

Ex Convict 3641

Chapter 3641

When William pushed the door open and entered, Camelia was getting up to pour a glass of warm water. As soon as she saw William, she was startled and even almost dropped the cup in her hand.

"William, you...you're here?" Camelia's face showed surprise and joy. She quickly put down her cup and walked towards him, "Your grandfather just fell asleep. I'll wake him up now. He'll be very happy to see you."

William smiled and nodded, "Thank you, Camelia. I've missed him a lot."

Camelia led William to his grandfather's room and gently woke him up. The old man's eyes slowly opened, and when he saw William, his face lit up with a big smile.

"William, my boy! You've finally come to visit me," his grandfather exclaimed, his voice filled with joy.

William walked over and hugged his grandfather tightly, "I'm sorry I haven't been able to visit sooner, Grandpa. How have you been?"

They spent the rest of the afternoon catching up and reminiscing about old times. William was grateful for the opportunity to spend time with his beloved grandfather.

"No need," William said coldly. "Since he's already asleep, let him sleep."

"Well... why don't you sit down first and let me pour you a glass of water?" Camelia offered.

"No, thank you," William declined, and Grace remained standing without any intention of sitting down.

"Then... would you like something to eat or drink? I can go to the convenience store on the first floor of the hospital and buy something for you. It's still open," Camelia suggested again.

"I don't want to eat or drink anything," William said expressionlessly. "I came here today just to ask why you came to Emerald City. Isn't it better to stay in Deer Capital? Or is it because you want something from me?"

"We... we came to Emerald City just to see you. We really don't have any other intentions. Your grandfather's health is not good, so he misses you even more. The other day in Deer Capital, we happened to meet a classmate of yours who said you were studying at Stanford University, so we came over," Camelia explained. "We really didn't expect that our visit would cause you so much trouble. Your grandfather blames himself for getting sick."

As Camelia spoke, she wept, no longer the haughty socialite she once was, but a helpless and heartbroken old woman.

Yet William's face remained unmoved. "Self-blame? When Lily died and left me alone, did you feel any self-blame when you

knew I would be sent to a welfare home but refused to come get me? Did you feel any self-blame then?"

Camelia was at a loss for words. "Our living conditions were poor at the time, and we couldn't afford to raise you, so...so we thought that going to a welfare home might be better for you."

"So you left me there without a second thought, without even bothering to come see me," William said.

Camelia's face was filled with guilt. She opened her mouth to speak, but in the end, nothing came out.

"Or is it because you're afraid of being implicated? Afraid that even if you just glance at me, the Reed family will come after you? Afraid that the Reed family will retaliate against you? So you just decided to ignore me altogether."

As soon as these words were spoken, Camelia's expression immediately turned guilty and uneasy.

Even though she didn't say anything, William knew that he had guessed correctly.

He suddenly chuckled, "You were afraid before, but now you're not. Is it because you know that my relationship with the Reed family is good and that they won't blame you? If I hadn't been adopted by the Reed family for a period of time, would you still dare to appear in front of me and admit that you're my grandparents?"

"I know we were wrong to you before. These years, we've been

thinking about you and hoping that you're doing well. We didn't want to disturb you, but... your grandfather's health has been declining these years, and he really wanted to see you, to talk to you for a bit," Camelia murmured. "William, please forgive us. We're not asking for anything, we just hope that you can forgive us so that we can die in peace as two old folks."

William's face turned cold as he spoke to Grace, "What gives you the right to ask for my forgiveness? You never raised me for a day, let alone all these years, and now you come asking for my forgiveness. Don't you think that's ridiculous?"

austed, William stood up and stumbled into the car.

He leaned heavily against the back of the chair, staring blankly at the night scenery outside the car window.

When his mother passed away, he thought his grandparents. would come to pick him up. At that time, he actually had a glimmer of hope in his heart because he had seen other children being affectionately held by their grandparents, either by the hand, in their arms, or being bought small snacks and toys.

He hopes that his grandparents will also like him and that he can be close to them like other children.

But in the end, what he got was disappointment.

He was told that his grandparents wouldn't come to take him away, and he would have to go to the welfare home alone. If he was lucky, he might be adopted by a family who wanted him.

But who would adopt a child of a criminal, especially one who had offended the Reed family?

So, his days at the welfare home were not very good.

He thought he would stay there until he grew up and could support himself!

But unexpectedly, he was adopted by the Reed family and moved into their mansion.

And now, those two people who had once abandoned him have come back to him, disrupting the peace in his life, and repeatedly asking for his forgiveness.

Forgiveness?

How can he possibly forgive them?!

As early as when he was sent to the welfare institution years ago, he had told himself that they were no longer his family.

"Heh...heh..." A bitter laughter echoed in the carriage, filled with a strong sense of disgust.

Jasper was in her room, getting ready to sleep, when suddenly her phone rang. She looked at the caller ID and saw that it was William calling.

It was almost 11 pm, and he usually knew that this was the time when she went to bed, so he rarely called her at this time.

Jasper pressed the answer button and heard William's voice on the other end, "Are you asleep?"

"Not yet, what's up? Why are you calling so late? Is everything okay?" Jasper asked.

"Nothing's wrong, I just happened to be passing by your house and thought I'd call to chat for a bit," William said.

Actually, it wasn't just a coincidence that he happened to pass

He waited until the man came to his senses, and by that time, the car had already driven to the side of the Reed House.

Perhaps subconsciously, he wants to be closer to her.

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The silence inside the carriage compelled him to make this call,
as he couldn't resist the urge to hear her voice.

"Are you on my side of the house now?" Jasper startled and quickly asked, "At the front door?"

"Mhmm," he responded.

"So, are you coming in?" she asked.

"No, it's already late," he whispered, "I just really want to hear your voice, Jasper. Can you talk to me a little longer?"

His voice had a sense of brokenness to it, sounding different from how it usually did.

Jasper didn't know why, but suddenly felt a sense of unease in his heart.

She stood up, holding her phone, and walked out of the room, quickly descending the stairs.

"William, what's wrong? Did something happen today?" Jasper asked.

"Nothing happened, I just got bored staying in the villa alone, so I came out for a bit," he said, trying to sound casual.

But she knew him too well and could sense his deliberate tone.

So Jasper quickened her pace and said, "Wait for me outside now."

"What's wrong?" he asked.

"I came out to find you," she said.

"No need, it's already late. I'll be driving back soon," he replied.

"Wait for me, I'll be there in a moment!" she insisted. "I want to see you, I really want to see you now."

Her footsteps had changed from walking to running, and when she arrived at the gate of the mansion, she opened it and saw a silver-gray car parked right at the entrance.

That's William's car!

And sitting inside the car, William also saw Jasper and immediately opened the car door and got out.

Jasper put away her phone and looked at William's pale face. She raised her hand and suddenly placed both palms on his cheeks, sending a chill through his face.

"Your face is so cold," she said. "And your complexion looks terrible. Something must have happened, right?"

He stared at her, feeling the warmth from her palms on his cheeks.

He stared at her blankly, feeling the warmth from her palm on his cheek.

"William, we're boyfriend and girlfriend. If something is bothering you, please tell me. I don't want to be in the dark about what's going on with my own boyfriend," Jasper said.

He leaned into her hand and spoke slowly, "I went to the hospital and saw Harold and his team."

Jasper was surprised, "You saw them?"

"I wanted to ask them why they came to Emerald City and why they disrupted my life!" William's voice was bitter. "Ironically, their reason was that they missed me too much. They said I was their only flesh and blood, and they wanted me to forgive them for giving up on raising me."

Jasper fell silent upon hearing this, looking at the bitterness on his face. His pain tugged at her heartstrings.

"Why do they have the right to abandon me so easily, only to come back and disrupt my life, expecting me to forgive them? If this is what family ties are, then I'd rather not have their blood running through my veins!" said William.

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He detested the fact that he carried the blood of the Atkinson family, and wished that it could disappear if possible.

"If you don't like them, then just don't see them in the future. In this world, blood relations don't necessarily make someone family!" Jasper said, lifting his hand to embrace William.

She wanted to comfort him, to ease his pain. Did he know that his suffering made her feel it too? Was it because she liked him?

His head rested on her shoulder, as if this slender body was enough to support him.

With her by his side, he wouldn't fall.

"You know what's even more ridiculous? When they say they

miss me,

when they say they want me to forgive them, it's just because they want to die without regrets. They're getting old and don't want to leave anything unfinished, so they come to me to complete this regret," he murmured, his tone full of self-deprecation. "But if the Reed family hadn't adopted me back then, if I wasn't William now, but still Randall, they wouldn't even come looking for me, let alone ask for my forgiveness!"

"But whether you're Randall or William, you're still William to me," Jasper said. "Tell me, what can I do to make you feel better and not so sad?"

Yeah, she doesn't care if he's Randall or William. When they were kids, she was the one who truly pulled him out of the abyss.

As for those so-called relatives, whether it's Lily, Harold, or Camelia, they only keep pushing him deeper into the abyss.

Thinking of these three people, William suddenly pushed Jasper away, stumbled back a few steps, and then bent over, starting to retch.

That feeling of disgust once again filled his whole body, making him extremely uncomfortable, until a hand gently stroked his back and her voice sounded in his ear, "What's wrong? Is your stomach upset?"

"It's, it's nothing. Don't get too close to me, in case I accidentally vomit on you..."

"That's okay!" She interrupted him, "Even if you really vomit on me, I won't mind." As she spoke, her hand continued to gently stroke his back.

After a while, his uncomfortable feeling finally faded a bit.

William looked up at Jasper standing beside her, the moonlight shining on her, making her delicate features even more beautiful.

She was pretty, although there were many beautiful women in this world, only she could attract all his attention.

"Thank you, I'm much better now." He straightened up and said,

"It's already late, you should go inside quickly."

She hesitated for a moment, "Why don't you just stay here tonight?"

He paused, "You want me to stay here overnight?"

"Mhmm," she nodded. "Since you're going back to your own villa alone anyway, why not stay here for the night? You can sleep in one of the guest rooms. After all, you used to stay here overnight frequently, didn't you?"

Although that may be the case, however...

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Without waiting for William to say anything, Jasper grabbed his hand and said, "Let's go inside. It's cold outside. Just give the car keys to the security guard at the entrance."

William didn't say anything and handed the car keys to the guard before following Jasper into the main house of the Reed family.

"Sit down for a moment. You vomited so much just now, but nothing came out. Your stomach must be empty. Let me make you a hot cup of milk to soothe your stomach," she said.

He replied, "I'll do it myself." He was familiar enough with the Reed family and knew his way around the kitchen.

"No, let me do it. You sit and rest!" she insisted, quickly walking into the kitchen.

He chuckled, and the way she acted made it seem like he was a person with limited mobility due to injury.

However, staying here tonight would be better than going back to his empty villa alone.

At least here, he wouldn't feel lonely!

After a while, Jasper came out with a cup of warm milk and handed it to William.

William took the milk and took a sip.

"Is it hot?" Jasper asked.

"No, it's just right," he replied.

"I also made porridge for you. After you finish the milk, you can have the porridge," she said.

He almost spat out the milk he hadn't swallowed yet. "You...made porridge?" He couldn't compliment her cooking skills, even though he loved her.

He remembered when they were in junior high school, she once had the urge to cook and be a chef. Then, she somehow made a dish that could be called a dark cuisine and put it in front of him and Mick.

They both gritted their teeth and closed their eyes, and after eating, they immediately suffered from vomiting and diarrhea. They were sent to the hospital and diagnosed with food poisoning.

Since then, she hasn't had much desire to be a chef.

Jasper rolled his eyes at his expression and said, "Don't worry, I ordered takeout. It'll be here soon!"

He breathed a sigh of relief and said, "Oh, it's takeout."

"I won't let you go to the hospital again after you vomited like

that earlier," she said. That time, he and his older brother ate her cooking and ended up in the hospital. For her, it was a kind of shadow.

"You just threw up like that, I won't let you go to the hospital again," she said. The last time he and his older brother ate her cooking, they ended up in the hospital. For her, it was a kind of shadow.

At that time, she watched his older brother and him lying weakly in the hospital bed with IV drips, feeling sad, upset, and self-blaming.

It was clearly her fault, but why were they the ones bearing the consequences?!

"It seems like you only cooked that one time, why haven't you cooked again? Lost interest?" he suddenly asked.

"I don't want to see you guys end up in the hospital again," she said.

"Nobody is perfect the first time, but with practice, it should get better," said William.

"Do you want to try the food I cooked?" Jasper asked.

He smiled slightly and replied, "If you really cooked something, I will eat it." Even if it's really bad, he would still eat it.

"Aren't you afraid of going back to the hospital?" she joked.

"If I end up in the hospital again, then I'll have to trouble you to take care of me," he said.

The atmosphere became more relaxed. He finished his milk and after a moment, the delivery of the porridge arrived.

After William finished his porridge, he and Jasper went to the Reed family's guest room.

He was quite familiar with this room. Whenever he stayed at the Reed family's house, he usually stayed in this room. There were even some of his clothes that he had changed into still in the room.

"You go back to your room and sleep first. I'll freshen up and sleep later," William said.

"Okay," Jasper replied and left the guest room.

William walked into the bathroom and looked at his slightly pale face in the mirror. His appearance seemed to be a combination of his father and mother's features.

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If possible, he wished he didn't resemble his mother at all.

He lifted his hands and pressed them against his face, murmuring to himself, "I won't forgive, I won't..."

The person who had abandoned him, why should he forgive them?!

When he finished washing up and lay in bed, he closed his eyes but his mind kept dreaming about everything that had happened before.

He dreamed of following his mother around, often hearing her curse something. If he ever annoyed her, she would slap him or even punch and kick him.

Sometimes, his mother would suddenly become a different person and treat him kindly, like a good mother.

He couldn't understand why his mother would be nice to him one moment and then hate him the next.

Over time, he gradually stopped bothering his mother and just quietly tried to make her ignore his existence.

He no longer expects his mother to love him, he only hopes that she will stop hitting him.

He no longer tells his mother what he wants or what he likes. He only does what she asks him to do.

But even so, in the end, his mother still used him. She claimed

that he was Sean Stevens' child, just to use Sean to deal with Auntie Grace and the Reed family!

In his mother's eyes, he was just a tool!

"Do you know that you are a burden? A burden! Why did I give birth to such a burden like you?!" His mother's voice kept ringing in his ears, making him feel like even breathing was difficult.

"Someone like you, nobody will want you if you leave me!"

"You have to listen to me, if I die, you won't be able to survive!"

These threatening and angry words came at him like a tidal wave from all directions, trying to completely engulf him.

No...please don't say that anymore. He will survive! He is not a burden, he's not!

"Ah!" William suddenly opened his eyes and saw the bright light in the room.

Did he just have a nightmare? But he remembers turning off the lights before going to bed, so why are they on now?

"William, what's wrong?" Jasper's voice rings in his ear, and then that familiar face comes into view.

William stares at Jasper, then exhales deeply. "I...I'm fine."

"What kind of nightmare did you have? You're sweating a lot," Jasper says, wiping the sweat from William's forehead.

"I..." He grabs her hand, feeling her warmth, which cases the suffocating feeling from his dream. "I just dreamed of scenes from my childhood, where my mother kept saying that I was just a burden."

The shameful things that are difficult to mention to others, he can only truly speak out when facing her.

"She always felt that giving birth to me was not by choice, because at first she didn't even realize she was pregnant. By the time she found out, it was too late to have an abortion at a regular hospital, where she would have had to provide detailed information. On the other hand, a black market hospital would have required a large sum of money for the procedure, which she couldn't afford. Therefore, in the end, she had no choice but to give birth to me in a small clinic."

William murmured, "To her, I am a burden, someone who shouldn't exist, someone beyond her plans!"

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Jasper didn't think twice as he watched William, who had his head down and was speaking with a sad and bitter tone. He simply raised his hand and suddenly embraced him.

At this moment, he was sitting on the bed while she was standing, so when she hugged him, his head rested on her chest.

William was taken aback, her chest was warm and he could hear her heartbeat as his face was pressed against it.

“Why are you suddenly hugging me like this?” William murmured.

Jasper blushed a little. She had hugged him like this when they were younger, but back then it didn’t feel like anything special. Now that they were grown up, it seemed to be a different kind of feeling.

“I just wanted to hug you,” Jasper said with a red face. “You’re not a burden at all. Your mom doesn’t even know what kind of precious baby she gave birth to.”

“I just want to hug you,” blushed Jasper. “You’re not a burden at all. Your mommy doesn’t even know what kind of precious baby she gave birth to.”

“A precious baby?” William chuckled. It had been so long since anyone had described him that way. It seemed like only his

grandparents at the Barlow family would call him that sometimes when he returned home.

But as he grew older, fewer and fewer people called him that.

“No one uses ‘precious baby’ to describe a man,” he said.

“But to me, you are my precious baby,” Jasper said confidently.

He paused and looked up at her, “You got it backwards, didn’t you?” It should be that she was his treasure.

“No, I didn’t.” She held his face in her hands and said, “Actually, adults always say that when you were at the Reed family, I was the one who kept you company. But in my eyes, it was you who accompanied me.”

At that time, she had just returned to the Reed family and was still getting familiar with everything. The eldest brother was quiet, Mason didn’t live in the Reed House, and although her father was very kind to her, he couldn’t be with her all the time.

Her parents had a lot of things to deal with every day, and she had to be a good girl and go to kindergarten, adapting to life in this new city and new home.

Even though there were some children of the servants in the Reed family who were not much older than her, those children always tried to please her when they were with her, and they would ask her for many things. She even saw with her own eyes that some children who were a few years older than her whispered behind her back—

“Who knows if she’s really Mr. Reed’s child?”

“I thought they were triplets? But she looks nothing like the young master!”

“My mom said maybe she was born from another man when the lady was away!”

Eventually, she even went to ask her mother if she was really her father’s child.

A few days later, these servants’ children and their parents were all fired and had to leave the Reed House.

At that time, she actually had no friends at the Reed House.

But his appearance gave her a true friend.

“William, because of you, I have been able to be happy from childhood to adulthood. Even in times of loss and pain, I feel like it’s not so hard,” Jasper said, then placed her lips on his.

He was slightly startled, but then responded to her kiss.

If he really was her treasure, then he hoped to always be...

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Jasper felt like she had a good dream where she went back to her childhood and played games with William.

They played for a long time and when they got tired, they slept together just like they did when they were young.

“Jasper, wake up.” A familiar voice sounded in her ear.

“Umm... let me sleep a little longer. I’m so tired. Just half an hour more...” Jasper murmured, turned over, and didn’t even open her eyes.

“Jasper, wake up.” The voice sounded more helpless.

Hmm... that voice is William’s voice!

Jasper’s groggy mind finally started to react a little bit.

But why would William’s voice be in her ear at this time? Oh right, last night she couldn’t sleep for some reason, so she went to the guest room to check on how William was sleeping, and then...

Jasper suddenly opened her eyes and saw William’s face in front of her.

Even in the early morning, with slightly tousled hair, Grace’s face exudes a handsome and beautiful feeling.

However, at this moment, the other person’s expression looks a bit strange.

Jasper yawned and said, "What's the matter? We just slept together for one night, and we've slept together before. Hmm...I want to sleep a little longer. After all, I took a day off from school, so there's no rush to go to class."

She was planning to close her eyes again as she spoke.

A voice suddenly spoke up, "If I were you, I wouldn't say that."

Jasper's body suddenly stiffened, that voice...big brother?!

She sat up abruptly and saw Mick standing right in front of the bed.

What made her sweat even more was that her own parents were standing next to her big brother.

Jasper didn't know how to describe her feelings at the moment, it was probably...mixed.

"Mom and Dad, why did you come here so early?" Jasper chuckled nervously and asked.

"It's late, I was waiting for you to have breakfast," said Jason. "I couldn't find you in your room, and then I found out that William came yesterday."

As he spoke, Jason snorted and glared at his daughter and

William, who was sitting next to her with a blanket over him, in a bad mood.

Although William had been under his care since he was young, and he had high hopes for both children, it didn't mean he was happy to see this situation.

At this moment, Jason felt like the big cabbage he had worked so hard to grow was being eaten by someone else's pig before it was ready to be harvested.

Jasper awkwardly explained, "It's because William came here too late yesterday, and he wasn't feeling well, so I let him in, gave him some food, and let him sleep in the guest room for the night."

"And how come you're sleeping in the guest room?" Jason asked irritably.

"I... I just couldn't sleep in the middle of the night, so I came to check on William," Jasper licked her dry lips and said.

"Check on him?" Jason raised an eyebrow. "And then you up sleeping together?"

ended

"We didn't do anything! We were both wearing our pajamas!" Jasper defended herself, but she still felt a bit guilty as she spoke.

After all, she hadn't exactly done nothing. She had kissed him last night.

After all, she didn't really do nothing. Last night, she even irised him.

As soon as she spoke, Mick, who had been silently watching from the sidelines, burst out laughing.

Suddenly, everyone in the room turned their gaze towards Mick.

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Mick said, "Sorry, just pretend I don't exist."

Jason looked at his daughter with annoyance and asked, "What else do you want to happen?"

"I...I didn't want anything," Jasper replied, shrinking her neck.

"Alright, let the kids wash up and have breakfast quickly. Otherwise, breakfast will get cold," Grace finally spoke up.

As a doting husband, Jason naturally followed his wife's lead when she spoke. He turned to William and Jasper on the bed and said, "Okay, you two wash up and come eat breakfast."

Jasper was relieved and quickly nodded her head, walking off the bed and heading towards the bathroom.

"Do you plan on getting ready here? Go back to your own room!" Jason said.

Jasper obediently followed behind his parents and older brother, and left the room. Before leaving, he gave William a reassuring look.

Back in his room, Jasper quickly freshened up and changed his clothes before heading downstairs. William was already at the dining table.

In addition to the people who were in the guest room this morning, Mason was also present during breakfast.

"I heard you guys shared a bed?" Mason's first words to Jasper were this.

Jasper stumbled and almost slipped, his head almost hitting the table. "Um...it's just like sleeping together like we did when we were kids," he explained with a dry laugh.

After all, sharing a bed together...sounds a lot more suggestive!

Mason usually isn't interested in gossip like this, but now he's actively gossiping. It's a bit surprising!

"You're not a child anymore, you're an 18-year-old young Jason said. "You two can date if you want, but you can't do this anymore!"

lady,"

Although he was talking to both William and Jasper, his gaze was only on William.

"I understand," William replied, "I won't do it again in the future!"

Jasper also nodded along, behaving like a well-behaved student.

Grace, who was in a better mood than Jason, whose daughter was taken away by another man, smiled at William. "William, if Jasper does anything wrong, please be patient with him."

"Jasper is great, she's always the one who's patient with me,"

Jasper listened and proudly lifted her chin. "Mom, did you hear that?"

"You're still..." Grace chuckled.

After finishing breakfast, Jason turned to William and said, "Come with me to the study, I have something to tell you."

William agreed and stood up.

Jasper became nervous, afraid that her father would scold William and say something inappropriate. She quickly said, "Dad, don't blame William. Yesterday, I insisted on him sleeping on the same bed with me. He didn't want to, but I forced him!"

As soon as she said this, everyone's attention immediately focused on her.

Jason's forehead twitched. "What nonsense are you talking about?"

"I'm telling the truth, Dad. Don't scold him. If you want to scold someone, scold me instead!"

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Jason rubbed his forehead to prevent himself from getting so angry that he would start spitting blood.

"When did I say I was going to scold him?"

"Then..."

"I just took him to the study, it doesn't mean I'm going to discipline him," Jason said, then glared at his daughter. "Also, you better explain to me later how you 'forced' him!"

Jasper's scalp tingled with anxiety. If she had known it would turn out like this, she wouldn't have spoken out of turn. Now she was in trouble, and she had no idea how to "explain" it to her dad later!

...Jason and William arrived in the study, and Jason looked at him. "What happened yesterday? How did you end up here in the middle of the night?"

"I went to the hospital last night to see Harold and Camelia, and then I ended up here without realizing it..." William explained, recounting the events of the previous night to Jason.

After all, he had no reason to hide anything from Jason, and with Jason's shrewdness, he wouldn't be able to hide anything even if he wanted to.

After listening, Jason spoke up, "Since Jasper likes you, I won't

stand in the way of anything. However, you're still in school, so I hope you can be careful. If there are things that shouldn't happen, then don't let them happen."

William naturally understood Jason's hint and immediately said, "I won't. I want Jasper to finish learning what she wants to learn at Stanford University more than anyone else."

"Good." Jason said, then picked up a document from the desk

and handed it to William. "Take a look at this."

William took the document and looked at it. It was an investigation report about Roger.

"Uncle Reed, you investigated Roger?" he asked.

"Since this person is suspicious, I definitely need to investigate," said Jason.

William flipped through the pages and found childhood photos of Roger.

William knew this wasn't easy. He had investigated Roger before and couldn't find much information about his childhood, let alone photos.

As he flipped through the pages, he found a photo of Roger at the age of 10 and realized that there was no resemblance to the current Roger.

Normally, a 10-year-old child would have some resemblance to their future facial features.

But when he flipped to the photo of 12-year-old Roger, he

suddenly paused. Was this... Lawrence? Because he looked too similar to the Lawrence he remembered at 10 years old.

If you only look at this photo, he would think that Roger is

Lawrence.

"How could this be? It doesn't make sense that there's such a big difference in appearance between a 10-year-old and a 12-year-old!" William said. "Could it be that Roger had plastic surgery for some reason?"

"No, he hasn't had plastic surgery," said Jason.

And when William reached the end of the document, he was suddenly shocked, "The document says that Roger has no blood relation with the Elliott family couple?! Then who is he?!"

Jason smiled faintly and asked, "Who do you think he is? Haven't you guessed?"

William hesitated and guessed... He definitely had some guesses in his mind, but they had already been proven impossible!

"Roger cannot be Lawrence's, DNA testing has already proven it!" said William.

“But when Roger was 13 years old, he had an illness and underwent a bone marrow transplant. There is evidence that suggests that a very small percentage of patients who undergo bone marrow transplants have changes in their DNA,” Jason

said. “So, Roger should be Lawrence. After the Elliott family’s real child died, they adopted Lawrence. It just so happened that the original Roger, due to his health, hardly ever left the house and never went to school. After adopting Roger, all of the Elliott family’s servants and household teachers were replaced, and Lawrence lived under the name of Roger.”