

Daddy! Mommy Is Pregnant Again

Chapter 204 Second-degree Minor Injury

When Violet came to the surgery department, she got a number and then sat on the chair outside, waiting for a doctor.

After waiting for about a few minutes, two figures in white coats walked over.

The baby-faced man walking in the front saw Violet sitting there. After a moment of stunned, he stopped in front of her, "Violet, why... why are you here?"

Hearing the familiar voice, Violet looked up. A touch of surprise crossed her eyes, "Dr. Baxter?"

Henry nodded. Then he saw the registration slip in her hand again, frowned and asked, "Are you sick?"

"No, do an injury assessment." Violet stood up and replied with waving her hand.

"Injury assessment?" Henry said in a loud voice. "Injury assessment can only be done when criminal case is involved. Are you involved in a criminal case?"

"Almost." Violet was a little embarrassed.

Henry's cute baby face was full of seriousness, "I happen to be going to find Doctor Wong who specializes in injury assessments. Come with me and I will lead you in."

"Is it okay?" Violet looked at the other patients in the line around her.

Henry waved his hand, "It's okay. I'll arrange another doctor to be in Doctor Wong's post."

"Okay, thank you, Dr. Baxter." Violet bowed to him.

Henry quickly dodged to avoid.

If Stanley knew that he accepted her bowing, Stanley would pull a long face to him for a long time.

"Let's go." Henry turned and walked forward.

Violet gave a hmm, and quickly followed.

When they came to Doctor Wong's office, Henry asked him to do a check for Violet.

Henry was one boss of this hospital and would be the director in the future. Doctor Wong was naturally willing to help Henry. Then Doctor Wong took Violet into the room of injury assessment.

Henry sat on Doctor Wong's office chair and took out his cell phone to call, "Hey, Stanley, have you gone?"

"No. Ivy just fell asleep. I was about to go. Something happened?" Stanley looked at Ivy who had just

fallen asleep in the hospital bed, lowered his voice, and replied faintly.

Henry glanced at the door of the injury assessment room, "Yes. The one you love is injured. We are in Doctor Wong's office here."

"What?" Stanley's face tensed "Violet was injured?"

"Yes, not only was she injured, but she was also involved in a criminal case. Would you like to come and have a look?" Henry yawned and asked.

Stanley did not speak, pressed his thin lips tightly, and hung up the phone.

Hearing that there was no sound in the phone, Henry looked at the phone. Seeing that the phone had been hung up, he pushed his glasses and smiled.

It seemed that Stanley should be here in a few minutes.

Sure enough, in less than five minutes, Stanley slammed the door of the consulting room open and came in. Seeing that there was only Henry in the room, he frowned, "Where is Violet?"

"She's inside. She should be coming out soon." Henry pointed to the room.

Stanley looked over. After about ten seconds, the door was opened. Doctor Wong came out from the inside with a report in his hand, while Violet hadn't come out yet. She was sorting her clothes inside.

"How is it?" Henry sat up straightly and asked.

After Doctor Wong greeted Stanley, he handed Henry the report of the injury assessment.

But Stanley snatched it away.

"Second-level minor injury?" Stanley looked at the results on the report, his face gloomy.

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Henry walked over and looked at it, "The capillaries of the skin under the shoulders ruptured, and there is slight internal bleeding. It is indeed a second-degree. You can prescribe some trauma medicine for her."

He said the last sentence to Doctor Wong.

Doctor Wong nodded, walked to the desk, picked up a paper and pencil, and wrote a few lines. Then he went out to the pharmacy to get the medicine in person.

As soon as he left, Violet came out of the room.

Seeing Stanley standing with Henry, she thought that she saw it wrong. So she couldn't help but raised her hand to rub her eyes, then opened her eyes again. She found that Stanley was still there.

"Mr. Murphy, why are you here?" Violet tilted her head, wondering.

Stanley raised the report in his hand and asked coldly, "What's the matter with the sentence above that is suspected of being beat? Who beat you?"

Violet didn't hide it, "It's Talia."

Then, she told what happened outside the building of Design Association.

Henry didn't watch the live broadcast, so he didn't know what happened today. After hearing it, he was so shocked. Even his eyes widened, "Holy shit! Too shameless, especially Phoebe. Stanley, I'm really doubt that someone with such a poor character as Phoebe was really your savior back then?"

Stanley's eyes flickered. Instead of answering Henry, he looked at Violet, "You did a good job."

Violet knew that he was complimenting her for sending Talia to the police station. Then she smiled embarrassedly.

At this time, Doctor Wong, who got the medicine, came back. He was stopped by Henry before coming in.

Henry took the medicine in his hand, and then came to Stanley again. After sending Stanley the medicine, he whispered with smile, "Buddy, come on! It's a good chance!"

After speaking, Henry patted Stanley on the shoulder again, went out, and closed the door.

Looking at the heavy bottles of medicine in his hand, Stanley said to Violet, "Take off your clothes. I will give you medicine."

Violet was stunned for a moment, and then quickly shook her head in refusal, "No need, Mr. Murphy. I can do it myself."

With that, she was about to take the medicine from his hand.

Stanley didn't give it to her. He opened the medicine, and then pulled off the clothes on Violet's shoulder.

Violet didn't react. Until she felt the chill on her shoulder, she understood what he had done. Her face was flushed, and her mouth was even more open. It took her a long time to say something, "Mr. Murphy, how..."

How could he do this?

Stanley ignored Violet's accusation, squinting at her swollen shoulder, his eyes full of coldness.

Afterwards, he took her to sit down in front of the sofa and began to applying her medicine.

When applying the medicine, Violet's whole body was tense. She was holding the skirt tightly with both hands and biting her lower lip with her teeth, as if she was enduring something.

Seeing it, Stanley's movements became gentle, "It hurts? Why didn't you avoid it back then?"

"I did, but I didn't succeed completely." Violet lowered her head and replied quietly.

Stanley pursed his lips, "Every time I see you, you are always injured. Can you protect yourself?"

Violet pouted, "I also want to protect myself. But every time the accident comes too suddenly. I can't deal with it in time. I'm now thinking about whether it is right or wrong when I returned to this city."

She came back not only because this city was her hometown, but more importantly, this city was also the country's most developed clothing industry city. There were many opportunities to develop her career here.

But what she didn't expect was that she fell in love with Stanley, a man who she shouldn't love, just as she was preparing to expand her career. It was also because of him that so many crises would follow one after another.

As if Stanley understood what Violet was thinking, he lowered his eyelids, "But I'm so glad you are back!" _____

Chapter 205 The Talk in the Interrogation Room

"Huh?" Violet was stunned, "Why?"

Stanley didn't answer. He cut the gauze to stick her shoulders.

Violet looked down for a moment when she saw that he didn't mean to speak.

He should mean 'Born of Fire'.

If she didn't come back and Mr. Moore also refused him, 'Born of Fire' might not have started yet.

Thinking of this, Violet showed a wry smile on her face.

"Done!" After applying the medicine, Stanley pulled up Violet's clothes.

Violet stood up, "Thank you, Mr. Murphy. I have to leave first. I have to go to the police station."

"Will you go back to the apartment after that?" Stanley pulled out a tissue from Doctor Wong's desk, and wiped the liquid medicine on his hands.

Violet nodded, "Yeah, after I go out of the police station, it should be almost dark."

"Then I will go with you." Stanley threw away the tissue.

Violet raised her eyebrows, "Go with me?"

"Do you think you can drive the car with your injured shoulder?" Stanley squinted at her.

Violet's red lips moved, but she suddenly didn't know what to say.

She was indeed unable to drive in her current situation.

"Well, let's go. I'll drive in a while." Stanley said, putting his hand in his pocket, and opening the door first.

Violet had no choice but to keep up.

Then she came back to George's ward.

Seeing her coming in, George immediately put down the phone, "Violet, is it finished?"

"Yeah." Violet nodded.

"How is it?"

"Second-level minor injury." Violet waved the injury sheet in her hand.

"Second-level minor injury..." George chanted these three words in a low voice, and a fierce look flashed in his eyes behind the glasses, which was fleeting. Then he returned to the normal and gentle face, "Talia can be sentenced now."

"Yeah, so I'll take kids over now."

After speaking, Violet walked to the sofa and gently woke up the two children.

The two children opened their eyes. Seeing that the person in front of them was their Mommy, they quickly hugged her.

It took Violet a long time to get rid of the two children's coquetry. She breathed out a little tiredly, "George, we have to leave."

"Bye." George nodded with a smile.

Violet took children out of the ward.

After she left, George took the phone on the bedside and dialed a phone number, "It's me. I rejected your surgery last time. After I recover, I promise to do it for you, but you have to do me a favor. There is

a woman named Talia. After she comes out of the police station, you have to teach her a lesson!"

The person on the other end of the phone seemed to have agreed. George showed a crazy smile on his face, then hung up the phone and put the phone aside.

He would never allow anyone to bully Violet. He would never let go of anyone who bullied Violet, including that woman. He would definitely let the woman who wanted to hurt Violet have a miserable ending.

Because in this world, he was the only one who could bully Violet! Sooner or later, he would let Violet become a rag doll who only listened to him, and would live by him for the rest of her life!

Violet didn't know George's plan. She took the two children to the car on the side of the road.

Stanley was already waiting in the driver's seat. Seeing the mother and children approaching, he immediately unlocked the door lock of the back seats.

Violet opened the car door and let the two children get in first.

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After the two children got into the car, they found that Stanley was also there and then enthusiastically shouted, "Uncle Murphy."

Stanley responded softly.

Violet opened the passenger's car door and sat in. While wearing the seat belt, she turned to look at the children in the back seats, "Okay, you two, sit down. Uncle Murphy is about to start to the car."

"Okay." The two children sat down obediently and stopped moving.

Stanley started the car and drove towards the police station.

After dozens of minutes, they arrived at the police station.

Violet asked Stanley to stay here to accompany the children, then she went to the police station alone with the report of injury assessment.

After entering, Violet handed in the report of injury assessment, and then went to the interrogation room to take a look at Phoebe and Talia.

As soon as she walked to the door of the interrogation room, she heard Talia's scared cry from inside, "Honey, you must think of a way to save me and Phoebe."

"Save? You tell me how to save you?" Eason's angry voice also sounded, along with the sound of tapping the table, "Phoebe plagiarized others' works!"

"Yes, Phoebe has plagiarized. But a large part of the money earned by Phoebe's plagiarism was also used by you to save the Hunt Group. Why didn't you scold her when you used the money? Now I want you to save your daughter. But you said this. Are you still her father?" Talia roared with red eyes.

Phoebe lowered his head and held the wheelchair armrests tightly with both hands. She didn't speak. No one knew what she was thinking.

Violet outside the door heard this and let out a mocking cry.

Unexpectedly, she actually ran into the scene of the couple arguing.

She thought how loving this couple was, but it turned out to be nothing more than that!

Eason panted and tremblingly pointed at Talia, "Why am I not her father anymore? Do you think I don't want to save her? I can't save her. If she copied some unknown little designer, it would be easy to solve. I can find a way to get her out, but the ones she copied are all internationally renowned designers!"

"So what? Isn't it small designers?" Talia curled her lips, disapproving.

In her opinion, a fashion designer was inferior than a company boss who had money and power.

Eason almost fell down with anger, "Small designers? Stupid woman! You are really a stupid woman! Which one of those big designers does not have a huge network of people behind? Phoebe copied their works! Do you think they will let Phoebe go? If they want to deal with us, we can't resist it at all."

Violet nodded.

Eason could see clearly.

Seeing that Eason was so serious, Talia started to panic, "Is it so serious?"

"Of course!" Eason glared at her angrily.

Talia was scared. She was really scared. Her hands and feet were trembling, "Honey, what should Phoebe do? Is it possible that she is really going to jail?"

Eason sighed, "Now we could only wait. I'll think of a way. But I can save you. You got arrested because you hit Violet. As long as Violet withdraws lawsuits, you can go out."

"Will she withdraw the lawsuits?" Talia murmured.

Eason's old face was stern, "Why not? I am her father. I ask her to withdraw the lawsuits. She will listen to me!"

"Yes, you are my dad, but I really won't listen to you!" Violet couldn't stand it anymore. She sneered, opening the door.

The three people inside did not expect that Violet would appear at this time. They were all taken aback by her.

"Have... have you heard it?" Eason cleared his throat, a little embarrassed.

In fact, he knew very well that the daughter in front of him would not listen to him long ago.

He said that just because he didn't want to be embarrassed in front of Talia. But he didn't expect that this daughter would hear him.

"Yes, I heard it all." Violet's cold gaze swept across Phoebe, then across the frightened Talia, and finally fixed on Eason's face.

Eason rubbed the cane, "So, Violet, since you heard it, then you..."

"Impossible!" Knowing what he was going to say, Violet refused directly. _____

Chapter 206 Talia's Idea

It was impossible for Violet to withdraw the lawsuit and let Talia come out.

Eason was so ruthlessly rejected by Violet. His face sank.

Talia pulled the corner of his clothes, "Honey, look, I said she would definitely not agree."

"Shut up!" Eason yelled impatiently.

Talia shrank her neck, glared at Violet, and stopped talking.

Violet laughed.

Obviously, they wanted her help, but they still had this attitude.

Even Phoebe looked at Talia contemptuously. Why was her mother so stupid?

"Violet." Although Eason was very annoyed by Violet's refusal, he still endured his anger, forced a smile, and kindly persuaded her, "I know that Talia hit you and there is resentment in your heart. But she didn't mean it."

"So what?" Violet looked at him calmly, "She hit me. This is a fact that is beyond criticism."

"That's right. But it was caused by you." Eason looked at her dissatisfied.

"I caused it?" Violet pointed to her nose and was shocked.

Eason knocked his cane on the floor, "If you didn't expose your sister's plagiarism, your elder sister would not be taken away by the police officer. Talia would not hit you."

"Yes!" Talia lifted her chin and agreed.

The words of the couple shocked Violet.

In their opinion, all this was still her fault!

"Well!" Violet clenched her fists and swept across Phoebe's family of three coldly.

In the face of her mocking eyes, apart from Phoebe and Talia not feeling anything, Eason still had a guilty conscience, and subconsciously avoided contact with her.

He actually knew how far-fetched his words were, but in order to be able to save Talia and Phoebe, he could only say that so shamelessly.

Thinking about it, Eason cleared his throat slightly, and then said, "Violet, since you caused these things, you should be merciful. Forget it!"

"Don't even think about it!" Violet was so angry that her eyes reddened, "Dad, you said, these things were caused by me, so Talia may hate my guts. If I withdraw the lawsuit and let her out, what should I do if she troubles me again? So just let her stay here for a few days."

After that, Violet ignored these three people, turned around and went out.

She was afraid that she would be pissed off to death if she stayed here again.

Anyway, she came here, besides handing in the report of injury assessment, to see how Talia and Phoebe looked embarrassed. Now that she saw it, she was satisfied.

"What's her attitude!" Talia pointed to Violet's back and said angrily, "Look at her, this is your daughter! She won't even listen to you!"

Eason's old face was gloomy and he did not speak.

He had now completely understood that the two children of Lily, except for verbally calling him dad, had no place for him in their hearts, so they would not listen to him at all.

For a moment, Eason couldn't tell what it was like. He just felt a little empty.

"Well, Mom, what's the use of saying these now? Violet hates our guts. We came here all because of her. Why would she let us out? Stop begging her!"

In the corner, Phoebe, who had been quiet and silent, finally said the first sentence at this moment, but the cold voice made people feel uncomfortable.

Talia opened her mouth, just about to say something. Eason raised his hand to interrupt her, "No, we still have to beg her!"

"Dad?" Phoebe looked at him dissatisfied.

Eason said solemnly, "Now the fates of you guys are in her hands, especially yours!"

He pointed to Phoebe, "Violet has evidence of your plagiarism. Before I came here, I heard that Design Association was going to let her be a witness in court. Based on the amount of plagiarism and the amount of money earned, you will be sentenced for five years at least. But as long as she gives false testimony or does not attend to testify, you will be sentenced lighter."

Upon hearing this, Phoebe had nothing to say.

She was destined to go to jail. But she could stay at the jail two years less. Why did she not do it?

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No matter how stupid Talia was, she knew that Violet could not be offended. Although she was unwilling, she had no choice but to bit her lip, "Honey, she wouldn't even withdraw my lawsuit. How could she agree to give false testimony or not to attend it?"

"Yes, this is the biggest problem." Eason sighed with a headache.

Talia squinted her eyes, "We can use public opinion to suppress her!"

"What did you mean?" Eason looked at him.

Phoebe was so confused.

Talia stepped and whispered in Eason's ear.

After Eason listened, his old eyes flashed and he nodded, "I know. I'll go back and plan."

With that, he walked out of the interrogation room with his cane.

When Eason arrived at the police station lobby, he was about to sign and then left.

It just so happened that Violet hadn't left yet. She also signed here. When she saw him coming out, she didn't say hello. She just left after signing.

Eason looked at her figure, opened his mouth, as if he wanted to say something, but in the end, he didn't say anything.

Violet walked out of the police station to the red Mercedes on the side of the road.

As soon as she walked to the front of the car, the passenger seat's door was opened.

Stanley moved his hand from the car door, "Why is it so long?"

"Mommy, brother and I have been waiting for a long time." Arya said while sitting in the child seat in the

back seat, kicking her calf.

"Yeah." Calvin also nodded.

Violet replied with a smile while wearing a seat belt, "I met Eason in the police station and talked to him for a while."

Stanley had been observing her. Looking at her bloodshot eyes, he narrowed eyes slightly, "Did he tell you something that makes you very embarrassed?"

Violet was surprised that he could see through it. She lowered her eyelids and let out a hmm, "He asked me to withdraw the lawsuit to Talia, but I didn't agree."

"You did a good job. Once you agree, they will be more arrogant and easier to ask you to do anything in the future." Stanley started the car and said.

Violet rubbed her eyebrows, "I know. So my attitude at the time was resolute."

"Good job." Stanley smiled and praised.

Violet thought for a while and thanked Stanley.

Soon, they arrived at the apartment.

Violet took the two children and said goodbye to Stanley at the door of the apartment, then opened the door and went in.

As soon as they entered the house, Violet put the flowers on the coffee table, then returned to the room

with the bag containing the medal and certificate. She changed into causal clothes.

Afterwards, Violet went to the kitchen and cooked something casually. After eating with the two children, she took a bath and rested.

So many things happened today. She was too tired. So after lying in bed, she fell asleep soon.

She slept until the next morning. Jessie's call woke her up, "Violet, something happened!"

"What's the matter?" Violet yawned, opened her eyes in a daze, sat up and asked.

Jessie watched the TV in front of her and jumped anxiously, "On the Internet, you are being scolded fiercely now!"

"Am I being scolded?" Violet was completely awake now. She frowned.

"Yes, I just saw it too."

Jessie hurriedly said, "Your scumbag Dad held a press conference and said that because you like Mr. Murphy, you were jealous that Phoebe had been engaged to Mr. Murphy, so you deliberately exposed Phoebe's plagiarism to completely ruin Phoebe. He even said that Phoebe and Mr. Murphy broke off their marriage contract because of you." _____

Chapter 207 Eason's Unfeeling Actions

"What?" Violet was shocked. Her mouth slightly opened.

Jessie could probably imagine what Violet looked like now. She sighed, "You can watch it online by yourself. The press conference was at 7 o'clock in the morning. Although it is over now, there are videos on the Internet."

"Okay. I'll watch it right away."

Violet hung up the phone, clicked into the web page, and searched for the video what Jessie said.

This video was immediately found.

Violet clicked in. Then she saw Eason standing in front of the camera with a microphone, looking extremely angry, condemning how she got involved in Phoebe and Stanley, and how she made Stanley's feelings for Phoebe fade and then let Stanley cancel the marriage.

Below this ten-minute condemnation video, the comments made by netizens were even more vicious.

Violet scrolled down. It was all scolding her.

"I'm wondering why did Phoebe got along well with everyone during the competition, but she didn't like Violet. It turned out that Violet seduced her fiancé and broke her marriage contract. If I were Phoebe, I wouldn't like Violet, either."

"I admired her before and thought her design talent was so awesome. But no matter how good her talent is, she is a mean bitch. She just knows to flirt with other men. See her face, she is not a good woman."

"The most important thing is that these two people have the same surname, but Violet is much more vicious than Phoebe. Although Phoebe is wrong, Violet's act of exposing Phoebe on the spot clearly shows that she wants to ruin Phoebe and doesn't let Phoebe come back! It's so terrible!"

Seeing these comments, Violet trembled.

She bit her lip, turned off the interface directly, then returned to the communication record, found Eason's phone number and dialed it.

Eason seemed to be waiting for her call. He answered so quickly.

He sat on the sofa in the living room of the villa, holding a mobile phone in one hand and a cigar in the other. He said calmly, "Hello."

"Eason, what on earth do you want to do?" This time, Violet didn't even call him father. She squeezed the phone and asked loudly.

Eason was not angry when Violet called his name. He smiled, "Violet, I was also forced. I can't help it. You don't withdraw Talia's lawsuit. Besides, I also need you to help Phoebe. But I know you won't agree, so..."

"So you held the press conference, slandering me for getting involved between Phoebe and Murphy, and using the power of the Internet to force me to agree to withdraw the lawsuit, right?" Before Eason could finish speaking, Violet understood everything. She was so angry that her eyes turned red.

Eason flicked the ashes on the cigar, "Yes, Violet, you should have seen those comments which scolding you on the Internet. As long as you agree to withdraw the lawsuit and help Phoebe give false testimony in court by then or won't attend to testify, I will help you suppress public opinions on the Internet?"

"Heh!" Violet was amused by what he said, "Do you think I'm so easy to be coaxed?"

The Internet had memories, and netizens also had memories.

Even if Eason suppressed these by then, her reputation was still ruined. The impression she left on everyone was still the shameless mistress who intervened in other unmarried couples!

"So, don't you agree?" Eason spit out white smoke.

"No, I don't agree!" Violet closed her eyes and suppressed the anger in her eyes, leaving only a deep disappointment, "Eason, I really want to know if I am your daughter. You actually did this to me!"

Eason's old face twitched, "Of course you are my daughter, but it's just that you are distant for me. I know, you always hate me. You won't listen to me, so I can only give up you."

Hearing this, Violet laughed ironically.

Eason frowned and was a little unhappy, "Don't blame me. But for the sake that you are my daughter, I will give you one more chance. I will call you again at night."

After he finished speaking, he hung up the phone.

Violet angrily threw the phone on the bed. It took her a while to calm down.

At this time, the doorbell rang.

Violet took a deep breath and patted her cheek. After sorting out her emotions, she got out of bed and

went to open the door.

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6 Unconventional Tips To Foster A Healthy Relationship

Standing outside the door, Stanley looked down at her slightly.

Looking at her red eyes, he knew that she had already learned what happened on the Internet.

"Can I come in?" Stanley asked in a soft tone.

Violet nodded and let out the way somewhat listlessly, "Come in."

Stanley stepped into the house, following her into the living room.

Seeing the bunch of roses on the coffee table in the living room, he smiled faintly. Then he sat down and asked, "How will you deal with the matter on the Internet?"

Violet poured him a glass of water, "I didn't think of a good way yet."

"If this is the case, just leave it to me." Stanley took the water glass.

Violet's eyes widened, "Leave it to you?"

This was her business.

Why did he help her?

As if Stanley understood her thoughts, he took a sip of water and put down the water glass, "This matter can be regarded as related to me. Eason slandered you. At the same time, he got me involved, and used me to achieve the purpose of slandering you. It's impossible for me to just let him use it like this."

"Yes." Violet nodded.

When Eason spread rumors about her and Stanley, he only wanted her to compromise.

But he did not consider Stanley whether he was willing to be gotten involved. Now it turned out that Stanley was unwilling and unhappy!

"As for why Eason discredited you, I probably guessed it. It should be related to Phoebe and Talia." Stanley looked at Violet.

Violet said, "Yes, he wants me to withdraw the lawsuit about Talia, and then help Phoebe give false testimony at that time, but he knows that I won't agree, so he came up with this trick to use the public opinions to ruin my reputation and wanted to force me to agree. As long as I agree, he will help me suppress the public opinion on the Internet."

Speaking of this, she turned her water glass, with a self-deprecating smile on her face, "It's so pathetic! Such a person is actually my biological father."

Stanley pursed his thin lips, "A person like Eason is not worthy of being your father. You don't need to care about him."

"No, I won't care about him anymore. His behavior today has made me feel completely disappointed for

him." Violet put down the water glass heavily and said with a blank face.

Stanley could tell that she had already made a decision. Then he nodded in satisfaction.

"Mr. Murphy!" Violet clenched her fists and looked at him, "I have thought of a solution to this matter, which is to give a tooth for a tooth, but I still need your cooperation."

"Okay." Stanley crossed his legs.

Violet squinted her eyes and explained her method in detail.

After hearing it, Stanley lifted his chin, "Got it. I will cooperate with you."

"Thank you, Mr. Murphy." Violet smiled gratefully.

Stanley waved his hand, "Never mind. I'm not just helping you, but also justifying myself."

After all, this incident also affected his reputation.

Now, many people on the Internet scold him for a scumbag. But because of his identity, the scolding was relatively less.

"Mommy, what time is it?" At this moment, the door of the children's room was suddenly opened. Calvin was standing at the door and wearing pajamas. Yawning, he asked.

Chapter 208 List

Violet took out her mobile phone to check the time. Then she stood up in surprise, "Ah, it's almost nine o'clock. Baby, go to wake up your sister. She will be late for school in a while."

This morning, she was so angry that she forgot to wake up the two children.

Calvin rubbed his eyes. Then he turned around and went back to the room.

Stanley also stood up, "I'll drive Arya to school in a moment. It's not convenient for you to go out now. There are too many people who know you."

Violet nodded slightly. She did not refuse, "Okay, thank you, Mr. Murphy."

Almost everyone on the Internet knew her.

In case when she drove Arya to school and a parent who had watched her competition recognized her, they might also instigate their children to stay away from Arya at school and not play with Arya. This was not a good thing for Arya.

"Never mind." Stanley waved his hand.

Then he thought of something, looked at Violet and asked, "You haven't had breakfast yet, right?"

"No." Violet shook her head.

Stanley raised his chin, "Then wait a minute."

After speaking, he walked towards the door.

Violet blinked in surprise.

Was he going to buy them breakfast?

Thinking about it, Violet hurriedly chased him, wanting to stop him.

However, when she went out of her house, she saw that he went into his own apartment.

Violet couldn't follow up, so she could only stop and wait in place.

After waiting for about two minutes, Stanley came out carrying a paper bag. Seeing her standing at the door, he couldn't help but raised his eyebrows, "Are you waiting for me here?"

"Yeah." Violet forced a smile, "I just wanted to tell you that we have sandwiches. Just heat them up. You don't need to buy us breakfast. You left before I could say it."

Hearing this, Stanley's joy that had just risen in his heart dissipated immediately. He passed the bag with a sullen face, "Sandwiches are not good for children to digest. Let them eat this. Bella made it in the morning."

"But..." Violet moved her lips and wanted to say something.

Stanley interrupted her, "It's getting late. Waiting for you to heat up your breakfast, it's too late for Arya to go to school."

Hearing this, Violet had nothing to say. It took her a while before she said, "Well, thank you, Mr. Murphy."

After speaking, she reached out to take the paper bag and compromised.

Stanley's face eased a lot. He gave a hmm, and went into the apartment with her.

After eating breakfast, Stanley took Arya and left. Violet stayed in the apartment to accompany Calvin. Meanwhile, she paid attention to the online situation.

The viewers on the Internet were becoming more and more irritated. Many paid Internet trolls were leading the comments. They posted some imaginary things as if they had actually happened.

Many netizens couldn't tell the truth of the matter. Besides, Violet didn't say anything. So they believed that Violet really got involved into Stanley and Phoebe, causing them to cancel the marriage contract, so the scolding became more and more severe.

For a time, Violet became notorious.

Calvin knew it. After using his hacking skills to understand the cause of his Mommy being scolded, he hated this grandpa who had only met once.

"Mommy." Calvin took a printed list and came into Violet's study.

Violet hadn't paid attention to the Internet anymore at the moment. She was upset by those comments, so she just ignored them, sitting behind the desk and drawing the design with a pencil.

The clothes on the paper were not the women's clothing she was best at, but a set of men's suits.

This was what she promised to compensate Stanley some time ago. However, she had been busy with the competition recently and didn't have time to design it. It just so happened that she didn't have to go to the studio today, and there was no competition, so she just had time to design.

"What's the matter, baby?" Violet looked up at her son who walked in, and asked softly.

"This is for you." Calvin walked to her and handed her the list in his hand.

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"What's this?" Violet bent over and took a look at the list. Then she found that it was full of various Internet names, some of which were familiar. They were all paid Internet trolls who slandered her.

Violet immediately understood it. She put the list on the desk, "Baby, you give this to Mommy. Do you want Mommy to sue them?"

Calvin nodded, "I heard that as long as a personal attack comment is posted on the Internet and it is liked or reposted more than 500 times, the court can open a case. They scold Mommy like this. Mommy must not let them go. "

Seeing her son feel angry for herself, Violet felt warm.

She stretched out her hand and rubbed her son's little head, "Okay, thank you, baby. Mommy won't let you down. I will let them pay price for their actions."

In fact, even if Calvin didn't do anything, she would ask someone to collect the list later for prosecution. After all, she couldn't be scolded just like this.

But now the little guy had already helped her collect the list, which had saved her a lot of time.

"Well, go to play. Mommy will take care of the rest. Don't worry." Violet patted Calvin on the shoulder.

Calvin nodded and was about to go out when the doorbell rang.

Violet got up and took him to open the door.

The door was opened. Jessie supported George and stood outside.

"Godfather, Jessie." Calvin waved his small hand and shouted to the two of them.

Only Violet looked at them in surprise, "Why are you guys here?"

Jessie handed over the snacks she brought to Calvin, and then replied, "There is such a big disturbance on the Internet. We are worried that your emotions will be affected. So we come to have a look."

"You can come by yourself. Why did you bring George over? He can be discharged from the hospital?" Violet looked up and down George.

George smiled lightly, "It's just a half day. It's okay."

"Really?" Violet frowned, still a little worried.

George pushed his glasses, "Really!"

"All right, come in." Violet let go of the doorknob and let them in.

After they came in, Violet closed the door and dragged Calvin behind them back to the living room.

Jessie helped George sit down on the sofa. Looked at the big bouquet of roses, Jessie exclaimed, "Violet, who gave you this flower?"

George also looked at those roses. A dim light flashed in his eyes, which was fleeting.

"Uncle Murphy." Before Violet answered, Calvin next to her had already spoken.

"Mr. Murphy?" Jessie raised her eyebrows.

George's eyes suddenly narrowed.

Violet squinted at the talkative little guy, "Go back to your room."

The little guy stuck his tongue out and went back to the room.

Violet took two glasses of water in front of the water dispenser and handed them to Jessie and George. Then she gave a hmm, and replied, "It's him."

"Why did he give you roses for no reason? He is pursuing you?" Jessie swallowed, asking incredulously.

Violet shook her head, "How could it be possible? He congratulated me on winning the competition."

"I can understand he sent you flowers to congratulate you. But why did he send you roses?"

"Enough!" George said with a cold face, and interrupted Jessie in a deep voice, "Violet said it was just congratulating her on winning the competition. Don't guess."

Being yelled at by him, Jessie's lips moved and then she stopped talking. Even the cheerful and lively expression on her face became sad.

Upon seeing this, Violet was a little unhappy about George's attitude to Jessie. She pursed her red lips, and was about to speak.

George looked at her suddenly, "Violet, how are you going to deal with the problem on the Internet?" _____

The Novel will be updated daily. Come back and continue reading tomorrow, everyone!

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