

Ex Convict 3561

Chapter 3561

Jasper was grabbed by the wrist by William and they walked out of the store.

"What are you doing, William?" Jasper asked, confused. They left so suddenly and he didn't know what their classmates would say about it.

William stopped and turned to Jasper. "If we stayed there, how would you answer Roger's question?" he asked.

Jasper froze and bit his lip, not saying a word.

His dark eyes narrowed, "Are you planning to agree to date him?"

"Of course not!" Jasper quickly replied.

Her words relieved him, "So, are you going to reject him?" he asked.

"Yeah," Jasper said, "I'm just not sure how to say it."

"Why are you unsure?"

"Why can't you make up your mind?"

"Because he might be Lawrence," Jasper said. "If he really is Lawrence, then..."

"So, if you reject him, are you afraid he'll be sad and upset?"

William asked.

Jasper nodded. He knew her too well. She couldn't hide anything from him.

"But what if he really is Lawrence?" he pressed. "If it's not just a possibility, but he really is Lawrence, would you be afraid of

hurting him and agree to date him?"

Jasper blinked, looking puzzled. "But if I'm not dating him because I like him and want to be his girlfriend, wouldn't he be even more upset?"

Her words left him speechless.

"What's wrong? Did I say something wrong?" she asked,

confused.

He chuckled. "No, you didn't say anything wrong. You're right. If someone really likes you and you're not dating them

because of that, it will definitely make them more upset!"

In fact, she had a more insightful perspective on the issue than he had imagined. He, on the other hand, was caught up

in this meaningless dilemma.

"But actually, now that I think about it, he probably doesn't really want to date me," Jasper said again.

"Why do you think that?" he asked.

"Because he didn't show any signs of liking me before. I was the one who pursued him, and he knew it was because he

looks like Lawrence. When he asked me to date him in front

of everyone, he must have known that it would put me in a difficult position and make things awkward for both of us. So...I don't think he really likes me and wants to date me. If you really like someone, you wouldn't want to embarrass them in front of others," Jasper explained.

As William listened to Jasper's analysis, he suddenly realized that she was actually more analytical than he had imagined.

He used to think she was naive and easily fooled, after all,

the Reed family had protected her too well and shielded her

from the dangers of the world. But in reality, she was aware of everything she needed to be aware of.

"Since you understand that he is not sincere, why are you afraid that rejecting him will make him sad?" said William.

"Because of his face," grumbled Jasper.

Chapter 3562

"Face?"

“His face made me feel a bit scared to refuse. Refusing him felt like refusing...someone like Lawrence. I once refused a request from Lawrence before and then...” She lowered her head and her voice became a bit choked up.

He knew it was her deepest pain.

William hugged Jasper and said, “It’s not your fault, don’t think too much about it!”

“How can I not think about it?” Jasper said bitterly. She had hoped countless times that time could be turned back. If she

had chosen to believe Lawrence when he asked her to trust him, she would have believed that he wanted to be friends with her sincerely, not because of her identity or for more benefits.

If that were the case, would she have gone to find her parents and continued to seek shelter from the Abbott family?

And then, the things that happened later wouldn’t have happened?

But everything had no remedy!

“William, I need to find Lawrence and treat him well, very well. I want to do everything possible to make up for the suffering he has endured,” Jasper murmured.

William’s eyes darkened. If it came down to it, would she be willing to use herself to make up for Lawrence’s suffering?

But he ultimately didn’t say anything.

The next day, Jasper found Roger in the school’s music room. Although he was in the room, he wasn’t practicing the piano. Instead, he was sitting on a chair next to the piano, taking a break.

His body was slightly curled up, with his head resting on the side of the chair, as if he was asleep. He didn’t even wake up from the sound of her walking in.

Jasper bent down and looked at Roger.

Looking at him up close like this, I really feel like he resembles

Lawrence from her memories more and more!

And what about the mole on his neck... Could all of this really

just be a coincidence?

At this moment, Roger, who was originally asleep, suddenly frowned. His head was still slightly shaking, and a thin layer of sweat appeared on his forehead.

Jasper looked at him with confusion. Had he had a nightmare?

As his face grew paler and his head shook more violently, his eyes remained tightly shut, showing no signs of waking up from his dream.

“Roger!” she shouted, hoping to wake him up.

But after calling out several times, it had no effect. He remained in that state.

He even mumbled something incoherently under his breath.

She leaned in closer to his lips, wanting to hear clearly what he was saying.

But when she finally heard it, she froze. He was saying... “Don’t hit me... Don’t hit me...”

Hit?

Was someone going to hit him?

What was he dreaming about again?!

Jasper bit her lip and suddenly walked over to the piano, sitting down and lifting her hands to play the keys.

The sound she played was gentle and melodious, like a mother soothing her child to sleep.

The music flowed through the room, so beautiful to hear.

Roger, who had been trapped in a nightmare, began to calm down and fell into a peaceful sleep.

Jasper played with concentration, not noticing that Roger’s eyelashes trembled and slowly opened. When he saw her playing the piano, he was stunned and stared at her in amazement.

Jasper was playing the piano with great concentration, so she didn't notice when Roger's eyelashes trembled. Soon after, his eyes slowly opened and he stared blankly when he saw her playing the piano from the side.

Chapter 3563

The scene before him made him feel like he had gone back many years.

At that time, he always enjoyed looking at her and listening to her play the piano.

Even though she always says she likes his piano, in reality, she plays much better than him and sounds much more beautiful.

At that time, he made a vow in his heart that one day he would play the piano so well that she would always love his music.

Looking back, he was so naive and ridiculous back then. He was willing to do anything for her!

In his eyes, she was like a deity who changed the fate of their family. He felt grateful, respectful, and fond of her...

But now, he had to bring her down from her pedestal.

Just then, a voice rang out, "Oh, you're awake!"

Roger realized that the piano music had stopped at some point, and Jasper was now turning to look at her.

His expression changed slightly, and he was inwardly annoyed at himself for getting distracted earlier. "What are you doing.

here?" he asked.

"I came to find you," she replied. "But when I came in, I saw that you were asleep and seemed to be restless. I couldn't wake you up, so I tried using music therapy."

"Music therapy?" he scoffed. "Just a piano piece. Can that really be considered therapy?"

"Different types of music can correspond to different patients' conditions. The piece I played just now can be very useful in stabilizing feelings of anxiety, restlessness, and fear. So I gave it a try, and now..." She looked him over and said, "You seem to be doing better now."

He squinted his eyes and asked, "Anxious, uneasy, and fearful? What makes you think I have these emotions?"

"Because..." She paused and noticed the thin layer of sweat on his forehead. She grabbed a tissue and walked over to him. "Because you slept restlessly and kept saying 'don't hit me' in your sleep. That's why I think so."

As she was standing and he was sitting, she spoke while trying to wipe the sweat off his forehead.

However, before her hand could touch his forehead, he suddenly grabbed her wrist and asked, "You said I was shouting 'don't hit me' in my dream?"

"Yes," she replied. "Did you have a bad dream or did I mishear it?"

His thin lips were tightly pursed. Did he dream of his darkest time again? When he was in the hospital, taken away by the person who killed his parents, and tortured over and over again... He was lucky to survive and escape.

But even though he escaped from that darkness, he could never forget it. He always had nightmares and woke up from

them.

"I dreamt of something, it has nothing to do with you. And, what are you trying to do?" He said coldly, his gaze falling on

the hand he held.

"I just wanted to help you wipe the sweat off your forehead."

She said.

"No need." He let go of her hand, stood up, and took a tissue to wipe the sweat off his forehead himself.

At this moment, there seems to be a deliberate unfamiliarity emanating from him, making it difficult for people to approach him.

He is like a lone wolf, not allowing others to enter his dearted, yest unwilling to step out of it.

What has happened to this person?

Chapter 3564

If he really is Lawrence, then what does his dream of saying

“don’t hit me” mean?

Jasper suddenly felt a sharp pain in his heart.

“You better put away that sympathetic look of yours,” mocked Roger. “I don’t need any of your pity, Miss. Reed.”

“I...I wasn’t pitying you,” she bit her lip and said.

He didn’t argue with her and asked, “You said you came to find me. Is there something you need?”

It was then that she remembered her purpose for coming to him. “I came to ask you why you publicly asked me if I wanted to date you yesterday.”

“Do I need to ask about this?” he said with a smile. “Of course, it’s because I want to date you that I said that.”

“You want to date me?” Jasper looked skeptical. “But you don’t like me, do you?”

Sometimes, he even looked at her with a hint of disgust in his eyes.

“How can you be so sure that I don’t like you?” He suddenly approached her, one hand firmly around her waist and

the other holding the back of her head, making it almost impossible for her to move.

As he leaned in, his handsome face was close to hers. “If I said I like you, would you want to date me?”

She was dazed, and for the first time, other than William, she was so close to a man who was not related to her by blood. His breath sprayed on her face, hot and itchy, and she could easily see her own face in his pupils.

His pupils were very black, like black glass, with clear black and white eyes, giving people a sense of purity. His straight nose made his delicate face more three-dimensional, with a full forehead, soft cheek lines, and those sexy thin lips. His facial features and contours had a shadow of Lawrence.

If Lawrence saw her again, would his eyes be filled with the same disgust as before?

“But you hate me, don’t you?” she murmured.

His eyes flickered slightly, then he sneered and lifted his thin lips, “Even if I hate you, we can still date. You are the princess of the Reed family. If I date you, I can save decades of struggle. Who wouldn’t want that?”

She was stunned. Although she understood the reasoning

behind it, she had never heard anyone say it so bluntly before. Many guys who had shown interest in her in the past were undoubtedly drawn to the Reed family behind her, but he was the first person to say it so directly.

“What, are you not naive enough to not understand this?” he said.

She stared at him and suddenly reached out to touch his cheek.

The mocking smile on his lips froze, and even his entire body stiffened.

He narrowed his dark eyes and looked at her suspiciously.

“You—”

He narrowed his dark eyes and looked at her suspiciously,

“You—”

But her hand continued to stroke his cheek, then her fingertips brushed over his eyebrows, eyes, and nose...

Time seemed to slow down.

He knew he should let go of her, take her hand off his face, and not continue like this.

If he continued like this, he would be easily stirred by her, just like when they were children.

But his body was so stiff, and his hands were still holding onto her tightly.

It's like an instinctual feeling in my body, unable to let go of her.

"If you really want to avoid struggling for decades, you can. Even if you don't date me, I can promise you that," said Jasper.

His pupils suddenly contracted, and he looked at her in surprise.

"I can tell my dad that in the future, the Reed family can support you after you graduate, so you don't have to worry about your career development," Jasper said.

"Why?" he asked in a hoarse voice.

She pursed her lips. "Because your face looks a lot like my friend's."

He suddenly let go of her hand, as if he had used all his strength!

Jasper stumbled back two steps before finally regaining her balance.

"So, Miss. Reed is looking for a replacement?" Roger sneered.

Jasper replied, "No one can replace Lawrence, and I don't want you to be a replacement. I just hope that there is

someone who looks similar to Lawrence and can live a good life."

It's just to make up for the regret that she couldn't make Lawrence live a good life!

At that time, if she hadn't been so determined to break up with Lawrence, maybe everything could have been different.

"Live a good life? Miss. Reed is really generous. It seems that the Lawrence you mentioned is not doing well," Roger said.

"Think whatever you want," Jasper said. "Also, I came to talk to you today to say that I only date people I like and who like me back."

After saying this, she walked out of the music room.

Roger stood there for a while before raising his hand to touch his own cheek. When she touched his cheek earlier, he felt flustered and didn't know what to do.

Was his face enough for her to easily agree to let him stop struggling for a few decades? Was this because of guilt towards the former Lawrence?

She knew that the former Lawrence lost everything and fell

into hell!

People often don't feel the bitterness if they have never tasted sweetness.

But if someone gives them sweetness and then takes it away halfway, they can no longer bear the bitterness!

"Jasper, who do you like? William? Then let's see who you will choose in the future..." he whispered.

A few days later, William gave Jasper a preliminary investigation report.

Roger grew up abroad and was admitted to Stanford University as a special student due to his outstanding performance in chemistry. He is also the sole heir of the Elliott family living overseas.

The Elliott family is relatively low-key even overseas, with few members. However, in recent years, they have accumulated wealth quickly through multiple patents.

Before the age of 14, Roger was weak and sickly, and did not attend school. Instead, he received home schooling from a private tutor. It was only after he turned 14 that he officially enrolled in school.

Therefore, there is hardly any information available on Roger

Accompanying these materials are photographs of Roger taken every year since he was 14 years old.

Jasper looked at the photo of 14-year-old Roger, who looked more like her memory of Lawrence.

However, this information also indicated that Roger was not Lawrence.

Could it be that people really do look alike?

"What about photos from before he was 14? Do they exist?" Jasper asked.

"Not yet," William replied. "The Elliott family has never revealed any of Roger's previous photos, as if they deliberately hid them."

"Misunderstanding? Is there any misunderstanding between you and me?" Roger asked.

"It's about last time...when we weren't very happy in the piano room. I just want to treat you to a cup of milk tea and be friends from now on. You did say before that you wanted to be friends with me, right?" She said.

"So you want to be friends with me just because of my face?" He asked in return.

She smiled awkwardly, "Um...even if you didn't look like this, I would still like to be friends with you."

"Oh? Why is that?" he asked.

"Because...because you play the piano so beautifully, I love your music," she replied.

His eyes flickered, was this the only reason? Did she want to be friends with anyone who played the piano well?

"Let's go then," he said, taking the lead towards the school gate.

"Would you like to?" she quickly caught up and asked.

"Why not? Miss. Reed wants to be friends with me, I have no reason to refuse!" he replied.

She bit her lip slightly, "Don't call me Miss. Reed, you can call

me by my name." Being called Miss. Reed all the time felt like a kind of mockery.

"Then can I call you Jasper?" he asked.

When the word Jasper came out of his mouth, it suddenly made her heart tremble with a strange feeling.

"Okay... sure!" she replied.

The two of them walked out of the campus and arrived at the nearby milk tea shop. There were already many students lining up outside the shop. After all, this milk tea shop was quite popular in the area and usually had good business.

"What flavor do you want?" Jasper asked.

"Anything," he said.

"You wait here, I'll go line up and buy it," she said warmly, and then stood in line.

He was just standing by, watching her queue up, then he

ordered two cups of milk tea at the cashier and rushed over to the pick-up counter to wait for the drinks, busy and bustling.

Before, in his eyes, she was usually someone who was served by others, but now, as she queued up to buy milk tea, even for him, he didn't seem to feel happy.

Is it because buying milk tea is ultimately just a small matter?

After a while, Jasper finally bought two cups of milk tea and walked up to Roger, "Here, I picked a vanilla flavor for you. I think this flavor will be more refreshing."

He took the milk tea, but didn't drink it, just looked at her smiling face.

"What's wrong? Don't you want to drink?" She asked, with a hint of anxiety in her eyes.

"No rush." He replied, not really interested in the milk tea.

"If you don't like this flavor, then I can get you something else?" She became even more anxious, after all, her goal for today was to get him to drink from the straw!

If he didn't drink it, then how was she going to get the straw?

Her anxiety made him a little curious, "Do you really want me to drink the milk tea?"

"Well... of course I want to share good things with my friends," she said, slightly embarrassed.

He looked at her expression, then turned and walked towards the other side.

"Hey, where are you going?" she hurriedly followed.

"I'm going to the bookstore to buy some reference books," he said.

Chapter 3568

"Well...then I'll go with you," she quickly said.

"You'll come with me?"

"Yes, I have nothing else to do, so I'll accompany you to the bookstore. Besides, I also want to buy a few books." She smiled, since he hadn't finished his milk tea yet.

He glanced at her and didn't say anything more.

The two of them arrived at the bookstore, where Roger began browsing the shelves for books. Valda quickly took the bubble tea from his hand and said, "Let me hold this for you. You can focus on choosing your books. Once you've made your selection, make sure to drink it within an hour for the best taste. Otherwise, it won't be as good."

“Okay,” he responded, noticing that she was particularly insistent on him having milk tea today.

Jasper walked over to the rest area of the bookstore and found some tables and chairs. She chose an empty table and sat down, picking up a comic book to read. Although her eyes were fixed on the book, she kept stealing glances at Roger who was not far away.

So far, he hasn't even had a sip of milk tea. She initially thought this task wasn't difficult, but now she's starting to doubt herself.

Can she really get the straw with his saliva on it smoothly today?

And Roger... could he be Lawrence? This guess flashed through her mind once again.

At the moment, Roger is leaning against this side of the bookshelf, flipping through a book in his hand. The light from the lamp and the outdoor sunshine blend together, shining on him, making him look as if he is enveloped in a halo of light.

William's investigation into Roger reveals a lot of uncertainty before the age of 14.

So, it's highly likely that he is Lawrence.

She was lying on the desk, with her hands propping up her head, looking at him sideways. The warm sunshine shone through the French windows and onto her body, making her fatigue even more apparent. Jasper unknowingly fell asleep like this.

When Roger approached the table, Jasper had his eyes closed and a slight smile on his lips, as if he were dreaming of

something pleasant.

He furrowed his brows slightly. Does this woman really have no sense of caution?

She fell asleep in the bookstore like that, isn't she afraid that someone might do something to her?!

After hesitating for a moment, he took off his coat and draped it over her. Then he sat across from her, lowered his head, and looked at the book in his hand.

Time passes by little by little, as if it's warm and beautiful.

Jasper felt like she had a beautiful dream where she saw Lawrence again, but she couldn't remember the details when she woke up.

As she opened her eyes, she saw rows and rows of bookshelves and all the books... She suddenly realized that she was in a bookstore!

She... she fell asleep in a bookstore?!

Where was Roger?!

Jasper sat up straight and quickly turned her head, only to find Roger sitting in front of her with a thick original language book open in front of him, reading with his head down.

"I'm sorry... I... fell asleep," she said, feeling embarrassed,

"Are you used to falling asleep in public like that without any warning?" he asked.

"Of course not!" she retorted.

"Then what was that just now?" he taunted.

Her embarrassment deepened, and she couldn't bring herself to admit that she had fallen asleep while looking at him.

At that moment, her eyes caught sight of the two cups of milk tea on the table. The cup that was originally meant for him was already half-drunk.

"You drank the milk tea?!" she exclaimed in surprise.

"What, did you buy this cup of milk tea for me to not drink it?" he asked.

"No, no, of course not. It's better if you drink it," she quickly replied. "Is it good?"

"It's alright," he answered.

"Then you should continue drinking, hurry up and finish it. If the milk tea sits for too long, it won't taste good," she urged.

He glanced at her suspiciously, picked up the milk tea in his hand, and took another sip.

In no time, he finished his cup of milk tea.

Chapter 3569

Upon seeing this, Jasper quickly said, "I'll help you throw it away!" He then picked up the empty milk tea cup and hurriedly left.

Roger's gaze flickered as he stared at her back, lost in thought.

Jasper walked quickly, making sure she was out of Roger's sight before carefully putting on a pair of disposable surgical gloves. She then gingerly removed the straw that Roger had used from the bubble tea cup and tried to put it into the preservation bag she had prepared.

But just then, a voice suddenly rang out, "What are you doing?"

Jasper's hand shook, and the straw fell to the ground.

The habit of dropping things on the ground had contaminated the straw, and even if she picked it up again, it could no longer be considered a good sample for DNA extraction.

Jasper felt a pang of regret in her heart, but as she looked up, she met Roger's rather handsome face.

"I...I didn't do anything," she said, her voice betraying a sense of guilt.

"Is that so?" He approached her, crouched down, and picked up the straw from the ground. "What were you planning to do with this straw?"

"Well...aren't we friends? So I thought...I could collect some things from my friends," she struggled to come up with a reason, but even she knew it was a lame excuse.

with a

"I can't imagine you have this strange habit of collecting straws," he said.

"I can't tell, you have this strange quirk of collecting straws, huh?" he said.

She sweated profusely, feeling like a freak in his mouth.

"Why are you here? Shouldn't you be sitting on the rest area side?" Jasper asked.

"I just thought it was strange that there's a trash can over there in the rest area, so why did you have to come here to throw it away? So I followed to take a look, and I didn't expect you to have such a hobby," he said.

He left her speechless with his words.

He threw the straw in his hand into the trash can and said,

"Alright, I've bought the book I was looking for. Let's go back."

Jasper bit her lip, feeling like she had failed on her first mission.

The two of them walked out of the bookstore, but Roger suddenly stopped in front of a shop window.

Jasper was confused until she saw the dolls and a three-story wooden dollhouse with various wooden furniture inside.

These things are usually played with by girls pretending to play house.

Roger, on the other hand, was watching with great concentration, his gaze reminiscent of something.

"Are you interested in playing house?" she asked curiously.

After all, it's usually girls who are interested in it, and it's rare for boys to be interested, especially since Roger is already a college student.

He turned his head, his dark eyes looking at her deeply, and in his gaze, there seemed to be a kind of reproach.

Chapter 3570

Jasper froze, his gaze making it seem like she had asked the wrong question.

"No, I've never been interested in this kind of game," he replied coldly.

When the two returned to school, Roger walked silently towards the boys' dormitory building, while Jasper walked gloomily towards the girls' dormitory.

Today was a complete failure. Not only did I fail to get the straw, but when we were coming back, Roger was clearly angry. It all started when we passed by the toy store window and I asked a question. That's when he got upset.

But she didn't understand what exactly made him angry.

As soon as she returned to her dorm room, she saw a pile of snacks she liked on her desk.

Meave, her roommate, said to her, "These were sent by

William. He came to the dorm to see you, but you weren't here, so he asked me to bring them up for you."

Jasper suddenly felt a little warmth in her heart, which

reduced the sense of frustration she had experienced with Roger earlier that day.

"Speaking of which, what about your childhood friend? Are you really not interested in him?" Meave asked with a smile.

Since they had been roommates for a while and had gotten to know each other well, Jasper's dorm mates had discovered that although she was the princess of the Reed family, she was not as

unapproachable as they had imagined. On the contrary, she was very approachable, so they started to make some small jokes and chat with her like normal people.

Jasper rolled his eyes upon hearing this, "Why does it sound like you're asking me to do something unethical?"

"Well, you know, I think William's feelings for you go beyond just childhood friends. At the mixer the other day, when Roger asked if you were interested in dating him, William's face changed and he even pulled you aside. I think he likes you," said the roommate.

"Yeah, I think so too!" chimed in Horea, another roommate.

Jasper furrowed his brow, "But if he really feels that way, why doesn't he just tell me?" William had never expressed his feelings before.

"Maybe guys are just afraid of rejection," guessed Horea,

"After all, if a confession fails, it could ruin the friendship!"

The other two in the dorm nodded, clearly agreeing with

Horea's statement.

Jasper's eyes showed a hint of confusion, and Meave asked, "What about you, Roger and William? Who do you find more interesting? They're both quite popular at school!"

Them...Jasper hesitated. She had completely different feelings towards them. She approached Roger because she suspected he was Lawrence, while her relationship with William went beyond friendship due to years of camaraderie.

It was like they were kindred spirits, yet also like family.

Many times, William could understand her emotions and needs without her even having to speak.

It can be said that William understands her even better than her own brother, Mick!