on the sofa.

To him, at this age, after being together with Kyla for so many years and living together for the past few years, they could be considered an old married couple.

But at this moment, while waiting for her to come out, he suddenly felt nervous.

It was like a young man waiting for his bride to be.

Martin suddenly laughed, realizing that he was no longer a young man, yet he still had this nervous feeling.

Finally, there was movement from the dressing room. When the curtain was pulled back and Kyla walked towards him, Martin's eyes were filled with amazement.

The pure white wedding dress on her was so beautiful.

Suddenly, he understood why he had been nervous earlier.

Because of this painting, he was late to see it for too many years!

If back then, he didn't mistake the person who saved him, and

if back then, he was willing to let go of his desire for revenge for the sake of loving her, then perhaps there wouldn't have been so many obstacles between them.

So, he had already seen her in her wedding dress!

"What do you think, is it good-looking?" Kyla walked over and

asked, but her voice suddenly stopped short because Martin's eyes were now red and misty, as if covered with a layer of fog.

In this way, it's almost like wanting to cry.

"What's wrong with you?" she asked, "Your eyes are so red, is it because they're uncomfortable?"

"I...I'm fine," he said, looking a bit embarrassed as he closed

his eyes and tried to calm his emotions. After a moment,
he slowly opened his eyes and said to her, "You look very beautiful in that wedding dress."

"That one will do." Kyla said to the staff member next to her.

"Okay, but customizing a wedding dress will take one month,"

said the staff member.

Next, Kyla arranged a specific time with the staff to take the photos. After leaving the store, Kyla turned to Martin and asked, "Do you have anything else to do today?"

"No, I've already scheduled today's work for the day after
tomorrow," said Martin.

"Well... let's go watch a movie. It's been a long time since we watched one," she suggested. Come to think of it, the last time they watched a movie together was over two years ago, and it
was to say goodbye to him.

But now... it's not the same anymore!

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He looked at her steadily, his eyes flickering slightly, and said, "Okay."

Kyla breathed a sigh of relief, fearing he might refuse.

"Let's go," she said, taking his hand and leading him towards the parking area.

He paused for a moment, his feet coming to a stop, and stared blankly at the hand that was being held.

Kyla turned her head to follow the other person's gaze and said, "Martin, I just don't want to waste any more time between us. We're not young anymore, and we've spent so many years in those ups and downs. Now, I just want us to be like a normal couple, able to stroll around, watch movies, and chat casually."

Their lives have already passed halfway, and the remaining time should be cherished every day.

Martin didn't say anything else, he just lifted his feet and followed Kyla to their car.

When the car arrived at the underground parking lot of

*Mason Swansonnema, Martin took the initiative to hold Kyla's

hand as they got out of the car.

This time, it was Kyla's turn to be stunned.

Martin said, "As you said, we are not young anymore, and we really shouldn't waste any more time. Let's go."

Kyla smiled and felt the warmth of the hand holding hers.

The two of them took the elevator and arrived at the movie theater where they bought their tickets.

While waiting to enter, Martin held Kyla's hand the whole time.

Although holding hands in a movie theater is quite normal, after all, many couples come to tMason Swansonnema.

However, Martin himself is already quite good-looking, and coupled with the fact that there are more young people than middle-aged people in this cinema, holding hands like this actually attracts attention in a strange way.

Many young women looked towards them, and some even whispered envious comments.

"Wow, how sweet!"

"They must be very loving! I wish my future husband could hold my hand like that too!"

"Ha, who knows if she's the other woman!" Some discordant voices also chimed in, "Usually, married couples don't hold hands like this. It's usually when there's someone else outside that they do this..."

However, before the person could finish speaking, Martin's cold gaze swept over them, causing the rest of their words to get stuck in their throat.

Martin walked towards the person, and Kyla followed him because they were holding hands.

"Martin?" Kyla asked in confusion.

I saw Martin standing in front of the person who had just spoken, and he said coldly, "This is my wife. If I hear any more false statements from you that defame my wife and me, we'll see each other in court."

When the other person heard Martin's words, their face changed and their mouth moved, but in the end, they didn't say anything. Instead, they walked away dejectedly.

Kyla looked at Martin strangely. In the past, if he heard people say things like this, he might not have bothered to pay attention. But today, he walked straight up to the person and warned them.

My Gorgeous Wife is an Ex-Convict!

"What's wrong?" Martin met her gaze and asked.

"I just feel like what you did earlier isn't something you would normally do," she murmured.

"Well, coming to watch a movie today isn't something I would normally do either, right?" Martin replied.

Kyla was speechless.

As the movie's start time approached, the two checked their tickets and walked into the theater.

In the dim environment, Kyla watched the movie and felt an unusual sense of calm. The two of them could sit quietly and watch the movie like this, which was really nice.

It reminded her of the early days of their relationship.

The time they wasted between them could not be regained, but what about this feeling? Could it be regained?

A complete feeling, whether it's love or hate, should at least be complete, not incomplete and forgotten!

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In a month's time, they would be taking wedding photos, and after the shoot, she would choose to break his hypnosis.

She wants him to regain the forgotten feelings. If he had chosen to leave her at that time, she would have done everything possible to win him back.

As Valda said, be thick-skinned and don't give up!

Perhaps they both loved each other at the beginning, but they gave up too easily, which led to one mistake after another.

The movie was still playing, and Martin and Kyla's hands were still holding each other tightly...

Jasper's recent source of happiness is learning to play the piano with Lawrence. Their teacher is also fond of Lawrence and constantly praises his high aptitude and natural talent for playing the piano.

Whenever Lawrence receives praise, his face turns red like a red apple.

And every time this happens, Jasper can't help but raise his hand and touch the other person's cheek to confirm if they are really blushing.

In her opinion, Lawrence blushes easily, which is really amusing.

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And when she touched him like that, it actually made him blush even more.

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Although Lawrence felt embarrassed, he didn't stop Jasper's actions. In fact, when her hand touched his cheek, he felt a flutter in his heart that he couldn't explain.

"Jasper, do you...do you like touching other people's faces?" Lawrence asked hesitantly.

"No," she shook her head, "I just like touching your face because you're cute."

Although children at this age have a strong sense of gender, Jasper's awareness in this area is still relatively naive due to her twin brothers being male and her relationship with

William.

"Also, William is very cute and I like him too," Jasper added.

"William?" Lawrence was surprised. This was the first time he had heard the name "William" from her.

"Yeah, he's my best friend. I visit Deer Capital every summer and winter break, and William comes to Emerald City too,"

Jasper explained.

The words “best friend” stirred a sour feeling in Lawrence’s

heart that he couldn’t explain.

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Suddenly, he had an urge to know what kind of person William was.

“Does he live in Deer Capital?” Lawrence asked quietly.

“Yeah, he can also play the piano. Next time he comes to Emerald City, we can play for each other,” Jasper said, then suddenly remembered something and said, “Oh, I promised William that I would record the piece you played for him. How about you play now and I’ll record it?”

“Now?” Lawrence suddenly felt a bit uneasy.

“Is that not okay?” Jasper blinked and asked.

“No...no, it’s okay,” Lawrence quickly said.

Jasper smiled, “You play very well. Your teacher also praised you. William will definitely like your music.” She took out her phone and prepared to record.

Lawrence sat down at the piano and when Jasper said “start,” his fingers began to play one note after another on the keys.

This time, Lawrence didn’t know why, but he was particularly

nervous and focused, as if he wanted to present his best self in this video.

He didn’t want to embarrass himself or have William think he played poorly.

At this moment, he didn’t realize that this mindset was actually a form of competition.

After finishing the video shoot, Jasper watched it again and Lawrence stood nervously beside her, asking, “Is it okay?”

“Of course it’s okay! You played so well, Lawrence, you really are talented!” Jasper praised him greatly.

Lawrence's face turned red again, but he felt less nervous now.

Later that night, Jasper sent the piano video to William, but she didn't receive a response online. She couldn't resist calling

him.

"William, did you receive and watch the video I sent you? Why didn't you reply?" she asked, also leaving messages online asking if he liked it.

"I watched it," William replied, but his voice sounded a bit muffled.

However, Jasper didn't notice anything unusual in his voice.

"Isn't Lawrence's playing great? Actually, if you were there in person, it would sound even better!" Jasper said excitedly.

William murmured, "Do you just like listening to him play?"

"Yes, it's really beautiful, and now he's learning with me from the same teacher. The teacher says he's improving quickly!" Jasper said. "When winter break comes, you should come to Emerald City. By then, Lawrence will play even better! We can play new songs for each other."

At this moment, she didn't know that every word she said made his heart sink a little deeper.

"Do you like him that much?" he asked.

"He's my new friend, of course I like him," Jasper answered without hesitation, "William, you'll definitely become good

friends with Lawrence too!"

William lowered his eyes slightly, but he felt that he and Lawrence would never become good friends.

After ending the call, William looked at the video of Lawrence playing the piano on his phone again.

At the beginning of the video, before Lawrence started

playing, his gaze was fixed on the camera, or rather, on Jasper behind the camera.

The way Lawrence looked at Jasper made William feel uneasy.

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Even though he was only a 10-year-old child, he was more mature than his peers, so he naturally understood what it meant to like someone.

This Lawrence also likes Jasper!

At this moment, he clearly had this realization.

Immediately after, a crisp “start” was heard in the video, and Lawrence began playing the piano.

When William listened to Lawrence’s piano playing for the first time, he knew why Jasper would like it.

It was a kind of soulful piano playing, even if the technique wasn’t great, even if some parts of the piano playing were

rough, it still had a charm that couldn’t be hidden.

And this “Transcendental Etude No. 12 Chasse-neige”, he could also play it. In terms of technique, he might even be better than Lawrence in playing this piece.

However... his performance lacked soul, like a robot playing the piano.

Even his piano teacher had said that his piano playing was technically sound, but lacked a certain infectious quality.

But this was something that Lawrence possessed!

Is this what talent is?

His talent was in technique, while Lawrence’s talent was in infectiousness.

Only skills can be improved through practice and guidance, but what about infectiousness? That cannot be compensated for in any way!

William closed the video and went to the piano room. He sat in front of the piano, opened the cover, and began to play.

What he played was also Transcendental Etude No. 12

Chasse-neige, which is the same piece Lawrence played in the video.

But anyone with some knowledge of music can hear the

difference.

Why is it that, no matter how skilled he is, he can't seem to

play the feeling that Jasper likes? William keeps playing over and over again, even though his ten fingers are already hurting, but Grace doesn't stop.

I don't know how long it had been when the door to the music room was pushed open and Philip walked in. He looked at his son, who was playing the piano like a machine, and furrowed

his brow slightly. After a moment, he walked up and took hold of his son's hand.

The sound of the qin suddenly stopped.

William suddenly came to his senses and looked up at his father, "I want to practice playing the piano a little more."

"It's already very late now, it's time to sleep," said Philip.

"I want to practice, maybe if I practice more, I can play better," said William. Perhaps that way,

"But even if you play better, what does it matter?" Philip said. "I thought you should know what's important to you. You want to hold onto the people you care about, and the piano won't make that decision."

William bit his lip slightly. He had chosen to return to the Barlow family with the hope of standing by Jasper's side and becoming someone worthy of her.

"Although the piano can certainly enhance one's skills, it is merely an embellishment. In this world, there are many skilled pianists, and there will always be someone better than you. You can never be certain that your piano skills are superior to

everyone else's," said Philip.

"But Jasper likes the piano," murmured William.

"So instead of being the person playing the piano, why not be the person who listens to someone else play? Wouldn't that be better?" said Philip. "You don't have to do everything yourself, but you can be the person who makes the decisions! As long as you have enough decision-making power, you can make

your destiny follow your own ideas, right?"