

## **Ex Convict 3341**

### Chapter 3341

On the afternoon of the day after tomorrow, Grace and Jason will take their two children to see a musical. Originally, Grace wanted

to bring their eldest son along as well.

As a result, Mick directly expressed that he is not interested in musicals and that he has an online group to manage, leaving him with no time to spare.

"Group meeting?" Grace paused for a moment.

"Yeah, I joined a group of online program enthusiasts. I'm the administrator. We have a discussion meeting this afternoon, and unless there are any special circumstances, I have to attend," said

Mick.

Grace was stunned, "Are you the administrator? Are all the people in the group elementary school students?" Are elementary school

students nowadays already creating groups related to network programs?

"Not really, I'm just an elementary school student," said Mick.

"Did they make you an administrator? Do they know how old you are?" Grace asked.

"I know," Mick replied.

Grace furrowed her brows and asked, "Do they also know about your family background?"

"I don't know about that, I haven't said it," said Mick.

"So how did you become an administrator?" Grace asked curiously. After all, it's not normal for a 10-year-old child to

become an administrator in a regular group.

"Of course, I won based on my abilities. I defeated seven people to become the administrator," said Mick. Despite his usually calm demeanor, he couldn't help but feel proud when talking about this.

"Seven people?" Grace wasn't surprised at all. After all, she knew her son was quite skilled in computer technology, and even though he was young, beating seven people wasn't that

surprising.

"Yeah, it's 7 people! There are a total of 9 people in our group, and I only lost to the group leader." said Mick.

"How old are they?" Grace asked.

"There are a few who are still studying, and a few who have jobs," said Mick.

"Mummy doesn't object to you making friends online, but when making friends online, you still need to be cautious and not reveal

all your personal information. Do you understand?" Grace reminded.

rstand. We agreed in our group not to inquire about each other's information," said Mick.

Grace finally felt relieved.

In the afternoon, Grace and her group set off. Jasper and William looked like a lovely couple, attracting many people's attention when Grace walked into the theater with the two children.

Today, William was wearing a navy blue wool coat with a pair of plaid trousers, giving him the appearance of a young gentleman. Meanwhile, Jasper was dressed in a cream-colored sweater and a knitted skirt, with a cute and sweet beret on her head.

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William occasionally stole glances at Jasper. He had accompanied her to musicals before, but it was the first time he had seen her so engrossed in one.

And her seriousness is all because of Lawrence.

At this moment, he feels a sour and bitter sensation in his heart.

When the musical ended, the theater lights came on and many people started to stand up and leave. However, Jasper remained seated and didn't immediately get up. Instead, he closed his eyes.

"Jasper?" Grace looked at her daughter strangely and spoke up.

However, Jasper remained silent and kept his eyes closed. It was William who spoke up, saying, "Auntie Grace, Jasper is probably studying the content of a musical."

As expected, after a moment, Jasper opened his eyes and said, "I remember it all! The next time I find Lawrence, I'll be able to tell

him the whole story of this musical.”

Grace gently stroked her daughter’s head and said, “Okay, when the time comes, you can slowly tell Lawrence yourself.”

“Mhmm.” Jasper finally smiled, “Lawrence will be very happy to hear this.”

Jasper’s smile brightened even more at the thought of Lawrence’s

happy expression when he arrives.

A few people walked out of the theater, and as Jasper walked, she shared the information she wanted to tell Lawrence with her parents and William, just in case she missed anything and they could help fill in the gaps.

When Jasper tells the story, she also imitates the characters’ expressions and tone of voice, and even dances and draws with

her hands, which is quite lifelike.

Grace just realized that her daughter has a talent in this area.

At this moment, no one noticed that in a corner outside the theater, next to an old beggar, there was a small beggar crouching.

The little beggar had messy hair and a dirty face, and his whole body looked extremely filthy. However, his eyes were very clear and bright.

At this moment, those eyes were fixed on Jasper who was dancing around, with a look of disappointment, discomfort, and...hatred.

In fact, she was the high and mighty young lady, but to him, she was just an insignificant person.

He thought they were friends and that she was a genuinely kind person to him, but in reality, it wasn’t like that at all.

His parents passed away and he disappeared, but she didn't feel sad at all. She still dressed up beautifully and went to see the

musical with someone else.

At that moment, Jasper suddenly stopped and looked around in all directions.

"What's wrong?" William asked. "Jasper, why did you stop talking?"

The nearby little beggar quickly lowered his head and moved his small body behind the old beggar.

"Not much... just feel like someone is watching me," Jasper murmured.

Grace laughed, "Of course, someone was watching you. When you were speaking, many people were looking at you."

Jasper looked a bit embarrassed and asked, "Did I speak in a way that was not very pleasant just now?"

"No, she spoke very eloquently!" Grace said. "When Lawrence hears it in the future, he will definitely be very happy!"

Jasper's mood lifted up again.

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The car is waiting, and the group gets on. The car slowly drives away from the theater.

The little beggar slowly moved out from behind the old beggar, and watched the departing car. His face, covered in dirt, showed a coldness that was not appropriate for his age.

At night, Jasper couldn't fall asleep, so he made a video call to William.

"Can't you sleep?" William asked in a video call.

"Mhmm." Jasper nodded. Whenever she closed her eyes, she would think of the musical she watched today, and then she

would think of Lawrence.

After she returned, she even took the time to write notes about

today's musical, including all the important points, so that she wouldn't forget anything when she had to explain it to Lawrence later.

"What do you want to talk about?" asked William.

"I...I want to hear you play the piano," said Jasper.

"Play the piano?" William was momentarily surprised. In fact, it

had been a long time since he had played the piano for Jasper to listen to.

Before Jasper met Lawrence, he would occasionally play for her to listen to.

And since Lawrence appeared, she always happily talked about how much she loved Lawrence's piano playing. So gradually, he stopped playing the piano in front of her.

His performance pales in comparison to Lawrence's.

"I was just saying it casually. You don't have a piano where you live, do you?" Jasper said.

"I do have a piano. There's a music room. If you want to listen, I can play for you," William said.

"Really?" Jasper's eyes lit up suddenly.

"Yes," William said, taking his phone and heading towards the music room in the presidential suite where he was staying.

As they passed through the living room, Philip looked at his son and asked, "Aren't you going to sleep?"

"Not yet. I'll play a song for Jasper first," William said, walking into the music room and closing the door.

Philip watched his son disappear and couldn't help but smile.

"Why did he have to fall so deeply in love? The one who gives more in a relationship always ends up getting hurt."

But who was it that reached out to his son when he was at his lowest point? It was Jasper.

So, I guess this is a case of a fledgling bird's love.

Once you've made up your mind, it's for life.

he had found William earlier back then, maybe everything would have been different. But in this world, there is no such thing as "if"!

William is in the piano room, he has opened the piano lid and is sitting in front of the piano. He has placed his phone vertically and positioned his face towards the camera lens on the screen.

"Which piece would you like to hear?" he asks.

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"Sure," Jasper said. She just really wanted to listen to William's music.

So William began to play, and he played a familiar tune called "Für Elise," which was also one of Jasper's favorite pieces to listen to. Jasper listened quietly, even though they were separated by a phone screen and distance, the piano sound still surrounded her ears so clearly.

This is the sound of William's piano.

When the song ended, Jasper suddenly asked, "William, do you think there will come a day when I won't be able to hear your music anymore?"

William was taken aback and asked, "Why do you ask?"

"I'm afraid that maybe someday, you'll disappear like Lawrence and I won't be able to find you," she said. Then she seemed to realize that it wasn't appropriate to say that and quickly added, "I...I'm not saying you'll disappear, I...I just..."

After hesitating for a moment, she said, "I'm just really afraid that something unexpected might happen, like if we have an argument, or if you stop talking to me, or if..."

William interrupted, "There won't be so many 'ifs'!"

"But..."

“Jasper, I’m not Lawrence,” William said, “so I won’t argue with you. Even if something happens in the future and you’re angry with me, I will actively come to find you and try to make things better between us.”

“But what if you get angry with me? Will you stop talking to me?” she asked worriedly.

Since Lawrence’s incident, her previous carefree and lighthearted attitude seemed to have been covered by a layer of something, making her more anxious and insecure.

“No, I won’t,” William said with absolute certainty, “Jasper, I will never ignore you, never.”

“Really? Are you sure?” she seemed somewhat incredulous.

“Yes, I’m sure. I will never ignore you, even if one day I’m really angry with you.”

She stared at the face on her phone screen, and suddenly, the anxiousness in her heart seemed to calm down.

“Okay, what else do you want to hear?” William asked.

“Anything is fine, I want to hear whatever you play,” Jasper replied.

So, William’s fingers once again tapped on the piano keys, producing beautiful notes that flowed out from his fingertips and were so pleasant to hear.

William didn’t know how long he played for, until the face on his phone screen was no longer visible. He thought that maybe she had fallen asleep.

He then ended the video call and made a phone call to Grace, “Auntie Grace, Jasper has fallen asleep. Can you please cover her with a blanket?”

“Huh?” Grace was surprised that her daughter had fallen asleep at home, but William was the one informing her.

“I was video chatting with her earlier, but then the video was on but there was no sound, so I thought she must have fallen asleep,” William explained.

“Oh, okay, I’ll go check on her,” Grace said.

After ending the call, William walked out of the piano room and as soon as he reached the living room, he saw that his father was still

awake.

"You've been in there for three hours, did you play the piano continuously for three hours?" Philip asked.

"Why aren't you sleeping yet?" William asked, avoiding the question.

"My son hasn't slept yet, so as a father, I can't sleep peacefully either," Philip replied. "How are your fingers? They must hurt."

"I'm fine," William said.

Philip knew his son well. Even if his hands were really hurting, his son probably wouldn't say anything.

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"You, sometimes, being too accommodating to others may not necessarily be a good thing. It's good to be kind to someone, but sometimes, you need to have boundaries. If you're too kind without boundaries, then that person may take your kindness for granted and not cherish it," Philip said.

Although his son was only 10 years old, he was mature for his age due to his experiences. He thought more like an adult than other children his age.

"My kindness to her is only natural!" William said. "If it weren't for Jasper, I wouldn't be who I am today. When others hit me or insulted me, Jasper helped me. She never looked at me with discriminatory eyes."

Whether he was the son of a criminal or the young master of the Barlow family, Jasper was always consistent in her treatment of

him.

Philip sighed upon hearing this and said, "If you've truly made up your mind, then I won't say anything more. I just hope that in the future, Jasper's child will be able to repay the kindness you've shown her."

William didn't say anything and walked towards the bedroom.



He will do everything in his power to treat Jasper well and make her happy. He also believes that Jasper's future will definitely be with him.

Two days later, Grace took the triplets, William, and Veronica, the daughter of the Barlow family, to visit Valda and the newly born baby Harley at the Hart family's place.

Now, Valda has returned to the villa and is sitting her confinement period.

Today, the villa is particularly lively because Lina has brought Chandler and Tina over. Suddenly, with a total of 7 children, the Hart family's villa is filled with the crisp voices of children everywhere.

Valda is in her postpartum period, but she is still able to move around and is not confined to bed rest like traditional postpartum practices.

"How's your body?" Grace asked with concern.

"Pretty good," said Valda. How could it not be? Brian had practically assembled a medical team to be on call at the villa at all times, ready to spring into action at the slightest hint of anything being amiss with her or the child.

Moreover, the nanny and caregiver took care of her and the child meticulously.

Her godmother Lisa had originally planned to come and take care of her during her postpartum period, but after considering it, she realized that she wouldn't be much help, so she just came over often to visit the baby and chat with Valda.

"Why didn't Jasmine come with you?" asked Valda. She thought that since Grace was coming today, she would bring Jasmine along too.

"By the way, why didn't you bring your youngest daughter? I haven't seen her in a long time," Lina also leaned in and said. She really wanted to hug and kiss Jasmine!

"Grace said, 'She caught a cold these past few days and it's inconvenient to bring her along. Let's do it next time.'"

"Caught a cold? Are you okay?" Lina and Valda asked with almost identical concern.

They all know that Jasmine's physical condition is weaker than other children due to her premature birth, which makes her more susceptible to illness.

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"It's okay, it should get better in a few days," said Grace.

Lina and Valda finally breathed a sigh of relief.

"By the way, I came to see the baby today and his eyes are finally open. His eyes really look like Brian's," said Lina.

The baby's pair of phoenix eyes are exceptionally beautiful, with big eyes that when grown up, could easily captivate a lot of men with just this pair of eyes.

"Yep," said Valda. When she saw her daughter open her eyes, and they looked like Brian's eyes, she was actually quite happy.

Brian's beautiful eyes are such a shame if they didn't pass down to his daughter.

However, compared to her happiness, Brian doesn't seem as happy. Instead, he looks regretful and says, "If only my eyes were like yours, then I would be a complete copy of you."

She completely ignored his regret.

A few children are gathered around the baby at the moment, all looking at the little one. Mason, on the other hand, seems to be the least interested in the baby among the group of children.

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He just glanced and then looked away, seeming to look at Veronica standing next to him. Throughout, he held Veronica's

hand and never let go.

Veronica seemed to be used to Mason's gaze, and quietly reminded him, "The baby is very cute. You should take a closer look. We came here today just to see the baby."

"But I just looked at it a moment ago," said Mason.

"That... could you take another look?" Veronica said.

Mason reluctantly took a few more glances at the baby.

Lina, who was nearby, saw the situation and said to Grace, "Why do I feel like your Mason is becoming more and more attached to

Veronica?"

I used to think that it was because the child was young, and maybe as they grew up, things would slowly change.

But now, Mason is 10 years old and Veronica is 12 years old, yet Mason's attachment has not decreased but rather increased.

"That's the situation," Grace said, with a hint of worry in her eyes. As Mason grows older, his attachment to Veronica has become somewhat unhealthy.

My second son is very intelligent and I don't have to worry about

his studies at all. However, he is extremely socially inept and only wants to communicate with Veronica.

Although in recent years, I have been willing to gradually communicate with my family, most of this communication is silent and limited to simple questions and answers.

And anything related to Veronica, Mason cares about it. There was even a time when Mason got into a fight with a classmate and injured the other child, causing them to be hospitalized. Veronica then said a sentence, hoping that Mason wouldn't fight easily in the future.

In the end, some older kids got into a fight with Mason and started hitting him, but he didn't fight back at all.

Fortunately, the other party is just a child, so there haven't been any serious consequences.

It was during that time that Grace truly realized the influence Veronica had on her son.

However, she currently doesn't have a good way to change this, which is also causing her concern.

The more Mason behaves this way, the more it means that the two children are tied together. If they were to untie, Mason might react strongly.

But... if the two children have to be tied together all the time, it's

just not fair to Veronica.

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Grace knows that over the years, Veronica hasn't really made any friends, and Mason is definitely involved in this.

But this is unfair to Veronica. As she grows older, she will also have the need to make friends and cannot revolve her life around Mason forever.

If Mason continues to see Veronica, it will create conflicts as he can only treat one person well.

“Do you not worry?” Lina asked. “This can’t go on like this. Veronica is already 12 years old. In two more years, she could start dating early.”

It’s not uncommon for middle and high school students to have romantic relationships nowadays.

“Worrying, but there’s really no other way,” Grace said.

“How about taking Mason to see a psychologist?” Lina suggested.

“We’ve been there, but Mason is very resistant, so it’s not really helpful,” Grace said.

Lina sighed at her words.

Valda said, “Maybe in a couple of years, the child will change. People’s growth often happens in a moment.”

“That’s true. Anyway, we just need to guide him more in these two years,” Grace said.

The three women changed the topic and started talking about

Lina’s future son-in-law.

If Mason is quiet because of his introverted personality and difficulty in communicating with others, then Chandler is quiet simply because he’s too lazy to talk.

If he does speak, he’s definitely part of the sarcastic group.

For example, when Tina saw the baby not crying, she wondered, “Why isn’t she crying?”

Chandler simply spat out the word “stupid.”

Of course, he meant it for Tina.

Fortunately, Tina was used to Chandler’s way of speaking and continued to ask, “Why isn’t she crying?”

Chandler rolled his eyes, but still began to explain the reason for not crying to Tina.

As a result, Tina became impatient and pulled Jasper to play with

her.

Before Jasper could say anything, Chandler suddenly said, "Wait, Tina, your hair is loose!"

"Hair?" Tina blinked her eyes and then went straight to Chandler's side, and Chandler actually took out a small comb from his pocket and started to re-braid Tina's hair.

Valda, who was not far away, was stunned, "Uh, your future son-in-law, will... braid hair?"

Valda asked Lina.

Lina had a conflicted expression on her face, one that was both proud and helpless. "Yes, she can. She can even braid hair better

than me."

Speaking of it, having a future son-in-law who is handy is nice, but if his handiness makes your own daughter look down on her mother's skills, it can be quite disheartening.

Especially when it comes to being handy, Chandler is quite skilled. However, his mouth has a tendency to anger people to no end, which makes Lina's feelings towards him quite complicated.

Chandler's hair combing skills were very proficient, indicating that he often combed Tina's hair. In no time at all, he had finished combing it.

Jasper and Mick weren't particularly surprised to see each other, as they had previously met before at the Stephenson family's place, where they both frequented.

Veronica was surprised and widened her eyes, "You...you're really good at braiding hair." she exclaimed in shock.

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Chandler glanced at Veronica with indifference and said, "What's so difficult about it?" He thought it was a simple task that only a fool would struggle with.

"But... but it's the first time I've seen a boy braid someone's hair," Veronica said. After all, she had never seen a boy like that around

her.

"That's because you've met too few people," said Chandler.

Veronica was suddenly at a loss for words.

Tina finished combing her hair and went to play with Jasper. Mick walked over to Chandler and said, "Don't you find it troublesome to comb a girl's hair?"

"I don't know," said Chandler, his attitude towards Mick being somewhat different.

Once, he had a discussion with Mick about viruses, but they couldn't convince each other, so they decided to take action.

Two people engaged in a virus attack and defense battle against each other, using viruses to attack each other's computers. However, in the end, there was no clear winner.

Chandler thinks that he actually has the advantage over Mick because he is two years older than him.

If both individuals are of the same age, there's a chance that he will lose.

After that, Chandler and Mick became close.

"Is it not troublesome? Do you enjoy styling girls' hair?" asked Mick curiously.

"No," Chandler replied. "But Tina is my future wife, so I wouldn't consider it a hassle."

Mick was speechless for a moment.

At his age, he naturally understands what a wife is all about. He knows a little about Chandler and Tina's engagement, but he

can't understand why Chandler decided to marry Tina when she was born.

Marriage... isn't that something you're supposed to do when you're older?

That should be very far away!

Chandler never spoke about the reason.

At this moment, Mason grabbed Veronica and asked her very seriously, "I can also braid your hair for you."

Veronica paused for a moment, then responded, "No need, I'm not as young as Tina. I can braid my own hair."

"But you like guys who can braid girls' hair, right?" Mason asked.

"It's not that I like him or anything, it's just that... um, he's quite rare. But I think a guy like him would actually be very gentle,"

muttered Veronica.

Although Chandler can be a bit sarcastic, it's clear that when he's styling Tina's hair, he's very gentle, as if he's afraid of hurting her.

"I can learn to style hair, and I can also become very gentle," Mason said. "So, sister, can you please not go and like someone else?"

Veronica hesitated for a moment as she looked at Mason and said, "Mason, you don't need to learn or change anything just because of something I said. I don't want you to make changes just for me." She didn't like the idea of Mason changing himself just because of her.

Because every time he made a change based on her casual remark, it always left her feeling heavy-hearted and gradually gave her a suffocating sensation.

Even now, sometimes she is afraid that her unintentional words might cause him to make some changes.

"Why?" asked Mason.

"Because... everyone is an independent individual, and should

live well in this world for themselves. You should have things that you like, rather than liking what I like." She said.

At the age of 12, he/she is already a 6th grade elementary school student. In a few months, he/she will graduate from elementary school and move on to junior high school.

As she grew older, her perspective on many issues changed.

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"Is it not good that I like the things you like?" he asked.

"But I hope you have things that you like, even if they're not things that I like. Things that you enjoy," Veronica said.

"I don't want to!" Mason rejected almost without thinking, "If it's not something you like, then I definitely won't like it either!"

His words were so decisive that it left her at a loss for what to say next.

Sometimes, his stubbornness made her feel helpless, as if once he had made up his mind about something, it was impossible to change it.

Grace, who was not far away, seemed to notice the strange atmosphere between the two children and walked over, asking, "What's wrong?"

Veronica was the first to shake her head and say, "It's nothing, Auntie Grace."

Mason remained silent.

Grace turned to Veronica and said, "I know you're mature, but if Mason really does something that makes you unhappy, you tell

"Auntie Grace, really, it's nothing. I just don't want Mason to like something just because I like it. He should have things that he likes on his own," Veronica explained.

"Why should I like something that Auntie doesn't like? I don't want to do that," Mason blurted out.

Grace noticed her son's stubbornness in this regard and understood that Veronica had good intentions. She said to her, "I know you mean well and hope that Mason can become independent, but it's important to take it slow."

"Mhmm," Veronica nodded.

In the evening, Grace told Jason about what happened between Veronica and Mason today in the bedroom.

"You tell me, what should we do if Mason continues like this? The child is too attached to Veronica," Grace said with concern.

"It's actually not a big deal, as long as Veronica ends up with Mason in the future," said Jason.

"That also depends on whether Veronica likes Mason. But if Veronica only sees Mason as a younger brother and has no romantic feelings towards him, then what should we do?" Grace said, expressing her biggest concern.



"If that's really the case, then let Veronica fall in love with Mason," said Jason.

Grace felt overwhelmed. "When it comes to matters of the heart, you can't just fall in love at will. If emotions could be easily controlled by our willpower, there wouldn't be so many unattainable things in this world."

"Mason is our son. If he truly wants Veronica to be with him for the rest of his life, then he can definitely make Veronica fall in love with him," Jason said confidently.

"Are you sure about this?" she asked.

"Yes, I'm sure," even if Veronica doesn't love Mason, he will still fulfill his son's wishes in the future. However, he didn't say this to her at the moment because he knew she wouldn't agree even if he did.

Grace is different from him. Her heart is full of light, which is why she will become a lawyer. Over the years, she will fight for justice and defend those who have been wronged in court.

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He was different, he was always in the darkness, but because of her, he slowly started to become brighter.

However, there were some things in his nature that he couldn't get rid of.

He just didn't want to show his dark side in front of her. He could behave the way she expected him to.

"But..." Grace seemed to want to say something else, but Jason

hugged her and said, "Okay, Mason is only 10 years old now, and his feelings for Veronica should only be attachment. As for

whether he will fall in love with her in the future and what Veronica will do, even if we think about it now, we can't do anything. Maybe in the future, things will not develop as we expected. What we can do now is to wait and see."

And when the time really comes to take action, then they will take action.

Grace had to give up.

After all, Mason's matter couldn't be concluded in a short time.

At this moment, Veronica was lying in bed in the Barlow family, preparing to go to sleep, suddenly, the door was knocked twice.

She hesitated for a moment, knowing who was outside the door at this moment.

Usually, at this point, she would shout or directly open the door, but...

Veronica hesitated, her body didn't move, and she didn't make a sound.

Time passed by second by second, the room was quiet, and after the two knocks on the door, there was no other sound outside the room.

After about 10 minutes, Veronica finally stood up, walked to the door, and opened it.

A figure was standing outside the room, and those clear eyes were looking straight at her.

Veronica was shocked, "You...why are you still here?"

"I'm waiting for you to open the door, sis." Mason replied as if it was a matter of course.

"But...but I didn't come to the door, you should have gone back to your own room." Veronica said awkwardly.

“But you’re here to open the door now, aren’t you?” He asked strangely.

“What if I never opened the door?” She asked back.

“I’ll just wait here.”

“You’ll only be waiting until morning!”

“Well, then I’ll wait until morning,” he said nonchalantly.

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To him, it didn’t matter how long he had to wait outside the door.

Veronica was helpless seeing Mason like this, so she could only say to him, “Then... why don’t you come in first.”

then

Mason obediently followed Veronica into the room, automatically climbed onto the bed, pulled back the covers, and lay down on her bed.

That was his usual position for lying down.

He didn’t like sleeping alone at night, and always liked to go into her room and sleep next to her. It made him feel comfortable and

satisfied.

“Um... this is the last time,” Veronica said as she got into bed and spoke to Mason.

“The last time?” His eyes flashed with confusion.

“Right, this is the last time. We won’t continue sleeping together

like this in the future,” said Veronica.

Mason’s pretty little face suddenly sank as he asked Veronica, “Why is it the last time?”

“We have grown up, you are a boy and I am a girl, we cannot continue sleeping together,” said Veronica.